

Marygrove

EX LIBRIS



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., PUBLISHERS





BRITISH POETRY AND PROSE

A Book of Readings

EDITED BY

PAUL ROBERT LIEDER

Professor of English Language and Literature in Smith College

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

Professor of English in the University of Chicago

ROBERT KILBURN ROOT

Professor of English in Princeton University



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO

both *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* and Milton's *Areopagitica* have been presented in their entirety. Where space forbade such presentation, complete books, cantos or chapters, or other integral portions of the work have been chosen — e.g., the first book of the *Faërie Queene*, the first two books of *Paradise Lost*, the first voyage of *Gulliver's Travels*, the three chapters of *Sartor Resartus* which give the most vital portion of Carlyle's spiritual biography and creed. Omissions have been made only where the substance became clearly unnecessary, or unsuitable, such as the last third of Ruskin's chapter on the *Nature of Gothic*, which is too technical for reading without diagrams. Occasionally the editors have reduced to its fundamental elements a work too important to be omitted and too long to be reproduced in its entirety, such as Mill's tractate *On Liberty*, and Macaulay's *Essay on Bacon*.

This effort to present units has forced the editors to omit frankly and entirely the two forms of novel and drama. They believe that the study of a novelist's work in selections is of limited value, and that while several fine plays might be presented in completeness to give acquaintance with the dramatic form, the number would be inadequate to give a conception of the history and development of the form. And for both novel and drama there are editions easily accessible to be used as supplementary reading. For the editors are far from claiming anything like completeness or finality for their list of selections. They hope rather that their work may be a basis for widely intelligent choice and reading in accordance with the student's own interests and tastes and in addition to any formal academic requirement. In the description of types, references are given to the drama of the Elizabethan period and the novel of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries which the reader cannot fail to follow with greater understanding and interest through his general acquaintance with the characteristics of their periods as revealed in this book.

The editors have kept in mind the fact that the purpose of literature is to be read, not studied. They have therefore endeavored to reduce the apparatus for study to a minimum. They have sought to include in the introductions to periods, writers, and works such preliminary information as may be necessary to general understanding; and for details they have limited explanatory footnotes to a minimum. Absolute consistency in procedure in this matter is both impossible and undesirable. On the whole, the editors have attempted to give such explanations as are indispensable to an immediate understanding of the passage while leaving to the reader the pursuit of allusions which can be traced in generally accessible reference books, histories, encyclopædias, or classical and biographical dictionaries. Quotations and references to literature have not, in general, been referred to their sources, except when they were obviously intended to be read in connection with the work itself, as, for example, Macaulay's references in his *Essay on Milton*. In such cases usually the author's own notes are sufficient, and these have, wherever practicable, been retained.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the following publishers and individuals for permission to reprint copyright material:

To George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., for selections from *The Stones of Venice*, *Unto this Last*, and *Fors Clavigera*, by John Ruskin.

To Ginn and Company for Professor Chauncey B. Tinker's translations from Old English prose.

To Harper and Brothers for selections from the works of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

To A. E. Housman for selections from *A Shropshire Lad*.

To Rudyard Kipling and his agents, A. P. Watt and Son, for poems from *Rudyard Kipling's Verse, Inclusive Edition*, published by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., copyright, 1892, 1893, 1899, by Rudyard Kipling.

To Longmans, Green and Company for poems by William Morris from *Earthly Paradise* and *Collected Works*.

To The Macmillan Company for poems by Thomas Hardy, John Masefield, and W. B. Yeats.

To Macmillan and Company, London, for selections from Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

To the Princeton University Press for Professor J. D. Spaeth's translation of Old English poems.

To Charles Scribner's Sons for essays by Robert Louis Stevenson, for poems by George Meredith, and for the use of Professor Osgood's abridgment of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

CONTENTS

MAP SHOWING PLACES CONNECTED WITH ENGLISH LITERARY HISTORY

Frontispiece

A GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF TYPES OF LITERATURE..... xix

THE ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD

INTRODUCTION.....	1	KING ALFRED THE GREAT	
BEOWULF.....	2	The Voyages of Ohthere and Wulfstan	31
THE VENERABLE BEDE		THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH....	33
Bede's Account of the Poet Cædmon	28	THE BATTLE OF MALDON.....	35
THE WANDERER.....	30		

THE LATER MIDDLE AGES

INTRODUCTION	41	SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT.....	105
EARLY ENGLISH LYRICS		THE POPULAR BALLADS	
"Sumer is icumen in"	42	The Douglas Tragedy	130
Alysoun.....	42	Edward	131
PIERS THE PLOWMAN		Babylon; or, the Bonnie Banks o	
Prologue	43	Fordie	132
Passus V.....	45	Lord Thomas and Fair Annet	132
GEOFFREY CHAUCER		Lamkin	134
THE CANTERBURY TALES		The Gay Goss-Hawk	135
The Prologue	50	The Three Ravens	136
The Nun's Priest's Tale	60	The Twa Corbies	136
The Pardoner's Tale	66	Sir Patrick Spence	137
The Prioress's Tale	73	The Wife of Usher's Well	137
The Friar's Tale	76	The Dæmon Lover	138
The Franklin's Tale	81	Hugh of Lincoln	138
THE MINOR POEMS		Chevy Chase	139
The Parliament of Fowls	91	Robin Hood Rescuing the Widow's	
Truth	99	Three Sons	142
Gentilesse	99	Robin Hood's Death and Burial	144
The Complaint of Chaucer to his		Mary Hamilton	145
Empty Purse.....	100	SIR THOMAS MALORY	
JOHN GOWER.....		Le Morte Darthur: Book XXI	146
The Tale of Florent	100		

THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD

INTRODUCTION	155	SIR PHILIP SIDNEY	
SIR THOMAS WYATT		The Bargain	258
The Lover Compareth his State to a Ship in Perilous Storm Tossed on the Sea	157	Astrophel and Stella	259
The Lover having Dreamed of En- joying of his Love, Complaineth that the Dream is not Either Longer or Truer.	157	Love is Dead	260
A Renouncing of Love	157	From <i>The Defense of Poetry</i>	260
The Lover Beseecheth his Mistress not to Forget his Steadfast Faith and True Intent	157	ELIZABETHAN LYRICS	
An Earnest Suit to his Unkind Mis- tress not to Forsake him	157	THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST	
The Lover Complaineth the Unkind- ness of his Love	158	From <i>Complaint of the Duke of Buck-</i> ingham ;	265
Of the Mean and Sure Estate	158	GEORGE GASCOIGNE	
HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY		Piers Ploughman: From <i>The Steel</i> Glass	266
Description of Spring	160	SIR EDWARD DYER	
Complaint of a Lover Rebuked	160	My Mind to me a Kingdom Is. . .	266
A Complaint by Night of the Lover not Beloved	160	JOHN LYLY	
Prisoned in Windsor, he Recounteth his Pleasure there Passed	160	Apelles' Song: From <i>Campaspe</i> ...	267
The Means to Attain Happy Life...	161	Spring's Welcome: From <i>Campaspe</i>	267
On the Death of Sir T[homas] W[yatt]	161	GEORGE PEELE	
From Virgil's <i>Æneid</i>	162	Song: From <i>The Arraignment of</i> <i>Paris</i>	268
ROGER ASCHAM		Harvestmen A-Singing: From <i>The</i> <i>Old Wives' Tale</i>	268
Introduction to Toxophilus	162	Farewell to Arms	268
EDMUND SPENSER		ROBERT GREENE	
The Faerie Queene: Book I	166	Song: From <i>The Farewell to Folly</i>	268
Amoretti: Nos. I, 34, 79, 82	250	Philomela's Ode	269
Prothalamion	250	Sephestia's Song to her Child: From <i>Menaphon</i>	269
SIR WALTER RALEIGH		Menaphon's Song: From <i>Mena-</i> <i>phon</i>	269
A Vision upon this Conceit of the Faerie Queene	253	The Shepherd's Wife's Song: From <i>Menaphon</i>	270
The Silent Lover	254	ANONYMOUS	
His Pilgrimage	254	Crabbed Age and Youth: From <i>The</i> <i>Passionate Pilgrim</i>	270
Verses Found in his Bible in the Gate- House at Westminster	254	Hey Nonny No!	270
The Lie	255	Back and Side, Go Bare, Go Bare: From <i>Gammer Gurton's Needle</i> ..	271
From <i>The Discovery of Guiana</i>	255	SAMUEL DANIEL	
From <i>The History of the World</i>	257	Love Is a Sickness	271
		To the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland	271
		Sonnets: From <i>Delia</i> , 51, 52	272

MICHAEL DRAYTON

Sonnets: From <i>Idea</i> , 24, 44, 61 . . .	273
Ode XI. To the Virginian Voyage	273
Ode XII. To the Cambro-Britons and their Harp	274

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love	276
--	-----

THOMAS NASH

Spring	276
Litany in the Time of Plague . . .	276

THOMAS CAMPION

My Sweetest Lesbia	277
When to her Lute Corinna Sings .	277
Whether Men do Laugh or Weep	277
Vain Men, Whose Follies Make a God of Love	278
Never Love unless you Can	278
Cherry Ripe	278
Chance and Change	278

JOHN FLETCHER

Melancholy: From <i>The Nice Valour</i>	279
Invocation to Sleep: From <i>Valen-</i> <i>tinian</i>	279
Aspatia's Song: From <i>The Maid's</i> <i>Tragedy</i>	279
Song to Bacchus: From <i>Valentinian</i>	279
Drink To-day: From <i>The Bloody</i> <i>Brother</i>	279
Away, Delights: From <i>The Captain</i>	279
Weep No More: From <i>The Queen</i> <i>of Corinth</i>	280
Love's Emblems: From <i>Valen-</i> <i>tinian</i>	280

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey	280
Master Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson	280

JOHN WEBSTER

Vanitas Vanitatum	281
-----------------------------	-----

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Sonnets: Nos. 15, 18, 23, 25, 29, 30, 32, 33, 54, 55, 60, 64, 65, 66, 70, 71, 73, 90, 97, 98, 104, 106, 107, 109, 110, 111, 116, 119, 130, 146	283
Songs from the Plays	
From <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i>	288
<i>The Two Gentlemen of</i> <i>Verona</i>	288
<i>The Merchant of Venice</i>	288
<i>As You Like It</i>	289
<i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	289
<i>Twelfth Night</i>	289
<i>Measure for Measure</i>	290
<i>Cymbeline</i>	290
<i>The Tempest</i>	290

BEN JONSON

Song to Celia	291
Hymn to Diana: From <i>Cynthia's</i> <i>Revels</i>	291
Simplex Munditiis: From <i>Epi-</i> <i>cæne</i>	291
To the Memory of my Beloved Master, William Shakespeare . .	291
A Pindaric Ode	292
Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H.	294
A Farewell to the World	294

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

INTRODUCTION 297

FRANCIS BACON

ESSAYS OR COUNSELS CIVIL AND MORAL:

1. Of Truth	299
2. Of Death	300
5. Of Adversity	300
7. Of Parents and Children . . .	301
8. Of Marriage and Single Life . .	302

10. Of Love	302
11. Of Great Place	303
12. Of Boldness	304
17. Of Superstition	305
18. Of Travel	306
23. Of Wisdom for a Man's Self . .	307
27. Of Friendship	307
28. Of Expense	310
32. Of Discourse	311
39. Of Custom and Education . . .	312

42. Of Youth and Age	312	JOHN DONNE	
47. Of Negotiating	313	Song	327
50. Of Studies	314	A Valediction Forbidding Mourning.	327
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LYRICS		The Indifferent	327
GEORGE WITHER		Song	328
Shall I, Wasting in Despair	315	Death	328
I Loved a Lass	315	The Funeral	328
WILLIAM BROWNE		The Canonization	329
For her Gait, if she be Walking	316	Love's Deity	329
On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke	316	A Hymn to God the Father	329
THOMAS CAREW		ROBERT HERRICK	
Song	316	The Argument of his Book	330
Persuasions to Joy: A Song	316	When he Would have his Verses Read	330
Ingrateful Beauty Threatened	316	Upon the Loss of his Mistresses	330
The Unfading Beauty	317	Cherry-Ripe	331
Epitaph	317	Corinna's Going A-Maying	331
SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT		To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time	332
Song	317	To Anthea, who may Command him Anything	332
To a Mistress Dying	317	His Request to Julia	332
EDMUND WALLER		A Lyric to Mirth	332
Go, Lovely Rose!	318	Upon Julia's Clothes	332
On a Girdle	318	A Bacchanalian Verse	332
To Phyllis	318	To Silvia	333
Old Age	318	To Live Merrily, and to Trust to Good Verses	333
SIR JOHN SUCKLING		Upon Mistress Susanna Southwell her Feet	333
A Doubt of Martyrdom	319	To Electra	333
The Constant Lover	319	To Music, to Becalm his Fever	333
Why So Pale and Wan?	319	Delight in Disorder	334
RICHARD CRASHAW		The Bracelet to Julia	334
Wishes to his Supposed Mistress	319	The Primrose	334
RICHARD LOVELACE		His Tears to Thamesis	334
To Lucasta, On Going to the Wars	321	To Daffodils	335
To Althea, from Prison	321	A Grace for a Child	335
ANDREW MARVELL		The Country Life	335
Horatian Ode Upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland	322	His Prayer to Ben Jonson	336
To his Coy Mistress	323	Upon a Child	336
The Garden	324	The Mad Maid's Song	336
An Epitaph	324	The Night-Piece, to Julia	336
HENRY VAUGHAN		The Hock Cart; or, Harvest Home	336
The Retreat	325	To Blossoms	337
The World	325	Upon Ben Jonson	337
Departed Friends	326	An Ode for Him	337
		Dissuasions from Idleness	337
		The Hag	338
		A Thanksgiving to God for his House	338
		His Winding-Sheet	338
		His Litany to the Holy Spirit	339

His Return to London	339	JOHN MILTON	
On Himself	340	L'Allegro	367
To His Book	340	Il Penseroso	369
GEORGE HERBERT		Lycidas	370
Virtue	340	On his Being Arrived to the Age of	
Love	340	Twenty-Three	374
The Pulley	341	When the Assault was Intended to	
The Collar	341	the City	374
The Quip	341	To the Lord General Cromwell	374
The World	342	On the Late Massacre in Piemont	374
IZAACK WALTON		On his Blindness	375
The Compleat Angler: The Third		On his Deceased Wife	375
Day	342	Paradise Lost	
SIR THOMAS BROWNE		Book I	376
Religio Medici: Sections I-18	347	Book II	386
THOMAS FULLER		Areopagitica	399
The Life of Sir Francis Drake. From		SAMUEL PEPYS	
<i>The Holy State</i> , Book II, Chap-		Diary of Samuel Pepys January,	
ter XXII	356	1665-66	423
JEREMY TAYLOR		JOHN DRYDEN	
Of the Slavery and Pains Eternal	359	Mac Flecknoe	428
ABRAHAM COWLEY		A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, No-	
Of Myself	363	vember 22, 1687	431
Anacreontics:		Alexander's Feast; or, The Power of	
Drinking	364	Music	432
The Epicure	365	Ah, How Sweet it is to Love!	434
The Wish	365	Epigram on Milton	434
The Thief	365	From <i>An Essay of Dramatic Poesy</i>	435
A Supplication	366	JOHN BUNYAN	
		Grace Abounding to the Chief of	
		Sinners	444

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

INTRODUCTION	459	Character of Sir Timothy Tittle	504
JONATHAN SWIFT		Early Rising	506
Gulliver's Travels: A Voyage to Lilli-		THE SPECTATOR:	
put	462	The Uses of the Spectator	508
An Argument Against Abolishing		Signior Nicolini and the Lions	509
Christianity	489	Westminster Abbey	511
A Modest Proposal	495	The Vision of Mirzah	512
JOSEPH ADDISON and RICHARD		Dissection of a Beau's Head	514
STEELE		Dissection of a Coquette's Heart	516
THE TATLER:		On Waste of Time	517
On Duelling	500	ALEXANDER POPE	
The Trumpet Club	501	The Rape of the Lock	520
Character of the Upholsterer	503	Eloisa to Abelard	530

An Essay on Man, Epistle I Of the Nature and State of Man, with Respect to the Universe ..	535	SAMUEL JOHNSON	
Moral Essays, Epistle IV Of the Use of Riches	538	ESSAYS	
Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.....	541	From <i>The Rambler</i> :	
JOHN GAY		The Modern Novel	580
From <i>Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London</i>	547	The Private Life of an Author ..	582
Sweet William's Farewell to Black- Eyed Susan.....	549	Crabbed Age and Youth	584
Fables:		The Busy Life of a Young Lady	586
The Monkey who had Seen the World	550	From <i>The Idler</i> :	
The Fox at the Point of Death ...	551	The Decay of Friendship	588
The Hare and Many Friends	551	JAMES BOSWELL	
Over the Hills and Far Away: From <i>Beggar's Opera</i> , Act I, Sc. XII ...	552	From <i>The Life of Samuel Johnson</i> , LL.D. 1763, 1776.....	590
Youth's the Season: From <i>Beggar's Opera</i> , Act II, Sc. IV.....	552	OLIVER GOLDSMITH	
Come, Sweet Lass: From <i>Beggar's Opera</i> , Act III, Sc. VIII.....	552	The Deserted Village	612
Love's Resort: From <i>Acis and Galatea</i> , Act I	552	An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog	618
Galatea: From <i>Acis and Galatea</i> , Act II	552	Stanzas on Woman: From <i>The Vicar of Wakefield</i>	618
Woman's Chiefest Duty: From <i>Achilles</i> , Act III, Sc. VIII	552	The Citizen of the World	
JAMES THOMSON		Letter XXI. At the Play-house..	618
The Seasons: Winter (lines 1-321)	553	Letter LI. The Bookseller	621
Rule, Britannia: From <i>Alfred: A Masque</i>	557	Letter LIV. The Character of Beau Tibbs	622
The Castle of Indolence, Canto I...	558	Letter LV. Beau Tibbs at Home.	623
THOMAS GRAY		Letter LXXI. Beau Tibbs at Vauxhall	625
Ode on the Spring	569	Letter LXXVII. The London Shop-Keeper	627
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College	569	EDMUND BURKE	
Sonnet: On the Death of Mr. Richard West	570	Reflections on the Revolution in France: The Events of October 6, 1789	629
Ode on the Death of a Favorite Cat.	570	The Impeachment of Warren Hast- ings, Esq.	
Elegy Written in a Country Church- yard	571	The Charge.....	635
The Progress of Poesy	573	Peroration.....	637
The Bard	574	WILLIAM COWPER	
WILLIAM COLLINS		Walking with God	639
Ode to Evening.....	577	The Task: Book IV. The Winter Evening	639
The Passions: An Ode for Music ...	577	On the Loss of the Royal George...	648
Ode: Written in the Beginning of the Year 1746	579	On the Receipt of My Mother's Pic- ture out of Norfolk	648
Dirge in <i>Cymbeline</i>	579	To Mary.....	650
		The Castaway	651
		ROBERT BURNS	
		The Twa Dogs	652
		The Cotter's Saturday Night.....	655

To a Mouse	658
To a Mountain Daisy	658
Epistle to J. Lapraik	659
Tam o' Shanter	661
The Jolly Beggars	663
My Nanie, O	668
Green Grow the Rashes, O	668
Will Ye Go to the Indies, My Mary	669
The Silver Tassie	669
Of a' the Airts	669
Auld Lang Syne	670
John Anderson My Jo	670
Tam Glen	670
Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut	671
Ae Fond Kiss	671
Sweet Afton	671
Ye Flowery Banks	672
A Red, Red, Rose	672
Last May a Braw Wooer	672
Scots, Wha Hae	673
Highland Mary	673
Is There for Honest Poverty	674

O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast ...	674
Mary Morison	674
WILLIAM BLAKE	
Song	675
Mad Song	675
Song	676
To the Muses	676
Songs of Innocence	
Introduction	676
The Lamb	676
Infant Joy	677
The Little Black Boy	677
A Cradle Song	677
Songs of Experience	
Cradle Song	678
The Tiger	678
The Clod and the Pebble	678
A Little Boy Lost	678
Night	678
Stanzas from <i>Milton</i>	679
Love's Secret	679

THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

INTRODUCTION	683
--------------------	-----

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Lines Written in Early Spring	685
Expostulation and Reply	686
The Tables Turned	686
Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey	687
Lucy	688
Lucy Gray	690
The Simplan Pass	690
Michael	691
The Prelude:	
From <i>Book First</i> : Introduction — Childhood and School-time	697
From <i>Book Ninth</i> : Residence in France	697
From <i>Book Eleventh</i> : France (<i>con- cluded</i>)	699
My Heart Leaps Up	699
To the Cuckoo	700
Resolution and Independence	700
Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802	702
Composed by the Seaside near Calais, August, 1802	702

It is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free	702
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic	702
To Toussaint L'Ouverture	703
Near Dover, September, 1802	703
Written in London, 1802	703
London, 1802	703
To the Daisy	703
When I have Borne in Memory	704
At the Grave of Burns	704
The Solitary Reaper	705
She was a Phantom of Delight	705
I wandered Lonely as a Cloud	706
Elegiac Stanzas	706
Ode to Duty	707
To a Skylark	708
Character of the Happy Warrior ...	708
Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Child- hood	710
The World is Too Much with us ..	712
Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle	713
Laodamia	714
Composed upon an Evening of Ex- traordinary Splendor and Beauty.	717

Mutability	718
Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge	718
The Trosachs	718
Preface to <i>Lyrical Ballads</i>	718

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Kubla Khan, or, A Vision in a Dream	730
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner ...	731
Frost at Midnight	739
Christabel	740
Dejection: An Ode	747
Youth and Age	749
Work without Hope	749
Biographia Literaria: Chapters X, XIV, XVII, XVIII	749

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Lochinvar: From <i>Marmion</i> , Canto V, Lady Heron's Song	766
Prologue to <i>The Lady of the Lake</i> ...	767
Soldier, Rest! Thy Warfare O'er: From <i>The Lady of the Lake</i> , Canto I	768
Boat Song: From <i>The Lady of the Lake</i> , Canto II	768
Coronach: From <i>The Lady of the Lake</i> , Canto III	769
Brignall Banks: From <i>Rokeby</i>	769
Jock of Hazeldean	770
Pibroch of Donald Dhu	770
Clarion: From <i>Old Mortality</i>	770
Lullaby of an Infant Chief	770
Proud Maisie: From <i>The Heart of Midlothian</i>	771
County Guy: From <i>Quentin Durward</i>	771
Bonny Dundee	771
Here's a Health to King Charles: From <i>Woodstock</i>	772

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

When we Two Parted	774
She Walks in Beauty	774
The Destruction of Sennacherib ...	774
Stanzas for Music	775
From <i>Childe Harold's Pilgrimage</i> , Canto the Third	775
Sonnet on Chillon	793
The Prisoner of Chillon	793
To Thomas Moore	797
So we'll go no more a Roving	797
To Thomas Moore	797
Mazeppa	797

From <i>Don Juan</i> . Canto the Third stanza 85-end	805
Stanzas	810
On this Day I Complete my Thirty- Sixth Year	810

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Hymn to Intellectual Beauty	812
Ozymandias	813
Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples	813
Ode to the West Wind	814
The Indian Serenade	815
Prometheus Unbound: End of the Last Act	815
The Cloud	816
To a Skylark	817
To Night	819
Time	819
Mutability	819
Adonais	819
The Final Chorus from Hellas ...	828
To —	830
Lines: When the Lamp is Shattered	830
A Dirge	831

JOHN KEATS

Sonnet	832
To my Brothers	832
From <i>Endymion</i> . Proem to Book I.	832
Robin Hood	833
Stanzas	833
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern	834
Fancy	834
The Eve of St. Agnes	835
Ode	841
Ode on a Grecian Urn	841
Ode to a Nightingale	842
Ode on Melancholy	843
To Autumn	843
La Belle Dame Sans Merci	844
Two Sonnets on Fame	844
To Sleep	845
Sonnet: To a Young Lady who Sent me a Laurel Crown	845
Lamia	845
Sonnet	854

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Rose Aylmer	855
A Fiesolan Idyl	855
On his Seventy-Fifth Birthday	856

Imaginary Conversations	
Marcellus and Hannibal.....	856
Leofric and Godiva.....	857
Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn..	860
Bossuet and the Duchess de Fontanges	862
The Empress Catharine and Princess Dashkof	866

THOMAS HOOD

The Bridge of Sighs	869
The Song of the Shirt	870
The Death Bed	871
Morning Meditations.....	871

CHARLES LAMB

Essays of Elia	
Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago	872

Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist	878
Imperfect Sympathies	882
Dream Children: A Reverie ...	885
A Dissertation upon Roast Pig .	887
In Praise of Chimney-Sweepers .	891
Poor Relations	894
A Character of the Late Elia ..	897

WILLIAM HAZLITT

My First Acquaintance with Poets	900
On Going a Journey.....	909
The Fight.....	914
A Farewell to Essay-Writing	922

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

Suspiria de Profundis: Levana and our Ladies of Sorrow.....	927
The English Mail Coach.....	930

THE LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

INTRODUCTION	945
--------------------	-----

THOMAS CARLYLE

Sartor Resartus — Book II, Chapters VII, VIII, IX; Book III, Chapter VIII.....	948
Past and Present — Book III, Chapters XII, XIII; Book IV, Chapter I	965

JOHN STUART MILL

On Liberty	981
------------------	-----

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

Milton	1002
Francis Bacon	1026

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

From <i>Apologia Pro Vita Sua</i>	1039
The Idea of a University — Discourse V. Liberal Knowledge its Own End	1044

ALFRED TENNYSON

The Poet	1054
The Lady of Shalott.....	1055
Enone	1057
The Palace of Art.....	1060
The Lotos-Eaters.....	1064
The Epic.....	1066
Morte D'Arthur.....	1067
Ulysses	1071
Locksley Hall.....	1071

Break, Break, Break.....	1076
Songs from <i>The Princess</i>	1076
From <i>In Memoriam</i>	1078
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington	1084
The Charge of the Light Brigade .	1087
Lyrics from <i>Maud</i>	1088
Milton	1090
Northern Farmer, Old Style	1090
The Higher Pantheism	1092
The Revenge.....	1092
Rizpah	1094
Crossing the Bar.....	1096

ROBERT BROWNING

Pippa's Song.....	1097
Cavalier Tunes:	
Marching Along	1097
Give a Rouse	1097
Boot and Saddle.....	1098
My Last Duchess.....	1098
Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister ..	1099
The Lost Leader.....	1100
Meeting at Night.....	1100
Parting at Morning	1101
Home-Thoughts from Abroad	1101
The Bishop Orders his Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church	1101
Love among the Ruins	1103
Up at a Villa — Down in the City .	1104
A Toccata of Galuppi's	1105

One Way of Love	1106	ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH	
Respectability	1106	Say Not the Struggle Nought Avail-	
The Guardian-Angel	1107	eth	1239
Memorabilia	1107	From <i>Dipsychus</i>	1239
The Last Ride Together	1108	Qua Cursum Ventus	1240
A Grammarian's Funeral	1109	The Latest Decalogue	1240
The Statue and the Bust	1110	Hope Evermore and Believe	1240
"Childe Roland to the Dark Tower		Qui Laborat, Orat	1241
Came"	1114	Ite Domum Saturæ, Venit Hesperus	1241
Fra Lippo Lippi	1117	Life is Struggle	1242
Andrea del Sarto	1122	In a London Square	1242
Prospice	1125	All is Well	1242
Epilogue	1126		
JOHN RUSKIN		ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING	
The Stones of Venice. Vol. II,		Sonnets from the Portuguese. Nos.	
Chapter VI	1127	I, 3, 4, 14, 22, 26, 35, 43	1243
Unto this Last. Essay I	1152	To George Sand	1244
Fors Clavigera. Letter V	1159	The Cry of the Children	1244
MATTHEW ARNOLD		EMILY BRONTË	
Quiet Work	1166	Stanzas	1247
Shakespeare	1166	The Old Stoic	1247
The Forsaken Merman	1167	Last Lines	1247
Empedocles on Etna		EDWARD FITZGERALD	
Empedocles' Song. Act I, Sc. 2..	1168	Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám of	
Self-Dependence	1172	Naishápúr	1248
Morality	1173	DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI	
The Buried Life	1173	The Blessed Damozel	1255
Lines written in Kensington Gar-		Sister Helen	1256
dens	1174	The Ballad of Dead Ladies: From	
The Future	1175	François Villon	1259
Requiescat	1176	Troy Town	1260
The Scholar-Gipsy	1176	The House of Life:	
Isolation	1180	The Sonnet	1261
Dover Beach	1181	Love-Sight	1261
Rugby Chapel	1181	Silent Noon	1261
Preface to Essays in Criticism, First		The Choice	1261
Series	1183	Vain Virtues	1262
The Function of Criticism at the		Lost Days	1262
Present Time	1185	A Superscription	1262
Sweetness and Light	1198	The One Hope	1263
Essay on Wordsworth	1206	The Cloud Confines	1263
THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY		WILLIAM MORRIS	
Autobiography	1215	The Defence of Guenevere	1264
On the Advisableness of Improving		The Eve of Crecy	1269
Natural Knowledge	1220	The Haystack in the Floods	1269
A Liberal Education; and where to		An Apology: Prologue to The	
Find It	1227	Earthly Paradise	1271
On the Physical Basis of Life	1230	L'Envoi to The Earthly Paradise . .	1272

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Choruses from <i>Atalanta in Calydon</i>	1274
Hymn to Proserpine	1275
A Match	1277
A Ballad of Burdens	1277
The Garden of Proserpine	1279
Hertha	1280
To Walt Whitman in America	1282
A Ballad of François Villon	1284
On the Deaths of Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot	1284
Hope and Fear	1285
A Child's Future	1285

WALTER PATER

Studies in the History of the Renaissance — Conclusion	1286
The Renaissance — Sandro Botticelli	1287
The Child in the House	1291

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A Gossip on Romance	1299
The Lantern-Bearers	1304
Pulvis et Umbra	1309
A Christmas Sermon	1312

JAMES THOMSON

Mater Tenebrarum	1316
From <i>Sunday at Hampstead</i>	1317
From <i>The City of Dreadful Night</i>	1317

FRANCIS THOMPSON

The Hound of Heaven	1319
Envoy	1321

GEORGE MEREDITH

Modern Love. Nos. 1, 2, 48, 49, 50	1322
Lucifer in Starlight	1323
A Certain People	1323
A Stave of Roving Tim	1323
Hard Weather	1324
Ode to the Comic Spirit	1325
Love in the Valley	1329

THOMAS HARDY

Her Dilemma	1333
Revulsion	1333
Her Initials	1333
Rome	1334

Lausanne	1334
An August Midnight	1334
Embarcation	1334
A Christmas Ghost-Story	1335
"I Said to Love"	1335
To Life	1335
At Casterbridge Fair:	
The Ballad-Singer	1335
Former Beauties	1336
After the Club-Dance	1336
The Market-Girl	1336
The Inquiry	1336
A Wife Waits	1336
After the Fair	1337

RUDYARD KIPLING

A Ballad of East and West	1337
Fuzzy-Wuzzy	1339
Gunga Din	1340
L'Envoi	1341
Recessional	1341

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

Oh, when I was in Love with You	1341
To an Athlete Dying Young	1341
White in the Moon the Long Road	
Lies	1342
Into my Heart an Air that Kills	1342
Think No More, Lad, Laugh, be Jolly	1342
When I came Last to Ludlow	1342
The Carpenter's Son	1342

JOHN MASEFIELD

A Consecration	1343
Cargoes	1343
Roadways	1344
The West Wind	1344
Sea-Fever	1345
On Growing Old	1345

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

When you are Old	1346
The Voice	1346
The Song of the Happy Shepherd	1346
The Falling of the Leaves	1346

INDEX TO THE MAP ii

INDEX OF AUTHORS, TITLES, AND
FIRST LINES OF POETRY iii

A GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF TYPES OF LITERATURE

The general arrangement of this anthology is intended to present the development of English literature in historical sequence. For a simultaneous study of forms and types of literature the following classification is offered.

THE EPIC

The epic is a long narrative poem written in an elevated style, based on a racial or national theme, and dealing with supernatural and heroic characters. Folk epics arose spontaneously among primitive peoples; examples are *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*. Imitations of these in more sophisticated times are called literary epics, the classical example of which is Virgil's *Æneid*. The epic is also imitated for humorous effect in the mock-heroic poem.

ANGLO-SAXON

BEOWULF, 2

ELIZABETHAN

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY
Virgil's *Æneid*, 162

EDMUND SPENSER
The Faerie Queene, Book I (Allegory), 166

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

JOHN MILTON
Paradise Lost: Book I, 376
Book II, 386

Mock Epics

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

ALEXANDER POPE
The Rape of the Lock, 520

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON
Don Juan, 805

THE BALLAD

The ballad is a short story in song. It employs a simple meter, usually stanzas of

four lines, alternately of four and three feet, sometimes with a refrain. Like the folk epic, the ballad arose spontaneously in primitive times. It was preserved by memory, and only later were the original ballads written down. Most of the famous old ballads in English date from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The revival of interest in the past during the eighteenth century led to the recovery and preservation of ballads — Percy's *Reliques of Old English Poetry* being the most famous collection — and to their imitation, as a form of literature.

LATER MIDDLE AGES

THE POPULAR BALLADS

The Douglas Tragedy, 130
Edward, 131
Babylon; or, the Bonnie Banks o' Fordie, 132
Lord Thomas and Fair Annet, 132
Lamkin, 134
The Gay Goss-Hawk, 135
The Three Ravens, 136
The Twa Corbies, 136
Sir Patrick Spence, 137
The Wife of Usher's Well, 137
The Dæmon Lover, 138
Hugh of Lincoln, 138
Chevy Chase, 139
Robin Hood Rescuing the Widow's Three Sons, 142
Robin Hood's Death and Burial, 144
Mary Hamilton, 145

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, 731

SIR WALTER SCOTT
Jock of Hazeldean, 770

JOHN KEATS

La Belle Dame sans Merci, 844

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

ALFRED TENNYSON

The Revenge, 1092

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Sister Helen, 1256

Troy Town, 1260

RUDYARD KIPLING

A Ballad of East and West, 1337

THE ROMANCE

The romance is a type of narrative in verse or prose which flourished especially in the Middle Ages. It dealt with aristocratic themes of war, adventure, and love, in a spirit of idealism. It was revived in modern times, particularly in connection with the romantic movement of the nineteenth century. Browning developed a type of narrative poem which he called the dramatic romance, examples of which have been included under this heading.

LATER MIDDLE AGES

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

The Franklin's Tale, 81

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT, 105

SIR THOMAS MALORY

Le Morte Darthur: Book XXI, 146

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Christabel, 740

JOHN KEATS

The Eve of St. Agnes, 835

Lamia, 845

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

ALFRED TENNYSON

The Lady of Shalott, 1055

Morte D'Arthur, 1067

ROBERT BROWNING

My Last Duchess, 1098

The Last Ride Together, 1108

A Grammarian's Funeral, 1109

The Statue and the Bust, 1110

"Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came,"

1114

WILLIAM MORRIS

The Defence of Guenevere, 1264

The Haystack in the Floods, 1269

THE TALE

The tale corresponds in popular literature to the romance in aristocratic. It is an unpretending and realistic narrative of events and human characteristics. Great numbers of tales were afloat in the Middle Ages, preserved, like the ballads, by oral tradition. Many were directed to moral edification; others to counsel in ways of gaining worldly success; others merely recorded striking or humorous episodes, practical jokes, etc. Many collections of tales were made in the Renaissance, such as those of Boccaccio in Italy, and Chaucer in England. It was a convention to bind such collections together by a frame story, such as that furnished by Chaucer's account of the Canterbury pilgrims. The short story is a modern outgrowth of the tale, differing chiefly in its unity and concentration, and its avoidance of diffusion of interest. Examples of modern short stories are those of Poe, Stevenson, and Kipling.

LATER MIDDLE AGES

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

The Canterbury Tales:

The Prologue, 50

The Nun's Priest's Tale, 60

The Pardoner's Tale, 66

The Prioress's Tale, 73

The Friar's Tale, 76

JOHN GOWER

The Tale of Florent, 100

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

ROBERT BURNS

The Twa Dogs, 652

Tam o' Shanter, 661

THE ALLEGORY

The allegory is a story in prose or verse specifically intended to teach a lesson, in which the characters are personifications of

human qualities. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is a well-known example. The fables of Æsop and the parables of Jesus are short allegories.

LATER MIDDLE AGES

The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman, 43

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

The Parliament of Fowls, 91

ELIZABETHAN

EDMUND SPENSER

The Faerie Queene:
Book I, 166.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

JONATHAN SWIFT

Gulliver's Travels: A Voyage to Lilliput
462

JOHN GAY

Fables:

The Monkey Who had Seen the World,
550

The Fox at the Point of Death, 551

The Hare and Many Friends, 551

JAMES THOMSON

The Castle of Indolence, 558

OTHER NARRATIVE POEMS

ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD

ANONYMOUS

The Wanderer, 30

The Battle of Brunanburh, 33

The Battle of Maldon, 35

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

ALEXANDER POPE

Eloisa to Abelard, 530

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Lucy Gray, 690

Michael, 691

Laodamia, 714

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

The Prisoner of Chillon, 793

Mazeppa, 797

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

A Fiesolan Idyll, 855

PROSE NARRATIVE

ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD

THE VENERABLE BEDE

Bede's Account of the Poet Cædmon, 28

KING ALFRED THE GREAT

The Voyages of Ohthere and Wulfstan, 31

ELIZABETHAN

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

From *The Discovery of Guiana*, 255

From *The History of the World*, 257

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

ISAAC WALTON

The Third Day: From *The Compleat Angler*, 342

THE LYRIC

The lyric is a short poem expressive of the emotion of the author or of some character whom he represents. It was originally intended to be sung, but often in modern times it merely suggests a connection with music. The lyric is various in its forms and uses.

The Sonnet

Of the established forms of lyric the sonnet is most important. Originating in Southern France in the twelfth century, it was introduced into Italy, where it was practiced by Dante, Petrarch, and other poets. It was brought to England in the early sixteenth century by Sir Thomas Wyatt. It enjoyed great vogue in the later years of the century, as an expression of courtly love. Sidney, Spenser, Shakespeare, Daniel, Drayton, and many others wrote series or sequences of sonnets. The sonnet was also turned to reflective and religious, and later to political themes.

The sonnet properly consists of fourteen lines of five feet, divided into two parts, the

octave of eight and the sestet of six lines. In the Italian sonnet the octave rhymes *abbaabba*; the sestet employs the rhymes *cde* in various orders, avoiding the couplet at the close. The English sonnet is an adaptation used by the Earl of Surrey, which consists of three quatrains, *ab ab, cd cd, ef ef*, closed by a couplet *gg*. This form was followed by Shakespeare. The sonnet sequence lends itself to narrative as in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, and in Meredith's *Modern Love*, where the "sonnet" is expanded to sixteen lines.

ELIZABETHAN

SIR THOMAS WYATT

The Lover Compareth His State to a Ship
in Perilous Storm Tossed on the Sea, 157

The Lover having Dreamed of Enjoying of
His Love, etc., 157

A Renouncing of Love, 157

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

Description of Spring, 160

Complaint of a Lover Rebuked, 160

A Complaint by Night of the Lover not
Beloved, 160

EDMUND SPENSER

Amoretti, 250

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

A Vision upon this Conceit of the Faerie
Queene, 253

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Astrophel and Stella, 259

SAMUEL DANIEL

Sonnets: From *Delia*, 272

MICHAEL DRAYTON

Sonnets: From *Idea*, 273

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Sonnets, 283

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

JOHN MILTON

On His Being Arrived to the Age of
Twenty-Three, 374

When the Assault was Intended to the
City, 374

To the Lord General Cromwell, 374

On the Late Massacre in Piemont, 374

On His Blindness, 375

On His Deceased Wife, 375

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THOMAS GRAY

Sonnet: On the Death of Mr. Richard
West, 570

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Composed upon Westminster Bridge, 702

Composed by the Seaside near Calais, 702

It is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free,
702

On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic,
702

To Toussaint L'Ouverture, 703

Near Dover, September, 1802, 703

Written in London, 1802, 703

London, 1802, 703

The World is Too Much with Us, 712

Mutability, 718

Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, 718

The Trosachs, 718

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

Sonnet on Chillon, 793

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Ozymandias, 813

JOHN KEATS

Sonnet, 832

To My Brothers, 832

Two Sonnets on Fame, 844

To Sleep, 845

Sonnet: To a Young Lady Who Sent Me
a Laurel Crown, 845

Sonnet, 854

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Quiet Work, 1166

Shakespeare, 1166

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Sonnets from the Portuguese, 1243

To George Sand, 1244

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

The House of Life:

The Sonnet, 1261

Love-Sight, 1261

Silent Noon, 1261

The Choice, 1261

Vain Virtues, 1262

Lost Days, 1262
A Superscription, 1262
The One Hope, 1263

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

On the Deaths of Thomas Carlyle and
George Eliot, 1284
Hope and Fear, 1285

GEORGE MEREDITH

Modern Love, 1322
Lucifer in Starlight, 1323
A Certain People, 1323

THOMAS HARDY

Revulsion, 1333
Embarcation, 1334

The Ode

The ode was a form of lyric poetry of recognized structure among the Greeks. Pindar's odes have been imitated by English poets, notably Cowley and Gray, but in general the term is applied by poets freely to sustained lyric utterances, based on elevated themes and often intended for some dignified celebration. The ode form usually connotes irregular structure, permitting change of rhythm, meter, and rhyme scheme according to the mood.

ELIZABETHAN

ROBERT GREENE

Philomela's Ode, 269

MICHAEL DRAYTON

Ode XI: To the Virginian Voyage (Patriotic), 273
Ode XII: The Ballad of Agincourt (Patriotic), 274

BEN JONSON

A Pindaric Ode, 292

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

ANDREW MARVELL

Horation Ode upon Cromwell's Return
from Ireland (Patriotic), 322

ROBERT HERRICK

An Ode for Ben Jonson (Friendship), 337

JOHN MILTON

L'Allegro (Nature), 367
Il Penseroso (Nature), 369

JOHN DRYDEN

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 431
Alexander's Feast; or, The Power of
Music, 432

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THOMAS GRAY

Ode on the Spring (Nature), 569
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College
(Nature), 569
Ode on the Death of a Favorite Cat, 570
The Progress of Poesy (Pindaric), 573
The Bard (Pindaric), 574

WILLIAM COLLINS

Ode to Evening (Nature), 577
The Passions: An Ode for Music, 577
Ode: Written in the Beginning of the Year
1746 (Patriotic), 579

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Ode to Duty, 707
Ode on Intimations of Immortality from
Recollections of Early Childhood, 710

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Dejection: An Ode, 747

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Ode to the West Wind, 814

JOHN KEATS

Ode, 841
Ode on a Grecian Urn, 841
Ode to a Nightingale, 842
Ode to Melancholy, 843
To Autumn, 843

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

ALFRED TENNYSON

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington (Elegy), 1084

FRANCIS THOMPSON

The Hound of Heaven, 1319

GEORGE MEREDITH

Ode to the Comic Spirit, 1325

The Elegy

The eclogue and elegy were originally of late Greek origin. The poet Theocritus in Alexandria, remembering the songs of goat-

herds which he had heard in his native Sicily, imitated them in more cultivated form. Some of these were love songs, others songs sung in competition among shepherds for prizes, others were dirges on the death of a dead shepherd. This pastoral verse was imitated by Virgil, and later by the poets of the Renaissance. In particular, the elegy became a recognized medium for the expression of grief, and many of the great mourning poems in English have taken this form.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

JOHN MILTON
Lycidas, 370

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
Adonais, 819

Elegiac Poems and Epitaphs

ELIZABETHAN

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY
On the Death of Sir Thomas Wyatt, 161

BEN JONSON
To the Memory of My Beloved Master,
William Shakespeare, 291
Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H., 294

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM BROWNE
On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke,
316

THOMAS CAREW
Epitaph, 317

ANDREW MARVELL
An Epitaph, 324

ROBERT HERRICK
Upon a Child, 336
Upon Ben Jonson, 337

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THOMAS GRAY
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard,
571

WILLIAM COLLINS
Dirge in Cymbeline, 579

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
Lucy, 688
At the Grave of Burns, 704

SIR WALTER SCOTT
Soldier, Rest! Thy Warfare O'er: From
The Lady of the Lake, Canto I, 768
Coronach: From *The Lady of the Lake*,
Canto III, 769
Proud Maisie: From *The Heart of Mid-*
lothian, 771

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR
Rose Aylmer, 855

THOMAS HOOD
The Death Bed, 871

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

ALFRED TENNYSON
Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead:
From *The Princess*, 1077
In Memoriam A. H. H., 1078

MATTHEW ARNOLD
Requiescat, 1176
Rugby Chapel, 1181

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN
To an Athlete Dying Young, 1341

The Dramatic Lyric

The dramatic lyric is a poem defined by Browning as lyric in expression, but dramatic in principle, the thought or feeling attributed to some person other than the author.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

ROBERT BURNS
The Jolly Beggars, 663

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
Prometheus Unbound: End of the last act,
815

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

ALFRED TENNYSON
Ænone, 1057
Ulysses, 1071
Locksley Hall, 1071
Northern Farmer, Old Style, 1090
Rizpah, 1094

ROBERT BROWNING

Cavalier Tunes:

- Marching Along, 1097
- Give a Rouse, 1097
- Boot and Saddle, 1098
- Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister, 1099
- The Lost Leader, 1100
- Meeting at Night, 1100
- Parting at Morning, 1101
- Home-Thoughts, from Abroad, 1101
- Love Among the Ruins, 1103
- Up at a Villa — Down in the City, 1104
- A Toccata of Galuppi's, 1105
- One Way of Love, 1106
- Respectability, 1106
- Memorabilia, 1107

MATTHEW ARNOLD

- The Forsaken Merman, 1167

WILLIAM MORRIS

- The Eve of Crécy, 1269

THOMAS HARDY

- Her Dilemma, 1333
- At Casterbridge Fair:
 - After the Club-Dance, 1336
 - The Inquiry, 1336
 - A Wife Waits, 1336

RUDYARD KIPLING

- Fuzzy-Wuzzy, 1339
- Gunga Din, 1340

Miscellaneous Lyrics

Many lyrics which cannot be indexed under the foregoing divisions may be classified according to subject matter under: Religion, Love, Friendship, Drinking Songs, Nature, Patriotism and War, Childhood, Reflection.

Religion

ELIZABETHAN

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

- His Pilgrimage, 254
- Verses Found in His Bible in the Gate-House at Westminster, 254

THOMAS NASH

- Litany in Time of Plague, 276

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

HENRY VAUGHAN

- The Retreat, 325
- The World, 325
- Departed Friends, 326

JOHN DONNE

- A Hymn to God the Father, 329

ROBERT HERRICK

- A Thanksgiving to God for His House, 338
- His Litany to the Holy Spirit, 339

GEORGE HERBERT

- Virtue, 340
- Love, 340
- The Pulley, 341
- The Collar, 341
- The Quip, 341
- The World, 342

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM COWPER

- Walking with God, 639

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

- The Destruction of Sennacherib, 774

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

ALFRED TENNYSON

- The Higher Pantheism, 1092
- Crossing the Bar, 1096

ROBERT BROWNING

- The Guardian-Angel, 1107

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

- Qui Laborat, Orat, 1241

RUDYARD KIPLING

- Recessional, 1341

Love

LATER MIDDLE AGES

- Alysoun, 42

ELIZABETHAN

SIR THOMAS WYATT

- The Lover Beseecheth His Mistress not to Forget His Steadfast Faith and True Intent, 157

An Earnest Suit to His Unkind Mistress
not to Forsake Him, 157
The Lover Complaineth the Unkindness
of His Love, 158

EDMUND SPENSER
Prothalamion, 250

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
The Silent Lover, 254

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
The Bargain, 258
Love is Dead, 260

JOHN LYLY
Apelles' Song: From *Campaspe*, 267

GEORGE PEELE
Song: From *The Arraignment of Paris*, 268
Harvestmen A-Singing: From *The Old Wives' Tale*, 268

ROBERT GREENE
Menaphon's Song: From *Menaphon*, 269
The Shepherd's Wife's Song: From *Menaphon*, 270

SAMUEL DANIEL
Love is a Sickness, 271

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE
The Passionate Shepherd to His Love, 276

THOMAS CAMPION
My Sweetest Lesbia, 277
When to Her Lute Corinna Sings, 277
Vain Men, Whose Follies Make a God of
Love, 278
Never Love Unless You Can, 278
Cherry Ripe, 278

JOHN FLETCHER
Aspatia's Song: From *The Maid's Tragedy*,
279
Away, Delights: From *The Captain*, 279
Love's Emblems: From *Valentinian*, 280

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Who is Silvia? From *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, 288
Tell me, Where is Fancy Bred? From *The Merchant of Venice*, 288
Sigh no more: From *Much Ado about Nothing*, 289

O Mistress Mine, where Are You Roaming:
From *Twelfth Night*, 289
Come Away, Come Away, Death: From
Twelfth Night, 289
Take, O, Take Those Lips Away: From
Measure for Measure, 290
Hark, Hark! the Lark: From *Cymbeline*, 290

BEN JONSON
Song to Celia, 291

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

GEORGE WITHER
Shall I, Wasting in Despair, 315
I Loved a Lass, 315

WILLIAM BROWNE
For Her Gait, if She be Walking, 316

THOMAS CAREW
Song, 316
Persuasions to Joy: A Song, 316
Ingrateful Beauty Threatened, 316
The Unfading Beauty, 317

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT
Song, 317

EDMUND WALLER
Go, Lovely Rose! 318
On a Girdle, 318
To Phyllis, 318

SIR JOHN SUCKLING
A Doubt of Martyrdom, 319
The Constant Lover, 319
Why so Pale and Wan? 319

RICHARD CRASHAW
Wishes to His Supposed Mistress, 319

RICHARD LOVELACE
To Lucasta, On Going to the Wars, 321
To Althea, from Prison, 321

ANDREW MARVELL
To His Coy Mistress, 323

JOHN DONNE
Song, 327
A Valediction Forbidding Mourning, 327
The Indifferent, 327
Song, 328
The Funeral, 328
The Canonization, 329
Love's Deity, 329

ROBERT HERRICK

- Upon the Loss of His Mistresses, 330
 Cherry-Ripe, 331
 Corinna's Going A-Maying, 331
 To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time,
 332
 To Anthea, Who may Command Him
 Anything, 332
 His Request to Julia, 332
 Upon Julia's Clothes, 332
 To Silvia, 333
 Upon Mistress Susanna Southwell Her
 Feet, 333
 To Electra, 333
 Delight in Disorder, 334
 The Bracelet to Julia, 334
 The Primrose, 334
 The Mad Maid's Song, 336
 The Night-Piece, to Julia, 336
 Dissuasions from Idleness, 337

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- The Thief, 365

JOHN DRYDEN

- Ah, How Sweet it is to Love! 434

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

JOHN GAY

- Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed
 Susan, 549
 Over the Hills and Far Away: From *The
 Beggar's Opera*, 552
 Youth's the Season: From *The Beggar's
 Opera*, 552
 Come, Sweet Lass: From *The Beggar's
 Opera*, 552
 Love's Resort: From *Acis and Galatea*, 552
 Galatea: From *Acis and Galatea*, 552

ROBERT BURNS

- My Nanie, O, 668
 Green Grow the Rashes, O, 668
 Will Ye Go to the Indies, My Mary, 669
 Of a' the Airts, 669
 John Anderson My Jo, 670
 Tam Glen, 670
 Ae Fond Kiss, 671
 Sweet Afton, 671
 Ye Flowery Banks, 672
 A Red, Red, Rose, 672
 Last May a Braw Wooer, 672
 Highland Mary, 673

- O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast, 674
 Mary Morison, 674

WILLIAM BLAKE

- Song, 675
 Song, 676
 The Clod and the Pebble, 678
 Love's Secret, 679

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

- She was a Phantom of Delight, 705

SIR WALTER SCOTT

- Lochinvar: From *Marmion*, Canto V,
 Lady Heron's Song, 766

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

- When We Two Parted, 774
 So We'll Go No More A Roving, 797
 Stanzas, 810

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

- The Indian Serenade, 815
 To ———, 830

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

ALFRED TENNYSON

- Come into the Garden, Maud: From
Maud, 1088
 O That 'Twere Possible: From *Maud*, 1089

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

- The Blessed Damozel, 1255

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

- A Match, 1277

JAMES THOMSON

- Mater Tenebrarum, 1316
 From *Sunday at Hampstead*, 1317

GEORGE MEREDITH

- Love in the Valley, 1329

THOMAS HARDY

- At Casterbridge Fair:
 The Ballad-Singer, 1335
 The Market-Girl, 1336

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

- Oh, When I was in Love with You, 1341
 White in the Moon the Long Road Lies,
 1342

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

- When You are Old, 1346
 The Falling of the Leaves, 1346

Friendship

ELIZABETHAN

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

Master Francis Beaumont's Letter to
Ben Jonson, 280

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

ROBERT HERRICK

His Prayer to Ben Jonson, 336

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM COWPER

To Mary, 650

ROBERT BURNS

Auld Lang Syne, 670

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

She Walks in Beauty, 774

To Thomas Moore, 797

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

When I Came Last to Ludlow, 1342

Drinking Songs

ELIZABETHAN

ANONYMOUS

Back and Side, Go Bare, Go Bare, 271

JOHN FLETCHER

Song to Bacchus: From *Valentinian*, 279Drink To-day: From *The Bloody Brother*,
279

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

ROBERT HERRICK

A Lyric to Mirth, 332

A Bacchanalian Verse, 332

To Live Merrily, and to Trust to Good
Verses, 333

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Anacreontics: Drinking, 364

The Epicure, 365

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

ROBERT BURNS

The Silver Tassie, 669

Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut, 671

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

To Thomas Moore, 797

Nature

LATER MIDDLE AGES

EARLY ENGLISH LYRICS

"Sumer is icumen in," 42

ELIZABETHAN

JOHN LYLY

Spring's Welcome: From *Campaspe*, 267

THOMAS NASH

Spring, 276

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

When Icicles Hang by the Wall: From
Love's Labour's Lost, 288Under the Greenwood Tree: From *As You
Like It*, 289Where the Bee Sucks: From *The Tempest*,
290

BEN JONSON

Hymn to Diana: From *Cynthia's Revels*,
291

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

ANDREW MARVELL

The Garden, 324

ROBERT HERRICK

The Argument of His Book, 330

His Tears to Thamesis, 334

To Daffodils, 335

To Blossoms, 337

The Hag, 338

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

ROBERT BURNS

To a Mountain Daisy, 658

To a Mouse, 658

WILLIAM BLAKE

The Lamb, 676

The Tiger, 678

Night, 678

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Lines Written in Early Spring, 685

The Simplan Pass, 690

To the Cuckoo, 700
 To the Daisy, 703
 The Solitary Reaper, 705
 I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud, 706
 To a Skylark, 708

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Kubla Khan, or A Vision in a Dream, 730

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Brignall Banks: From *Rokeby*, 769

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The Cloud, 816

To a Skylark, 817

To Night, 819

A Dirge, 831

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

ALFRED TENNYSON

Break, Break, Break, 1076

The Splendor Falls on Castle Walls: From
The Princess, 1076

ROBERT BROWNING

Pippa's Song, 1097

MATTHEW ARNOLD,

Lines written in Kensington Gardens,
 1174

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Ite Domum Saturæ, Venit Hesperus, 1241

JOHN MASEFIELD

Roadways, 1344

The West Wind, 1344

Sea-Fever, 1345

Patriotism and War

ELIZABETHAN

GEORGE PEELE

Farewell to Arms, 268

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

JAMES THOMSON

Rule, Britannia, 557

ROBERT BURNS

Scots, Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled, 673

WILLIAM COWPER

On the Loss of the Royal George, 648

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle,
 713

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Prologue to *The Lady of the Lake*, 767

Boat Song: From *The Lady of the Lake*,
 Canto II, 768

Pibroch of Donald Dhu, 770

Bonny Dundee, 771

Here's a Health to King Charles, 772

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

ALFRED TENNYSON

The Charge of the Light Brigade, 1087

Childhood

ELIZABETHAN

ROBERT GREENE

Sephestia's Song to Her Child: From
Menaphon, 269

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

ROBERT HERRICK

A Grace for a Child, 335

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM BLAKE

Introduction to Songs of Innocence, 676

Infant Joy, 677

The Little Black Boy, 677

Cradle Song: From *Songs of Experience*
 678

A Little Boy Lost, 678

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Lullaby of an Infant Chief, 770

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

The Cry of the Children, 1244

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

A Child's Future, 1285

Reflection

LATER MIDDLE AGES

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

The Minor Poems:

Truth, 99
 Gentilesse, 99
 The Compite of Chaucer to His
 Empty Purse, 100

ELIZABETHAN

SIR THOMAS WYATT
 Of the Mean and Sure Estate, 158
 HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY
 Prisoned in Windsor, He Recounteth His
 Pleasure There Passed, 160
 The Means to Attain Happy Life, 161

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
 The Lie, 255

THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST
 Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham,
 265

SIR EDWARD DYER
 My Mind to Me a Kingdom is, 266

ROBERT GREENE
 Song: From *The Farewell to Folly*, 268

ANONYMOUS
 Crabbed Age and Youth: From *The Pas-
 sionate Pilgrim*, 270
 Hey Nonny No! 270

SAMUEL DANIEL
 To the Lady Margaret, Countess of
 Cumberland, 271

THOMAS CAMPION
 Whether Men do Laugh or Weep, 277
 Chance and Change, 278

JOHN FLETCHER
 Melancholy: From *The Nice Valour*, 279
 Invocation to Sleep: From *Valentinian*,
 279
 Weep no More: From *The Queen of
 Corinth*, 280

FRANCIS BEAUMONT
 On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey, 280

JOHN WEBSTER
 Vanitas Vanitatum, 281

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
 Fear no More the Heat o' the Sun: From
Cymbeline, 290
 Full Fathom Five Thy Father Lies: From
The Tempest, 290

BEN JONSON
 Simplex Munditiis: From *Epicæne*, 291
 A Farewell to the World, 294

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT
 To a Mistress Dying, 317

EDMUND WALLER
 Old Age, 318

JOHN DONNE
 Death, 328

ROBERT HERRICK
 When He Would Have His Verses Read,
 330
 To Music, to Becalm His Fever, 333
 The Country Life, 335
 The Hock Cart; or, Harvest Home, 336
 His Winding-Sheet, 338
 His Return to London, 339
 On Himself, 340
 To His Book, 340

ABRAHAM COWLEY
 The Wish, 365
 A Supplication, 366

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM COWPER
 On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture
 out of Norfolk, 648
 The Castaway, 651

ROBERT BURNS
 Epistle to J. Lapraik, 659
 Is There for Honest Poverty, 674

WILLIAM BLAKE
 Mad Song, 675
 To the Muses, 676
 A Cradle Song, 677
 Stanzas from Milton, 679

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
 Expostulation and Reply, 686
 The Tables Turned, 686
 My Heart Leaps Up, 699
 Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, 713

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
 Youth and Age, 749
 Work Without Hope, 749

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

Stanzas for Music, 775

On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year, 810

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, 812

Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples, 813

Time, 819

Mutability, 819

The Final Chorus from *Hellas*, 828

Lines: When the Lamp is Shattered, 830

JOHN KEATS

Robin Hood, 833

Stanzas, 833

Lines on the Mermaid Tavern, 834

Fancy, 834

THOMAS HOOD

The Bridge of Sighs, 869

The Song of the Shirt, 870

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

ALFRED TENNYSON

The Lotos-Eaters, 1064

Tears, Idle Tears: From *The Princess*, 1076

Milton, 1090

ROBERT BROWNING

Prospice, 1125

Epilogue, 1126

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Empedocles on Etna: Empedocles' Song, 1168

Morality, 1173

Isolation, 1180

Dover Beach, 1181

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth, 1239

Qua Cursum Ventus, 1240

Hope Evermore and Believe, 1240

Life is Struggle, 1242

In a London Square, 1242

All is Well, 1242

EMILY BRONTE

Stanzas, 1247

The Old Stoic, 1247

Last Lines, 1247

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

The Ballad of Dead Ladies: From François Villon, 1259

The Cloud Confines, 1263

WILLIAM MORRIS

An Apology: Prologue to *The Earthly Paradise*, 1271L'Envoi to *The Earthly Paradise*, 1272

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Choruses from *Atalanta in Calydon*, 1274

Hymn to Proserpine, 1275

A Ballad of Burdens, 1277

The Garden of Proserpine, 1279

To Walt Whitman in America, 1282

A Ballad of François Villon, 1284

JAMES THOMSON

From *The City of Dreadful Night*, 1317

FRANCIS THOMPSON

Envoy, 1321

GEORGE MEREDITH

A Stave of Roving Tim, 1323

THOMAS HARDY

Her Initials, 1333

Rome, 1334

Lausanne, 1334

An August Midnight, 1334

A Christmas Ghost-Story, 1335

"I Said to Love," 1335

To Life, 1335

At Casterbridge Fair:

Former Beauties, 1336

After the Fair, 1337

RUDYARD KIPLING

L'Envoi, 1341

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

Into My Heart an Air that Kills, 1342

Think No More, Lad; Laugh, Be Jolly, 1342

The Carpenter's Son, 1342

JOHN MASEFIELD

A Consecration, 1343

Cargoes, 1343

On Growing Old, 1345

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

The Voice, 1346

The Song of the Happy Shepherd, 1346

OTHER REFLECTIVE POEMS

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

ALEXANDER POPE

An Essay on Man. Of the Nature and
State of Man, with Respect to the Uni-
verse, 535

Moral Essays: Of the Use of Riches, 538

JAMES THOMSON

The Seasons: Winter, 553

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

The Deserted Village, 612

WILLIAM COWPER

The Task: Book IV, The Winter Even-
ing, 639

ROBERT BURNS

The Cotter's Saturday Night, 655

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tin-
tern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of
the Wye during a Tour July 13, 1798,
687

Resolution and Independence, 700

Elegiac Stanzas, 706

Character of the Happy Warrior, 708

Composed upon an Evening of Extraor-
dinary Splendor and Beauty, 717

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Frost at Midnight, 739

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, 775

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

ALFRED TENNYSON

The Poet, 1054

The Palace of Art, 1060

ROBERT BROWNING

The Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint
Praxed's Church, 1101

Fra Lippo Lippi, 1117

Andrea del Sarto, 1122

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Self-Dependence, 1172

The Buried Life, 1173

The Future, 1175

The Scholar-Gipsy, 1176

EDWARD FITZGERALD

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám of Naishápúr,
1248

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Hertha, 1280

GEORGE MEREDITH

Hard Weather, 1324

SATIRE

The satire was originally a poem holding
up to ridicule and condemnation follies and
vices, private or public. In modern literature
satire is a mood rather than a specific form.

ELIZABETHAN

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

Piers Ploughman: From *The Steel Glass*,
266

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

JOHN DRYDEN

Mac Flecknoe, 428

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

JONATHAN SWIFT

Gulliver's Travels: A Voyage to Lilliput,
462

An Argument Against Abolishing Chris-
tianity, 489

A Modest Proposal, 495

ALEXANDER POPE

Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, 541

JOHN GAY

From *Trivia, or the Art of Walking the
Streets of London*, 547

Woman's Chiefest Duty: From *Achilles*,
552

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog, 618
Stanzas on Woman, 618

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

From *Dipsychus*, 1239

The Latest Decalogue, 1240

THE EPIGRAM

The epigram is a condensed statement of
fact or opinion, usually in four lines.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

JOHN DRYDEN

Epigram on Milton, 434

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

On His Seventy-Fifth Birthday, 856

THE ESSAY

The essay is a form of prose which, like the lyric, is of wide and various application. Originally applied by Bacon to what he called "a set of dispersed meditations," as suggestive of their tentative character, it has been used to designate writings as different as Lamb's whimsical personalities, and Macaulay's brief biographies. Certain types of the essay may be distinguished as Personal or Familiar, Reflective or Philosophical, Historical, or as Criticism of Literature and Art, and Criticism of Life.

Personal or Familiar

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Of Myself, 363

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

JOSEPH ADDISON and RICHARD STEELE

Essays from *The Tatler*:

On Duelling, 500

The Trumpet Club, 501

Character of the Upholsterer, 503

Character of Sir Timothy Tittle, 504

Early Rising, 506

Essays from *The Spectator*:

The Uses of the Spectator, 508

Signior Nicolini and the Lions, 509

Westminster Abbey, 511

The Vision of Mirzah, 512

Dissection of a Beau's Head, 514

Dissection of a Coquette's Heart, 516

On Waste of Time, 517

SAMUEL JOHNSON

Essays from *The Rambler*:

The Modern Novel, 580

The Private Life of an Author, 582

Crabbed Age and Youth, 584

The Busy Life of a Young Lady, 586

Essays from *The Idler*:

The Decay of Friendship, 588

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

The Citizen of the World.

Letter XXI: At the Play-house, 618

Letter LI: The Bookseller, 621

Letter LIV: The Character of Beau Tibbs, 622

Letter LV: Beau Tibbs at Home, 623

Letter LXXI: Beau Tibbs at Vauxhall, 625

Letter LXXVII: The London Shop-Keeper, 627

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

CHARLES LAMB

Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago, 872

Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist, 878

Imperfect Sympathies, 882

Dream Children: A Reverie, 885

A Dissertation upon Roast Pig, 887

In Praise of Chimney-Sweepers, 891

Poor Relations, 894

A Character of the Late Elia, 897

WILLIAM HAZLITT

My First Acquaintance with Poets, 900

On Going a Journey, 909

The Fight, 914

A Farewell to Essay-Writing, 922

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

Suspiria de Profundis: Levana and Our

Ladies of Sorrow, 927

The English Mail Coach, 930

Reflective or Philosophical

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

FRANCIS BACON

Essays or Counsels Civil and Moral:

Of Truth, 299

Of Death, 300

Of Adversity, 300

Of Parents and Children, 301

Of Marriage and Single Life, 302

Of Love, 302

Of Great Place, 303

Of Boldness, 304

Of Superstition, 305

Of Travel, 306

Of Wisdom for a Man's Self, 307
 Of Friendship, 307
 Of Expense, 310
 Of Discourse, 311
 Of Custom and Education, 312
 Of Youth and Age, 312
 Of Negotiating, 313
 Of Studies, 314

SIR THOMAS BROWNE
 From *Religio Medici*, 347

Criticism of Literature and Art

ELIZABETHAN

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
 From *The Defense of Poetry*, 260

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

JOHN DRYDEN
 From *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, 435

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
 Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, 718

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
Biographia Literaria: Chapters X, XIV,
 XVII, XVIII, 749

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY
 Milton, 1002
 Francis Bacon, 1026

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

JOHN RUSKIN
 The Stones of Venice, Vol. II, Chapter
 VI, 1127

MATTHEW ARNOLD
 Essay on Wordsworth, 1206

WALTER PATER
 The Renaissance — Sandro Botticelli, 1287

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
 A Gossip on Romance, 1299

Criticism of Life

ELIZABETHAN

ROGER ASCHAM
 Introduction to *Toxophilus*, 162

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

JONATHAN SWIFT
 An Argument Against Abolishing Chris-
 tianity, 489
 A Modest Proposal, 495

EDMUND BURKE
 From *Reflections on the Revolution in
 France*, 629

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

THOMAS CARLYLE
 Past and Present:
 Book III, Chapters XII, XIII; Book
 IV, Chapter I, 966

JOHN STUART MILL
 On Liberty, 981

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN
 From *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, 1039
 The Idea of a University — Discourse V:
 Liberal Knowledge Its Own End, 1044

JOHN RUSKIN
 The Stones of Venice, Vol. II, Chapter VI,
 1127
 Unto This Last, Essay I, 1152
 Fors Clavigera, Letter 5, 1159

MATTHEW ARNOLD
 Preface to *Essays in Criticism* — First
 Series, 1183
 The Function of Criticism at the Present
 Time, 1185
 Sweetness and Light, 1198

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY
 On the Advisableness of Improving Natu-
 ral Knowledge, 1220
 A Liberal Education; and Where to Find
 It, 1227
 On the Physical Basis of Life, 1230

WALTER PATER
 Studies in the History of the Renaissance
 — Conclusion, 1286

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
 The Lantern-Bearers, 1304
 Pulvis et Umbra, 1309
 A Christmas Sermon, 1312

THE DIALOGUE

The dialogue was a form of exposition and argument, largely used by Greek and Roman writers, the dialogues of Plato being most famous. It is only occasionally employed in modern times. Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* are in part directed to developing ideas and opinions; in part to revealing character.

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Imaginary Conversations:

Marcellus and Hannibal, 856

Leofric and Godiva, 857

Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, 860

Bossuet and the Duchess de Fontanges, 862

The Empress Catharine and Princess Dashkof, 866

THE ORATION

The oration was a classic form of great importance in the days of Athens and Republican Rome. British Parliamentary institutions also fostered a type of political argument intended for oral delivery. In the debates of the Long Parliament at the time of the Civil War, oratory was a great public weapon. Milton in approaching Parliament on the subject of a free press modeled his address on the classic orations of Isocrates. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries likewise furnished many examples of British eloquence of which Burke was the accepted master.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

JOHN MILTON

Areopagitica, 399

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

EDMUND BURKE

From *The Impeachment of Warren Hastings, Esq.*, 635

THE SERMON

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

JEREMY TAYLOR

From *Of Slavery and Pains Eternal*, 359

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The biography was written in Greece and Rome largely for purposes of commemoration of, or inspiration to, civic virtue. In the Renaissance it became important as a record of experience, and this function has increased its interest and value until at present it is one of the most popular forms of literature. Realism and frankness of portrayal are necessary elements, in both of which Boswell's *Johnson* set a standard. Autobiography likewise owes its value to these qualities, of which Pepys' *Diary* is a notable instance.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

THOMAS FULLER

The Life of Sir Francis Drake, 356

SAMUEL PEPYS

From *The Diary of Samuel Pepys*, 423

JOHN BUNYAN

From *Grace Abounding*, 444

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

JAMES BOSWELL

From *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, 590

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The Prelude:

From Book First: *Childhood and School-time*, 697

From Book Ninth: *Residence in France*, 697

LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

THOMAS CARLYLE

Sartor Resartus:

Book II, Chapters VII, VIII, IX; Book III, Chapter VIII, 948

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

From *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, 1039

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

Autobiography, 1215

WALTER PATER

The Child in the House, 1291

THE DRAMA AND THE NOVEL

Two important longer forms of literature, which cannot properly be represented in this work, are the drama and the novel.

The drama originated in religious ceremonies among primitive peoples, and achieved distinction in Athens in the fifth century B.C. and later in Rome. The drama in the Middle Age likewise owed its revival to religious influences, and scenes from the Bible, or the lives of the saints, were acted in the churches on appropriate days. These were later taken over by the guilds of artisans, and performed out of doors on holidays, upon movable stages or pageants. Gradually, companies of professional actors were formed who acted in the courtyards of inns, or other public places. Thus, the popular drama was secularized. At the same time a revival of the classical drama was taking place in schools and universities. The first theater was built in London in 1576. Others rapidly followed, and the drama written in blank verse became the leading form of popular literature in the early seventeenth century. With this greatest period of the flourishing of the drama are connected the names of Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, and others. The theaters were closed by the Puritans in 1642, but reopened after the Restoration, when Dryden and Congreve became the leading dramatists. In the nineteenth century, determined efforts were made to revive the poetic drama, to which Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning contributed. Toward the close of the century, the realistic prose drama became a vehicle for social criticism in the hands of Mr. G. B. Shaw, Mr. John Galsworthy, and others.

A collection of plays illustrating fully the progress of the drama from the Middle Ages to the present is Matthews and Lieder, *The Chief British Dramatists*.

The novel is a long narrative in prose, partaking of the qualities of the epic, the romance, the tale, and, particularly in its modern form, of the biography. Features of the novel may also be attributed to the influence

of the drama, the essay, and the lyric. In the Elizabethan period, large numbers of stories were translated and adapted, one of them furnishing the germ of John Lyly's *Euphues*, a didactic narrative, accompanied by essays, which in the second part, *Euphues and His England*, becomes a sort of novel of manners. Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* shows the influence of the epic, through the Greek romance, and the romance of chivalry. A novel by Thomas Nash, called *The Unfortunate Traveller*, imitated in England a type of novel destined to be very popular, the picaresque romance, in which the hero of the chivalric romance, intent on idealistic adventure, is replaced by the *picaro*, or rogue, whose motive is the realistic one of cheating his way through the world.

The interest in human experience in the late seventeenth century showed itself in the popularity of biography, and this speedily became fiction. Defoe's novels, particularly *Robinson Crusoe*, are excellent examples of this process. Thenceforth the English novel may be described as fictional biography or autobiography. Such is the character of the eighteenth-century novels by Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne. The didactic element appears strongly in fiction at the close of the eighteenth century, and at the same time the revival of romantic feeling shows itself in the novel dealing with the past.

In the fiction of the nineteenth century, the historical novel is important. From the time of Sir Walter Scott, nearly every great novelist has contributed to this type. The industrial and social problems of the century are reflected in the novels of Charles Dickens and Charles Kingsley. At the beginning of the century, we have admirable pictures of English manners in the novels of Jane Austen; and this realistic strain remains one of the chief qualities of nineteenth-century fiction, in Thackeray and Trollope. The philosophical element of fiction, reflecting the influence of science, becomes stronger in the work of George Eliot, George Meredith, and Thomas Hardy. Toward the close of the century, a revival of romanticism is seen in the work of Stevenson, Kipling, and Joseph Conrad.

THE ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD

BRITISH POETRY AND PROSE



THE ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD

English literature first began to be when the Angles and Saxons, who had won for themselves a new home in the island of Britain, were converted to Christianity and learned from the Christian missionaries the art of writing. It flourished vigorously for some four hundred years, and then with the Norman Conquest suffered a long period of almost total eclipse, during which the language itself underwent such radical changes that this earlier literature became unintelligible to Englishmen. When in the fourteenth century English again became the vehicle of a fine literature, it was to French and Italian models that writers turned for inspiration. But cut off as it is from the continuous tradition of our later literature, the literature of Anglo-Saxon England is an integral part of the great heritage of English-speaking people. It shows the same qualities of robust vigor and bold imagination which appear in all later English writers who are in their temper most completely English. Since the time of Tennyson and William Morris it has begun to make its influence felt upon modern literature.

When Julius Cæsar invaded Britain in 55 B.C., he found there a Celtic people who spoke a language similar to the Gaelic of Ireland and to the Celtic speech which still survives in parts of Wales and in the Highlands of Scotland. A century later Britain became a province of the Roman Empire; and its people gradually adopted the civilization of Rome and, among the town-dwellers at least, the Latin language. But this Celto-Roman civilization was short-lived. It was destroyed by the Germanic tribes of Angles and Saxons who shortly after the middle of the fifth century began to cross the North Sea, first as piratical raiders, later as ruthless conquerors. Before the year 600, these invading tribes possessed the whole island except the mountainous country which fringes it on the West and North. It was they who gave to their new home the name "Englaland," land of the Angles; and their speech, which they called "Englisc," a dialect of Low German closely related to the language still spoken in the islands off the northern coast of Holland, became what we call the English language.

The invading Angles and Saxons brought with them their own rude but not ignoble culture which had been affected hardly at all by the civilization of Rome. Something of their way of life may be gathered from the manners and customs, and the ideals of conduct, poetically depicted in the story of *Beowulf*. Each petty tribe had its "king" who was surrounded by his faithful company of warlike followers, to whom he distributed in his great "mead-hall" the plunder won in battle. They brought also from their continental home the rudiments of our earliest literature. At each tribal court was to be found the "scop" who put into poetic form, and sang to the accompaniment of his harp, the exploits of his lord or the heroic legends of his tribe; and these epic lays were spread abroad by the gleeman, whose profession it was to know them and recite them to an assembled company. It is from the matter of such lays as these, brought across the seas by the invading tribes, that a more sophisticated poet later put together his epic story of *Beowulf*. We have in *Beowulf* echoes of other heroic lays; and there can be no doubt that still others have perished without leaving a trace.

In 597, a Roman missionary named Augustine, sent by Pope Gregory the Great, landed in Kent; and shortly afterwards missionaries from Ireland brought the Christian religion to northern England. The Angles and Saxons were ready converts, and within a century from the landing of Augustine the religion of the pagan North had yielded to the Cross, and the pagan scop had given place to the Christian poet.

With the Christian religion came the rich civilization of Latin Christianity. Monasteries were established all over the country, which became centers of learning, where the Latin classics as well as the writings of the Fathers were copied and read. This Christian civilization of Anglo-Saxon England is vividly described for us in *The Ecclesiastical History of the English People*, written in Latin prose by the Venerable Bede (673-735), a scholarly monk of the monastery at Jarrow in Northumbria. It is Bede who has preserved the record of the first English poet whose name has come down to us, Caedmon, a lay brother of the monastery of Whitby, who put into the alliterating measure of *Beowulf* poetical paraphrases of portions of the Bible. Of Caedmon's poetry all but a short hymn quoted by Bede has perished. We have similar paraphrases of parts of Genesis and

Exodus and Daniel which were formerly believed to be by Caedmon, and are still called "Caedmonian" though now believed to be of later date. In them the Biblical stories are freely retold with much of the vigor and the delight which characterize *Beowulf*.

The Christian poetry of Anglo-Saxon England is at its best in the writings of Cynewulf and his imitators. Of Cynewulf's life we know nothing with certainty. He probably lived in Northumbria and wrote about the middle of the eighth century. Four poems are signed in riddling fashion with his name — two legends of Christian saints, a short poem called *The Fates of the Apostles*, and the *Christ*, a mystic rhapsody, done with profound religious fervor and vivid poetic power, on Christ's ascension and His coming again with power to judge the world. Other poems which may be by Cynewulf, or by an imitator of his art, are the *Andreas*, which deals with the marvelous missionary adventures of St. Andrew the Apostle, and the *Phoenix*, a very lovely allegory of the resurrection. To the same general school of Northumbrian poetry belong the more lyric, elegiac poems, *The Wanderer* and *The Seafarer*.

The literary culture of Northumbria, and the poetry fostered by it, were suddenly crushed by the Danish invasions which began before the end of the eighth century. It was in Wessex, south of the valley of the Thames, that English literature next found a home. Here Alfred the Great, King of the West-Saxons from 871 to 901, succeeded in checking the Danes and in establishing peace and prosperity. Alfred was a patron of learning and a lover of literature. He collected and preserved the poetry of Northumbria, which has in consequence survived to us only in a West-Saxon form, and himself translated or caused to be translated into English various Latin writings — among them Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* — which he thought most useful to the intellectual life of his people. He also began the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, which was continued year by year for a century after his death. Into it was incorporated the fine historical poem, *The Battle of Brunanburh*. The equally fine *The Battle of Maldon* marks the end of Anglo-Saxon poetry. With the eloquent homilies of Aelfric (about 1000) ends the earliest period of English literature; for even before the Norman Conquest of 1066 French had become the polite language of England, and consequently the medium of all literary composition which did not prefer the greater dignity of Latin.

For the general history of the period one may read Chapter I of Green's *Short History of the English People*; for an account of the literature, Volume I of *The Cambridge History of English Literature* and Stopford Brooke's *English Literature from the Beginning to the Norman Conquest* (Macmillan) are the best guides. The student who wishes to extend beyond the selections contained in the present volume his acquaintance with Old English literature should use J. D. Spaeth's *Old English Poetry* (Princeton University Press), Cook and Tinker's *Select Translations from Old English Prose* (Ginn), and C. W. Kennedy's *The Poems of Cynewulf* and *The Poems of Caedmon* (Dutton).

BEOWULF

Modern Version by J. Duncan Spaeth¹

In the British Museum is preserved a manuscript written about the year 1000 A.D. which contains the Old English epic of *Beowulf*. To the lucky survival of this precious volume we owe our knowledge of the heroic poem which stands at the very beginning of English literature. But the poem itself is older than the one surviving copy of it. It was probably composed somewhere about the year 750 A.D. in the far north of England. The name and identity of its author are hopelessly lost. The material which this nameless author put into its present poetic form is still older — a body of oral lays brought over from the Continent by the Angles and Saxons when they settled in the island of Britain. These lays embodied a certain amount of historic fact — Hygelac, uncle of Beowulf and his predecessor as king of the Geats, is an historic chieftain who died about 520 A.D. But if the hero, Beowulf, is to some extent an historic personage, the greater part of his heroic exploits have been built up out of legend and myth. One of the Old Norse sagas, the *Grettis Saga*, contains what is clearly a variant version of Beowulf's fight with Grendel's mother below the waters of the haunted mere. The scene of the poem is in the regions of the Baltic Sea, modern Denmark and southern Sweden; England is never mentioned. Though the English poet has supplied a certain amount of Christian comment, the story itself and all its persons are purely pagan. It is the pagan divinity Wyrd, or Destiny, who shapes their ends. The manners and customs portrayed belong also to the pagan North. Pagan also are the qualities of character which the poem extols — courage, loyalty, generosity. To these fine and abiding virtues the Christian tradition has taught us to add another, the quality of modesty. Beowulf is unashamedly boastful.

The story of the poem falls into three episodes: Beowulf's fight with Grendel, the monster who has been ravaging the great mead-hall of Hrothgar, king of the Scyldings; the fight with Grendel's

¹ By the kind permission of Professor Spaeth and of the Princeton University Press this spirited version of *Beowulf*, and those of the *Wanderer* and of the *Battle of Maldon* which follow, are reprinted from Professor Spaeth's volume of *Old English Poetry*, Princeton, 1921.

mother who has sought to avenge her son; finally, after the lapse of fifty years, the fight of the aged Beowulf with the fire-breathing dragon who has been laying waste the kingdom of which Beowulf is now king.

The poem is written in that primitive form of English, spoken and written before the Norman Conquest, which we call Old English or Anglo-Saxon. Though actually our own speech in an earlier form, it is so unlike modern English that it presents all the difficulties of a foreign language; so that most modern readers must be content to know it only in translation. In the original the first five lines of the poem run thus:

Hwæt! we Gar-Dena in gear-dagum
 peod cyninga prym gefrunon,
 hu þa æþelingas ellen fremedon.
 Oft Scyld Scefing sceapena preatum,
 monegum mægþum meodo-setla ofteah.

The metrical form, freely reproduced in Professor Spaeth's rendering, consists of a line of four feet. Each foot contains a heavily stressed syllable and a varying number of unstressed syllables. The line is divided into halves by a heavy cæsural pause after the second foot. The two halves of the line are bound together by alliteration of stressed syllables — normally the first, second, and third, or merely the first and third. There is no use of rhyme. A characteristic feature of Old English poetry is the device of repetition in parallel clauses. As in the Hebrew poetry of the Psalms, an idea is repeated, sometimes in a series of striking metaphors, a line or half-line echoing that which precedes it.

The poem has been many times translated. An excellent translation of the entire text into modern English prose is that of C. B. Tinker (Henry Holt and Co.). The version by J. D. Spaeth printed here is condensed to about two thirds of the original length by the omission of passages not essential to the story. The passages omitted are briefly summarized in prose. The result of this condensation is a narrative considerably more unified than the original. A good edition of the original text is that of F. Klaeber, Boston, 1922.

BEOWULF

*The Myth of the Sheaf-Child**

List to an old-time lay of the Spear-Danes,
 Full of the prowess of famous kings,
 Deeds of renown that were done by the
 heroes;

Scyld the Sheaf-Child from scourging foemen,
 From raiders a-many their mead-halls
 wrested.

He lived to be feared, though first as a waif,
 Puny and frail he was found on the shore.
 He grew to be great, and was girt with power
 Till the border-tribes all obeyed his rule,
 And sea-folk hardy that sit by the whale-
 path

Gave him tribute, a good king was he.
 Many years after, an heir was born to him,
 A goodly youth, whom God had sent
 To stay and support his people in need.
 (Long time leaderless living in woe, 15
 The sorrow they suffered He saw full well.)
 The Lord of Glory did lend him honor,
 Beowulf's² fame afar was borne,
 Son of old Scyld in the Scandian lands.
 A youthful heir must be open-handed, 20
 Furnish the friends of his father with plenty,
 That thus in his age, in the hour of battle,

¹ Scyld, the "Sheaf-Child," is the mythical ancestor of Hrothgar, King of the Scyldings, or Spear-Danes.

² Not the hero of the poem, but another of the same name, an ancestor of King Hrothgar.

Willing comrades may crowd around him
 Eager and true. In every tribe
 Honorable deeds shall adorn an earl. 25
 The aged Scyld, when his hour had come,
 Famous and praised, departed to God.
 His faithful comrades carried him down
 To the brink of the sea, as himself had bid-
 den,

The Scyldings' friend, before he fell silent, 30
 Their lord beloved who long had ruled them.
 Out in the bay a boat was waiting
 Coated with ice, 'twas the king's own barge.
 They lifted aboard their bracelet-bestower,
 And down on the deck their dear lord laid, 35
 Hard by the mast. Heaped-up treasure
 Gathered from far they gave him along.
 Never was ship more nobly laden
 With wondrous weapons and warlike gear.
 Swords and corselets covered his breast, 40
 Floating riches to ride afar with him
 Out o'er the waves at the will of the sea.
 No less they dowered their lord with treasure,
 Things of price, than those who at first
 Had launched him forth as a little child 45
 Alone on the deep to drift o'er the billows.
 They gave him to boot a gilded banner,
 High o'er his head they hung it aloft.
 Then set him adrift, let the surges bear him.
 Sad were their hearts, their spirits mournful; 50
 Man hath not heard, no mortal can say
 Who found that barge's floating burden.

I

The Line of the Danish Kings and the Building of Heorot

Now Beowulf was king in the burgs of the
Scyldings,
Famed among folk. (His father had left
The land of the living.) From his loins was
sprung

Healfdene the royal, who ruled to old age,
Gray and battlegrim, the bold-hearted
Scyldings. 5

Children four to this chief of the people
Woke unto life, one after another;
Heorogar and Hrothgar, and Halga the
brave,

And winsome Sigeneow, a Scylfing she
wedded;

Saewela's queen they say she became. 10

To Hrothgar was given such glory in battle,
Such fame he won, that his faithful band
Of youthful warriors waxed amain.

So great had grown his guard of kinsmen,
That it came in his mind to call on his
people 15

To build a mead-hall, mightier far
Than any e'er seen by the sons of men,
Wherein to bestow upon old and young,
Gifts and rewards, as God vouchsafed them,
Save folk-share lands and freemen's lives. 20
Far and wide the work was published;
Many a tribe, the mid-earth round,
Helped to fashion the folk-stead fair.
With speed they built it, and soon 'twas
finished,

Greatest of halls. Heorot¹ he named it, 25
Whose word was law o'er lands afar;
Nor failed in his promise, but freely dealt
Gifts at the feast. The fair hall towered
Wide-gabled and high, awaiting its doom,
The sweep of fire; not far was the time 30
That ancient feuds should open afresh,
And sword-hate sunder sons from fathers.

In the darkness dwelt a demon-sprite
Whose heart was filled with fury and hate,
When he heard each night the noise of
revel 35

Loud in the hall, laughter and song.
To the sound of the harp the singer chanted
Lays he had learned, of long ago;
How the Almighty had made the earth,
Wonder-bright lands, washed by the ocean; 40
How he set, triumphant, sun and moon
To lighten all men that live on the earth.
He brightened the land with leaves and
branches;

¹ The word Heorot means hart, stag.

Life he created for every being,
Each in its kind, that moves upon earth. 45
So, happy in hall, the heroes lived,
Wanting naught, till one began
To work them woe, a wicked fiend.
The demon grim was Grendel called,
March-stalker huge, the moors he roamed. 50
The joyless creature had kept long time
The lonely fen, the lairs of monsters,
Cast out from men, an exile accurst.
On offspring of Cain, the killing of Abel
Was justly avenged by the Judge Eternal. 55
Nought gained by the feud the faithless
murderer;²

He was banished unblest from abode of men.
And hence arose the host of miscreants,
Monsters and elves and eldritch sprites,
Warlocks and giants, that warred against
God; 60
Jotuns and goblins; He gave them their due.

II

The Ravaging of Heorot Hall by the Monster Grendel

When night had fallen, the fiend crept near
To the lofty hall, to learn how the Danes
In Heorot fared, when the feasting was done.
The aethelings² all within he saw
Asleep after revel, not recking of danger, 3
And free from care. The fiend accurst,
Grim and greedy, his grip made ready;
Snatched in their sleep, with savage fury,
Thirty warriors; away he sprang
Proud of his prey, to repair to his home, 10
His blood-dripping booty to bring to his lair.
At early dawn, when day-break came,
The vengeance of Grendel was revealed to all;
Their wails after wassail were widely heard,
Their morning-woe. The mighty ruler, 15
The aetheling brave, sat bowed with grief.
The fate of his followers filled him with
sorrow,

When they traced the tracks of the treacher-
ous foe,

Fiend accurst. Too fierce was that onset,
Too loathsome and long, nor left them re-
spite. 20

The very next night, anew he began
To maim and to murder, nor was minded to
slacken

His fury of hate, too hardened in crime.
'Twas easy to find then earls who preferred
A room elsewhere, for rest at night, 25
A bed in the bowers, when they brought this
news

¹ i. e. Cain.

² princes.

Of the hall-foe's hate; and henceforth all
Who escaped the demon, kept distance safe.

So Grendel wrongfully ruled the hall,
One against all till empty stood . . . 30
That lordly mansion, and long remained so.
For the space of twelve winters the Scyld-
ings' Friend¹

Bore in his breast the brunt of this sorrow,
Measureless woe. In mournful lays
The tale became known; 'twas told abroad 35
In gleemen's songs, how Grendel had warred
Long against Hrothgar, and wreaked his hate
With murderous fury through many a year,
Refusing to end the feud perpetual,
Or decently deal with the Danes in parley, 40
Take their tribute for treaty of peace;
Nor could their leaders look to receive
Pay from his hands for the harm that he
wrought.

The fell destroyer kept feeding his rage
On young and old. So all night long 45
He prowled o'er the fen and surprised his
victims,
Death-shadow dark. (The dusky realms
Where the hell-runes haunt are hidden from
men.)

So the exiled roamer his raids continued;
Wrong upon wrong in his wrath he heaped. 50
In midnights dark he dwelt alone
'Mongst Heorot's trophies and treasures rich.
Great was the grief of the gold-friend of
Scyldings,

Vexed was his mood that he might not visit
His goodly throne, his gift-seat proud, 55
Deprived of joy by the judgment of God.
Many the wise men that met to discover
Ways of escape from the scourge of affliction.
Often they came for counsel together;
Often at heathen altars they made 60
Sacrifice-offerings, beseeching their idols
To send them deliverance from assault of the
foe.

Such was their practice, they prayed to the
Devil;

The hope of the heathen on hell was fixed,
The mood of their mind. Their Maker they
knew not, 65

The righteous Judge and Ruler on high.
The Wielder of Glory they worshipped not,
The Warden of Heaven. Woe be to him
Whose soul is doomed through spite and
envy,

In utter despair and agony hopeless 70
Forever to burn. But blessed is he
Who, after this life, the Lord shall seek,
Eager for peace in the arms of the Father.

¹ Hrothgar.

III

The Voyage of Beowulf to the Hall of Hrothgar

Thus boiled with care the breast of Hrothgar;
Ceaselessly sorrowed the son of Healfdene,
None of his chieftains might change his lot.
Too fell was the foe that afflicted the people
With wrongs unnumbered, and nightly hor-
rors. 5

Then heard in his home king Hygelac's
thane,¹

The dauntless Jute,² of the doings of Grendel.
In strength he outstripped the strongest of
men

That dwell in the earth in the days of this
life.

Gallant and bold, he gave command 10
To get him a boat, a good wave-skimmer.
O'er the swan-road, he said, he would seek
the king

Noble and famous, who needed men.
Though dear to his kin, they discouraged
him not;

The prudent in counsel praised the adven-
ture, 15
Whetted his valor, awaiting good omens.

So Beowulf chose from the band of the Jutes
Heroes brave, the best he could find;
He with fourteen followers hardy,
Went to embark; he was wise in seamanship,
Showed them the landmarks, leading the
way. 21

Soon they descried their craft in the water,
At the foot of the cliff. Then climbed aboard
The chosen troop; the tide was churning
Sea against sand; they stowed away 25
In the hold of the ship their shining armor,
War-gear and weapons; the warriors launched
Their well-braced boat on her welcome voy-
age.

Swift o'er the waves with a wind that
favored,

Foam on her breast, like a bird she flew; 30
A day and a night they drove to seaward,
Cut the waves with the curving prow,
Till the seamen that sailed her sighted the
land,

Shining cliffs and coast-wise hills,
Headlands bold. The harbor opened, 35
Their cruise was ended. Then quickly the
sailors,

¹ Beowulf.

² In the original, *Geat*. This tribe of Geats, to which Beowulf belonged, lived somewhere on the shores of the Baltic, possibly in Jutland, possibly in southern Sweden. Professor Spaeth's translation assumes that it is identical with the Jutes.

The crew of Weder-folk, clambered ashore,
Moored their craft with clank of chain-mail,
And goodly war-gear. God they thanked
That their way was smooth o'er the surging
waves. 40

High on the shore, the Scylding coast-guard
Saw from the cliff where he kept his watch,
Glittering shields o'er the gang-plank carried,
Polished weapons: it puzzled him sore, 44
He wondered in mind who the men might be.
Down to the strand on his steed came riding
Hrothgar's thane, with threatening arm
Shook his war-spear and shouted this chal-
lenge:

"Who are ye, men, all mailed and harnessed,
That brought yon ship o'er the broad sea-
ways, 50

And hither have come across the water,
To land on our shores. Long have I stood
As coast-guard here, and kept my sea-watch,
Lest harrying foe with hostile fleet
Should dare to damage our Danish¹ land. 55
Armed men never from overseas came
More openly hither. But how do ye know
That law of the land doth give ye leave
To come thus near. I never have seen
Statelier earl upon earth than him, — 60
Yon hero in harness. No house-carl he,
In lordly array, if looks speak true,
And noble bearing. But now I must learn
Your names and country, ere nearer ye come,
Underhand spies, for aught I know, 65
In Danish land. Now listen ye strangers,
In from the sea, to my open challenge:
Heed ye my words and haste me to know
What your errand and whence ye have come."

IV

Beowulf's Words with the Coast-Guard

Him the hero hailed with an answer,
The war-troop's leader, his word-ward un-
locked:

"In truth we belong to the tribe of the Jutes;
We are Hygelac's own hearth-companions.
Far among folk my father was known, 5
A noble chieftain, his name was Ecgtheow.
Honored by all, he ended his days
Full of winters and famed in the land.
Wise men everywhere well remember him.
Hither we fare with friendly purpose 10
To seek thy lord, the son of Healfdene,
The land-protector. Instruct us kindly.
Bound on adventure we visit thy lord,

The prince of the Danes. Our purpose is
open;
Nought keep we secret; thou surely wilt
know 15

If the tale we were told is true or not:
That among the Scyldings a monster strange,
A nameless demon, when nights are dark,
With cruel cunning, for cause unknown,
Works havoc and slaughter. I have in mind
A way to help your wise king Hrothgar, 21
Your ruler to rid of the ravening foe,
If ever his tide of troubles shall turn,
The billows of care that boil in his breast
Shall cool and subside, and his sorrow be
cured; 25

Else, failing my purpose, forever hereafter
He shall suffer distress, while stands on its
hill,

Mounting on high, his matchless hall."
Straight answered the coast-guard, astride
his horse,

The warrior brave: "Twixt words and deeds
A keen-witted thane, if he thinks aright, 31
Must well distinguish and weigh the differ-
ence.

Your words I believe, that you wish no evil
To the Scylding lord. I will let you bring
Your shields ashore and show you the way.
My comrades here shall keep the watch, 36
From meddling foe defend your craft,
Your fresh-tarred boat, fast by the beach,
And faithfully guard her till again she bear
With curving bow, o'er the bounding main,
Her master well-loved to the Wedermark. 41
Fortune oft favors the fighter who yields not;
Hero unflinching comes unhurt from the
fray."

Landward they hastened, leaving behind
them 44

Fast at her moorings the full-bosomed boat,
The ship at anchor. Shone the boar-heads,
Gleaming with gold, o'er the guards of their
helmets;

Bright and fire-forged the beast kept watch.
Forward they pressed, proud and adven-
turous,

Fit for the fight, till afar they descried 50
The high-peaked radiant roof of the hall.
Of houses far-praised, 'neath heaven by the
people

That inhabit the earth, this house was most
famous,

The seat of King Hrothgar; its splendor
gleamed bright

O'er many a land. Their leader well-armed
Showed them the shining shield-burg of
heroes, 56

And set them right on the road to their goal.

¹ The Scyldings are "Danes"; but their home is in modern Sweden.

Then, wheeling his steed, he wished them
farewell:

"'Tis time that I leave you; the Lord of
Heaven,

The Father Almighty in mercy keep you 60
Safe on your journey; seaward I turn
Watch to keep and ward against foe."

V

*Beowulf's Arrival at the Hall and the Manner
of his Reception*

The street was stone-paved; straight it led
To the goal of their journey. Glistened their
byrnies ¹

Stout and strong-linked; sang the rings
Of their iron mail as they marched along,
In armor and helmet right up to the hall. 5
Sea-voyage-sated, they set their shields,
Their linden-woods broad, along the wall.
As they bent to the bench, their byrnies
clattered.

They stacked their spears that stood in a
row,

Ashwood tipped with iron above; 10
Well-equipped was the warlike band.
A stately Dane the strangers addressed,
Asked who they were and whence they had
come:

"Whence do ye bear your burnished shields,
Your visored helmets and harness gray 15
Your heap of spear-shafts? A servant of
Hrothgar's,

His herald, am I. Hardier strangers,
Nobler in mien, have I never seen.

'Tis clear you come to the court of Hrothgar,
Not outlaws and beggars, but bent on ad-
venture." 20

To him gave answer the hero brave,
The lord of the Weders these words returned,
Bold 'neath his helmet: "We are Hygelac's
men,

His board-companions. I am Beowulf
called.

Ready am I the ruler to answer, 25
To say to thy lord, the son of Healfdene,
Why we have come his court to seek,
If he will graciously grant us a hearing."
Wulfgar replied: (he was prince of the Wen-
dles,

His noble renown was known to many, 30
His courage in war, and wisdom in counsel)

"I will carry thy quest to the king of the
Danes,

And ask him whether he wishes to grant

¹ coats of chain-armor.

The boon thou dost ask of the breaker-of-
rings,

To speak to himself concerning thy journey,
And straight will I bring thee the answer he
sends." 36

Swiftly he hied him where Hrothgar sat,
White-haired and old, his earls around him.
Stately he strode, till he stood in the presence
Of the king of the Danes, — in courtly ways
Was Wulfgar skilled; he spoke to his lord: 41
"Hither have fared from a far country,
A band of Jutes o'er the bounding sea.
Their leader and chief by his chosen com-
rades

Is Beowulf called; this boon they ask: 45
That they may find with thee, my lord,
Favor of speech; refuse them not,
But grant them, Hrothgar, gracious hearing
In armor clad, they claim respect
Of choicest earls; but chiefly their lord 51
Who lately hither hath led his comrades."

VI

Hrothgar's Welcome to Beowulf

Hrothgar spoke, the Scyldings' protector:
"Beowulf I knew in his boyhood days;
His aged father was Ecgtheow named.
To him, to take home, did Hrethel give
His only daughter. Their dauntless son 5
Now comes to my court in quest of a friend.
My sea-faring men whom I sent afar
To the land of the Jutes, with generous gifts,
In token of friendship, have told me this,
That the power of his grip was so great it
equalled 10

The strength of thirty stout-armed thanes.
Him bold in battle, the blessed God
Hath sent in his mercy, to save our people
— So I hope in my heart — from the horror
of Grendel.

I shall offer him gold for his gallant spirit. 15
Go now in haste, and greet the strangers;
Bid to the hall the whole of the company;
Welcome with words the warrior band,
To the home of the Danes." To the hall
door went

Wulfgar the courtly, and called them in: 20
"My master commands me this message to
give you,

The lord of the Danes your lineage knows;
Bids me to welcome you, brave-hearted
warriors,

Bound on adventure o'er the billowy main.
Ye may rise now and enter, arrayed in your
armor, 25

Covered with helmets, the king to greet.

But leave your shields, and your shafts of slaughter,
Here by the wall to await the issue."

Then rose the leader, around him his comrades,
Sturdy war-band; some waited without, 30
Bid by the bold one their battle-gear to guard.

Together they hastened where the herald led them,

Under Heorot's roof. The hero went first,
Strode under helmet, till he stood by the hearth.

Beowulf spoke, his byrnie glistened, 35
His corslet chain-linked by cunning of smithcraft:

"Hail, king Hrothgar! Hygelac's thane
And kinsman am I. Known is the record
Of deeds of renown I have done in my youth.
Far in my home, I heard of this Grendel; 40
Sea-farers tell the tale of the hall:

How bare of warriors, this best of buildings
Deserted stands, when the sun goes down
And twilight deepens to dark in the sky.
By comrades encouraged, I come on this journey. 45

The best of them bade me, the bravest and wisest,

To go to thy succor, O good king Hrothgar;
For well they approved my prowess in battle,
They saw me themselves come safe from the conflict. 49

When five of my foes I defeated and bound,
Beating in battle the brood of the monsters.
At night on the sea with nicors I wrestled,
Avenging the Weders, survived the sea-peril,
And crushed in my grip the grim sea-monsters

That harried my neighbors: Now I am come
To cope with Grendel in combat single, 56
And match my might against the monster, alone.

I pray thee therefore, prince of the Scyldings,
Not to refuse the favor I ask,
Having come so far, O friend of the Shield-Danes, 60

That I alone with my loyal comrades,
My hardy companions, may Heorot purge.
Moreover they say that the slaughterous fiend

In wanton mood all weapons despises.
Hence, — as I hope that Hygelac may, 65
My lord and king, be kind to me, —
Sword and buckler I scorn to bear,
Gold-adorned shield, as I go to the conflict.
With my grip will I grapple the gruesome fiend,

Foe against foe, to fight for our life. 70

And he that shall fall his faith must put
In the judgment of God. If Grendel wins,
He is minded to make his meal in the hall
Untroubled by fear, on the folk of the Jutes,
As often before he fed on the Danes. 75

No need for thee then to think of my burial.
If I lose my life, the lonely prowler
My blood-stained body will bear to his den,
Swallow me greedily, and splash with my gore

His lair in the marsh; no longer wilt then 80
Have need to find me food and sustenance.
To Hygelac send, if I sink in the battle,
This best of corslets that covers my breast,
Heirloom of Hrethel, rarest of byrnies,
The work of Weland.¹ So Wyrd will be done." 85

VII

The Feasting in Heorot and the Customs of the Hall

Hrothgar spoke, the Scyldings' defender:
"Thou hast come, dear Beowulf, to bring us help,

For the sake of friendship to fight our battles

Fifteen lines are omitted, in which Hrothgar recounts the exploits of Beowulf's father.

Sad is my spirit and sore it grieves me
To tell to any the trouble and shame 5
That Grendel hath brought me with bitter hate,

The havoc he wrought in my ranks in the hall.

My war-band dwindles, driven by Wyrd²
Into Grendel's grasp; but God may easily
End this monster's mad career. 10
Full often they boasted, my beer-bold warriors,

Brave o'er their ale-cups, the best of my fighters,

They'd meet in the mead-hall the mighty Grendel,

End his orgies with edge of the sword.
But always the mead-hall, the morning after,
The splendid building, was blood-bespat-tered; 16

Daylight dawned on the drippings of swords;
Soiled with slaughter were sills and benches,
My liege-men perished, and left me poor. 20
Sit down to the board; unbend thy thoughts;
Speak to my men as thy mood shall prompt."
For the band of the Jutes a bench was cleared;

Room in the mead-hall was made for them all.

¹ The heroic smith of Norse legend.

² Destiny.

Then strode to their seats the strong-hearted
 heroes.
 The warriors' wants a waiting-thane served;
 Held in his hand the highly-wrought ale-
 cup,
 Poured sparkling mead, while the minstrel
 sang
 Gaily in Heorot. There was gladness of
 heroes, 24
 A joyous company of Jutes and of Danes.

VIII

Unferth Taunts Beowulf

Then up spoke Unferth, Ecglaf's son,
 Who sat at the feet of the Scylding ruler;
 He vented his jealousy. The journey of
 Beowulf,
 His sea-adventure, sorely displeased him.
 It filled him with envy that any other
 Should win among men more war-like glory,
 More fame under heaven than he himself:
 "Art thou the Beowulf that battled with
 Brecca,
 Far out at sea, when ye swam together,
 What time you two made trial of the billows,
 Risking your lives in reckless folly,
 On the open sea? None might dissuade you,
 Friend nor foe, from the fool-hardy venture,
 When straight from the shore you struck for
 the open,
 Breasted the waves and beat with your arms
 The mounting billows, measured the sea-
 paths 16
 With lusty strokes. Stirred was the ocean
 By wintry storms. Seven days and nights
 Your sea-strife lasted; at length he beat you,
 His strength was the better; at break of day
 He made the beach where the Battle-Reamas
 Dwell by the shore; and straightway returned
 To his people beloved in the land of the
 Brondings, 23
 Where liegemen and towns and treasure were
 his.
 In sooth I say, the son of Beanstan 25
 His boast against thee made good to the full.
 But now I ween a worse fate awaits thee,
 Though thy mettle be proved in many a battle
 And grim encounter, if the coming of Grendel
 Thou dar'est abide, in the dead of the night."
 Beowulf spoke, the son of Ecgtheow: 31
 "What a deal of stuff thou hast talked about
 Brecca,
 Garrulous with drink, my good friend Un-
 ferth.
 Thou hast lauded his deeds. Now listen to
 me!

More sea-strength had I, more ocean-
 endurance, 35
 Than any man else, the wide earth round.
 'Tis true we planned in the pride of our youth
 This ocean-adventure, and vowed we would
 risk
 Our lives in the deep, each daring the other.
 We were both of us boys, but our boast we
 fulfilled. 40
 Our naked swords as we swam from the land,
 We held in our grasp, to guard against
 whales.
 Not a stroke could he gain on me, strive as
 he would,
 Make swifter speed through the swelling
 waves,
 Nor could I in swimming o'ercome him at
 sea. 45
 Side by side in the surge we labored
 Five nights long. At last we were parted
 By furious seas and a freezing gale.
 Night fell black; the norther wild 49
 Rushed on us ruthless and roughened the sea.
 Now was aroused the wrath of the monsters,
 But my war-proof ring-mail, woven and
 hand-locked,
 Served me well 'gainst the sea-beasts' fury;
 The close-linked battle-net covered my
 breast.
 I was dragged to the bottom by a blood-
 thirsty monster, 55
 Firm in his clutch the furious sea-beast
 Helpless held me. But my hand came free,
 And my foe I pierced with point of my sword.
 With my battle-blade good 'twas given me to
 kill 59
 The dragon of the deep, by dint of my blow."

IX

Beowulf Completes the Story of his Swimming Adventure with Brecca. Hrothgar's Departure from the Hall

"Thus sore beset me sea-beasts thronging,
 Murderous man-eaters. I met their charges,
 Gave them their due with my goodly blade.
 They failed of their fill, the feast they ex-
 pected
 In circle sitting on the sea-floor together,
 With me for their meal. I marred their
 pleasure.
 When morning came, they were cast ashore
 By the wash of the waves; their wounds
 proved fatal,
 Bloated and dead on the beach they lay.
 No more would they cross the course of the
 ships, 10

In the chop of the channel charge the sailors.
Day broke in the east, bright beacon of
God;

The sea fell smooth. I saw bold headlands,
Windy walls; for Wyrd oft saveth
A man not doomed, if he dauntless prove. 15
My luck did not fail me, my long sword
finished

Nine of the nicors. Ne'er have I heard
Of fiercer battle fought in the night,
Of hero more harried by horrors at sea.
Yet I saved my life from the sea-beasts'
clutch. 20

Worn with the struggle, I was washed ashore
In the realm of the Finns by the run of the
tide,

The heave of the flood. I have failed to hear
Of like adventure laid to thee,
Battle so bitter. Brecca did never, — 25
Neither of you was known to achieve
Deed so valiant, adventure so daring,
Sword-play so nimble; not that I boast of it,
But mark me Unferth, you murdered your
brothers,

Your closest of kin. The curse of hell 30
For this you will suffer, though sharp be your
wit.

In sooth I say to you, son of Ecglaf,
Never had Grendel such grim deeds wrought,
Such havoc in Heorot, so harried your king
With bestial fury, if your boasted courage 35
In deeds as well as in words you had proved.
But now he has found he need not fear
Vengeance fierce from the Victory-Scyldings,
Ruthless attack in return for his raids.
He takes his toll of your tribe as he pleases,
Sparing none of your spearmen proud. 41
He ravens and rages and recks not the Dane
folk,

Safe from their sword-play. But soon I will
teach him

How the Jute-folk fight. Then freely may go
To the mead-hall who likes, when the light of
morning, 45

The next day's dawn, the dark shall dispel,
And the heaven-bright sun from the south
shall shine."

Glad in his heart was the giver of rings,
Hoped to have help, the hoar-headed king; 49
The Shield-Danes' shepherd was sure of relief,
When he found in Beowulf so firm a resolve.
There was laughter of heroes. Loud was
their revelry,

Words were winsome, as Wealhtheow rose,
Queen of Hrothgar, heedful of courtesy,
Gold-adorned greeted the guests in the hall.
First to her lord, the land-defender, 56

The high-born lady handed the cup;
Bade him be gleeful and gay at the board,
And good to his people. Gladly he took it,
Quaffed from the beaker, the battle-famed
king. 60

Then leaving her lord, the lady of the Helm-
ings

Passed among her people in each part of the
hall,

Offered the ale-cup to old and young,
Till she came to the bench where Beowulf
sat.

The jewel-laden queen in courteous manner
Beowulf greeted; to God gave thanks, 66
Wise in her words, that her wish was granted,
That at last in her trouble a trusted hero
Had come for comfort. The cup received 69
From Wealhtheow's hand the hardy warrior,
And made this reply, his mind on the battle;
Beowulf spoke, the son of Ecgtheow:

"I made up my mind when my mates and I
Embarked in our boat, outbound on the
sea,

That fully I'd work the will of thy people, 75
Or fall in the fight, in the clutch of the fiend.
I surely shall do a deed of glory,
Worthy an earl, or end my days,
My morning of life, in the mead-hall here."
His words pleased well the wife of Hrothgar,
The Jutish lord's boast. The jewelled queen
Went to sit by the side of her lord. 82

Renewed was the sound of noisy revel,
Wassail of warriors. Brave words were
spoken.

Mirth in the mead-hall mounted high, 85
Till Healfdene's son [†] the sign did give
That he wished to retire. Full well he knew
The fiend would find a fight awaiting him,
When the light of the sun had left the hall,
And creeping night should close upon them,
And shadowy shapes come striding on 91
Dim through the dark. The Danes arose.
Hrothgar again gave greeting to Beowulf,
Wished him farewell; the wine-hall lofty
He left in his charge. These last words
spoke he: 95

"Never before have I fully entrusted
To mortal man this mighty hall,
Since arm and shield I was able to lift.
To thee alone I leave it now,
To have and to hold it. Thy hardihood
prove! 100
Be mindful of glory; keep watch for the
foe!
No reward shalt thou lack if thou live through
this fight."

[†] Hrothgar.

X

Beowulf's Watch in Heorot

Then Hrothgar went with his warrior-band,
The Arm-of-the-Scyldings, out of the hall.
Would the war-lord Wealhtheow seek,
The queen for his bed-mate. The best of
kings

Had placed in the hall, so heroes report, 5
A watch against Grendel, to guard his house,
Deliverance bring to the land of the Danes.
But the lord of the Jutes, joyfully trusted
In the might of his arm and the mercy of
God.

Off he stripped his iron byrnie, 10
Helmet from head, and handed his sword,
Choicest of blades, to his body-thane,
And bade him keep the battle armor.
Then made his boast once more the war-
rior,

Beowulf the bold, ere his bed he sought, 15
Summoned his spirit; "Not second to
Grendel

In combat I count me and courage of war.
But not with the sword will I slay this
foeman,

Though light were the task to take his life.
Nothing at all does he know of such fighting,
Of hewing of shields, though shrewd be his
malice 21

Ill deeds to contrive. We two in the night
Shall do without swords, if he dare to meet
me

In hand to hand battle. May the holy Lord
To one or the other award the victory, 25
As it seems to Him right, Ruler all-wise."
Then he sought his bed. The bolster re-
ceived

The head of the hero. In the hall about
him,

Stretched in sleep, his sailormen lay.
Not one of them thought he would ever
return 30

Home to his country, nor hoped to see
His people again, and the place of his birth.
They had heard of too many men of the
Danes

O'ertaken suddenly, slain without warning,
In the royal hall. But the Ruler on High 35
Through the woof of fate to the Wederfolk
gave

Friendship and help, their foes to o'ercome,
By a single man's strength to slay the
destroyer.

Thus all may learn that the Lord Almighty
Wields for aye the Wyrds of men. 40

XI

Beowulf's Fight with Grendel

Now Grendel came, from his crags of mist
Across the moor; he was curst of God.
The murderous prowler meant to surprise
In the high-built hall his human prey.
He stalked neath the clouds, till steep before
him 5

The house of revelry rose in his path,
The gold-hall of heroes, the gaily adorned.
Hrothgar's home he had hunted full often,
But never before had he found to receive him
So hardy a hero, such hall-guards there. 10
Close to the building crept the slayer,
Doomed to misery. The door gave way,
Though fastened with bolts, when his fist
fell on it.

Maddened he broke through the breach he
had made;

Sworn with anger and eager to slay, 15
The ravening fiend o'er the bright-paved
floor

Furious ran, while flashed from his eyes
An ugly glare like embers aglow.
He saw in the hall, all huddled together,
The heroes asleep. Then laughed in his
heart 20

The hideous fiend; he hoped ere dawn
To sunder body from soul of each;
He looked to appease his lust of blood,
Glut his maw with the men he would slay.
But Wyrð had otherwise willed his doom; 25
Never again should he get a victim
After that night. Narrowly watched
Hygelac's thane how the horrible slayer
Forward should charge in fierce attack.
Nor was the monster minded to wait: 30
Sudden he sprang on a sleeping thane,
Ere he could stir, he slit him open;
Bit through the bone-joints, gulped the
blood,

Greedily bolted the body piecemeal. 34
Soon he had swallowed the slain man wholly,
Hands and feet. Then forward he hastened,
Sprang at the hero, and seized him at rest;
Fiercely clutched him with fiendish claw.
But quickly Beowulf caught his forearm,
And threw himself on it with all his weight.
Straight discovered that crafty plotter, 41
That never in all mid-earth had he met
In any man a mightier grip.

Gone was his courage, and craven fear
Sat in his heart, yet helped him no sooner. 45
Fain would he hide in his hole in the fen-
land,

His devil's den. A different welcome
From former days he found that night!

Now Hygelac's thane, the hardy, remembered

His evening's boast, and bounding up, 50
Grendel he clenched, and cracked his fingers;
The monster tried flight, but the man pursued;

The ravager hoped to wrench himself free,
And gain the fen, for he felt his fingers
Helpless and limp in the hold of his foe. 55
'Twas a sorry visit the man-devourer
Made to the Hall of the Hart that night.
Dread was the din, the Danes were frightened
By the uproar wild of the ale-spilling fray.
The hardiest blenched as the hall-foes

wrestled 60
In terrible rage. The rafters groaned;
'Twas wonder great that the wine-hall stood,
Firm 'gainst the fighters' furious onslaught,
Nor fell to the ground, that glorious building.
With bands of iron 'twas braced and stiffened
Within and without. But off from the sill 66
Many a mead-bench mounted with gold
Was wrung where they wrestled in wrath
together.

The Scylding nobles never imagined
That open attack, or treacherous cunning, 70
Could wreck or ruin their royal hall,
The lofty and antlered, unless the flames
Should some day swallow it up in smoke.
The din was renewed, the noise redoubled; 74
Each man of the Danes was mute with dread,
That heard from the wall the horrible wail,
The gruesome song of the godless foe,
His howl of defeat, as the fiend of hell
Bemoaned his hurt. The man held fast;
Greatest he was in grip of strength, 80
Of all that dwelt upon earth that day.

XII

The Defeat of Grendel

Loath in his heart was the hero-deliverer
To let escape his slaughterous guest.
Of little use that life he deemed
To human kind. The comrades of Beowulf
Unsheathed their weapons to ward their
leader, 5
Eagerly brandished their ancient blades,
The life of their peerless lord to defend.
Little they deemed, those dauntless warriors,
As they leaped to the fray, those lusty fighters,
Laying on boldly to left and to right, 10
Eager to slay, that no sword upon earth,
No keenest weapon, could wound that monster:

Point would not pierce, he was proof against iron;

'Gainst victory-blades the devourer was charmed.

But a woful end awaited the wretch, 15
That very day he was doomed to depart,
And fare afar to the fiends' domain.

Now Grendel found, who in former days
So many a warrior had wantonly slain,
In brutish lust, abandoned of God, 20
That the frame of his body was breaking at
last.

Keen of courage, the kinsman of Hygelac
Held him grimly gripped in his hands.
Loath was each to the other alive.
The grisly monster got his death-wound: 25
A huge split opened under his shoulder;
Crunched the socket, cracked the sinews,
Glory great was given to Beowulf.

But Grendel escaped with his gaping wound,
O'er the dreary moor his dark den sought, 30
Crawled to his lair. 'Twas clear to him then,
The count of his hours to end had come,
Done were his days. The Danes were glad,
The hard fight was over, they had their desire.
Cleared was the hall, 'twas cleansed by the
hero 35

With keen heart and courage, who came
from afar.

The lord of the Jutes rejoiced in his work,
The deed of renown he had done that night.
His boast to the Danes he bravely fulfilled;
From lingering woe delivered them all; 40
From heavy sorrow they suffered in heart;
From dire distress they endured so long;
From toil and from trouble. This token
they saw:

The hero had laid the hand of Grendel
Both arm and claws, the whole forequarter 45
With clutches huge, 'neath the high-peaked
roof.

XIII

The Celebration of the Victory and the Song of the Gleeman

When morning arrived, so runs the report,
Around the gift-hall gathered the warriors;
The folk-leaders fared from far and near,
The wide ways o'er, the wonder to view,
The wild beast's foot-prints. Not one of
them felt 5
Regret that the creature had come to grief,
When they traced his retreat by the tracks on
the moor;
Marked where he wearily made his way,

Harried and beaten, to the haunt of the
 nicors,
 Slunk to the water, to save his life. 10
 There they beheld the heaving surges,
 Billows abrim with bloody froth,
 Dyed with gore, where the gruesome fiend,
 Stricken and doomed, in the struggle of death
 Gave up his ghost in the gloom of the mere,
 His heathen soul for hell to receive it. 16
 Then from the mere the thanes turned back,
 Men and youths from the merry hunt,
 Home they rode on their horses gray,
 Proudly sitting their prancing steeds. 20
 Beowulf's prowess was praised by all.
 They all agreed that go where you will,
 'Twixt sea and sea, at the south or the north,
 None better than he, no braver hero,
 None worthier honor could ever be found, 25
 (They meant no slight to their master and
 lord,
 The good king Hrothgar their ruler kind.)

Now and again the noble chiefs
 Gave rein to their steeds, and spurred them
 to race,
 Galloped their grays where the ground was
 smooth. 30
 Now and again a gallant thane,
 Whose mind was stored with many a lay,
 With songs of battle and sagas old,
 Bound new words in well-knit bars,
 Told in verse the valor of Beowulf, 35
 Matched his lines and moulded his lay.

Here is introduced an episode of the Nibelungen Legend. The gleeman tells how Sigmund the Volsung, with his son and nephew Fitela, ranged the forests and slew wild beasts. Later, when Fitela was no longer with him, Sigmund killed a dragon and won a great treasure.

When the lay was ended, they urged once
 more
 Their racers fleet to fly o'er the plain.
 As the morning sped, and the sun climbed
 higher,
 Many went in, the marvellous sight 40
 More closely to scan. The king himself,
 With a troop of trusty retainers about him,
 Strode from his bower; the bestower-of-rings
 Came, and with him the queen, in state,
 The meadow-path trod, by her maidens
 attended. 45

XIV

Hrothgar's Praise of Beowulf, and Beowulf's Reply

Hrothgar spoke when he reached the hall,
 Stood on the step, and stared at the roof
 Adorned with gold, and Grendel's hand:

"Prompt be my heart to praise the Almighty
 For the sight I behold. Much harm have I
 suffered,
 And grief from Grendel, but God still works
 Wonder on wonder, the Warden of Glory.
 But a little while since, I scarcely dared,
 As long as I lived to look for escape
 From my burden of sorrow, when blood-
 stained stood,
 And dripping with slaughter, this stately hall.
 Wide-spread woe my warriors scattered;
 They never hoped this house to rid,
 While life should last, this land-mark of
 people,
 Of demons and devils. 'Tis done by the
 hero.
 By the might of the Lord this man has fin-
 ished
 The feat that all of us failed to achieve
 By wit or by war: And well may she say,
 — Whoever she be, — that bore this son,
 That the Ancient of Days dealt with her
 graciously, 20
 And blest her in child-birth. Now Beowulf,
 hear!
 I shall henceforth hold thee, hero beloved,
 As child of my own, and cherish thee fondly
 In kinship new. Thou shalt never lack
 Meed of reward that is mine to give. 25
 For deeds less mighty have I many times
 granted
 Fullest reward to warriors feebler,
 In battle less brave. Thy boldness and
 valor
 Afar shall be known; thy fame shall live.
 To be great among men. Now God the Al-
 mighty 30
 With honor reward thee, as ever he doth."

Beowulf spoke, the son of Ecgtheow
 "Gladly we fought this good fight through,
 Fearlessly faced the foe inhuman, 34
 Grappled him gruesome; it grieves me sore
 That the man-beast himself you may not see,
 Dead in the hall, fordome in the fray.
 I meant to master the monster quickly,
 To his death-bed pin him by power of my
 grip,
 Hold him hard till my hand could strangle
 him, 40
 Bringing him low, but he broke away.
 In vain I tried to prevent his escape.
 The Lord was unwilling; I lost my hold
 On the man-destroyer; too strong was the
 monster, 44
 Too swift on his feet. But to save his life
 He left behind him the whole of his fore-paw,
 Arm and shoulder. 'Twas a useless shift,

Profiting nothing. He ne'er will prolong
His life by the loss, the loathly slayer,
Sunk in sin; but sorrow holds him, 50
Caught in the grasp of its grip relentless,
In woful bonds to await in anguish,
Guilty wretch, the rest of his doom,
As the Lord Almighty shall mete it to him."

More silent seemed the son of Ecglaf,¹ 55
Less boastful in bragging of brave deeds
done,
When all of them, looking aloft, beheld
The hand on high, where it hung 'neath the
roof,
The claw of the fiend; each finger was armed
With a steel-like spur instead of a nail, 60
The heathen's handspikes, the horrible paw
Of the evil fiend. They all declared
No iron blade could e'er have bit
On the monstrous bulk of the man-beast's
hide,
Or hewn away that woful talon. 65

XV

The Feasting and Giving of Treasure in the Hall

Now orders were given the guest-hall to
cleanse,
And furnish it fresh. Forth went hurrying
Men and maids. To the mead-hall they
went
And busily worked. Woven tapestries,
Glinting with gold, hung gay on the walls, 5
Marvellous wonders for men to look upon.
Ruin and wreck had been wrought in the
building,
Though braced within by iron bands,
The hinges were wrenched, the roof alone
stood
Undamaged and sound, when the sin-spotted
wretch, 10
The demon destroyer, in despair of his life,
Turned and made off, — not easy it is
To escape from death, essay it who will.
(So each of us all to his end must come,
Forced by fate to his final abode 15
Where his body, stretched on the bier of
death,
Shall rest after revel.) Now right was the
hour

For Healfdene's heir to enter the hall;
The king himself would come to the feast.
I never have heard of nobler bearing 20
'Mongst ranks of liegemen surrounding their
lord

As they took their seats, the trusty com-
rades,
And fell to feasting. Freely quaffed
Many a mead-cup the mighty kinsmen,
Hrothgar and Hrothulf, the high hall within.
Heorot was filled with a friendly host. 26
(Far was the day when the Scylding host
Should treachery plot, betraying each other.)
Then Healfdene's son bestowed on Beowulf
A gold-adorned banner for battle-reward, 30
A rich-broidered standard, breast-plate and
helmet.

The swordmen assembled saw the treasures
Borne before the hero. Beowulf drank
The health of Hrothgar, nor had reason to
feel

Ashamed before shieldmen to show his re-
ward. 35

Never were offered by earls that I heard of,
In token of friendship four such treasures,
Never was equalled such ale-bench bounty.
Round the ridge of the helmet a rim of iron,
Wound with wire, warded the head, 40
That the offspring of files, with fearful stroke,
The hard-tempered sword-blade, might harm
it not,

When fierce in the battle the foemen should
join.

At a sign from the king, eight stallions proud,
Bitted and bridled, were brought into hall. 45
On the back of one was a wondrous saddle,
Bravely wrought and bordered with jewels,
The battle-seat bold of the best of kings,
When Hrothgar himself would ride to the
sword-play.

(Nor flinched from the foe the famous war-
rior 50

In the front of the fight where fell the slain.)
To the hero delivered the lord of the Scyld-
ings,

The heir of Ing, both armor and horses,
Gave them to Beowulf, and bade him enjoy
them.

Thus royally, the ruler famous, 55
The heroes' hoard-guard, heaped his bounty;
Repaid the struggle with steeds and trophies,
Praised by all singers who speak the truth.

XVI

The King's Gifts to Beowulf's Men, and the Gleeman's Lay of Finn

The Lord of the earls then added gifts,
At the mead-bench remembered the men,
each one,
That Beowulf brought o'er the briny deep,
With ancient heirlooms and offered to pay

¹ Unferth

In gold for the man that Grendel had slain,
 As more of them surely the monster had
 killed 6
 Had not holy God and the hero's courage
 Averted their doom. (So daily o'errules
 The Father Almighty the fortunes of men.
 Therefore is insight ever the best, 10
 And prudence of mind; for much shall suffer
 Of lief and of loath who long endures
 The days of his life in labor and toil.)
 Now music and song were mingled together,
 In the presence of Hrothgar, ruler in war. 15
 Harp was struck and hero-lays told.
 Along the mead-bench the minstrel spread
 Cheer in hall, when he chanted the lay
 Of the sudden assault on the sons of Finn.

The episode which follows alludes obscurely to details of a feud between Frisians and Danes. The Finnsburg fragment contains a portion of the same story; and one of the heroes, Hnaef, is also mentioned in Widsith.

XVII

The Lay of Finn Ended. The Speech of the Queen

The lay was ended,
 The gleeman's song. Sound of revelry
 Rose again. Gladness brightened
 Along bench and board. Beer-thanes poured
 From flagons old the flowing wine. 5
 Wealhtheow the queen walked in state,
 Under her crown, where uncle and nephew
 Together sat, — they still were friends.
 There too sat Unferth, trusted counsellor,
 At Hrothgar's feet; though faith he had
 broken 10
 With his kinsmen in battle, his courage was
 proved.
 Then the queen of the Scyldings spoke these
 words:
 "Quaff of this cup my king and my lord,
 Gold-friend of men. To thy guests be kind,
 To the men of the Jutes be generous with
 gifts. 15
 Far and near thou now hast peace.
 I have heard thou dost wish the hero for
 son,
 To hold as thy own, now Heorot is cleansed,
 The jewel-bright hall. Enjoy while thou
 mayest,
 Allotment of wealth, and leave to thy heirs 20
 Kingdom and rule when arrives the hour
 That hence thou shalt pass to thy place ap-
 pointed.
 Well I know that my nephew Hrothulf
 Will cherish in honor our children dear,
 If thou leavest before him this life upon
 earth; 25

He will surely requite the kindness we
 showed him,
 Faithfully tend our two young sons,
 When to mind he recalls our care and affec-
 tion,
 How we helped him and housed him when *he*
 was a child."
 She turned to the bench where her two boys
 sat, 30
 Hrethric and Hrothmund, and the rest of the
 youth,
 A riotous band, and right in their midst,
 Between the two brothers, Beowulf sat.

XVIII

The Queen's Gifts to Beowulf

With courteous bow the cup she offered,
 Greeted him graciously and gave him to boot
 Two armlets rare of twisted gold,
 A robe and rings, and the rarest collar;
 A better was never known among men,
 Since Hama brought to his bright-built hall
 The jewelled necklace, the gem of the Bris-
 ings.¹
 Before the warriors Wealhtheow spoke:
 "Accept, dear Beowulf, this bright-gemmed
 collar;
 Make happy use of this heirloom jewelled, 10
 This ring and robe and royal treasure;
 Be brave and bold. My boys instruct
 In gentle manners; mine be the praise.
 Thou hast done such a deed that in days to
 come
 Men will proclaim thy might and valor 15
 To the ends of the earth, where the ocean-
 wave
 Washes the windy walls of the land.
 I wish thee joy of thy jewelled treasure,
 Long be thy life; enlarge thy prosperity,
 Show thee a friend to my sons in deed. 20
 Here each earl to the other is faithful,
 True to his liege-lord, loyal and kind.
 My warriors obey me, willing and prompt.
 The Danes carousing, do as I bid.'
 She went to her seat, the wine flowed free;
 'Twas a glorious feast. The fate that im-
 pend, 25
 None of them knew, though near to them all.

When darkness came, the king of the Danes
 Went to his rest in the royal bower;
 But a throng of his kinsmen kept the hall 30

Lines 1200-1214 interrupt the narrative to tell of the subsequent history of Wealhtheow's gift; how Beowulf gave it to Hygelac, who wore it on his famous raid against the Frisians, in which he was slain by the Franks.

¹ This necklace belonged to the goddess Freyia.

As they used to do in the days of old.
 They cleared the boards and covered the floor
 With beds and bolsters. One beer-thane there
 Lay down to sleep with his doom upon him.
 They placed by their heads their polished
 shields, 35
 Their battle-boards bright, on the bench
 nearby.
 Above each earl, within easy reach,
 Was his helmet high and his harness of mail
 And the spear-shaft keen. 'Twas their cus-
 tom so, 39
 That always at rest they were ready for war
 At home or abroad, where'er they might be,
 At what hour soever for aid might call
 Their lord and king; they were comrades true.

END OF THE FIRST ADVENTURE

XIX

The Coming of Grendel's Dam to Avenge her Son

Then sank they to sleep, but sorely paid
 One poor wretch for his sleep that night.
 The same thing fell, as in former days
 When Grendel his raids on the gold-hall
 made,
 Before the fiend had found his match, 5
 Caught in his sins. 'Twas seen that night
 An avenger survived the villainous fiend,
 Although they had ceased from their sorrow
 and care.
 'Twas Grendel's mother, a monstrous hag.
 She remembered her loss. She had lived in
 the deep, 10
 In a water-hell cold, since Cain had become
 The evil slayer of his only brother,
 His kin by blood; accused he fled,
 Marked by murder, from men's delights,
 Haunted the wilds; from him there sprung 15
 Ghastly demon-shapes, Grendel was one.

The omitted lines break the narrative to turn back to the Grendel fight.

Now grim and vengeful
 His mother set out on her errand of woe,
 Damage to wreak for the death of her son.
 Arrived at Heorot, the Ring-Danes she found
 Asleep in the hall. Soon was to come 21
 Surprise to the earls, when into the hall
 Burst Grendel's dam. (Less grim was the
 terror,
 As terror of woman in war is less,
 — The fury of maidens, than full-armed
 men's, 25
 When the blood-stained war-blade with wire-
 bound hilt,

Hard and hammer-forged, hurtling through
 air
 Hews the boar from the helmet's crest.)
 Many the swords that were suddenly drawn,
 Blades from the benches; buckler and shield
 Were tightly grasped; no time for the hel-
 met, 31
 For harness of mail, when the horror was on
 them.
 The monster was minded to make for the
 open;
 Soon as discovered, she sought to escape.
 Quickly she seized a sleeping warrior, 35
 Fast in her clutch to the fens she dragged
 him.
 He was to Hrothgar of heroes the dearest,
 Most trusted of liegemen between the two
 seas,
 Comrade the nearest, killed in his sleep,
 The bravest in battle. Nor was Beowulf
 there, 40
 They had elsewhere quartered the earl that
 night,
 After the giving of gifts in the hall.
 There was shouting in Heorot; the hand she
 seized,
 The bloody talon, she took away.
 Sorrow was renewed in the nearby dwellings,
 Bad was the bargain that both had made 46
 To pay for their friends with further lives
 lost.
 With grief overcome was the gray-haired
 king,
 When he learned that his thane was alive no
 more,
 His dearest comrade by death o'ertaken; 50
 Quick from his bower was Beowulf fetched,
 The hero brave. At break of dawn,
 He with his comrades came to the place
 Where the king in sorrow was waiting to see
 Whether God the Wielder of All would grant
 him 55
 A turn in his tide of trouble and woe.
 Then entered the room the ready hero;
 With his band of brave men the boards re-
 sounded.

He eagerly greeted the aged ruler,
 Delayed not to ask the lord of the Ingwines
 If his night had passed in peace and quiet. 61

XX

Hrothgar Describes the Haunt of the Monster and Asks Beowulf to Undertake a Second Adventure

Hrothgar spoke, the Scylding defender:
 "Speak not of peace for pain is renewed

'Mongst all the Danes. Dead is Æschere,
 Elder brother of Irmenlaf,
 My comrade true and counsellor trusted, 5
 My right-hand friend when in front of the
 combat
 We stood shoulder to shoulder, when shield-
 burg broke,
 And boar-crests crashed in battle together.
 Earls should ever like Æschere be.
 On Heorot's floor he was foully slain 10
 By warlock wild. I wot not whither
 The prey-proud fury hath fled to cover,
 Glutted and gorged. With gruesome claws
 And violence fierce she avenged thy deed,
 The slaying of Grendel her son last night, 15
 Because too long my loyal thanes
 He had hunted and hurt. In the hall he fell,
 His life was forfeit. To the fray returned
 Another as cruel, her kin to avenge;
 Faring from far, the feud re-opened. 20
 Hence many a thane shall mourn and think
 Of the giver of gifts with grief renewed,
 And heart-woe heavy. The hand lies low
 That fain would have helped and defended
 you all.
 I have heard my people, the peasant folk 25
 Who house by the border and hold the fens,
 Say they have seen two creatures strange,
 Huge march-stalkers, haunting the moor-
 land,
 Wanderers outcast. One of the two
 Seemed to their sight to resemble a woman;
 The other manlike, a monster misshapen, 31
 But huger in bulk than human kind,
 Trod an exile's track of woe.
 The folk of the fen in former days
 Named him Grendel. Unknown his father,
 Or what his descent from demons obscure. 36
 Lonely and waste is the land they inhabit,
 Wolf-cliffs wild and windy headlands,
 Ledges of mist, where mountain torrents
 Downward plunge to dark abysses, 40
 And flow unseen. Not far from here
 O'er the moorland in miles, a mere expands:
 Spray-frosted trees o'erspread it, and hang
 O'er the water with roots fast wedged in the
 rocks.
 There nightly is seen, beneath the flood, 45
 A marvellous light. There lives not the man
 Has fathomed the depth of the dismal mere.
 Though the heather-stepper, the strong-
 horned stag,
 Seek this cover, forspent with the chase, 49
 Tracked by the hounds, he will turn at bay,
 To die on the brink ere he brave the plunge,
 Hide his head in the haunted pool.
 Wan from its depths the waves are dashed,
 When wicked storms are stirred by the wind,

And from sullen skies descends the rain. 55
 In thee is our hope of help once more.
 Not yet thou hast learned where leads the
 way
 To the lurking-hole of this hatcher of out-
 rage.
 Seek, if thou dare, the dreaded spot!
 Richly I pay thee for risking this fight, 60
 With heirlooms golden and ancient rings,
 As I paid thee before, if thou come back
 alive."

XXI

*The Arrival of Hrothgar and Beowulf at
 Grendel's Mere*

Beowulf spoke, the son of Ecgtheow:
 "Sorrow not, gray-beard, nor grieve o'er thy
 friend!
 Vengeance is better than bootless mourning.
 To each of us here the end must come
 Of life upon earth: let him who may 5
 Win glory ere death. I deem that best,
 The lot of the brave, when life is over.
 Rise, O realm-ward, ride we in haste,
 To track the hag that whelped this Grendel.
 I tell thee in truth, she may turn where she
 will, 10
 No cave of ocean nor cover of wood,
 No hole in the ground shall hide her from me.
 But one day more thy woe endure,
 And nurse thy hope as I know thou wilt."
 Sprang to his feet the sage old king, 15
 Gave praise to God for the promise spoken.
 And now for Hrothgar a horse was bridled,
 A curly-maned steed. The king rode on,
 Bold on his charger. A band of shield-men
 Followed on foot. Afar they saw 20
 Footprints leading along the forest.
 They followed the tracks, and found she had
 crossed
 Over the dark moor, dragging the body
 Of the goodliest thane that guarded with
 Hrothgar
 Heorot Hall, and the home of the king. 25
 The well-born hero held the trail;
 Up rugged paths, o'er perilous ridges,
 Through passes narrow, an unknown way,
 By beetling crags, and caves of the nicors.
 With a chosen few he forged ahead, 30
 Warriors skilled, to scan the way.
 Sudden they came on a cluster of trees
 Overhanging a hoary rock,
 A gloomy grove; and gurgling below,
 A stir of waters all stained with blood. 35
 Sick at heart were the Scylding chiefs,
 Many a thane was thrilled with woe,

For there they beheld the head of Æschere
 Far beneath at the foot of the cliff.
 They leaned and watched the waters boil 40
 With bloody froth. The band sat down,
 While the war-horn sang its summons to
 battle.
 They saw in the water sea-snakes a many,
 Wave-monsters weird, that wallowed about.
 At the base of the cliff lay basking the nicors,
 Who oft at sunrise ply seaward their jour-
 ney, 46
 To hunt on the ship-trails and scour the
 main,
 Sea-beasts and serpents. Sudden they fled,
 Wrathful and grim, aroused by the hail
 Of the battle-horn shrill. The chief of the
 Jutes, 50
 With a bolt from his bow a beast did sunder
 From life and sea-frolic; sent the keen shaft
 Straight to his vitals. Slow he floated,
 Upright and dead at the top of the waves.
 Eager they boarded their ocean-quarry; 55
 With barb-hooked boar-spears the beast they
 gaffed,
 Savagely broached him and brought him to
 shore,
 Wave-plunger weird. The warriors viewed
 The grisly stranger. But straightway Beo-
 wulf 59
 Donned his corslet nor cared for his life. . . .

Lines 1443-1472 break the narrative with a description
 of Beowulf's armor and the sword Hrunting, lent him by
 Unferth.

XXII

Beowulf's Fight with Grendel's Dam

To Hrothgar spoke the son of Ecgtheow:
 "Remember O honored heir of Healfdene,
 Now that I go, thou noble king,
 Warriors' gold-friend, what we agreed on,
 If I my life should lose in thy cause, 5
 That thou wouldst stand in stead of my
 father,
 Fulfil his office when I was gone.
 Be guardian, thou, to my thanes and kins-
 men,
 My faithful friends, if I fail to return.
 To Hygelac send, Hrothgar beloved, 10
 The goodly gifts thou gavest to me.
 May the lord of the Jutes, when he looks on
 this treasure,
 May Hrethel's son, when he sees these gifts,
 Know that I found a noble giver,
 And joyed, while I lived, in a generous lord.
 This ancient heirloom to Unferth give, 16
 To the far-famed warrior, my wondrous
 sword

Of matchless metal, I must with Hrunting¹
 Glory gain, or go to my death."

After these words the Weder-Jute lord 20
 Sprang to his task, nor staid for an answer.
 Swiftly he sank 'neath the swirling flood;
 'Twas an hour's time ere he touched the
 bottom.

Soon the sea-hag, savage and wild,
 Who had roamed through her watery realms
 at will, 25

For winters a hundred, was 'ware from below,
 An earthling had entered her ocean domain.
 Quickly she reached and caught the hero;
 Grappled him grimly with gruesome claws.
 Yet he got no scratch, his skin was whole; 30
 His battle-sark shielded his body from harm.
 In vain she tried, with her crooked fingers,
 To tear the links of his close-locked mail.
 Away to her den the wolf-slut dragged
 Beowulf the bold, o'er the bottom ooze. 35
 Though eager to smite her, his arm was help-
 less.

Swimming monsters swarmed about him,
 Dented his mail with dreadful tusks.
 Sudden the warrior was 'ware they had
 come

To a sea-hall strange and seeming hostile, 40
 Where water was not nor waves oppressed,
 For the caverned rock all round kept back
 The swallowing sea.² He saw a light,
 A flicker of flame that flashed and shone.
 Now first he discerned the sea-hag monstrous,
 The water-wife wolfish. His weapon he
 raised, 46

And struck with his sword a swinging blow.
 Sang on her head the hard-forged blade
 Its war-song wild. But the warrior found
 That his battle-flasher refused to bite, 50
 Or maim the foe. It failed its master
 In the hour of need, though oft it had cloven
 Helmets, and carved the casques of the
 doomed

In combats fierce. For the first time now
 That treasure failed him, fallen from honor.
 But Hygelac's earl took heart of courage; 56
 In mood defiant he fronted his foe.
 The angry hero hurled to the ground,
 In high disdain, the hilt of the sword,
 The gaudy and jewelled; rejoiced in the
 strength 60

Of his arm unaided. So all should do
 Who glory would find and fame abiding,
 In the crash of conflict, nor care for their
 lives.

¹ The sword which Unferth lends to Beowulf.

² In the related story of the *Grettis Saga*, the cavern is
 behind a waterfall which empties into the mere.

The Lord of the Battle-Jutes braved the encounter;
The murderous hag by the hair he caught; 65
Down he dragged the dam of Grendel
In his swelling rage, till she sprawled on the floor.

Quick to repay in kind what she got,
On her foe she fastened her fearful clutches;
Enfolded the warrior weary with fighting; 70
The sure-footed hero stumbled and fell.
As helpless he lay, she leapt on him fiercely;
Unsheathed her hip-knife, shining and broad,
Her son to avenge, her offspring sole.
But the close-linked corslet covered his breast, 75

Foiled the stroke and saved his life.
All had been over with Ecgtheow's son,
Under the depths of the ocean vast,
Had not his harness availed to help him,
His battle-net stiff, and the strength of God.
The Ruler of battles aright decided it; 81
The Wielder all-wise awarded the victory:
Lightly the hero leaped to his feet.

XXIII

Beowulf's Victory and Return to Heorot

He spied 'mongst the arms a sword surpassing,
ing,

Huge and ancient, a hard-forged slayer,
Weapon matchless and warriors' delight,
Save that its weight was more than another
Might bear into battle or brandish in war; 5
Giants had forged that finest of blades.
Then seized its chain-hilt the chief of the Scyldings;

His wrath was aroused, reckless his mood,
As he brandished the sword for a savage blow.

Bit the blade in the back of her neck, 10
Cut the neck-bone, and cleft its way
Clean through her flesh; to the floor she sank;
The sword was gory; glad was the hero.
A light flashed out from the inmost den,
Like heaven's candle, when clear it shines 15
From cloudless skies. He scanned the cave,
Walked by the wall, his weapon upraised;
Grim in his hand the hilt he gripped.
Well that sword had served him in battle.
Steadily onward he strode through the cave,
Ready to wreak the wrongs untold, 21
That the man-beast had wrought in the realm
of Danes. . . .

He gave him his due when Grendel he found
Stretched as in sleep, and spent with the battle.

But dead was the fiend, the fight at Heorot 25

Had laid him low. The lifeless body
Sprang from the blows of Beowulf's sword,
As fiercely he hacked the head from the carcass.¹

But the men who were watching the water
with Hrothgar
Suddenly saw a stir in the waves, 30
The chop of the sea all churned up with blood

And bubbling gore. The gray-haired chiefs
For Beowulf grieved, agreeing together
That hope there was none of his home-returning,

With victory crowned, to revisit his lord. 35
Most of them feared he had fallen prey
To the mere-wolf dread in the depths of the sea.

When evening came, the Scyldings all
Forsook the headland, and Hrothgar himself
Turned homeward his steps. But sick at heart 40

The strangers² sat and stared at the sea,
Hoped against hope to behold their comrade
And leader again.

Now that goodly sword
Began to melt with the gore of the monster;
In bloody drippings it dwindled away. 45
'Twas a marvellous sight: it melted like ice,
When fetters of frost the Father unlocks,
Unravels the ropes of the wrinkled ice,
Lord and Master of months and seasons.
Beheld in the hall the hero from Juteland 50
Treasures unnumbered, but naught he took.
Save Grendel's head, and the hilt of the sword,

Bright and jewelled, — the blade had melted,
Its metal had vanished, so venomous hot
Was the blood of the demon-brute dead in the cave. 55

Soon was in the sea the slayer of monsters;
Upward he shot through the shimmer of waves;

Cleared was the ocean, cleansed were its waters,

The wolfish water-hag wallowed no more;
The mere-wife had yielded her miserable life.
Swift to the shore the sailors' deliverer 61
Came lustily swimming, with sea-spoil laden;
Rejoiced in the burden he bore to the land.

Ran to meet him his mailed comrades,
With thanks to God who gave them their leader 65

Safe again back and sound from the deep.

¹ Beowulf dismembers Grendel's dead body so that his ghost may not return to haunt the Hall.

² Beowulf's band of retainers.

Quickly their hero's helmet they loosened,
 Unbuckled his breastplate. The blood-
 stained waves
 Fell to a calm 'neath the quiet sky.
 Back they returned o'er the tracks with the
 footprints, 70
 Merrily measured the miles o'er the fen,
 Way they knew well, those warriors brave;
 Brought from the holm-cliff the head of the
 monster;
 'Twas toil and labor to lift the burden,
 Four of their stoutest scarce could carry it 75
 Swung from a spear-pole, a staggering
 load....
 Thus the fourteen of them, thanes adven-
 turous,
 Marched o'er the moor to the mead-hall of
 Hrothgar.
 Tall in the midst of them towered the hero;
 Strode among his comrades, till they came
 to the hall. 80
 In went Beowulf, the brave and victorious,
 Battle-beast hardy, Hrothgar to greet.
 Lifting by the hair the head of Grendel,
 They laid it in the hall, where the heroes
 were carousing,
 Right before the king, and right before the
 queen; 85
 Gruesome was the sight that greeted the
 Danes.

XXIV, XXV

Beowulf's Story of His Fight, and Hrothgar's Counsel

Beowulf spoke, the son of Ecgtheow:
 "Gladly we offer this ocean-booty,
 That here thou lookest on, lord of the Scyld-
 ings,
 For sign of victory, son of Healfdene.
 Hard was the fight I fought under water; 5
 That combat nearly cost me my life.
 Soon had been ended the ocean-encounter,
 Had God in his mercy not given me aid.
 No help I got from the good blade Hrunting;
 The well-tried weapon worthless proved. 10
 By the grace of God, who guided me friend-
 less,
 A splendid old sword I spied on the wall,
 Hanging there, huge; by the hilt I grasped it,
 And seeing my chance, I struck amain
 At the sea-cave's wardens, when sudden the
 blade 15
 Melted and burned, as the blood gushed out,
 The battle-gore hot. The hilt I saved
 From the villainous fiends, and avenged their
 crimes,

The murder of the Danes, as was meet and
 due. 19
 I promise thee now, in peace thou shalt sleep
 In Heorot hall, with the whole of thy band.
 Thou and thy thanes may throng within
 As ye used of yore, both young and old.
 Thou need'st not fear renewal of strife,
 Harm to thy folk at the hands of the fiends."
 The golden hilt was given to the king; 26
 The jewelled work of the giants of old
 Came into hand of the hoary warrior.
 On the death of the demons, the Danish lord
 kept it,
 Wondersmiths' work. When the world was
 rid 30
 Of the evil fiend, the enemy of God,
 Guilty of murder, and his mother too,
 The trophy passed to the peerless lord,
 The goodliest king, that gave out treasure
 Between the two seas on Scandia's isle. 35
 Hrothgar gazed on the golden hilt,
 Relic of old, where was writ the tale
 Of a far-off fight, when the flood o'erwhelmed,
 The raging sea, the race of the giants
 (They wantonly dared to war against God; 40
 Then rose in his wrath the Ruler Eternal,
 'Neath the heaving billows buried them all.)
 On the polished gold of the guard of the hilt,
 Runes were writ that rightly told,
 To him that read them, for whom that
 weapon, 45
 Finest of sword-blades, first was made,
 The splendid hilt with serpents entwined.
 All were silent, when the son of Healfdene,
 The wise king spoke: "Well may he say,
 The aged ruler, who aye upholds 50
 Truth and right, 'mid the ranks of his people,
 Whose mind runs back to by-gone days,
 This guest is born of a goodly breed.
 Thy fame shall fly afar among men,
 Beowulf my friend, firmly thou holdest 55
 Both wisdom and might. My word will I
 keep,
 The love that I proffered. Thou shalt
 prove a deliverer
 To thy folk and followers in far-off years,
 A help to the heroes. Not Heremod thus,
 Ecgwela's heir, did offer at need 60
 His strength to the Scyldings; instead, he
 brought
 Slaughter and death on the sons of the Danes.
 Sworn with wrath he slew his comrades,
 His friends at the board and fled alone,
 Ill-famed earl, an outcast from men. 65
 Though God endowed him with gifts of
 strength,
 With boldness and might above all men,
 And prospered him greatly, yet he grew to be

Blood-thirsty and cruel. No bracelets he gave
To the Danes as was due, but dwelt in gloom,
Reaped the reward of the woful strife, 71
And wearisome feud. Take warning from him.

Hrothgar now delivers a long sermon to Beowulf on the dangers of pride, the fickleness of fortune, and the brevity of life, and ends by asking him to sit down to the feast, promising more gifts on the morrow.

Beowulf hastened, happy in mood,
To seek his bench as bid by the king.
Once more, as of old, for the earls in hall, 75
The famous in battle, the board was set
For feasting anew. When night with its shadows

O'erwhelmed the world, the heroes arose.
The gray-haired ruler his rest would seek,
The Scylding his bed; and Beowulf too, 80
The lusty warrior, longed for his sleep.
Soon an attendant showed the way
To the stranger from far, spent with his faring.

With courtly custom, he cared for his needs.
All that to warriors, overseas wandering, 85
Was due in those days, he did for the guest.
High-gabled and gold-decked, the gift-hall towered;

The stout-hearted hero slept soundly within,
Till the raven black, with blithe heart hailed
The bliss of heaven, and bright the sun 90
Came gliding o'er earth. Then, eager to start,
The warriors wakened; they wished to set out
On their homeward journey. The hero brave
Would board his ship, and back again sail.

The hardy one bade that Hrunting be brought 95
To the son of Ecglaf; the sword he offered him;

Thanked him for lending the lovely weapon;
Called it a war-friend, keen in the battle;
Not a word in blame of the blade he uttered,
Great-hearted hero. Now hastened the guests, 100

Eager to part, and armed for their voyage.
Their dauntless leader, beloved of the Danes.
Came to the high-seat, and to Hrothgar the king

The bold-in-battle now bade farewell.

XXVI

Beowulf's Leave-Taking of Hrothgar

Beowulf spoke, the son of Ecgtheow:

"Now we sea-farers would make known our desire;

1 Unferth.

Far-travelled wanderers, we wish to return
To Hygelac now. A hearty welcome
We here have found, thou hast harbored us well. 5

If ever on earth I may anywise win,
Master of men, more of thy love
Than now I have won, for another adventure
Of arms and war I am eager and willing.

If ever I hear, o'er the ocean-ways 10
That neighbor-tribes threaten annoyance or war,

As feud-seeking foemen afore time assailed thee,

A thousand thanes to thee will I bring,
Heroes to help thee. For Hygelac, I know,
Though young in years will yield me aid; 15
The people's Shepherd will surely help me
By word and deed to do thee service,
And bring thee spear-shafts to speed thee in battle,

Thy might to strengthen when men thou needest.

If ever Hrethric, heir of thy line, 20
Should come to sojourn at the court of the Jutes,

A host of friends he will find awaiting him.
Who boasts himself brave, abroad should travel."

The aged Hrothgar answering spoke:
"To utter these words, the All-wise Lord 25
Hath prompted thy heart; more prudent counsel

From one in years so young as thou,
I never have heard. Thou art hardy in strength,

And sage in spirit, and speakest well.
If ever it happen that Hrethel's heir 30

Be stricken by spear and slain in battle,
If sickness or sword assail thy lord,
And thou survive him, I think it likely

The Sea-Jutes in vain will seek for a better
As choice for their king, their chief to become
And rule o'er the thanes, if thou be willing 36
The lordship to hold. The longer I know thee

The better I like thee, Beowulf my friend.
Thou hast brought it about that both our peoples,

Jutes and the Spear-Danes, shall be joined in peace. 40

They shall cease from war, the strife shall be ended,

The feuds of aforetime, so fiercely waged.
While I rule this realm, our riches we share;
Many shall travel with treasure laden,
Each other to greet, o'er the gannet's bath; 45
O'er the rolling waves the ringed prow
Tokens of friendship shall freely bring

And bind our people in peace together,
Toward friend and foe, in faith as of old."

Still other treasures, twelve in all, 50
Healfdene's heir in the hall bestowed
On Beowulf brave, and bade him take them
And seek his people, and soon return.
Then kissed the king, of kin renowned,
The thane beloved. The lord of the Scyldings
Fell on his neck. Fast flowed the tears 56
Of the warrior gray; he weighed both chances
But held to the hope, though hoary with
years,

That each should see the other again,
And meet in the mead-hall. The man was so
dear 60
That he could not restrain the storm in his
breast.

Locked in his heart, a hidden longing
For the man he loved so, left him no peace,
And burnt in his blood. But Beowulf went;
The gold-decked hero the grass-way trod, 65
Proud of his booty. The boat awaited
Its owner and master, where at anchor it
rode.

As they went on their way, the warriors
praised

The bounty of Hrothgar, the blameless king.
None was his equal till age snatched away 70
The joy of his manhood,—no mortal it
spares.

XXVII

Beowulf's Return Voyage to Hygelac

Then came to the coast the comrades brave,
The lusty warriors, wearing their ring-nets,
Their chain-linked corslets. The coast-guard
saw them,

The same that at first had spied them com-
ing;

This time he chose not to challenge them
harshly, 5

But gave them his greeting, galloping toward
them.

Said the Weder-folk would welcome the
sight of them,

Boarding their ship in shining armor.

Then by the sands, the seaworthy craft,

The iron-ringed keel, with arms was laden, 10
With horses and treasure. On high the mast
Towered above the treasures of Hrothgar.

To the man who had waited as watchman
aboard,

Beowulf gave a gold-bound sword.

(Of on the mead-bench that heirloom pre-
cious 15

Its owner would honor.) When all had em-
barked,
They drove for the deep, from Daneland's
shore.

Then soon did the mast its sea-suit wear,
A sail was unfurled, made fast with ropes,
The sea-wood sang as she sped o'er the ocean,
No baffling head-wind hindered her course; 21
The foamy-necked floater flew o'er the bil-
lows,

The sea-craft staunch o'er the salt-sea waves,
Till they came in sight of the cliffs of Jutland
The well known capes, and the wind-driven
keel, 25

Grating the sand, stood still on the shore.
Soon was at hand the harbor-watch eager.
Long had he looked for his loved companions,
Scanning the sea for their safe return.

The broad-bosomed boat to the beach he
moored 30

With anchor-ropes fast, lest the force of the
waves

That comely craft should cast adrift.

Then Beowulf bade them bring ashore

His treasure-cargo of costly gold

And weapons fine; not far was the way 35

To Hygelac's hall, where at home he dwelt,
The king and his comrades, close by the sea.

END OF THE SECOND ADVENTURE

After the death of Hygelac and his son, Beowulf became king of the Jutes, and ruled over them fifty years. In his old age his people were harried by a fire-dragon, whom the hero went out to fight. It seems that an outlaw, banished and flying for shelter, had come upon a treasure hid in a deep cave or barrow, guarded by a dragon. Long years before, an earl, the last of his race, had buried the treasure. After his death the dragon, sniffing about the stones, had found it and guarded it three hundred years, until the banished man discovered the place, and carried off one of the golden goblets. In revenge the dragon made nightly raids on Beowulf's realm, flying through the air, spitting fire, burning houses and villages, even Beowulf's hall, the "gift-stool" of the Jutes. Beowulf had an iron shield made against the dragon's fiery breath, and with eleven companions, sought out the hill-vault near the sea. These events are related in Sections XXVIII-XXXV of the *Beowulf* MS.

XXXV

Beowulf's Fight with the Fire Dragon

Before attacking the fire-dragon, Beowulf once more, and for the last time, makes his "battle-boast" in the presence of his followers.

Beowulf said to them, brave words spoke he:

"Brunt of battles I bore in my youth,

One fight more I make this day.

I mean to win fame defending my people,

If the grim destroyer will seek me out,

Come at my call from his cavern dark."

Then he greeted his thanes each one,

For the last time hailed his helmeted war-
 riors,
 His comrades dear. "I should carry no
 sword,
 No weapon of war 'gainst the worm should
 bear, 10
 If the foe I might slay by strength of my arm,
 As Grendel I slew long since by my hand.
 But I look to fight a fiery battle,
 With scorching puffs of poisonous breath.
 For this I bear both breastplate and shield; 15
 No foot will I flinch from the foe of the bar-
 row.
 Wyrd is over us, each shall meet
 His doom ordained at the dragon-cliff!
 Bold is my mood, but my boast I omit
 'Gainst the battle-flier. Abide ye here, 20
 Heroes in harness, hard by the barrow,
 Cased in your armor the issue await:
 Which of us two his wounds shall survive.
 Not yours the attempt, the task is mine.
 'Tis meant for no man but me alone 25
 To measure his might 'gainst the monster
 fierce.
 I get you the gold in glorious fight,
 Or battle-death bitter shall bear off your
 lord."

Uprose with his shield the shining hero,
 Bold 'neath his helmet. He bore his harness
 In under the cliff; alone he went, 31
 Himself he trusted; no task for faint-heart.
 Then saw by the wall the warrior brave,
 Hero of many a hard-fought battle,
 Arches of stone that opened a way; 35
 From the rocky gate there gushed a stream,
 Bubbling and boiling with battle-fire.
 So great the heat no hope was there
 To come at the hoard in the cavern's depth,
 Unscathed by the blast of the scorching
 dragon. 40
 He let from his breast his battle-cry leap,
 Swoln with rage was the royal Jute,
 Stormed the stout-heart; strong and clear
 Through the gloom of the cave his cry went
 ringing.

Hate was aroused, the hoard-ward knew 45
 The leader's hail. Too late 'twas now
 To parley for peace. The poisonous breath
 Of the monster shot from the mouth of the
 cave,
 Reeking hot. The hollow earth rumbled.
 The man by the rock upraised his shield, 50
 The lord of the Jutes, 'gainst the loathly
 dragon.
 Now kindled for battle the curled-up beast;
 The king undaunted with drawn sword stood,
 ('Twas an heirloom olden with edge of light-
 ning)

Each was so fierce he affrighted the other. 55
 Towering tall 'neath tilted shield,
 Waited the king as the worm coiled back,
 Sudden to spring: so stood he and waited.
 Blazing he came in coils of fire
 Swift to his doom. The shield of iron 60
 Sheltered the hero too short a while, —
 Life and limb it less protected
 Than he hoped it would, for the weapon he
 held
 First time that day he tried in battle;
 Wyrd had not willed he should win the fight.
 But the lord of the Jutes uplifted his arm, 66
 Smote the scaly worm, struck him so fierce
 That his ancient bright-edged blade gave
 way,
 Bent on the bone, and bit less sure
 Than its owner had need in his hour of peril.
 That sword-stroke roused the wrath of the
 cave-guard; 71
 Fire and flame afar he spirted,
 Blaze of battle; but Beowulf there
 No victory boasted: his blade had failed him,
 Naked in battle, as never it should have, 75
 Well-tempered iron. Nor easy it was
 For Ecgtheow's heir,¹ honored and famous,
 This earth to forsake, forever to leave it;
 Yet he must go, against his will
 Elsewhere to dwell. So we all must leave 80
 This fleeting life. — Erelong the foes,
 Bursting with wrath, the battle renewed.
 The hoard-ward took heart, and with heaving
 breast
 Came charging amain. The champion brave,
 Strength of his people, was sore oppressed,
 Enfolded by flame. No faithful comrades 86
 Crowded about him, his chosen band,
 All aethelings' sons, to save their lives,
 Fled to the wood. One of them only
 Felt surging sorrow; for nought can stifle 90
 Call of kin in a comrade true;

XXXVI

*Wiglaf's Reproach to his Comrades.
 Beowulf Mortally Wounded.*

The shield-thane beloved, lord of the Scylf-
 ings,
 Wiglaf was called, 'twas Weohstan's son,
 Ælfheré's kinsman. When his king he saw
 Hard by the heat under helmet oppressed,
 He remembered the gifts he had got of old, 5
 Lands and wealth of the Waegmunding
 line,
 The folk-rights all that his father's had been;
 He could hold no longer, but hard he gripped
 * Beowulf.

Linden shield yellow and ancient sword. . .

The intervening lines tell the history of the sword and the feuds in which it has participated.

For the first time there the faithful thane, 10
Youthful and stalwart, stood with his leader,
Shoulder to shoulder in shock of battle.
Nor melted his courage, nor cracked his
blade,

His war-sword true, as the worm found out
When together they got in grim encounter. 15

Wiglaf in wrath upbraided his comrades,
Sore was his heart as he spake these words:
"Well I mind when our mead we drank
In the princely hall, how we promised our
lord

Who gave us these rings and golden armlets,
That we would repay his war-gifts rich, 21
Helmets and armor, if haply should come
His hour of peril; us hath he made
Thanes of his choice for this adventure;
Spurred us to glory, and gave us these
treasures 25

Because he deemed us doughty spearmen,
Helmeted warriors, hardy and brave.
Yet all the while, unhelped and alone,
He meant to finish this feat of strength,
Shepherd of men and mightiest lord 30
Of daring deeds. The day is come, —
Now is the hour he needs the aid
Of spearmen good. Let us go to him now,
Help our hero while hard bestead
By the nimble flames. God knows that I 35
Had rather the fire should ruthlessly fold
My body with his, than harbor me safe.
Shame it were surely our shields to carry
Home to our lands, unless we first
Slay this foe and save the life 40
Of the Weder-king. Full well I know
To leave him thus, alone to endure,
Bereft of aid, breaks ancient right.
My helmet and sword shall serve for us both,
Shield and armor we share to-day." 45

Waded the warrior through welter and reek;
Buckler and helmet he bore to his leader;
Heartened the hero with words of hope:
"Do thy best now, dearest Beowulf,
Years ago, in youth, thou vowedst, 50
Living, ne'er to lose thine honor,
Shield thy life and show thy valor.
I stand by thee to the end!"
After these words the worm came on,
Snorting with rage, for a second charge; 55
All mottled with fire his foes he sought,
The warriors hated. But Wiglaf's shield
Was burnt to the boss by the billows of fire;
His harness helped not the hero young.

Shelt he found 'neath the shield of his kins-
man, 60

When the crackling blaze had crumbled his
own.

But mindful of glory, the mighty hero
Smote amain with his matchless sword.
Down it hurtled, driven by anger,
Till it stuck in the skull, then snapped the
blade, 65

Broken was Naegling, Beowulf's sword,
Ancient and gray. 'Twas granted him never
To count on edge of iron in battle;
His hand was too heavy, too hard his strokes,
As I have heard tell, for every blade 70
He brandished in battle: the best gave way,
And left him helpless and hard bestead.
Now for a third time neared the destroyer;
The fire-drake fierce, old feuds remembering,
Charged the warrior who wavered an instant;
Blazing he came and closed his fangs 76
On Beowulf's throat; and throbbing spirts
Of life-blood dark o'erdrrenched the hero.

XXXVII

The Slaying of the Dragon

Then in the hour of utmost peril,
The stripling proved what stock he came of;
Showed his endurance and dauntless courage.
Though burnt was his hand when he backed
his kinsman,

With head unguarded the good thane charged,
Thrust from below at the loathly dragon, 6
Pierced with the point and plunged the blade
in,

The gleaming-bright, till the glow abated
Waning low. Ere long the king
Came to himself, and swiftly drew 10
The war-knife that hung at his harness' side,
And cut in two the coiled monster.
So felled they the foe and finished him
bravely,

Together they killed him, the kinsmen two,
A noble pair. So needs must do 15
Comrades in peril. For the king it proved
His uttermost triumph, the end of his deeds
And work in the world. The wound began,
Where the cave-dragon savage had sunk his
teeth,

To swell and fever, and soon he felt 20
The baleful poison pulse through his blood,
And burn in his breast. The brave old war-
rior

Sat by the wall and summoned his thoughts,
Gazed on the wondrous work of the giants:
Arches of stone, firm-set on their pillars, 25
Upheld that hill-vault hoar and ancient

Now Beowulf's thane, the brave and faithful,
Dashed with water his darling lord,
His comrade and king, all covered with blood
And faint with the fight; unfastened his
helmet. 30

Beowulf spoke despite his hurt,
His piteous wound; full well he knew
His years on earth were ended now,
His hours of glad life, gone for aye
His days allotted, and death was near: 35
"Now would I gladly give to a son
These weapons of war, had Wyrd but granted
That heir of my own should after me come,
Sprung from my loins. This land have I
ruled

Fifty winters. No folk-king dared, 40
None of the chiefs of the neighboring tribes,
To touch me with sword or assail me with
terror

Of battle-threats. I bided at home,
Held my peace and my heritage kept,
Seeking no feuds nor swearing false oaths. 45
This gives me comfort, and gladdens me now,
Though wounded sore and sick unto death.
As I leave my life, the Lord may not charge
me;

With killing of kinsmen. Now quickly go,
Wiglaf beloved, to look at the hoard, 50
Where hidden it rests 'neath the hoary rock.
For the worm lies still, put asleep by his
wound,

Robbed of his riches. Then rise and haste!
Give me to see that golden hoard,
Gaze on the store of glorious gems, 55
The easier then I may end my life,
Leave my lordship that long I held."

XXXVIII

The Rescue of the Hoard and the Death of Beowulf

Swiftly, 'tis said, the son of Weohstan
Obeyed the words of his bleeding lord,
Maimed in the battle. Through the mouth
of the cave

Boldly he bore his battle-net in.
Glad of the victory, he gazed about him; 5
Many a sun-bright jewel he saw,
Glittering gold, strewn on the ground,
Heaped in the den of the dragon hoary,
Old twilight-flier, — flagons once bright,
Wassail cups wondrous of warriors departed
Stript of their mountings, many a helmet 11
Ancient and rusted, armlets a many,
Curiously woven. (Wealth so hoarded,
Buried treasure, will taint with pride,
Him that hides it, whoever it be.) 15
Towering high o'er the hoard he saw

A gleaming banner with gold inwoven,
Of broidure rare, its radiance streamed
So bright, he could peer to the bounds of the
cave,

Survey its wonders; no worm was seen. 20
Edge of the sword had ended his life.
Then, as they say, that single adventurer
Plundered the hoard that was piled by the
giants;

Gathered together old goblets and platters,
Took what he liked; the towering banner, 25
Brightest of beacons, he brought likewise.
The blade of Beowulf, his brave old chief,
With edge of iron had ended the life
Of him that had guarded the golden hoard
For many a year, and at midnight hour 30
Had spread the terror of surging flames
In front of the den, till death o'ertook him.
So Wiglaf returned with treasure laden,
The high-souled hero hastened his steps,
Anxiously wondered if he should find 35
The lord of the Weders alive where he left
him

Sapped of his strength and stretched on the
ground.

As he came from the hill he beheld his com-
rade,

His lord of bounty, bleeding and faint,
Near unto death. He dashed him once more
Bravely with water, till burden of speech 41
Broke from his breast, and Beowulf spoke,
Gazing sad at the gold before him:

"For the harvest of gold that here I look on,
To the God of Glory I give my thanks. 45
To the Ruler Eternal I render praise
That ere I must go, he granted me this,
To leave to my people this priceless hoard.
'Twas bought with my life; now look ye well
To my people's need when I have departed.
No more I may bide among ye here. 51
Bid the battle-famed build on the foreland
A far-seen barrow when flames have burnt
me.

High o'er the headland of whales it shall
tower,

A beacon and mark to remind my people. 55
And sailors shall call it in years to come
Beowulf's Barrow, as back from afar
O'er the glooming deep they drive their
keels."

The great-hearted king unclasped from
his neck
A collar of gold and gave to his thane, 60
The brave young warrior, his bright-gilt
helmet,
Breastplate and ring. So bade him farewell:
"Thou are the last to be left of our house.

Wyrd hath o'erwhelmed our Waegmunding
line,
Swept my kinsmen swift to their doom. 65
Earls in their prime. I must follow them."
These words were the last that the warrior
gray
Found, ere the funeral-flames he chose.
Swift from his bosom his soul departed 69
To find the reward of the faithful and true.

In lines 2821-2891, Section XXXIX of the MS., the narrative doubles back upon itself to repeat the description of Beowulf and the Dragon lying dead before the cave, and to report Wiglaf's second reproach to the deserters.

XL

Beowulf's Death Announced to the People. The Speech of the Herald.

Then Wiglaf bade the battle-work tell
To the sorrowful troop that had sat all day
At the sea-cliff's edge, their shields in hand,
In dread and in hope, yet doubtful of either:
Their dear lord's return, or his death in the
fight. 5
The herald that came to the headland riding,
Nought kept back of the news that befell,
But truthfully told them the tidings all:
"Now lies low the lord of the Weders;
The generous giver of gifts to the Jutes, 10
Sleeps his battle-sleep, slain by the worm.
At his side lies stretched his slaughterous foe,
Fordone by the dagger. The dragon fierce
Would take no wound from touch of sword;
Its blade would not bite. At Beowulf's side
Wiglaf sits, the son of Weohstan; 16
By the hero dead, the hero living
At his head keeps watch with woful heart
O'er friend and foe."

The Herald now warns of renewed attacks on the Jutes by Franks and Frisians, and alludes to the origin of the feud in the famous raid in which Hygelac was slain. He further warns of renewed attacks by the Swedes, now that Beowulf is dead, and refers to the origin of the wars between Swedes and Jutes and to a famous battle at "Ravenswood." The episodic digression over, the herald returns to present events.

XLI

The Herald's Speech Concluded.

"'Tis time we hasten
To see where lies our lord and king,
Our giver of bounty, and bear him away
To the funeral pyre; of precious gems
Not a few shall melt in the fire with him. 5
The hoard he won, the wealth untold,
The priceless treasure he purchased so dear,
And bought with his life at the bitter end,

The flame shall enfold it, the fire consume.
No warrior one keepsake shall carry away,
No necklace be worn by winsome maid. 11
In sorrow rather, and reft of her gold,
Alone she shall tread the track of an exile,
Now our lord lies low, his laughter stilled,
His mirth and revel. Now many a spear 15
Shall morning-cold be clasped in the hand
And held on high. No harp shall sound
The warriors to wake, but the wan-hued
raven
Shall croak o'er the carcass and call to the
eagle,
To tell how he fared at the feast after battle
When he and the gray wolf gorged on the
slain." 21

Thus ended his tale, his tidings of woe,
The faithful thane, nor falsely reported
Wyrd or word. The warriors rose;
To the Eagles' Cliff they came in sadness, 25
With welling tears, the wonder to see.
Lying helpless, their lord they found
Stretched on the ground, the giver of rings.
The end had come to him, open-handed
King of the Weders, warrior brave. 30
That day a fearful death he had found.
A stranger thing they saw near by:
The loathsome monster lying dead
On the field where they fought, the fiery
dragon,
The gruesome beast was burnt and charred.
Fifty feet in full he measured 36
In length, as he lay, along the ground.
'Twas his wont at night to wing aloft
And dip to earth as his den he sought;
Now he lay dead, his night-revels over. 40
Scattered about were bowls and flagons,
Golden platters, and priceless swords,
With rust eaten through, as though they had
lain

Winters a thousand in the womb of the earth.
O'er that heritage huge, the hoard of afore-
time, 45
A spell had been woven to ward off despoilers,
And none might touch the treasure-vault
hidden;
Save that God alone, the Lord of victory,
The Guardian of men, might grant the power
To unlock the hoard, and lift the treasure, 50
To such a hero as to Him seemed meet.

XLII

Beowulf's Body Carried to the Funeral Pyre and the Dragon Cast into the Sea.

Wiglaf spoke, the son of Weohstan:
"Let us go once more to gaze at the marvels

Still left 'neath the rock; I will lead you in
 Where your hands may touch great heaps of
 gold,
 Bracelets and rings. Let the bier be ready 5
 When out of the cave we come again,
 To bear away the warrior brave,
 Our lord beloved, where long he shall bide,
 Kept in the sheltering care of God."
 The son of Weohstan, warrior brave, 10
 Called on the folk-men, far and wide,
 From house and home to hasten and bring
 Wood for the pyre of the peerless man,
 His funeral pile. "Now fire shall consume,
 The wan flame wax o'er the warrior strong,
 Who oft stood firm in the iron shower, 16
 When the storm of arrows, sent from the
 bow-string,
 Flew o'er the shield-wall, and the fleet-
 winged shaft,
 Feathered behind, pushed home the barb." 19
 Now the wise young warrior, Weohstan's son,
 Seven men called, of the king's own thanes,
 The best of the band; the bravest he gathered,
 Himself the eighth, they sought the den
 Of the hateful beast; one bore in his hand
 A lighted torch and led the way. 25
 No lots were drawn for the dragon's hoard,
 When they saw it lying, loose in the cave,
 Uncared for, unguarded, unclaimed by a soul;
 There was none to hinder as they hurried
 away,
 Laden with spoils and splendid heirlooms. 30
 O'er the edge of the cliff they cast the dragon,
 Into the sea, the scaly worm;
 Let the waves engulf the gold-hoard's keeper.
 On a wagon they loaded the wondrous
 treasure,
 Gold past counting. The gray-haired king
 They bore to the pyre, on the Point of
 Whales. 36

XLIII

The Burning of Beowulf's Body

Then built for Beowulf the band of the Jutes
 A funeral pyre; 'twas firmly based.
 They hung it with helmets as he had bidden,
 With shining byrnie and battle-shields.
 In the midst they laid, with loud lament, 5
 Their lord beloved, their leader brave.

On the brow of the cliff they kindled the
 blaze,
 Black o'er the flames the smoke shot up;
 Cries of woe, in the windless air,
 Rose and blent with the roar of the blast, 10
 Till the frame of the body burst with the
 heat
 Of the seething heart. In sorrowing mood
 They mourned aloud their leader dead.
 Joined in the wail a woman old,¹
 With hair upbound for Beowulf grieved, 15
 Chanted a dreary dirge of woe,
 Dark forebodings of days to come,
 Thick with slaughter and throes of battle,
 Bondage and shame. The black smoke rose.
 High on the headland they heaped a barrow,
 Lofty and broad 'twas built by the Weders,
 Far to be seen by sea-faring men. 22
 Ten days long they toiled to raise it,
 The battle-king's beacon. They built a wall
 To fence the brands of the funeral burning, 25
 The choicest and best their chiefs could de-
 vise.
 In the barrow they buried the bracelets and
 rings,
 All those pieces of precious treasure
 That bold-hearted men had brought from the
 cave,
 Returned to earth the heirloom of heroes, 30
 The gold to the ground, again to become
 As useless to men as of yore it had been.

Around the barrow the battle-brave rode,
 Twelve in the troop, all true-born aethelings,
 To make their lament and mourn for the
 king; 35
 To chant a lay their lord to honor.
 They praised his daring; his deeds of prowess
 They mentioned in song. For meet it is
 That men should publish their master's
 praise,
 Honor their chieftain, and cherish him dearly
 When he leaves this life, released from the
 body. 41

Thus joined the men of the Jutes in mourning
 Their hero's end. His hearth-companions
 Called him the best among kings of the earth,
 Mildest of men, and most beloved, 45
 Kindest to kinsmen, and keenest for fame,

¹ Perhaps his wife.

THE VENERABLE BEDE (673-735)

The Venerable Bede, a scholarly monk in the Benedictine monastery at Jarrow in Northumbria, is the author of the *Ecclesiastical History of the English People*, a work written in Latin which is our chief historical authority for the life and civilization of Anglo-Saxon England. In Book IV, Chapter XXIV, of his *History*, he tells the famous story of the poet Cædmon, the earliest English poet whose name has survived to us. Of his poetry, unfortunately, there has been preserved only the short hymn which Bede quotes. The poetical paraphrases of the Bible which long went under Cædmon's name are now known to be of later date.

The *Ecclesiastical History* was one of the works which King Alfred translated, or caused to be translated, into Old English. A good modern translation is that of J. A. Giles (Bohn Library). The selection here printed, translated by A. S. Cook, is by kind permission of Professor Cook and of Ginn & Co. taken from Cook and Tinker's *Select Translations from Old English Poetry*.

BEDE'S ACCOUNT OF THE
POET CÆDMON

Translated by Albert S. Cook

There was in the monastery of this abbess a certain brother especially distinguished by the grace of God, since he was wont to make poems breathing of piety and religion. Whatever he learned of Sacred Scripture by the mouth of interpreters, he in a little time gave forth in poetical language composed with the greatest sweetness and depth of feeling, in English, his native tongue; and the effect of his poems was ever and anon to incite the souls of many to despise the world and long for the heavenly life. Not but that there were others after him among the people of the Angles who sought to compose religious poetry; but none there was who could equal him, for he did not learn the art of song from men, nor through the means of any man; rather did he receive it as a free gift from God. Hence it came to pass that he never was able to compose poetry of a frivolous or idle sort; none but such as pertain to religion suited a tongue so religious as his. Living always the life of a layman until well advanced in years, he had never learned the least thing about poetry. In fact, so little did he understand of it that when at a feast it would be ruled that every one present should, for the entertainment of the others, sing in turn, he would, as soon as he saw the harp coming anywhere near him, jump up from the table in the midst of the banqueting, leave the place, and make the best of his way home.

This he had done at a certain time, and, leaving the house where the feast was in progress, had gone out to the stable where the care of the cattle had been assigned to him for that night. There, when it was time to go to sleep, he had lain down for that purpose. But while he slept some one stood by

him in a dream, greeted him, called him by name, and said, "Cædmon, sing me something." To this he replied, "I know not how to sing, and that is the very reason why I left a feast and came here, because I could not sing." But the one who was talking with him answered, "No matter, you are to sing for me." "Well, then," said he, "what is it that I must sing?" "Sing," said the other, "the beginning of created things." At this reply he immediately began to sing verses in praise of God the Creator, verses that he had never heard, and whose meaning is as follows: "Now should we praise the Keeper of the heavenly kingdom, the might of the Creator and His counsel, the works of the Father of glory; how He, though God eternal, became the author of all marvels. He, the almighty Guardian of mankind, first created for the sons of men heaven as a roof, and afterwards the earth." This is the meaning, but not the precise order, of the words which he sang in his sleep; for no songs, however well they may be composed, can be rendered from one language into another without loss of grace and dignity. When he rose from sleep, he remembered all that he had sung while in that state, and shortly after added, in the same strain, many more words of a hymn befitting the majesty of God.

In the morning he went to the steward who was set over him, and showed him what gift he had acquired. Being led to the abbess, he was bidden to make known his dream and repeat his poem to the many learned men who were present, that they all might give their judgment concerning the thing which he related, and whence it was; and they were unanimously of the opinion that heavenly grace had been bestowed upon him by the Lord. They then set about expounding to him a piece of sacred history or teaching, bidding him, if he could, to turn it into the rhythm of poetry. This he under-

took to do, and departed. In the morning he returned and delivered the passage assigned to him, converted into an excellent poem. The abbess, honoring the grace of God as displayed in the man, shortly afterward instructed him to forsake the condition of a layman and take upon himself the vows of a monk. She thereupon received him into the monastery with his whole family, and made him one of the company of the brethren, commanding that he should be taught the whole course and succession of Biblical history. He, in turn, calling to mind what he was able to learn by the hearing of the ear, and, as it were, like a clean animal, chewing upon it as a cud, transformed it all into most agreeable poetry; and, by echoing it back in a more harmonious form, made his teachers in turn listen to him. Thus he rehearsed the creation of the world, the origin of man, and all the story of Genesis; the departure of Israel from Egypt and their entry into the Promised Land, together with many other histories from Holy Writ; the incarnation of our Lord, his passion, resurrection, and ascension into heaven; the coming of the Holy Ghost and the teaching of the Apostles; moreover, he made many poems about the terror of the future judgment, the awfulness of the pains of hell, and the joy of the heavenly kingdom, besides a great number about the mercies and judgments of God. In all these he exerted himself to allure men from the love of wickedness, and to impel them to the love and practice of righteous living; for he was a very devout man, humbly submissive to the monastic rule, but full of consuming zeal against those who were disposed to act otherwise.

Hence it came to pass that he ended his life with a fair death. For when the hour of his departure drew nigh, he was afflicted for the space of a fortnight with a bodily weakness which seemed to prepare the way; yet it was so far from severe that he was able during the whole of that time to walk about and converse. Near at hand there was a cottage, to which those who were sick and appeared nigh unto death were usually taken. At the

approach of evening on the same night when he was to leave the world, he desired his attendant to make ready a place there for him to take his rest. The attendant did so, though he could not help wondering at the request, since he did not seem in the least like a person about to die. When he was placed in the infirmary, he was somehow full of good humor, and kept talking and joking with those who had already been brought there. Some time after midnight he asked whether they had the Eucharist at hand. "What do you need of the Eucharist?" they answered, "you aren't going to die yet, for you are just as full of fun in talking with us as if nothing were the matter with you." "Never mind," said he, "bring me the Eucharist." Taking it in his hand, he asked, "Are you all at peace with me, and free from any grudge or ill-will?" "Yes," they all responded, "we are perfectly at peace with you, and cherish no grievance whatever." "But are you," said they, "entirely at peace with us?" "Yes, my dear children," he answered without hesitation, "I am at peace with all the servants of God." And thus saying, he made ready for his entrance into the other life by partaking of the heavenly journey-bread. Not long after he inquired, "How near is it to the hour when the brethren are wakened for lauds?" "But a little while," was the reply. "Well then," said he, "let us wait for that hour," and, making over himself the sign of the cross, he laid his head on the pillow, and falling into a light slumber, ended his life in silence. And so it came to pass that, as he had served the Lord in simplicity and purity of mind, and with serene attachment and loyalty, so by a serene death he left the world, and went to look upon His face. And meet in truth it was that the tongue which had indited so many helpful words in praise of the Creator, should frame its very last words in His praise, while in the act of signing himself with the cross, and of commending his spirit into His hands. And that he foresaw his death is apparent from what has here been related.

THE WANDERER

Translated by J. Duncan Spaeth¹

The *Wanderer*, probably composed early in the eighth century, is one of the poems of the Exeter Book, a manuscript which has belonged continuously to the library of Exeter Cathedral since the time of the Norman Conquest. It presents with an intensity which suggests personal experience the thoughts of a wandering exile. His liege-lord is dead; his home has been laid waste; his friends are scattered. In the desolation which has come upon him he sees the type of the transitoriness of all human life.

THE WANDERER

Many a lonely man at last comes to honor;
Merits God's mercy, though much he endured
On wintry seas, with woe in his heart,
Dragging his oar through drenching-cold
brine,
Homeless and houseless and hunted by
Wyrd.¹ 5

These are the words of a way-faring wanderer,
This is his song of the sorrow of life,
Slaughter of foemen, felling of kinsmen:

Oft in the dark, alone before dawning,
All to myself my sorrow I tell. 10
No friend have I here, to whom I may open
My heart's deep secret, my hidden spring of
woe.

Well do I know 'tis the way of the high-born,
Fast in his heart to fetter his feelings,
Lock his unhappiness in the hold of his mind. 15
Spirit that sorrows withstandeth not destiny,
Heart that complaineth plucketh no help.
A haughty hero will hide his suffering,
Manfully master misery's pang.
Thus stricken with sorrow, stript of my
heritage, 20

Far from kinsmen and country and friends,
Grimly I grappled my grief to my bosom,
Since long time ago, my giver of bounty
Was laid in the earth, and left me to roam
Watery wastes, with winter in my heart. 25
Forsaken I sought a shielder and protector;
Far and near I found none to greet the wanderer,
No master to make him welcome in his wine-
hall;
None to cheer the cheerless, or the friendless
to befriend.

He who has lost all his loved companions 30
Knoweth how bitter a bedfellow is sorrow.

¹ Destiny.

Loneliness his lot, not lordly gold,
Heart-chilling frost, not harvest of plenty.
Oft he remembers the mirth of the mead-
hall,
Yearns for the days of his youth, when his
dear lord 35
Filled him with abundance. Faded are those
joys!

He shall know them no more; no more shall
he listen

To the voice of his lord, his leader and coun-
sellor.

Sometimes sleep and sorrow together
Gently enfold the joyless wanderer: 40
Bright are his dreams, he embraces his lord
again,

Kisses his liege, and lays on his knee
Head and hands as in happy days,
When he thanked for a boon his bountiful
giver.

Wakes with a start the wanderer homeless; 45
Nought he beholds but the heaving surges,
Seagulls dipping and spreading their wings,
Scurries of snow and the scudding hail.

Then his heart is all the heavier,
Sore after sweet dreams sorrow reviveth. 50
Fain would he hold the forms of his kinsmen,
Longingly leans to them, lovingly greets
them;

Slowly their faces swim into distance;
No familiar greeting comes from the fleeting
Companies of kinsmen. Care ever shad-
ows 55

The way of the traveller, whose track is on
the waters,

Whose path is on the billows of the boundless
deep.

Behold I know not how I may keep
My heart from sinking, heavy with sorrow,
When all life's destiny deeply I ponder, — 60
Men that are suddenly snatched in their
prime,

High-souled heroes; so the whole of this
earth

Day by day droopeth and sinketh to decay. . . .¹

How dread is the doom of the last desolation,
When all the wealth of the world shall be waste, 65

He that is wise may learn, if he looks
Abroad o'er this land, where lonely and ruinous,

Wind-swept walls, waste are standing;
Tottering towers, crusted with frost,
Crumbling wine-halls, bare to the sky. 70

Dead is their revelry, dust are the revellers!
Some they have fallen on far fields of battle,
Some have gone down in ships on the sea;
Some were the prey of the prowling gray-wolf,

Some by their loved ones were laid in the earth. 75

The Lord of the living hath levelled their mansions,

Silenced the sound of the singing and laughter.

Empty and bare are all their habitations,
Wondrous works of the giants of old.

He that considers this scene of desolation, 80
And this dark life deeply doth ponder, —
Battle and blood-shed, burning and slaughter,

It bringeth to mind, and mournfully he asks:

¹ Ten lines are omitted in Professor Spaeth's translation.

Where is the warrior, where is the war-horse?
Where is the giver of bounty, where are the
boon-companions, 85
The "dream and the gleam" that gladden
the hall?

Alas the bright ale-cup, alas the brave warrior!

Alas the pride of princes! Their prime is no more;

Sunk under night's shadow, as though it never had been!

Where lusty warriors thronged, this lone wall towers, 90

Weird with dragon-shapes, wondrously carved;

Storm of ash-spears hath stricken the heroes,
Blood-thirsty weapons, Wyrd the supreme.

Wintry blasts now buffet these battlements;
Dreary snow-storms drift up the earth, 95

The terror of winter when wild and wan
Down from the north with the darkness drives

The ruinous scourge of the ruthless hail.

All this life is labor and sorrow,
Doom of destiny darkens o'er earth. 100
Wealth is fleeting, friends are fleeting,
Man is fleeting, maid is fleeting,
All this earth's foundations utterly shall pass.¹

¹ Five concluding lines of moralizing comment are omitted in Professor Spaeth's rendering.

KING ALFRED THE GREAT (849-901)

Alfred, King of the West-Saxons from 871 to 901, having driven back the invading Danes, and established his people in security and peace, turned to the problem of their education. He welcomed at his court scholars from many lands. Finding that many, even of his high ecclesiastics, knew little Latin, he translated, or caused to be translated, into English five important books: the *Consolation of Philosophy* of Boethius, the *Pastoral Care* of Gregory the Great, the *Soliloquies* of St. Augustine, the *Ecclesiastical History* of Bede, and the *Universal History* of Orosius. Into this last translation he inserted two narratives brought to him by Ohtthere, a Norwegian traveller and explorer, and by Wulfstan, who had voyaged into the pagan countries of the eastern Baltic.

The translation of these passages, by C. B. Tinker, is by kind permission of Ginn & Co. reproduced from Cook and Tinker's *Select Translations from Old English Prose*.

THE VOYAGES OF OHTHERE AND WULFSTAN

Translated by Chauncey B. Tinker

OHTHERE'S FIRST VOYAGE

Ohthere¹ told King Alfred, his lord, that he, of all the Norwegians, dwelt farthest to the north. He said that he lived in the northern part of the country, by the shore of

¹ Pronounce *Ocht'-hair-e* (with the *ch* as in German).

the West Sea. Notwithstanding, the land extended yet farther to the north; but it was all waste, save in a few places here and there where Finns dwell, attracted by the hunting in winter and the sea-fishing in summer. He said that at a certain time he wished to discover how far north the land extended and

whether anybody lived north of the waste. So he set out due north along the coast for three days, with the waste land to starboard and the high seas to larboard. By that time he was as far north as whale-fishers ever go. Upon this, he proceeded due north as far as he could sail in the next three days. At that point the land curved to the east — or the sea in on the land, he knew not which; all he knew was that there he waited for a wind from the west, or somewhat from the north-west, and so sailed east, close to land, as far as he could in four days. There he was obliged to wait for a wind from due north, for at that point the land curved due south — or the sea in on the land, he knew not which. Thence he sailed due south, close to land, as far as he could in five days. At that point a great river extended up into the land. Then they turned up into this river, for they durst not sail beyond it for dread of hostile treatment, the land being all inhabited on the other side of the river. He had not encountered any inhabited land since leaving his own home, for to the right the land was uninhabited all the way, save for fishermen, fowlers, and hunters, and these were all Finns; to the left there was always open sea. The Permians had cultivated their land very well, but they durst not enter it. The land of the Terfinns was all waste, save where hunters, fishermen, or fowlers encamped.

The Permians told him many stories both about their own country and about countries which were round them, but he knew not what was true, because he did not see it himself. The Finns and the Permians, it seemed to him, spoke nearly the same language. He made this voyage, in addition to his purpose of seeing the country, chiefly for walrus, for they have very good bone in their teeth — they brought some of these teeth to the king — and their hides are very good for ship-ropes. This whale is much smaller than other whales, being not more than seven ells long; but the best whale-fishing is in his own country — those are eight and forty ells long, and the largest fifty ells long. He said he was one of a party of six who killed sixty of these in two days.

Ohthere was a very wealthy man in such possessions as constitute their wealth, that is, in wild beasts. He still, at the time when he came to the king, had six hundred tame deer that he had not sold. They call these reindeer. Six of these were decoy deer, which are very valuable among the Finns, for it is with them that they capture the wild rein-

deer. He was among the first men in the land, though he had not more than twenty horned cattle, twenty sheep, and twenty swine, and the little that he plowed he plowed with horses. But their income is chiefly in the tribute that the Finns pay them — skins of animals, feathers of birds, whalebone, and ship-ropes made of whale's hide and seal's hide. Every one pays according to his means; the richest has to pay fifteen marten skins and five reindeer skins; one bear skin, forty bushels of feathers, a bear- or otter-skin kirtle, and two ship-ropes, each sixty ells long, one made of whale's hide and the other of seal's.

He said that the country of the Northmen was very long and very narrow. All that his man can use for either grazing or ploughing lies by the sea, and even that is very rocky in some places; and to the east, alongside the inhabited land, lie wild moors. In these waste lands dwell the Finns. And the inhabited land is broadest to the eastward, growing ever narrower the farther north. To the east it may be sixty miles broad, or even a little broader, and midway thirty or broader; and to the north, where it was narrowest, he said it might be three miles broad up to the moor. Moreover the moor is so broad in some places that it would take a man two weeks to cross it, in other places of such a breadth that a man can cross it in six days. . . .

WULFSTAN'S VOYAGE

Wulfstan said that he set out from Hadeby,¹ arriving at Truso after seven days and nights, the ship running all the way under sail. He had Wendland [Mecklenburg and Pomerania] on the starboard, and Langland, Laaland, Falster, and Sconey on the larboard; and all these lands belong to Denmark. And then we² had on our larboard the land of the Burgundians [Bornholmians], who have their own king. After the land of the Burgundians, we had on our left those lands that were first called Blekinge, and Meore,³ and Öland, and Gothland; these lands belong to the Swedes. And we had Wendland [the country of the Wends] to the starboard all the way to the mouth of the Vistula. The Vistula is a very large river, separating Witland from Wendland; and Witland belongs to the Esthonians. The Vistula flows out of Wendland, and runs into

¹ In Eastern Schleswig. ² So the Old English.

³ The mainland of Sweden, opposite Öland.

the Frische Haff. The Frische Haff is about fifteen miles broad. Then the Elbing empties into the Frische Haff, flowing from the east out of the lake [Drausen] on the shore of which stands Truso; and there empty together into the Frische Haff, the Elbing from the east, flowing out of Esthonia, and the Vistula from the south, out of Wendland. The Vistula gives its name to the Elbing, running out of the mere [the Frische Haff] west and north into the sea; therefore it [the place where it flows out of the Frische Haff] is called the mouth of the Vistula.

Esthonia [Eastland] is very large, and many towns are there, and in every town there is a king. There is also very much honey, and fishing. The king and the richest men drink mare's milk, but the poor and the slaves drink mead. There is much strife among them. There is no ale brewed by the Esthonians, but there is mead enough.

There is a custom among the Esthonians that when a man dies he lies unburnt in his house, with his kindred and friends, a month — sometimes two; and the kings and other men of high rank still longer, in proportion to their wealth; it is sometimes half a year that they remain unburnt, lying above ground, in their houses. All the while that the body is within there is to be drinking and sports until the day he is burned. The same day on which they are to bear him to the pyre they divide his property, what is left after the drinking and sports, into five or six parts — sometimes into more, according to the

amount of his goods. Then they lay the largest share about a mile from the town, then the second, then the third, till it is all laid within the one mile; and the smallest part must be nearest the town in which the dead man lies. Then there are assembled all the men in the land that have the swiftest horses, about five or six miles from the goods. Then they all run toward the goods, and the man who has the swiftest horse comes to the first and largest portion, and so one after another till it be all taken; and he who arrives at the goods nearest the town gets the smallest portion. Then each man goes his way with the goods, and he may keep them all; and for this reason swift horses are excessively dear in that country. When his property is thus all spent, they bear him out and burn him with his weapons and clothes. Usually they spend all his wealth, what with the long time that the corpse lies within and what with the goods that they lay along the roads, and that the strangers race for and carry off.

It is also a custom among the Esthonians to burn men of every tribe, and if any one finds a bone unburnt they have to make great amends for it.

There is one tribe among the Esthonians that has the power of producing cold, and it is because they produce this cold upon them that the corpses lie so long without decaying. And if a man sets two vats full of ale or water, they cause both to be frozen over, whether it be summer or winter.

THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH

Translated by Tennyson

In the year 937, Athelstan, son of Edward the Elder, grandson of Alfred the Great, and king of the West-Saxons and Mercians, defeated the allied armies of Constantine, king of the Scots, and Anlaf (or Olaf), leader of the Norsemen who a hundred years earlier had established themselves in Ireland. The poem which describes the battle is entered in the *Saxon Chronicle* under the year 937. It is in the same metrical form as *Beowulf* and the rest of Old English poetry; but Tennyson's version, based on a prose translation by his son Hallam, treats the half-line of two beats as the metrical unit.

THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH

I

Athelstan King,
Lord among Earls,
Bracelet-bestower and
Baron of Barons,
He with his brother,
Edmund Atheling,

Gaining a lifelong
Glory in battle,
Slew with the sword-edge
There by Brunanburh,
Brake the shield-wall,
Hewed the linden-wood,¹
Hacked the battle-shield,

Sons of Edward with hammered brands.

¹ Shields of linden-wood.

II

Theirs was a greatness 15
 Got from their grandsires —
 Theirs that so often in
 Strife with their enemies
 Struck for their hoards and their hearths and
 their homes.

III

Bowed the spoiler, 20
 Bent the Scotsman,
 Fell the ship-crews
 Doomed to the death.
 All the field with blood of the fighters
 Flowed, from when first the great 25
 Sun-star of morning-tide,
 Lamp of the Lord God
 Lord everlasting,
 Glode over earth till the glorious creature
 Sank to his setting. 30

IV

There lay many a man
 Marred by the javelin,
 Men of the Northland
 Shot over shield.
 There was the Scotsman 35
 Weary of war.

V

We the West-Saxons,
 Long as the daylight
 Lasted, in companies
 Troubled the track of the host that we
 hated. 40
 Grimly with swords that were sharp from the
 grindstone,
 Fiercely we hacked at the flyers before us.

VI

Mighty the Mercian,
 Hard was his hand-play,
 Sparing not any of 45
 Those that with Anlaf,
 Warriors over the
 Weltering waters
 Borne in the bark's-bosom,
 Drew to this island — 50
 Doomed to the death.

VII

Five young kings put asleep by the sword-
 stroke,
 Seven strong Earls of the army of Anlaf
 Fell on the war-field, numberless numbers,
 Shipmen and Scotsmen. 55

VIII

Then the Norse leader,
 Dire was his need of it,
 Few were his following,
 Fleed to his war-ship;
 Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king in it, 60
 Saving his life on the fallow flood.

IX

Also the crafty one,
 Constantinus,
 Crept to his North again,
 Hoar-headed hero! 65

X

Slender warrant had
He to be proud of
 The welcome of war-knives —
 He that was reft of his
 Folk and his friends that had 70
 Fallen in conflict,
 Leaving his son too
 Lost in the carnage,
 Mangled to morsels,
 A youngster in war! 75

XI

Slender reason had
He to be glad of
 The clash of the war-glaive —
 Traitor and trickster
 And spurner of treaties — 80
 He nor had Anlaf
 With armies so broken
 A reason for bragging
 That they had the better
 In perils of battle 85
 On places of slaughter —
 The struggle of standards,
 The rush of the javelins,
 The crash of the charges,¹
 The wielding of weapons — 90
 The play that they played with
 The children of Edward.

XII

Then with their nailed prows
 Parted the Norsemen, a
 Blood-reddened relic of 95
 Javelins over
 The jarring breaker, the deep-sea billow,
 Shaping their way toward Dyflen² again
 Shamed in their souls.

1 Lit. "the gathering of men."

2 Dublin.

XV

Never had huger
Slaughter of heroes
Slain by the sword-edge —
Such as old writers
Have writ of in histories — 115
Hapt in this isle, since
Up from the East hither
Saxon and Angle from
Over the broad billow
Broke into Britain with 120
Haughty war-workers who
Harried the Welshman, when
Earls that were lured by the
Hunger of glory gat
Hold of the land. 125

Many a carcase they left to be carrion, 105
Many a livid one, many a sallow-skin —
Left for the white-tailed eagle to tear it, and
Left for the horny-nibbed raven to rend it,
and
Gave to the garbaging war-hawk to gorge it,
and
That gray beast, the wolf of the weald. 110

*Translated by J. Duncan Spaeth*¹

The battle of Maldon was fought in the year 991 on the shores of a tidal river near the coast of Essex, where a marauding band of Vikings under the famous Olaf Tryggvason had made a landing. Byrhtnoth, alderman of Essex, and liegeman of King Æthelred the Redeless, hastily gathered an army and marched against him. He was killed in the battle, and his army was defeated. The poem is a spirited song of heroic defeat, written, apparently, by some one who had first-hand knowledge of the events, and who was also familiar with the Old English epic poetry of the seventh and eighth centuries.

The beginning of the poem is lost. The first sixteen lines of the remaining portion describe how Byrhtnoth's men, arrived at the battle field, dismount and turn their horses loose, how one of them sends his hawk flying to the wood, and how the East Saxon alderman proceeds to marshal his band on the banks of the stream. The poem continues as follows:

Byrhtnoth encouraged his comrades heartily;
Rode through the ranks and roused their
spirits;

Marshaled his men to meet the onset;
Showed them how they should hold their
shields

Firm in their grip, and fearless stand. — 5
When he had briskly whetted their courage,
He leaped from his steed and stood with his
people,
His hearth-band beloved and household
thanes.

Then strode to the strand a stalwart North-
man.

The viking herald. They heard him shout,¹⁰
Send o'er the tide the taunt of the pirates;
Hailing the earl, he hurled this challenge:

"Bold sea-rovers bade me tell thee
 Straightway thou must send them tribute,
 Rings for ransom, royal treasure; 15
 Better with gifts ye buy us off,
 Ere we deal hard blows and death in battle.
 Why spill we blood when the bargain is easy?
 Give us the pay and we grant ye peace.
 If thou dost agree, who art greatest here, 20
 To ransom thy folk with the fee we demand,
 And give to the seamen the gold they ask,
 Pay with tribute for treaty of peace,
 We load the booty aboard our ships,
 Haul to sea and hold the truce." 25
 Byrthnoth spake, he brandished his spear,
 Lifted his shield and shouted aloud,
 Grim was his wrath as he gave them his
 answer:

"Hearst thou, pirate, my people's reply?
 Ancient swords they will send for ransom; 30
 Poison-tipped points they will pay for tribute;
 Treasure that scarce will serve you in battle.
 Go back pirate, give them my answer;
 Bring them this word of bitter defiance;
 Tell them here standeth, stern and intrepid, 35
 The earl with his folk, to defend his country,
 Æthelred's realm, the rights of my lord,
 His house and his home; the heathen shall fall,
 Pirates and robbers. My people were shamed,

If ye loaded our booty aboard your ships, 40
 And floated them off unfought for, to sea,
 Having sailed so far, to set foot on our soil.
 Not all so easily earn ye our gold!
 Sword-blades and spear-points we sell you
 first;
 Battle-play grim, ere ye get our tribute!" 45

Forward he told his troop 'o come,
 To step under shield and stand by the shore.
 The breadth of the stream kept the bands
 asunder;
 Strong came flowing the flood after ebb,
 Filled the channel, and foamed between
 them. 50

Impatient stood by Panta stream,
 East-Saxon host and horde of the pirates,
 Longing to lock their lances in battle.
 Neither could harass or harm the other,
 Save that some fell by the flight of arrows. 55

Down went the tide, the Danes were ready;
 Burned for battle the band of the Vikings;
 On the bridge stood Wulfstan, and barred
 their way.

Byrhtnoth sent him, a seasoned warrior,
 Ceola's son, with his kinsmen to hold it. 60
 The first of the Vikings who ventured to set
 Foot on the bridge, he felled with his spear.
 Two sturdy warriors stood with Wulfstan,
 Maccus and Ælfhere, mighty pair,
 Kept the approach where the crossing was
 shallow; 65
 Defended the bridge, and fought with the
 boldest,

As long as their hands could lift a sword.
 When the strangers discovered and clearly saw
 What bitter fighters the bridgewards proved,
 They tried a trick, the treacherous robbers, 70
 Begged they might cross, and bring their crews
 Over the shallows, and up to the shore.
 The earl was ready, in reckless daring,
 To let them land too great a number.
 Byrthelm's son,¹ while the seamen lis-
 tened, 75
 Called across, o'er the cold water:
 "Come ye seamen, come and fight us!
 We give you ground, but God alone knows
 Who to-day shall hold the field."

Strode the battle-wolves bold through the
 water; 80
 West over Panta waded the pirates;
 Carried their shields o'er the shining waves;
 Safely their lindenwoods landed the sailors.
 Byrhtnoth awaited them, braced for the
 onslaught,

1 Byrhtnoth.

Haughty and bold at the head of his band. 85
 Bade them build the bristling war-hedge,
 Shield against shield, to shatter the enemy.
 Near was the battle, now for the glory,
 Now for the death of the doomed in the field.
 Swelled the war-cry, circled the ravens, 90
 Screamed the eagle, eager for prey;
 Sped from the hand the hard-forged spear-
 head,

Showers of darts, sharp from the grindstone.
 Bows were busy; bolt stuck in buckler;
 Bitter the battle-rush, brave men fell, 95
 Heroes on either hand, hurt in the fray.
 Wounded was Wulfmær, went to his battle-
 rest;

Cruelly mangled, kinsman of Byrhtnoth,
 Son of his sister, slain on the field.

Pay of vengeance they paid the Vikings; 100
 I heard of the deed of the doughty Edward:
 He struck with his sword a stroke that was
 mighty,

Down fell the doomed man, dead at his feet.
 For this the thane got the thanks of his
 leader,

Praise that was due for his prowess in
 fight. 105

Grimly they held their ground in the battle,
 Strove with each other the stout-hearted
 heroes,

Strove with each other, eager to strike
 First with their darts the foe that was
 doomed. 109

Warriors thronged, the wounded lay thick.
 Stalwart and steady they stood about
 Byrhtnoth.

Bravely he heartened them, bade them to
 win

Glory in battle by beating the Danes.
 Raising his shield, he rushed at the enemy;
 Covered by buckler, he came at a Viking; 115
 Charged him furious, earl against churl,
 Each for the other had evil in store.

The sailorman sent from the south a javelin,
 Sorely wounding the war-band's leader;
 He shoved with his shield, the shaft snapped
 short; 120

The spear was splintered and sprang against
 him;

Wroth was Byrhtnoth, reached for his
 weapon;

Gored the Viking that gave him the wound.
 Straight went the lance, strong was the
 leader;

Sheer through the throat of the pirate he
 thrust it. 125

His dart meant death, so deadly his aim.
 Swiftly he sent him a second javelin,

That crashed through the corslet and cleft
his bosom,
Wounded him sore through his woven mail;
The poisonous spear-head stood in his
heart. 130
Blithe was the leader, laughed in his breast,
Thanked his Lord for that day's work.

Now one of the pirates poised his weapon;
Sped from his hand a spear that wounded
Through and through thethane of Æthel-
red. 135

There stood at his side a stripling youth;
Brave was the boy; he bent o'er his lord,
Drew from his body the blood-dripping dart.
'Twas Wulfmær the youthful, Wulfstan's
son;

Back he hurled the hard-forged spear. 140
In went the point, to earth fell the pirate
Who gave his master the mortal hurt.
A crafty seaman crept toward the earl,
Eager to rob him of armor and rings,
Bracelets and gear and graven sword. 145
Then Byrhtnoth drew his blade from the
sheath,
Broad and blood-stained, struck at the
breast-plate.

But one of the seamen stopped the warrior,
Beat down the arm of the earl with his lance.
Fell to the ground the gray-hilted sword; 150
No more he might grasp his goodly blade,
Wield his weapon; yet words he could utter;
The hoar-headed warrior heartened his men;
Bade them forward to fare and be brave.
When the stricken leader no longer could
stand, 155

He looked to heaven and lifted his voice:
"I render Thee thanks, O Ruler of men,
For the joys Thou hast given, that gladdened
my life.

Merciful Maker, now most I need,
Thy goodness to grant me a gracious end, 160
That my soul may swiftly speed to Thee,
Come to Thy keeping, O King of angels,
Depart in peace. I pray Thee Lord
That the fiends of hell may not harm my
spirit."

The heathen pirates then hewed him to
pieces, 165
And both the brave men that by him stood;
Ælfnóth and Wulfmær, wounded to death,
Gave their lives for their lord in the fight.

Then quitted the field the cowards and faint-
hearts;

The son of Odda started the flight. 170
Godric abandoned his good lord in battle,

1 Byrhtnoth.

Who many a steed had bestowed on his
thane.

Leaped on the horse that belonged to his
leader,

Not *his* were the trappings, *he* had no right to
them.

Both of his brothers basely fled with him, 175
Godwin and Godwy, forgetful of honor,
Turned from the fight, and fled to the woods,
Seeking the cover, and saving their lives.
Those were with them, who would have re-
mained,

Had they remembered how many favors 180
Their lord had done them in days of old.

Offa foretold it, what time he arose
To speak where they met to muster their
forces.

Many, he said, were mighty in words
Whose courage would fail when it came to
fighting. 185

There lay on the field the lord of the people,
Æthelred's earl; all of them saw him,
His hearth-companions beheld him dead.
Forward went fighting the fearless warriors,
Their courage was kindled, no cowards were
they; 190

Their will was fixed on one or the other:
To lose their life, or avenge their leader.
Ælfwiné spoke to them, son of Ælfric,
Youthful in years, but unyielding in battle;
Roused their courage, and called them to
honor: 195

"Remember the time when we talked in the
mead-hall,

When bold on our benches we boasted our
valor,

Deeds of daring we'd do in the battle!
Now we may prove whose prowess is true.
My birth and my breeding I boldly pro-
claim: 200

I am sprung from a mighty Mercian line.
Aldhelm the alderman, honored and pros-
perous,

He was my grandsire, great was his fame:
My people who know me shall never reproach
me,

Say I was ready to run from the battle, 205
Back to my home, and abandon my leader,
Slain on the field. My sorrow is double,
Both kinsman and lord I've lost in the
fight."

Forward he threw himself, thirsting for ven-
geance;

Sent his javelin straight at a pirate. 210
Fell with a crash his foe to the earth,

His life-days ended. Then onward he
strode,

Urging his comrades to keep in the thick of it.

Up spake Offa, with ashen spear lifted:
 "Well hast thou counselled us, well hast en-
 couraged; 215

Noble Ælfwiné, needs must we follow thee.
 Now that our leader lies low on the field,
 Needs must we steadfastly stand by each
 other,

Close in the conflict keeping together,
 As long as our hands can hold a weapon, 220
 Good blade wield. Godric the coward,
 Son of Odda, deceived us all.
 Too many believed 'twas our lord himself,
 When they saw him astride the war-steed
 proud.

His run-away ride our ranks hath broken, 225
 Shattered the shield-wall. Shame on the
 dastard,

Who caused his comrades like cowards to fly!"
 Up spake Leofsunu, lifted his linden-wood,
 Answered his comrades from under his shield:
 "Here I stand, and here shall I stay! 230

Not a foot will I flinch, but forward I'll go!
 Vengeance I've vowed for my valiant leader.
 Now that my friend is fallen in battle,
 My people shall never reproach me, in
 Stourmere;

Call me deserter, and say I returned, 235
 Leaderless, lordless, alone from the fight.
 Better is battle-death; boldly I welcome
 The edge and the iron." Full angry he
 charged,

Daring all danger, disdaining to fly.

Up spake Dunheré, old and faithful, 240
 Shook his lance and shouted aloud,
 Bade them avenge the valiant Byrhtnoth:
 "Wreak on the Danes the death of our lord!
 Unfit is for vengeance who values his life."
 Fell on the foe the faithful body-guard, 245
 Battle-wroth spearmen, beseeching God
 That they might avenge the thane of Æthel-
 red,

Pay the heathen with havoc and slaughter.
 The son of Ecglaf, Æscferth by name,
 Sprung from a hardy North-humbrian
 race, 250
 — He was their hostage, — helped them
 manfully.

Never he faltered or flinched in the war-play;
 Lances a plenty he launched at the pirates,
 Shot them on shield, or sheer through the
 breast-plate; 254

Rarely he missed them, many he wounded,
 While he could wield his weapon in battle.
 Still Edward the long held out at the front;
 Brave and defiant, he boasted aloud
 That he would not yield a hair's breadth of
 ground,

Nor turn his back where his better lay
 dead. 260

He broke through the shield-wall, breasted
 the foe,

Worthily paid the pirate warriors
 For the life of his lord ere he laid him down.
 Near him Æthelric, noble comrade,
 Brother of Sibryht, brave and untiring, 265
 Mightily fought, and many another;
 Hacked the hollow shields, holding their own.
 Bucklers were broken, the breast-plate sang
 Its gruesome song. The sword of Offa
 Went home to the hilt in the heart of a
 Viking. 270

But Offa himself soon had to pay for it,
 The kinsman of Gadd succumbed in the
 fight.

Yet ere he fell, he fulfilled his pledge,
 The promise he gave to his gracious lord,
 That both should ride to their burg to-
 gether, 275

Home to their friends, or fall in the battle,
 Killed in conflict and covered with wounds;
 He lay by his lord, a loyal thane.

Mid clash of shields the shipmen came on,
 Maddened by battle. Full many a lance 280
 Home was thrust to the heart of the doomed.
 Then sallied forth Wistan, Wigelin's son;
 Three of the pirates he pierced in the throng,
 Ere he fell, by his friends, on the field of
 slaughter.

Bitter the battle-rush, bravely struggled 285
 Heroes in armor, while all around them
 The wounded dropped and the dead lay
 thick.

Oswold and Eadwold all the while
 Their kinsmen and comrades encouraged
 bravely,

Both of the brothers bade their friends 290
 Never to weaken or weary in battle,
 But keep up their sword-play, keen to the
 end.

Up spake Byrhtwold, brandished his ash-
 spear,

— He was a tried and true old hero, —
 Lifted his shield and loudly called to
 them: 295

"Heart must be keener, courage the harder,
 Bolder our mood as our band diminisheth.
 Here lies in his blood our leader and comrade,
 The brave on the beach. Bitter shall rue it
 Who turns his back on the battle-field
 now. 300

Here I stay; I am stricken and old;
 My life is done; I shall lay me down
 Close by my lord and comrade dear."

Six more lines and the MS. breaks off. There cannot
 have been much left. The battle is over.

THE LATER MIDDLE AGES

THE LATER MIDDLE AGES

Edward the Confessor (reigned 1042–66), the last English king before the Conquest, had spent his youth in exile at the court of Normandy, and during his reign he surrounded himself with French-speaking courtiers and ecclesiastics. The Norman Conquest of 1066 determined for the next three centuries the predominance in England of French culture and French literature. There was no conscious effort on the part of the conquerors to force their language on the country; but the great estates were in the hands of French-speaking nobles, and all the higher offices of the Church were held by French-speaking ecclesiastics. French thus became the official and polite language of the realm, and English was depressed into the position of an illiterate dialect, though it continued without interruption to be spoken by the great mass of the population. So far as the finer issues of life were concerned, England was a province of France.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries many books were written on English soil, for it was a time of eager intellectual activity; but they were written either in Latin, the language of the learned throughout Western Europe, or in courtly French. Only rarely was English used for literary purposes, as by Layamon in his long poem the *Brut* (about 1200), or in such graceful lyrics as "Sumer is icumen in."

Relegated almost exclusively to the everyday uses of unlettered speakers, English suffered radical and rapid change. Careless speakers spoke it ungrammatically, with confusion in the use of inflected forms, with slipshod utterance; and there was no one who cared to set them right. Every district had its own dialect, and there was no standard by which to measure good speech and bad. The rich vocabulary of Old English became impoverished through the disuse of all the words for which uneducated people have no need. When in the fourteenth century English became once more the language of literature, it had lost the elaborate inflections of King Alfred's speech, and was almost as simple in its grammatical structure as it is to-day; and the losses in its vocabulary had been made good by wholesale borrowings from French and Latin. The language of *Beowulf* is for us to-day in effect a foreign language which we must laboriously learn; the language of Chaucer, despite some unfamiliar and obsolete words and forms, is essentially our own speech.

The temper of English literature was also profoundly affected by the long supremacy of French. The poetry of Anglo-Saxon England has both vigor and elevation, but lacks most of the lighter graces. It is concerned with the serious, the grimmer aspects of life — with battle and storm and sudden death, the cold gray ocean and the wild moorland. There is not in the whole of it a single love-story. There is no wit or humor or delicate play of fancy. All these elements in which our modern literature is so rich are part of what we have learned from the French.

Of all the forms of literature which flourished in medieval France and Anglo-Norman England the most important was the romance of chivalrous adventure and courtly love. In these poems, which often extend themselves to inordinate length, knights, perfect in courtesy as in valor, pass through marvelous adventures and pay tribute of extravagant and despairing devotion to a noble mistress whose every wish is their supreme law. Very characteristic of them is this worship of womanhood, which has its spiritual analogue in the deep devotion paid to the person of the Blessed Virgin. The matter of these romances is sometimes drawn from the stories of classical antiquity, as in the romances on which are founded Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* and the Knight's tale of Palamon and Arcite; sometimes from the exploits of Charlemagne and his peers; and, chief source of all, from the cycle of romantic adventures which grew up about the legendary figure of King Arthur. Most perfect of all the romances in English is *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, the action of which begins and ends in Arthur's court. In the fifteenth century, Sir Thomas Malory retold in stately English prose the whole cycle of Arthurian romances, and made them an integral part of English literature.

Another important type is the allegory, which most often takes the form of a dream-vision in which, as in the *Romance of the Rose* and in Chaucer's *Parliament of Fowls*, the poet is transported to a lovely garden where he meets such abstract personages as Idleness, Fair-Welcome, Mirth, and Wicked-Tongue. This form serves in the *Vision of Piers Plowman* as the vehicle of trenchant social satire.

Romance and allegory, saint's legend and moral tale, the fable of beasts who talk like men, the short realistic tale of sordid realities, the *balade* and roundelay, these and other literary forms had been developed in the French literature of the thirteenth century, and were ready for immediate adoption by the authors of the fourteenth century who discovered that English also was capable of literary use. Gower had written a long poem in French, and another in Latin, before he wrote in English his *Confessio Amantis*. Chaucer was steeped in the literature of France, and may well

have written French verses in his youthful days. Both Chaucer and Gower learned their art and the forms of their verse from French sources, though Chaucer drew inspiration also from the great writers of Italy and from the poetry of ancient Rome. But the tradition of the Old English alliterative unrhymed verse had lingered on, and *Piers Plowman* is written in a measure similar to that of *Beowulf*. *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* uses the same measure combined with short quatrains of rhyming verse.

The fourteenth century in England is a period of great literary and intellectual activity. While Chaucer with his delicate irony and the poet of *Piers Plowman* with his grim humor and moral earnestness were showing how far practice had departed from the fair ideal of medieval society, the reformer Wiclif was openly questioning the fundamental theories of the medieval Church and was translating into English the Latin Vulgate Bible.

The fifteenth century, on the other hand, is for English literature a relatively barren period. Lydgate, Occleve, King James of Scotland, and many others tried with very indifferent success to carry on the poetical tradition of Chaucer and Gower. Much was written both in prose and verse; but, if we except the popular ballads some of which may date from the fifteenth century, nothing of first-rate importance remains except the splendid prose of Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte Darthur*.

An excellent account in brief compass of the literature of the period, French and Latin as well as English, is C. S. Baldwin's *English Medieval Literature* (Longmans). More detailed is W. H. Schofield's *History of English Literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer* (Macmillan). W. P. Ker's *Epic and Romance* (Macmillan) and *English Literature, Medieval* (Holt) are excellent guides. For a fuller body of selections than is possible in the present volume, see Neilson and Webster's *Chief British Poets of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries* (Houghton Mifflin). An exhaustive scholarly bibliography of the period is J. E. Wells's *Manual of the Writings in Middle English 1050-1400*.

EARLY ENGLISH LYRICS

"SUMER IS ICUMEN IN"

This song, written about 1240, is found, with musical setting, in MS. Harleian 978 of the British Museum.

Sumer is icumen ¹ in;
 Lhude ² sing, cuccu!
 Groweth sed, and bloweth ³ med,⁴
 And springth the wude ⁵ nu.
 Sing, cuccu! 5
 Awe ⁶ bleteth after lomb,
 Lhouth ⁷ after calve cu;
 Bulluc sterteth,⁸ bucke verteth;⁹
 Murie ¹⁰ sing, cuccu!
 Cuccu! cuccu! 10
 Wel singes thu, cuccu;
 Ne swik ¹¹ thu naver ¹² nu.

ALYSOUN

Bytuene Mersh and Averil,
 When spray biginneth to springe,
 The lutel foul hath hire wyl
 On hyre lud ¹³ to synge.
 Ic libbe ¹⁴ in love-longinge 5
 For semlokest ¹⁵ of alle thinge;
 He ¹⁶ may me blisse bringe;

1 come. 2 loudly. 3 bloometh. 4 meadow.
 5 wood. 6 ewe. 7 loweth. 8 frisketh.
 9 breaks wind. 10 merrily. 11 cease. 12 never.
 13 language. 14 I live. 15 goodliest. 16 she.

Icham ¹ in hire baundoun.²
 An hendy hap ichabbe yhent;³
 Ichot ⁴ from hevene it is me sent; 10
 From alle wymmen mi love is lent,⁵
 And lyht ⁶ on Alysoun.

On heu ⁷ hire her ⁸ is fayr ynoh,⁹
 Hire browe broune, hire eye blake;
 With lossum chere he on me loh,¹⁰ 15
 With middel ¹¹ smal and wel ymake.
 Bote ¹² he me wolle to hire take,
 For te buen ¹³ hire owen make,¹⁴
 Longe to lyven ichulle ¹⁵ forsake,
 And feye ¹⁶ fallen adoun. 20

Nihtes when I wende ¹⁷ and wake,
 Forthi ¹⁸ myn wonges ¹⁹ waxeth won;
 Levedi,²⁰ al for thine sake
 Longinge is ylent me on.²¹
 In world nis non so wyter mon,²² 25
 That al hire bounte telle con.
 Hire swyre ²³ is whittore then the swon,
 And feyrest may ²⁴ in toune.

1 I am. 2 power.
 3 A kindly fate I have lighted on. 4 I know.
 5 turned. 6 lighted. 7 color. 8 hair.
 9 enough. 10 With loving mien she on me laughed.
 11 waist. 12 unless. 13 be. 14 mate.
 15 I shall. 16 death-stricken. 17 turn.
 18 for this reason. 19 cheeks. 20 lady.
 21 appointed to me. 22 wise man.
 23 neck. 24 maid.

Icham for wowing al forwake,¹
 Wery so water in wore.²
 Lest eny reve³ me my make,
 Ichabbe y-yerned yore.⁴
 Beter is tholien whyle sore,⁵
 Then mournen evermore.

30

Geynest under gore,¹
 Herkne to my roun.²
 An hendy hap ichabbe yhent;
 Ichot from hevene it is me sent;
 From alle wymmen mi love is lent,
 And lyht on Alysoun.

35

40

About 1310.

PIERS THE PLOWMAN

The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman was very popular in its own day, and is still a document of great historical and literary interest. It has come down to us in three distinct versions. Version A, written soon after 1362, consists of a prologue and twelve "passus" or cantos, and contains nearly 2600 lines. Version B, written about 1377, contains the material of Version A with many revisions and additions, and adds ten new passus. It is nearly three times as long as A. Version C, written between 1393 and 1398, is a revision of Version B, but a revision which does not add materially to the number of verses.

The poem consists of a series of dream-visions, allegorically interpreted as criticisms of human life — the life of the individual and the life of society as a whole. The world of fourteenth-century England, the "fair field full of folk," as the dreamer sees it, is seriously out of joint. Many of the evils are the same which in the kindlier pages of Chaucer are exposed to good-natured laughter. The author of *Piers the Plowman* is by no means lacking in humor; but it is a humor of a grimmer sort than Chaucer's. His satire is informed with moral indignation, with the reformer's zeal to call humanity back to the ideals, religious and social, from which it has strayed.

Who was the author, we do not know. In all three of the versions the dreamer is called Will or William; and tradition has called the author William Langland. But the authenticity of this tradition is doubtful. Whether Versions B and C are the work of the original author, or of other men who took up his work and carried it on in his spirit, is also matter of dispute.

The metre is the unrhymed, alliterating measure of *Beowulf*, the tradition of which survived the Norman Conquest and was revived by many English poets of the fourteenth century, at the very time when Chaucer and Gower were establishing the more regular rhymed verse of their French and Italian models.

Piers the Plowman has been edited by W. W. Skeat for the Oxford University Press. The selections here printed — the Prologue and Passus V of Version A — are from the translation into modern English by Neilson and Webster printed in *Chief British Poets of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries* (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

THE VISION OF WILLIAM CONCERNING PIERS THE PLOWMAN

VERSION A

PROLOGUE

In a summer season, when soft was the sun,
 I clad me in rough clothing, a shepherd as
 I were;

In habit of a hermit, unholy of works,
 Went I wide in this world, wonders to hear.
 But on a May morning on Malvern Hills⁵
 To me befell a marvel, a fairy thing me-
 thought.

I was weary of wandering and went me to
 rest

Under a broad bank by a burn side;

¹ I am, because of my yearning, exhausted by lying
 awake.

² weir (?). ³ rob.
⁴ yearned long. ⁵ suffer for a while sorely.

And as I lay and leaned and looked on the
 waters,

I slumbered in a sleep, it sounded so pleas-
 ant.

10

Then did I dream a marvellous dream,
 That I was in a wilderness, wist I not where;
 And as I beheld into the east, on high to the
 sun,

I saw a tower on a hill-top, splendidly fash-
 ioned;

A deep dale beneath, a dungeon therein,¹⁵
 With a deep ditch and dark, and dreadful
 to see.

A fair field full of folk found I there be-
 tween,

Of all manner of men, the mean and the rich,
 Working and wandering, as the world re-
 quireth.

Some put them to the plow, and played full
 seldom,

20

¹ loveliest alive (*lit.* in a dress). ² song.

In plowing and sowing produced they full
hardly
What many of these wasters in gluttony
destroy.
And some gave themselves to pride, ap-
pareled them accordingly,
In fashion of clothing strangely disguised.
To prayer and to penance put themselves
many, 25
For love of our Lord lived they full hard,
In hope to have the bliss of heaven's king-
dom,
As anchorites and hermits that hold them-
selves in cells,
Covet not in the country to gad all about,
With luxurious living their body to please. 30
And some chose trade, to prosper the
better,
As it seems to our sight that such men
should;
And some mirth to make, as minstrels can,
And get gold with their glee, guiltless, I trow.
But jesters and buffoons, Judas's chil-
dren, 35
Found for themselves fantasies and of them-
selves fools made,
Yet have their wits at command, to work if
they will.
What Paul preached of them I dare not
prove here;
Qui loquitur turpiloquium,¹ he is Lucifer's
servant.
Askers and beggars fast about flitted, 40
Till their bags and their bellies brimful were
crammed;
Feigned for their food, fought at the ale-
house;
In gluttony, God wot, go they to bed
And rise up with ribaldry, these bullying
beggar-knaves;
Sleep and sloth follow them ever. 45
Pilgrims and palmers pledge themselves
together
To seek the shrine of St. James and saints at
Rome;
Went forth in their way with many wise
tales,
And had leave to lie all their life after.
Hermits in a band with hooked staves 50
Went to Walsingham, and their wenches
after.
Great lubbers and long, that loath were to
work,
Clothed themselves in capes to be known for
brethren,
And some dressed as hermits their ease to
have.

¹ He who speaketh baseness.

I found there friars, all the four orders, 55
Preaching to the people for profit of their
bellies,
Interpreting the gospel as they well please,
For covetousness of capes construes it ill;
For many of these masters may clothe them-
selves at will,
For money and their merchandise meet oft
together. 60
Since Charity hath turned trader, and
shriven chiefly lords,
Many wonders have befallen in these few
years.
Unless Holy Church now be better held
together
The most mischief on earth will mount up
fast.
There preached a pardoner, as he a priest
were, 65
And brought up a bull with bishop's seals,
And said he himself would absolve them all
From breach of fasting and broken vows.
The laymen liked him well, believed his
speech,
And came up kneeling and kissed his bull; 70
He banged them with his brevet,² and
bleared their eyes,
And purchased with his parchment rings and
brooches.
Thus ye give your gold gluttony to help,
And grant it to rascals that run after lech-
ery.
Were the bishop holy and worth both his
ears, 75
They should not be so brazen to deceive so
the people.
Yet it is not against the bishop that the
knave preacheth;
But the parish priest and pardoner share the
silver
That the poor parishioners should have but
for them.
Parsons and parish priests complain to
their bishops 80
That their parish hath been poor since the
pestilence³ time,
And ask leave and licence at London to
dwell
To sing there for simony,³ for silver is sweet.
There hang about a hundred in hoods of
silk,
Sergeants, it seems, to serve at the bar; 85
Plead at the law for pence and for pounds,
Not for love of our Lord unloose their lips
once.

¹ letter of indulgence.

² Probably the great plague of 1348-1349.

³ getting money singing anniversary masses for the
dead.

Thou mightest better measure the mist on
Malvern hills

Than get a mum of their mouth till money
be shown.

I saw there bishops bold and bachelors
of divinity 90

Become clerks of account, the king to serve;

Archdeacons and deacons, that dignity have
To preach to the people and poor men to

feed,

Have leapt to London, by leave of their
bishops,

To be clerks of the King's Bench, to the
country's hurt. 95

Barons and burgesses, and husbandmen
also,

I saw in that assembly, as ye shall hear
hereafter.

Bakers, butchers, and brewers many,
Woollen weavers, and weavers of linen,
Tailors, tanners, and fullers also, 100

Masons, miners, and many other crafts,
Ditchers and delvers, that do their work ill,
And drive forth the long day with "Dieu
vous sauve, dame Emma." 1

Cooks and their boys cry "Hot pies, hot!
Good geese and pigs, go dine, go dine!" 105

Taverners to them told the same tale
With good wine of Gascony and wine of

Alsace,

Of Rhine and of Rochelle, the roast to digest.

All this I saw sleeping, and seven times more.

PASSUS V

The king and his knights to the church
went

To hear matins and mass, and to the meat
after.

Then waked I from my winking, I was wo-
ful withal

That I had not heavier slept and seen more.

Ere I a furlong had fared, a faintness me
seized, 5

That further might I not a-foot, for default
of sleep.

I sat softly adown, and said my creed,
And so I babbled on my beads that it brought
me asleep.

Then saw I much more than I before told,
For I saw the field full of folk that I before

showed, 10

And Conscience with a cross came to preach.

He prayed the people to have pity on
themselves,

And proved that these pestilences were for
pure sin,

1 "God save you, dame Emma" — apparently a popular song.

And this southwestern wind on a Saturday
at even

Was clearly for pride, and for no cause else, 15
Peartrees and plumtrees were dashed to the
ground,

In ensample to men that we should do the
better.

Beeches and broad oaks were blown to the
earth.

And turned the tail upward in token of
dread

That deadly sin ere Doomsday should de-
stroy them all. 20

On this matter I might mumble full long,
But I say as I saw, so help me God!

How Conscience with a cross commenced to
preach.

He bade wasters go work at what they best
could,

And win what they wasted with some sort of
craft. 25

He prayed Peronelle her fur-trimming to
leave,

And keep it in her coffer for capital at need.
Thomas he taught to take two staves,

And fetch home Felice from the cucking-
stool.

He warned Wat his wife was to blame, 30
That her head-dress was worth a mark and
his hood worth a groat.

He charged merchants to chasten their
children,

Let them lack no respect, while they are
young.

He prayed priests and prelates together,
What they preach to the people to prove it in
themselves — 35

"And live as ye teach us, we will love you the
better."

And then he advised the orders their rule to
obey —

"Lest the king and his council abridge your
supplies,

And be steward in your stead, till ye be
better ordered.

And ye that seek St. James, and saints at
Rome, 40

Seek me Saint Truth, for He can save you
all;

Qui cum patre et filio, fare you well!"

Then ran Repentance and rehearsed this
theme, 45

And made William to weep water with his
eyes.

Pride Pernel Proud-heart flung herself on
the ground, 45

And lay long ere she looked up, and to Our
Lady cried,

And promised to Him who all of us made
She would unsew her smock, and wear in-
stead a hair shirt

To tame her flesh with, that frail was to sin:
"Shall never light heart seize me, but I shall
hold me down 50

And endure to be slandered as I never did
before.

And now I can put on meekness, and mercy
beseech

Of all of whom I have had envy in my heart."

Lust Lecher said "Alas!" and to Our
Lady cried

To win for him mercy for his misdeeds, 55

Between God himself and his poor soul,

Provided that he should on Saturday, for
seven years,

Drink but with the duck and dine but once.

Envy Envy, with heavy heart, asketh after
shrif, 60

And greatly his guiltiness beginneth to
show.

Pale as a pellet, in a palsy he seemed,

Clothed in a coarse cloth, I could him not
describe;

A kirtle and a short cloak, a knife by his side;

Of a friar's frock were the fronts of his sleeves.

As a leek that had lain long in the sun 65

So looked he with lean cheeks; foully he
frowned.

His body was swollen; for wrath he bit his
lips.

Wrathfully he clenched his fist, he thought
to avenge himself

With works or with words, when he saw his
time.

"Venom, or varnish, or vinegar, I trow, 70

Boils in my belly, or grows there, I ween.

Many a day could I not do as a man ought,

Such wind in my belly wellethe ere I dine.

I have a neighbor nigh me, I have annoyed
him oft,

Blamed him behind his back, to bring him in
disgrace, 75

Injured him by my power, punished him full
oft,

Belied him to lords, to make him lose silver,

Turned his friends to foes, with my false
tongue;

His grace and his good luck grieve me full
sore.

Between him and his household I have made
wrath; 80

Both his life and his limb were lost through
my tongue.

When I met in the market him I most hate,
I hailed him as courteously as if I were his
friend.

He is doughtier than I, I dare do him no
harm.

But had I mastery and might, I had mur-
dered him for ever! 85

When I come to the church, and kneel before
the rood,

And should pray for the people, as the priest
teacheth us,

Then I cry upon my knees that Christ give
them sorrow

That have borne away my bowl and my
broad sheet.

From the altar I turn mine eye and be-
hold 90

How Henry hath a new coat, and his wife
another;

Then I wish it were mine, and all the web
with it.

At his losing I laugh, in my heart I like it;
But at his winning I weep, and bewail the
occasion.

I deem that men do ill, yet I do much
worse, 95

For I would that every wight in this world
were my servant,

And whoso hath more than I, maketh my
heart angry.

Thus I live loveless, like an ill-tempered
dog,

That all my breast swelleth with the bitter-
ness of my gall;

No sugar is sweet enough to assuage it at
all, 100

Nor no remedy drive it from my heart;
If shrif then should sweep it out, a great
wonder it were."

"Yes, surely," quoth Repentance, and ad-
vised him to good,

"Sorrow for their sins saveth full many."

"I am sorry," quoth Envy, "I am seldom
other, 105

And that maketh me so mad, for I may not
avenge me."

Covetousness Then came Covetousness, I
could not describe him,

So hungry and so hollow Sir Harvey looked.

He was beetle-browed with two bleared
eyes,

And like a leathern purse flapped his cheeks;
In a torn tabard of twelve winters' age; 111

Unless a louse could leap, I can not believe
That she could wander on that walk, it was
so threadbare.

"I have been covetous," quoth this Caitiff,
"I admit it here;

For some time I served Sim at 'The Oak' 115

And was his pledged apprentice, his profit
to watch:

First I learned to lie, in a lesson or two,
And wickedly to weigh was my second lesson.
To Winchester and to Weyhill I went to the
fair

With many kinds of merchandise, as my
master bade, 120

But had not the grace of guile gone among
my ware,

It had been unsold these seven year, so help
me God!

Then I betook me to the drapers, my gram-
mar to learn,

To draw the list¹ along, to make it seem
longer.

Among these rich striped cloths learned I a
lesson, 125

Pierced them with a pack-needle, and pleated
them together,

Put them in a press, and fastened them
therein

Till ten yards or twelve were drawn out to
thirteen.

And my wife at Westminster, that woollen
cloth made,

Spake to the spinners to spin it soft. 130

The pound that she weighed by, weighed a
quarter more

Than my balance did, when I weighed true.

I bought her barley, she brewed it to sell;
Penny-ale and white perry, she poured it
together,

For laborers and low folk, that work for
their living. 135

The best in the bed-chamber lay by the
wall,

Whoso tasted thereof bought it ever after,

A gallon for a groat, God wot, no less

When it came in cups. Such tricks I used.

Rose the retailer is her right name; 140

She hath been a huckster these eleven win-
ters.

But I swear now soothly that sin will I
quit,

And never wickedly weigh, nor false trade
practise,

But wend to Walsingham, and my wife also,

And pray the Rood of Bromholm to bring me
out of debt." 145

Gluttony Now beginneth the Glutton to go
to the shrift,

And wanders churchwards, his shrift to tell,

Then Bet the brewster bade him good mor-
row,

And then she asked him whither he would
go.

"To holy church," quoth he, "to hear
mass, 150

¹ edge of the cloth, in measuring.

Since I shall be shriven, and sin no more."

"I have good ale, gossip," quoth she; "Glut-
ton, what say you?"

"Hast aught in thy purse," quoth he, "any
hot spices?"

"Yea, Glutton, gossip," quoth she, "God
wot, full good;

I have pepper and peony-seeds, and a pound
of garlick, 155

A farthing worth of fennel-seed, for these
fasting days."

Then goeth Glutton in, and great oaths
after;

Cis the shoemaker's wife sat on the bench,
Wat the ward of the warren, and his wife

both,

Tomkin the tinker and twain of his serv-
ants; 160

Hick the hackney-man, and Hogg the needle
seller,

Clarice of Cock's-Lane, and the clerk of the
church,

Sir Piers of Prie-Dieu, and Pernel of Flan-
ders,

Dawe the ditcher, and a dozen others.

A fiddler, a rat-catcher, a scavenger of Cheap-
side, 165

A rope-maker, a riding-boy, and Rose the
dish-maker,

Godfrey of Garlickshire, and Griffin the
Welshman,

And of tradesmen a band, early in the morn-
ing

Stand Glutton, with good-will, a treat in
good ale.

Then Clement the cobbler cast off his
cloak, 170

And at "the new fair" made offer to bar-
ter it;

And Hick the ostler flung his hood after,

And bade Bett the butcher act on his be-
half.

Then were chapmen chosen, the articles to
value;

Whoso had the hood should have something
to boot. 175

They rose up rapidly, and whispered to-
gether,

And appraised the penny-worths, and parted
them by themselves;

There were oaths a-plenty, whoso might hear
them.

They could not, in conscience, accord to-
gether,

Till Robin the rope-maker was chosen to
arise, 180

And named for an umpire, to avoid all de-
bate,

For he should appraise the pennyworths, as
seemed good to him.

Then Hick the ostler had the cloak,
On condition that Clement should have his
cup filled,

And have Hick the ostler's hood, and hold
him well served; 185

And he that first repented should straight
arise

And greet Sir Glutton with a gallon of ale.

There was laughing and cheating and
"Let go the cup!"

Bargains and beverages began to arise,
And they sat so till evensong, and sang some
while, 190

Till Glutton had gulped down a gallon and a
gill.

He had no strength to stand, till he his staff
had;

Then 'gan he to go like a gleeman's bitch,
Sometimes to the side, sometimes to the rear,
Like a man laying lines to catch birds with.
When he drew to the door, then his eyes grew
dim, 200

He stumbled at the threshold, and threw to
the ground.

Clement the cobbler caught Glutton by the
middle,

And to lift him up he laid him on his knees;
And Glutton was a great churl, and grim in
the lifting,

And coughed up a caudle in Clement's
lap, 205

That the hungriest hound in Hertfordshire
Durst not lap that loathsomeness, so un-
lovely it smacketh;

So that, with all the woe in the world, his
wife and his wench

Bore him home to his bed, and brought him
therein.

And after all this surfeit, a sickness he
had, 210

That he slept Saturday and Sunday, till sun
went to rest.

Then he waked from his winking, and
wiped his eyes;

The first word that he spake was, "Where is
the cup?"

His wife warned him then, of wickedness and
sin.

Then was he ashamed, that wretch, and
scratched his ears, 215

And 'gan to cry grievously, and great dole
to make

For his wicked life, that he had lived.

"For hunger or for thirst, I make my vow,
Shall never fish on Friday digest in my maw,

Till Abstinence, my aunt, have given me
leave; 220

And yet I have hated her all my life-time."

Sloth Sloth for sorrow fell down swoon-
ing,

Till *Vigilate*, the watcher, fetched water to
his eyes,

Let it flow on his face, and fast to him cried,
And said, "Beware of despair, that will thee
betray. 225

'I am sorry for my sins,' say to thyself,
And beat thyself on the breast, and pray God
for grace,

For there is no guilt so great that His mercy
is not more."

Then Sloth sat up and sighed sore,
And made a vow before God, for his foul
sloth, 230

"There shall be no Sunday this seven year
(save sickness it cause)

That I shall not bring myself ere day to the
dear church,

And hear matins and mass, as I a monk were.
No ale after meat shall withhold me thence,
Till I have heard evensong, I promise by the
rood. 235

And yet I shall yield again — if I have so
much —

All that I wickedly won, since I had wit.

And though I lack a livelihood I will not stop
Till each man shall have his own, ere I hence
wend:

And with the residue and the remnant, by
the rood of Chester, 240

I shall seek Saint Truth, ere I see Rome!"

Robert the robber, on *Reddite* ² he looked,
And because there was not wherewith, he
wept full sore.

But yet the sinful wretch said to himself:

"Christ, that upon Calvary on the cross
died'st, 245

Though Dismas ³ my brother besought grace
of thee,

And thou hadst mercy on that man for *me-
mento* ⁴ sake,

Thy will be done upon me, as I have well
deserved

To have hell for ever if no hope there were.

So rue on me, Robert, that no counsel have, 250
Nor ever ween to win by any craft that I
know."

¹ Ll. 236-259, dealing with the restitution of stolen goods, appear in C in connection with Avarice. The attaching of them to Sloth in A and B seems to point to some confusion in the text. Note that in A the sin of Wrath is omitted.

² Make restitution, *Romans*, xiii, 7.

³ The name given to the penitent thief in the apocryphal *Gospel of Nicodemus*.

⁴ Remember me, *Luke*, xxiii, 42.

But, for thy much mercy, mitigation I be-
 seech;
 Damn me not on Doomsday because I did
 so ill."
 But what befell this felon, I cannot well show,
 But well I know he wept hard, water with his
 eyes,
 And acknowledged his guilt to Christ again
 thereafter,
 That the pikestaff of Penitence he should
 polish anew,

And leap with it o'er the land, all his life-
 time,
 For he hath lain by *Latro*,¹ Lucifer's brother.
 A thousand of men then throng to-
 gether,
 Weeping and wailing for their wicked deeds,
 Crying up to Christ, and to His clean
 Mother
 To give grace to seek Saint Truth, God grant
 they so might!

¹ Latin for "thief."

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (?1340-1400)

Chaucer was born in London about the year 1340. His father, a prosperous wine-merchant, had influence enough to secure for his son an appointment as page in the household of a great noble, and later as valet of the king's household, a position ordinarily open only to young men of noble birth. Chaucer's whole life was spent in the service of his royal masters, Edward III and Richard II, under whom he held various offices of trust and responsibility, among others that of Comptroller of Customs for the Port of London. In 1359 he saw military service in France, where he was taken prisoner by the French. In 1373, and again in 1378, he was sent on the king's business to Italy. There he learned to read Italian, and became acquainted with the writings of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, by whom his own writing was profoundly influenced. In the latter part of his life he lived outside of London, at Greenwich on the road to Canterbury. In 1386 he was elected Member of Parliament for the shire of Kent, a fact which suggests that he was a landowner in the county. He was married to a lady named Philippa, who seems also to have been connected with the court. Chaucer died in 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

His principal writings are: the *Book of the Duchess*, an elegy on the death of Blanche, Duchess of Lancaster, in the form of the dream-vision so popular in Old French poetry, written about 1369; the *House of Fame*, also a dream-vision poem, but showing the influence of Chaucer's reading of Italian literature; the *Parliament of Fowls*; *Troilus and Criseyde*, in many ways its author's greatest masterpiece, a poem of over 8000 lines, finished about 1385, which, modelled on Boccaccio's poem, *Il Filostrato*, tells the story of Troilus, son of King Priam of Troy, and his love for Criseyde, who in the end plays him false; the *Legend of Good Women*, begun about 1386 but never finished, which after a very lovely dream-vision prologue, gives the stories of various heroines of antiquity who were faithful to their faithless lovers; the *Canterbury Tales*, begun about 1387 but never finished.

Chaucer is one of the greatest poets of our literature. If Shakespeare stands apart as our greatest, only Milton can dispute with Chaucer the honor of second place. *Troilus and Criseyde*, with its vivid dramatic power, its subtle analysis of character, and its poetic style at the same time gracious and noble, is the outstanding masterpiece of English narrative verse. The *Canterbury Tales* present in varied pageantry the whole range of medieval life — its religious aspiration, its chivalric ideals, its intellectual interests, its every-day realities. And despite the difference of external appearance, the life so brilliantly depicted in Chaucer's pages has much in common with our own. When one gets accustomed to the unfamiliar forms of the language, one feels that Chaucer, like Shakespeare, is not of an age but for all time.

His prevailing manner is that of high comedy. Everywhere about him he sees the contrast between what men profess and what they practice, between what they hope for and what they get; but he sees it not with the eyes of the reformer but of the kindly critic, ready to find good in the worst of us, disposed to laugh rather than weep at the perpetual irony of human life.

The standard edition of Chaucer is by W. W. Skeat in six volumes (Oxford Press). The best single-volume edition is Skeat's *Student's Chaucer* (Oxford Press); but the edition now in preparation by F. N. Robinson (Houghton Mifflin) will probably displace it. Useful critical studies are *Chaucer and his Poetry* by G. L. Kittredge (Harvard University Press, 1915); and *The Poetry of Chaucer* by R. K. Root (Houghton Mifflin, revised ed. 1922).

The poems of Chaucer included in this volume are all in five-stress iambic verse, rhymed either in couplets or in the seven-line stanza known as rhyme royal. Chaucer had an exacting ear for metre; but the music of his verse will be lost unless the reader learns to pronounce it with some approach to Chaucer's pronunciation, which was in many respects different from our own. A full statement of these differences is not possible in brief compass, and a correct pronunciation requires much practice; but observance of the following rules will produce a pronunciation near enough to that of Chaucer to preserve the effect of his metre and rhyme.

1. Long vowels are to be given their so-called Continental values, the values which they have in Latin, French, German, Spanish, or Italian: *a* as in *father*; *e* as in *café*; *i* (or *y*) as in *machine*; *o* as in *bone*; *u* as in French *du*. Short vowels are to be given the same sounds spoken more rapidly; but unaccented *e* has the sound of *a* in *China*.

2. Diphthongs: *ai* (or *ay*) as in *play*; *au* (or *aw*) like *ow* in *brow*; *ei* (or *ey*) as in *rein*; *oi* (or *oy*) as in *boy*; *ou* (or *ow*) as in *croup*.

3. There are no silent letters. Every letter is to be pronounced, except that final unaccented *e* is usually elided when the following word begins with a vowel (or with *h*). Doubling a vowel indicates that the vowel is long, but does not alter its value; *oo* never has the sound of modern English *moon*.

4. Consonants are in general pronounced as in modern English; but *gh* has the sound of German *ch*.

THE CANTERBURY TALES

The *Canterbury Tales* is a collection of stories set in the framework of a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. Lines 791–94 of the Prologue show that at one time Chaucer had intended that each of the thirty pilgrims should tell two stories on the road to Canterbury and two on the journey back to London. Connecting links were to bind the stories into a whole and to give the happenings along the way. But of this ambitious plan he completed only the fragments; and there is, in the connecting links which we have, clear indication that his final plan contemplated only a single tale from each pilgrim on each of the two journeys.

The Prologue introduces the pilgrims, met at the Tabard Inn at Southwark, just across London Bridge, ready to start the next morning. It is a masterly set of portraits; each pilgrim is typical of a class, and yet individualized as a real human being. There is the Prioress, with all the proprieties of the head-mistress of a school for young ladies, and the coarse but genial Wife of Bath; the rascally Pardoner and the ideal Parson of a parish. Both town and country life are represented. Together the company is representative of the whole social fabric of fourteenth-century England, from the Knight to the Plowman.

THE PROLOGUE

*Here biginneth the Book of the Tales of
Caunterbury*

Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote ¹
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the
rote,
And bathed every veyne in swich ² licour,
Of which vertu ³ engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth ⁵
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,⁴
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open yē, ¹⁰
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages): ⁵
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages
(And palmers for to seken straunge
strondes)

To ferne halwes,⁶ couthe⁷ in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende ¹⁵
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir ⁸ for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were
seke.

Bifel that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay ²⁰

¹ sweet. ² such. ³ by virtue of which.

⁴ i.e. the time of year is mid-April.

⁵ dispositions. ⁶ distant saints.

⁷ famous. ⁸ St. Thomas à Becket.

Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At night was come in-to that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle ²⁵
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they
alle,

That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde;
The chambres and the stables weren
wyde,

And wel we weren esed ¹ atte beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste, ³⁰
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon,
That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
And made forward ² erly for to ryse,
To take our wey, ther as I yow devyse.

But natheles, whyl I have tyme and
space, ³⁵

Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what de-
gree; ⁴⁰

And eek in what array that they were
inne:

And at a knight than wol I first biginne.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy
man,

That fro the tyme that he first bigan

¹ accommodated.

² agreement.

To ryden out, he loved chivalrye, 45
 Trouthe¹ and honour, fredom² and cur-
 teisye.

Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
 And therto hadde he riden (no man ferre)³
 As wel in Cristendom as hethenesse,
 And ever honoured for his worthinesse. 50

At Alisaundre he was, whan it was wonne;
 Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne⁴
 Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce.⁵

In Lettow⁶ hadde he reysed⁷ and in Ruce,
 No Cristen man so ofte of his degree. 55
 In Gernade⁸ at the sege eek hadde he be
 Of Algezir,⁹ and riden in Belmarye.¹⁰

At Lyeys¹¹ was he, and at Satalye,¹²
 Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete
 See¹³

At many a noble armee¹⁴ hadde he be. 60
 At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,
 And foughten for our feith at Tramissene¹⁵
 In listes thryes, and ay slayn his fo.

This ilke¹⁶ worthy knight had been also
 Somtyme with the lord of Palatye,¹⁷ 65
 Ageyn¹⁸ another hethen in Turkye:

And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.¹⁹
 And though that he were worthy, he was wys,
 And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
 He never yet no vileinye²⁰ ne sayde 70

In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.
 He was a verray parfit gentil knight.
 But for to tellen yow of his array,
 His hors were gode, but he was nat gay.

Of fustian²¹ he wered a gipoun²² 75
 Al bismotered with his habergeoun;²³
 For he was late y-come from his viage,
 And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone, a yong
 SQUYER,

A lovyere, and a lusty bacheler,²⁴ 80
 With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in
 presse.²⁵

Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
 Of his stature he was of evene²⁶ lengthe,
 And wonderly deliver,²⁷ and greet of
 strengthe.

And he had been somtyme in chivachye,²⁸ 85
 In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardye,

And born him wel, as of so litel space,
 In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
 Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
 Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and rede. 90
 Singinge he was, or floytinge,¹ al the day;
 He was as fresh as is the month of May.
 Short was his goune, with sleeves longe and
 wyde.

Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire
 ryde.

He coude songes make and wel endyte,² 95
 Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreie and
 wryte.

So hote he lovede, that by nightertale³
 He sleep namore than dooth a nightingale.
 Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,
 And carf⁴ biforn his fader at the table. 100

A YEMAN⁵ hadde he, and servaunts namo
 At that tyme, for him liste ryde so;
 And he was clad in cote and hood of grene;
 A sheef of pecok-arwes brighte and kene
 Under his belt he bar ful thriftily; 105
 (Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
 His arwes drouped noght with fetheres
 lowe),

And in his hand he bar a mighty bowe.
 A not-heed⁶ hadde he, with a broun visage.
 Of wode-craft wel coude⁷ he al the usage. 110

Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,⁸
 And by his syde a swerd and a bokeler,
 And on that other syde a gay daggere,
 Harneised⁹ wel, and sharp as point of spere;
 A Cristofre¹⁰ on his brest of silver shene.¹¹ 115
 An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of grene;
 A forster¹² was he, soothly, as I gesse.

Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
 That of hir smyling was ful simple and
 coy¹³

Hir gretteste ooth was but by sēynt Loy; 120
 And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.

Ful wel she song the service divyne,
 Entuned in hir nose ful semely;
 And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,¹⁴
 After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,¹⁵ 125
 For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.

At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle;
 She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
 Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.
 Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel
 kepe, 130

That no drope ne fille up-on her brest.
 In curteisye was set ful muche hir lest.¹⁶

1 whistling. 2 compose words and music.
 3 night-time. 4 carved. 5 yeoman.
 6 close-cropped head. 7 knew.
 8 guard for the arm. 9 equipped.
 10 image of St. Christopher, as protection against acci-
 dents.
 11 bright. 12 forester. 13 coy. 14 elegantly.
 15 A convent-school near London. 16 desire.

1 loyalty. 2 generosity. 3 farther.
 4 sat at the head of the table.
 5 Prussia, i.e. East Prussia. 6 Lithuania.
 7 made a campaign. 8 Grenada.
 9 Algeciras, taken from the Moors in 1344.
 10 A district in northern Africa.
 11 A town in Armenia. 12 A town in Asia Minor.
 13 Mediterranean. 14 expedition.
 15 A district in northern Africa. 16 same.
 17 A district in Asia Minor. 18 against.
 19 high praise. 20 discourtesy.
 21 coarse heavy cloth. 22 doublet.
 23 stained by his coat of mail.
 24 aspirant to knighthood.
 25 curly as though artificially curled.
 26 medium. 27 active. 28 military expeditions.

Hir over lippe wyped she so clene,
That in hir coppe was no ferthing ¹ sene
Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir
draughte. 135

Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,²
And sikerly she was of greet disport,³
And ful plesaunt, and amiable of port,
And peyned hir to countrefete chere ⁴
Of court, and been estatlich of manere, 140
And to ben holden digne ⁵ of reverence.
But, for to speken of hir conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or
bledde. 145

Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel-
breed.⁶

But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte:⁷
And al was conscience and tendre herte. 150
Ful semely hir wimpel pinched ⁸ was;
Hir nose tretys;⁹ hir eyen greye as glas;
Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and
reed;

But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed;
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe; 155
For, hardily,¹⁰ she was nat undergrowe.
Ful fetis ¹¹ was hir cloke, as I was war.
Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
A peire ¹² of bedes, gauded al with grene;¹³
And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful
shene, 160

On which ther was first write a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another NONNE with hir hadde she,
That was hir chapeleyne, and PREESTES
THREE.

A MONK ther was, a fair for the mais-
trye,¹⁴ 165

An out-rydere,¹⁵ that lovede venerye ¹⁶;
A manly man, to been an abbot able.
Ful many a deyntee hors hadde he in
stable:

And, whan he rood, men mighte his brydel
here

Ginglen in a whistling wind as clere, 170
And eek as loude as dooth the chapel-belle
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.¹⁷

The reule ¹ of seint Maure or of seint Beneit,
By-cause that it was old and som-del streit,²
This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace, 175
And held after the newe world the space.
He yaf nat of that text a pulled ³ hen,
That seith, that hunters been nat holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is cloisterlees,
Is lykned til a fish that is waterlees; 180
This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloistre.
But thilke text held he nat worth an oistre;
And I seyde, his opinioun was good.
What sholde he studie, and make himselven
wood,⁴

Upon a book in cloistre alway to poure, 185
Or swinken ⁵ with his handes, and laboure,
As Austin bit?⁶ How shal the world be
served?

Lat Austin have his swink to him reserved.
Therfore he was a pricasour ⁷ aright;
Grehoundes he hadde, as swifte as fowel in
flight; 190

Of priking ⁸ and of hunting for the hare
Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I seigh his sleeves purfild ⁹ at the hond
With grys,¹⁰ and that the fyneste of a lond;
And, for to festne his hood under his chin, 195
He hadde of gold y-wroght a curious pin:
A love-knotte in the gretter ende ther was.
His heed was balled,¹¹ that shoon as any glas,
And eek his face, as he had been anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point;¹² 200
His eyen stepe,¹³ and rollinge in his heed,
That stemed as a forneys of a leed;¹⁴
His botes souple, his hors in greet estat.
Now certainly he was a fair prelat;
He was nat pale as a for-pyned ¹⁵ goost. 205
A fat swan loved he best of any roost.
His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.

A FRERE ther was, a wantown and a
merye,

A limitour,¹⁶ a ful solempne man.
In alle the ordres foure¹⁷ is noon that
can ¹⁸ 210

So muche of daliaunce and fair langage.
He hadde maad ful many a mariage
Of yonge wommen, at his owne cost.
Un-to his ordre he was a noble post.¹⁹
Ful wel biloved and famulier was he 215
With frankeleyns ²⁰ over-al in his contree,
And eek with worthy wommen of the toun:
For he had power of confessioun,

1 smallest trace. 2 reached.
3 And certainly she was full of pleasantry.
4 imitate the manners. 5 worthy.
6 cake-bread. 7 with a stick smartly.
8 pleaded. 9 well formed.
10 certainly. 11 handsome. 12 string.
13 i.e. every eleventh bead was green. These larger
green beads in her rosary marked Paternosters. The
smaller coral beads marked Aves.
14 preëminently fine.
15 an inspector of the properties of his monastery.
16 hunting. 17 subordinate monastery.

1 The monastic regulations of the Benedictine order.
2 somewhat strict. 3 plucked. 4 crazy.
5 labor. 6 as St. Augustine bids.
7 man fond of riding. 8 riding. 9 trimmed.
10 fur. 11 bald. 12 physical condition.
13 bright. 14 shone like the fire under a cauldron.
15 tormented.
16 A friar licensed to beg in a limited district.
17 Dominican, Franciscan, Carmelite, Augustinian.
18 knows. 19 pillar. 20 well-to-do land-owners.

As seyde him-self, more than a curat,
 For of his ordre he was licentiat. 220
 Ful swetely herde he confessioun,
 And plesaunt was his absolucioun;
 He was an esy man to yeve penaunce
 Ther as he wiste to han¹ a good pitaunce;
 For unto a povre ordre for to yive 225
 Is signe that a man is wel y-shrive.
 For if he yaf, he dorste make avaunt,²
 He wiste that a man was repentaunt.
 For many a man so hard is of his herte,
 He may nat wepe al-thogh him sore
 smerte. 230

Therefore, in stede of weping and preyeres,
 Men moot³ yeve silver to the povre freres.
 His tipet was ay farsed⁴ ful of knyves
 And pinnes, for to yeven faire wyves.
 And certainly he hadde a mery note; 235
 Wel coude he singe and pleyen on a rote.⁵
 Of yeddinges⁶ he bar utterly the prys.
 His nekke whyt was as the flour-de-lys;
 Ther-to he strong was as a champioun.
 He knew the tavernes wel in every toun, 240
 And everich hostiler and tappestere
 Bet than a lazarus or a beggestere;⁷
 For un-to swich a worthy man as he
 Acorded nat, as by his facultee,⁸
 To have with seke lazarus aqueyntaunce. 245
 It is nat honest, it may nat avaunce
 For to delen with no swich poraille,⁹
 But al with riche and sellers of vitaille.
 And over-al, ther as¹⁰ profit sholde aryse,
 Curteys he was, and lowly of servyse. 250
 Ther nas no man no-wher so vertuous.¹¹
 He was the beste beggere in his hous;
 For thogh a widwe hadde noght a sho,¹²
 So plesaunt was his "*In principio*,"¹³
 Yet wolde he have a ferthing, er he wente. 255
 His purchas was wel bettre than his
 rente.¹⁴
 And rage¹⁵ he coude, as it were right a
 whelpe.¹⁶

In love-dayes¹⁷ ther coude he muchel helpe.
 For there he was nat lyk a cloisterer,¹⁸
 With a thredbar cope, as is a povre scoler, 260
 But he was lyk a maister or a pope.
 Of double worsted was his semi-cope,¹⁹
 That rounded as a belle out of the presse.²⁰
 Somwhat he lipped, for his wantownesse,

1 Where he knew he should have. 2 boast.
 3 one should. 4 stuffed. 5 fiddle. 6 songs.
 7 Better than he did any leper or beggar-woman.
 8 It was not fitting to a man of his importance.
 9 poor trash. 10 And everywhere where.
 11 of such ability. 12 shoe.
 13 The first words of St. John's gospel.
 14 His occasional winnings amounted to more than his
 regular income.
 15 romp. 16 young dog.
 17 days for settling minor disputes.
 18 recluse. 19 short cape. 20 clothes-press.

To make his English swete up-on his
 tonge; 265
 And in his harping, whan that he had songe,
 His eyen twinkled in his heed aright,
 As doon the sterres in the frosty night.
 This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.
 A MARCHANT was ther with a forked
 berd, 270

In mottelee,¹ and hye on horse he sat,
 Up-on his heed a Flaundrish bever hat;
 His botes clasped faire and fetisly.
 His resons he spak ful solempnely,
 Souninge² alway th'encrees of his win-
 ning. 275

He wolde the see were kept for any thing³
 Bitwixe Middleburgh and Orewelle.⁴
 Wel coude he in eschaunge sheeldes selle.⁵
 This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette;⁶
 Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette, 280
 So estatly was he of his governaunce,
 With his bargaynes, and with his chevi-
 saunce.⁷

For sothe he was a worthy man with-alle,
 But sooth to seyn, I noot how men him calle.

A CLERK ther was of Oxenford also, 285
 That un-to logik hadde longe y-go.
 As lene was his hors as is a rake,
 And he nas nat right fat, I undertake;
 But loked holwe, and ther-to soberly.
 Ful thredbar was his overest courtepy;⁸ 290
 For he had geten him yet no benefyce,
 Ne was so worldly for to have offyce.
 For him was lever⁹ have at his beddes heed
 Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophye, 295
 Than robes riche, or fithele,¹⁰ or gay sautrye.¹¹
 But al be that he was a philosophre,
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;¹²
 But al that he mighte of his freendes hente,¹³
 On bokes and on lerninge he it spent, 300
 And bisily gan for the soules preye
 Of hem that yaf him wher-with to scoleye.¹⁴
 Of studie took he most cure¹⁵ and most
 hede.

Noght o word spak he more than was nede,
 And that was seyde in forme and rever-
 ence, 305
 And short and quik, and ful of hy sentence.¹⁶
 Souninge in¹⁷ moral vertu was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

1 cloth of a mixed color.
 2 relating to. 3 guarded at all costs.
 4 Ports in Holland and England.
 5 sell currency at exchange. 6 employed.
 7 financial dealings. 8 short overcoat.
 9 he preferred. 10 fiddle.
 11 psaltery (musical instrument).
 12 His scientific knowledge (philosophy) did not include
 alchemy.
 13 get. 14 go to school. 15 care.
 16 lofty maxims. 17 tending towards.

A SERGEANT OF THE LAWE, war and wys,
That often hadde been at the parvys,¹ 310
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discreet he was, and of greet reverence:
He semed swich, his wordes weren so wyse.
Justyce he was ful often in assyse,
By patente, and by pleyn commissioun; 315
For his science, and for his heigh renoun
Of fees and robes hadde he many oon.
So greet a purchasour² was no-wher noon.
Al was fee simple to him in effect,³
His purchasing mighte nat been infect.⁴ 320
No-wher so bisy a man as he ther nas,
And yet he semed bisier than he was.
In termes hadde he caas and domes alle,⁵
That from the tyme of king William were
falle.

Therto he coude endyte, and make a
thing,⁶ 325
Ther coude no wight pinche at his wryting;
And every statut coude he pleyn by rote.⁷
He rood but hoonly in a medlee cote
Girt with a ceint⁸ of silk, with barres smale;
Of his array telle I no lenger tale. 330

A FRANKELEYN⁹ was in his companye;
Whyt was his berd, as is the dayesye.
Of his complexioun¹⁰ he was sangwyn.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in wyn.¹¹
To liven in delyt was ever his wone,¹² 335
For he was Epicurus owne sone,
That heeld opinioun, that pleyn delyt
Was verrailly felicitee parfyt.
An housholdere, and that a greet, was he;
Seint Julian¹³ he was in his contree. 340
His breed, his ale, was alwey after oon;¹⁴
A bettre envyned¹⁵ man was no-wher noon.
With-oute bake mete¹⁶ was never his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plentevous,
It snewed¹⁷ in his hous of mete and
drinke, 345

Of alle deyntees that men coude thinke.
After the sondry sesons of the yeer,
So chaunged he his mete and his soper.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in
mewe,¹⁸
And many a breem and many a luce in
stewe.¹⁹ 350

Wo was his cook,¹ but-if his sauce were
Poynaunt and sharp, and redy al his gere.
His table dormant² in his halle alway
Stood redy covered al the longe day.
At sessiouns ther was he lord and sire; 355
Ful ofte tyme he was knight of the shire.³
An anlas⁴ and a gipser⁵ al of silk
Heng at his girdel, whyt as morne milk.
A shirreve hadde he been, and a countour;⁶
Was no-wher such a worthy vavasour.⁷ 360

An HABERDASSHER and a CARPENTER,
A WEBBE, a DYERE, and a TAPICER,⁸
Were with us eek, clothed in o liverree,⁹
Of a solempne and greet fraternitee.¹⁰
Ful fresh and newe hir gere apyked¹¹
was; 365

Hir knyves were y-chaped¹² noght with bras,
But al with silver, wroght ful clene and weel,
Hir girdles and hir pouches every-deel.
Wel semed ech of hem a fair burgeys,
To sitten in a yeldhalle on a deys.¹³ 370
Everich, for the wisdom that he can,
Was shaply for to been an alderman.
For catel¹⁴ hadde they y-nogh and rente,
And eek hir wyves wolde it wel assente;
And elles certain were they to blame. 375
It is ful fair to been y-clept "*ma dame*,"
And goon to vigilyes¹⁵ al bifore,
And have a mantel royalliche y-bore.

A COOK they hadde with hem for the nones
To boille the chiknes with the marybones, 380
And poudre-marchant tart,¹⁶ and galingale.¹⁷
Wel coude he knowe a draughte of London
ale.

He coude roste, and sethe, and broille, and
frye,
Maken mortreux,¹⁸ and wel bake a pye.
But greet harm was it, as it thoughte me, 385
That on his shine a mormal¹⁹ hadde he;
For blankmanger,²⁰ that made he with the
beste.

A SHIPMAN was ther, woning fer by
weste:²¹
For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouthe.
He rood up-on a rouncy,²² as he couthe,²³ 390
In a gowne of falding²⁴ to the knee.
A daggere hanging on a laas²⁵ hadde he
Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote somer had maad his hewe al broun;

1 The porch of St. Paul's, where lawyers met for consultation.

2 conveyancer.

3 He could set aside any entail, and convey the property as though it were held in fee simple.

4 invalidated.

5 He could cite cases and decisions word for word.

6 compose and write out a legal document.

7 knew he fully by heart. 8 girdle.

9 rich land-owner. 10 temperament.

11 wine with bread or cake in it. 12 custom.

13 Patron saint of hospitality.

14 i.e. it never varied in quality.

15 provided with wine. 16 cooked food.

17 snowed. 18 a coop. 19 fish-pond.

1 It was a bad day for his cook.

2 permanent dining-table — not boards on trestles.

3 member of Parliament for the county.

4 dagger. 5 purse. 6 auditor.

7 A feudal tenant ranking immediately below a baron.

8 upholsterer. 9 distinctive dress.

10 guild. 11 trimmed. 12 mounted.

13 in a guild-hall on a dais. 14 property.

15 eves of festival days. 16 tart flavoring-powder.

17 A variety of spice. 18 stews. 19 sore.

20 creamed chicken. 21 dwelling far in the west.

22 an awkward nag. 23 as well as he knew how.

24 coarse cloth. 25 cord.

And, certainly, he was a good felawe. 395
 Ful many a draughte of wyn had he y-drawe
 From Burdeux-ward, whyl that the chapman
 sleep.¹

Of nyce conscience took he no keep.
 If that he faught, and hadde the hyer hond,
 By water he sente hem hoom to every
 land.² 400

But of his craft to rekene wel his tydes,
 His stremes³ and his daungers him bisydes,
 His herberwe⁴ and his mone, his lodemenage,⁵
 Ther nas noon swich from Hulle to Cartage.⁶
 Hardy he was, and wys to undertake; 405
 With many a tempest hadde his berd been
 shake.

He knew wel alle the havenes, as they were,
 From Gootlond⁷ to the cape of Finistere,
 And every cryke in Britayne and in Spayne;
 His barge y-cleped was the Maudelayne. 410

With us ther was a DOCTOR OF PHISYK,
 In al this world ne was ther noon him lyk
 To speke of phisik and of surgerye;
 For he was grounded in astronomye.
 He kepte his pacient a ful greet del 415
 In houres, by his magik naturel.⁸

Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
 Of his images⁹ for his pacient.
 He knew the cause of everich maladye,
 Were it of hoot or cold, or moiste, or
 drye.¹⁰ 420

And where engendred, and of what humour;
 He was a verrey parfit practisour.
 The cause y-knowe, and of his harm the rote,
 Anon he yaf the seke man his bote.¹¹

Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries, 425
 To sende him drogges and his letuaries,¹²
 For ech of hem made othir for to winne;
 Hir frendschipe nas nat newe to biginne.

Wel knew he th'olde Esculapius,
 And Deiscorides, and eek Rufus, 430
 Old Ypocras, Haly, and Galien;
 Serapion, Razis, and Avicen;

Averrois, Damascien, and Constantyn;
 Bernard, and Gatesden, and Gilbertyn.¹³
 Of his diete mesurable was he, 435

For it was of no superfluitee,
 But of greet norissing and digestible.
 His studie was but litel on the bible.

¹ He had stolen many a drink of the wine which he was
 bringing from Bordeaux, while the supercargo was asleep.

² made them walk the plank.
³ currents. ⁴ harborage.
⁵ steersmanship. ⁶ Carthaginia in Spain.
⁷ The island of Gottland in the Baltic.
⁸ He knew which hours were astrologically favorable
 for giving medicine.

⁹ He devised magic images at a moment when astro-
 logically fortunate planets were rising.

¹⁰ The four primary elements which composed all
 matter.

¹¹ remedy. ¹² syrups.
¹³ The chief authorities on medieval medicine.

In sangwin and in pers¹ he clad was al,
 Lyned with taffata and with sendal;² 440
 And yet he was but esy of dispence;³
 He kepte that he wan in pestilence.

For gold in phisik is a cordial,⁴
 Therfore he lovede gold in special
 A good WYF was ther of bisyde BATHE, 445
 But she was som-del⁵ deaf, and that was
 scathe.⁶

Of clooth-making she hadde swiche an haunt,⁷
 She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
 In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
 That to th' offring bifore hir sholde goon; 450
 And if ther dide, certeyn, so wrooth was
 she,

That she was out of alle charitee.
 Hir coverchiefs ful fyne were of ground;⁸
 I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound.
 That on a Sondag were upon hir heed. 455
 Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
 Ful streite y-teyd, and shoos ful moiste and
 newe.

Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of
 hewe.

She was a worthy womman al hir lyve.
 Housbondes at chirche-dore⁹ she hadde
 fyve, 460

Withouten¹⁰ other companye in youthe;
 But therof nedeth nat to speke as nouthe.¹¹
 And thryes hadde she been at Jerusalem;
 She hadde passed many a straunge streem;
 At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne, 465
 In Galice at saint Jame,¹² and at Coloigne.
 She coude muche of wandring by the weye:
 Gat-tothed¹³ was she, soothly for to seye.

Up-on an amblere¹⁴ esily she sat,
 Y-wimpled¹⁵ wel, and on hir heed an hat 470
 As brood as is a bokeler or a targe;
 A foot-mantel aboute hir hipes large,
 And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.
 In felawschip wel coude she laughe and
 carpe.¹⁶

Of remedies of love she knew perchaunce, 475
 For she coude of that art the olde daunce.¹⁷

A good man was ther of religioun,
 And was a povre PERSOUN¹⁸ of a toun;
 But riche he was of holy thoght and werk.
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk, 480
 That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
 His parisshe¹⁹ devoutly wolde he teche.

¹ blood-red and light blue.

² thin silk.

³ careful about spending.

⁴ heart-stimulant.

⁵ somewhat.

⁶ a pity.

⁷ skill.

⁸ of very fine texture.

⁹ Weddings were celebrated in the porch of the church.

¹⁰ Besides.

¹¹ just now.

¹² Compostella, a great pilgrim shrine in Spain.

¹³ With teeth set wide apart.

¹⁴ ambling nag.

¹⁵ provided with a pleated head-covering.

¹⁶ talk.

¹⁷ She knew all the tricks in the game of love.

¹⁸ parson.

¹⁹ parishioners.

Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversitee ful pacient;
 And swich he was y-preved ofte sythes.¹ 485
 Ful looth were him to cursen for his tythes,
 But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
 Un-to his povre parisshe aboute
 Of his offring, and eek of his substaunce.
 He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce. 490
 Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer
 a-sonder,

But he ne lafte nat, for reyn ne thonder,
 In siknes nor in meschief,² to visyte
 The ferreste in his parisshe, muche and
 lyte,³

Up-on his feet, and in his hand a staf. 495
 This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
 That first he wroghte, and afterward he
 taughte;

Out of the gospel⁴ he tho wordes caughte;
 And this figure he added eek ther-to,
 That if gold ruste, what shal iren do? 500
 For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
 No wonder is a lewed⁵ man to ruste;
 And shame it is, if a preest take keep,⁶
 A shiten shepherde and a clene sheep.
 Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive, 505
 By his clenness, how that his sheep shold
 live.

He sette nat his benefice to hyre,
 And leet his sheep encombred in the myre,
 And ran to London, un-to sēynt Poules,
 To seken him a chaunterie for soules,⁷ 510
 Or with a bretherhed to been withholde;⁸
 But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his
 folde,

So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie;
 He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.
 And though he holy were, and vertuous, 515
 He was to sinful man nat despitous,
 Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,⁹
 But in his teching discreet and benigne.
 To drawen folk to heven by fairnesse
 By good ensample, was his bisnesse: 520
 But it were any persone obstinat,
 What-so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,
 Him wolde he snibben¹⁰ sharply for the
 nones.

A better preest, I trowe that nowher noon is.
 He wayted after no pompe and reverence, 525
 Ne maked him a spyced conscience,¹¹
 But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taughte, and first he folwed it himselve.

1 times. 2 misfortune.
 3 of high estate and low. 4 St. Matthew, v, 19.
 5 lay. 6 heed.
 7 To seek the easy work of merely saying masses for the
 repose of departed souls.
 8 to be chaplain for a guild.
 9 overbearing nor haughty. 10 rebuke.
 11 He did not exaggerate small peccadillos.

With him ther was a PLOWMAN, was' his
 brother,
 That hadde y-lad of dong ful many a
 fother,¹ 530

A trewe swinker² and a good was he,
 Livinge in pees and parfit charitee.
 God loved he best with al his hole herte
 At alle tymes, thogh him gamed or smerte,³
 And thanne his neighebour right as him-
 selve. 535
 He wolde thresshe, and ther-to dyke and
 delve,

For Cristes sake; for every povre wight,
 Withouten hyre, if it lay in his might.
 His tythes payed he ful faire and wel,
 Bothe of his propre swink and his catel.⁴ 540
 In a tabard⁵ he rood upon a mere.

Ther was also a Reve⁶ and a Millere,
 A Somnour⁷ and a Pardoner⁸ also,
 A Maunciple,⁹ and my-self; ther were namo.

The MILLER was a stout carl, for the
 nones, 545
 Ful big he was of braun, and eek of bones;
 That proved wel,¹⁰ for over-al ther he cam,
 At wrastling he wolde have alwey the ram.¹¹
 He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke
 knarre,¹²

Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve of
 harre,¹³ 550
 Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed.
 His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,
 And ther-to brood, as though it were a
 spade.

Up-on the cop¹⁴ right of his nose he hade
 A werte, and ther-on stood a tuft of heres, 555
 Reed as the bristles of a sowes eres;
 His nose-thirles¹⁵ blake were and wyde.
 A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde;
 His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys.
 He was a jangler and a goliardeys,¹⁶ 560
 And that was most of sinne and harlotryes.¹⁷
 Wel coude he stelen corn, and tollen thryes;¹⁸
 And yet he hadde a thombe of gold,¹⁹ pardee.
 A whyt cote and a blew hood wered he.
 A baggepype wel coude he blowe and
 sowne, 565
 And ther-with-al he broghte us out of towne.

1 load. 2 worker.
 3 though his lot was pleasant or unpleasant.
 4 by giving both personal services and property.
 5 a sleeveless jerkin.
 6 steward of a landed estate.
 7 An officer who summoned offenders to the ecclesiasti-
 cal courts.
 8 a hawk of papal indulgences.
 9 steward of a college.
 10 that was clearly proved.
 11 i.e. the prize. 12 knotty muscled fellow.
 13 hinge. 14 tip. 15 nostrils.
 16 an idle talker and teller of coarse stories.
 17 ribaldries. 18 take triple toll.
 19 i.e. he was expert in judging the quality of flour.

A gentil MAUNCIPLE was ther of a temple,¹
Of which achatours² mighte take exemple
For to be wyse in bying of vitaille
For whether that he payde, or took by
taille,³

570

Algate he wayted so in his achat,⁴
That he was ay biforn and in good stat.
Now is nat that of God a ful fair grace,
That swich a lewed mannes wit shal pace
The wisdom of an heep of lerned men?⁵
Of maistres hadde he mo than thryes ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious;
Of which ther were a doseyn in that hous
Worthy to been stiwardes of rente and
lond

Of any lord that is in Engelond,⁶
To make him live by his propre good,
In honour dettelees, but he were wood,⁵
Or live as scarsly as him list desire;
And able for to helpen al a shire
In any cas that mighte falle or happe;⁷
And yit this maunciple sette hir aller cappe.⁶

580

The REVE was a sclendre colerik man,
His berd was shave as ny as ever he can.
His heer was by his eres round y-shorn.
His top was dokked lyk a preest biforn.⁷
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Y-lyk a staf, ther was no calf y-sene.
Wel coude he kepe a gerner and a binne;
Ther was noon auditour coude on him
winne.⁸

590

Wel wiste he, by the droghte, and by the
reyn,

595

The yelding of his seed, and of his greyn.
His lordes sheep, his neet,⁹ his dayerye,
His swyn, his hors, his stoor,¹⁰ and his pul-
trye,

Was hoolly in this reves governing,
And by his covenaut yaf the rekening;¹¹
Sin that his lord was twenty yeer of age;
Ther coude no man bringe him in arrerage.¹²
Ther nas baillif, ne herde,¹³ ne other hyne,¹³
That he ne knew his sleighte and his
covyne;¹⁴

605

They were adrad of him, as of the deeth.
His woning¹⁵ was ful fair up-on an heeth,
With grene treës shadwed was his place.
He coude better than his lord purchase.
Ful riche he was astored prively,
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,¹⁶
To yeve and lene him of his owne good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote and hood.

610

1 One of the inns of court, a college of lawyers.

2 buyers. 3 on account.

4 He always looked out so well for his purchase.

5 unless he were crazy. 6 made fools of them all.

7 His hair was cut short in front like a priest's.

8 get the better of him. 9 cattle. 10 stock.

11 catch him in arrears 12 herdsman.

13 hired laborer. 14 deceitfulness. 15 dwelling.

In youthe he lerned hadde a good mister;¹
He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter.
This reve sat up-on a ful good stot,²
That was al pomely³ grey, and highte
Scot.

615

A long surcote of pers up-on he hade,
And by his syde he bar a rusty blade.
Of Northfolk was this reve, of which I telle,
Bisyde a toun men clepen Baldeswelle.⁴
Tukked he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And ever he rood the hindreste of our route.

620

A SOMNOUR was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fyr-reed cherubinnes face,
For sawcefelem⁵ he was, with eyen narwe.⁵
As hoot he was, and lecherous, as a sparwe;
With scalled⁶ browes blake, and piled⁷ berd;
Of his visage children were aferd.

625

Ther nas quik-silver, litarge, ne brimston,
Boras, ceruce, ne oille of tartre noon,⁸
Ne oynement that wolde clense and byte,
That him mighte helpen of his whelkes⁹
whyte,

630

Nor of the knobbes sittinge on his chekes.
Wel loved he garleek, oynons, and eek lekes,
And for to drinken strong wyn, reed as
blood.
Than wolde he speke, and crye as he were
wood.⁹

635

And whan that he wel dronken hadde the
wyn,

Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn.
A fewe termes hadde he, two or three,
That he had lerned out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herde it al the day;
And eek ye knowen wel, how that a jay
Can clepen "Watte,"¹⁰ as well as can the
pope.

640

But who-so coude in other thing him grope,¹¹
Thanne hadde he spent al his philoso-
phye;

645

Ay "*Questio quid iuris*" wolde he crye.
He was a gentil harlot¹² and a kinde;
A better felawe sholde men noght finde.
He wolde suffre, for a quart of wyn,
A good felawe to have his concubyn.¹³
A twelf-month, and excuse him atte fulle:
Ful prively a finch eek coude he pulle.¹³
And if he fond o-wher a good felawe,
He wolde techen him to have non awe,
In swich cas, of the erchedeknes¹⁴ curs,¹⁵
But-if a mannes soule were in his purs;
For in his purs he sholde y-punished be.
"Purs is the erchedeknes helle," seyde he.

650

655

1 trade. 2 horse. 3 dappled.

4 pimped. 5 set close together. 6 scabby.

7 thin and uneven. 8 pimples. 9 crazy.

10 Wat, short for Walter, was a common name for jays
as Polly for modern parrots.

11 examine. 12 rogue. 13 fleece a gull.

14 The archdeacon presided over the bishop's court.

But wel I woot he lyed right in dede;
Of cursing¹ oghte ech gilty man him
drede.— 660
For curs wol slee, right as assoilling²
saveth —

And also war him of a *significavit*.³
In daunger⁴ hadde he at his owne gyse
The yonge girles⁵ of the diocyse,
And knew hir counseil, and was al hir
reed. 665

A gerland hadde he set up-on his heed,
As greet as it were for an ale-stake;⁶
A bokeler hadde he maad him of a cake.

With him ther rood a gentil PARDONER
Of Rouncival,⁷ his freend and his compeer, 670
That straight was comen fro the court of
Rome.

Ful loude he song, "Com hider, love, to me."
This somnour bar to him a stif burdoun,⁸
Was never trompe of half so greet a soun.
This pardoner hadde heer as yelow as
wex, 675

But smothe it heng, as dooth a strike of
flex;

By ounces⁹ henge his lokkes that he hadde,
And ther-with he his shuldres overspradde;
But thinne it lay, by colpons¹⁰ oon and oon;
But hood, for jolitee, ne wered he noon, 680
For it was trussed up in his walet.

Him thoughte, he rood al of the newe jet;¹¹
Dischevele, save his cappe, he rood al bare.
Swiche glaringe eyen hadde he as an hare.
A vernicle¹² hadde he sowed on his cappe. 685
His walet lay biforn him in his lappe,
Bret-ful¹³ of pardoun come from Rome al
hoot.

A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot.
No berd hadde he, ne never sholde have,
As smothe it was as it were late y-shave; 690
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.
But of his craft, fro Berwik into Ware,
Ne was ther swich another pardoner.
For in his male¹⁴ he hadde a pilwe-beer,¹⁵
Which that, he seyde, was our lady¹⁶
veyl: 695

He seyde, he hadde a gobet of the seyl
That seynt Peter hadde, whan that he wente
Up-on the see, til Jesu Crist him hente.
He hadde a croys of latoun,¹⁷ ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones. 700

But with thise relikes, whan that he fond
A povre person¹ dwelling up-on lond,
Up-on a day he gat him more moneye
Than that the person gat in monthes
tweye.

And thus, with feyned flaterye and
japes,² 705
He made the person and the peple his
apes.

But trewely to tellen, atte laste,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiaste.
Wel coude he rede a lessoun or a storie,
But alderbest³ he song an offertorie; 710
For wel he wiste, whan that song was
songe,

He moste preche, and wel affyle⁴ his tonge,
To winne silver, as he ful wel coude;
Therefore he song so meriely and loude.

Now have I told you shortly, in a clause, 715
Th'estat, th'array, the nombre, and eek the
cause

Why that assembled was this companye
In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is tyme to yow for to telle 720

How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrye alight.
And after wol I telle of our viage,
And al the remenaunt of our pilgrimage.

But first I pray yow, of your curteisye, 725
That ye n'arette it nat my vileinye,⁵
Thogh that I pleylnly speke in this matere,
To telle yow hir wordes and hir chere;
Ne thogh I speke hir wordes properly.
For this ye knowen al-so wel as I, 730

Who-so shal telle a tale after a man,
He moot reherce, as ny as ever he can,
Everich a word, if it be in his charge,
Al speke he never so rudeliche and large;⁶
Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewre 735
Or feyne thing, or finde wordes newe.
He may nat spare, al-thogh he were his
brother;

He moot as wel seye o word as another.
Crist spak him-self ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye woot, no vileinye is it. 740
Eek Plato seith, who-so that can him rede,
The wordes mote be cosin to the dede.

Also I prey yow to foryeve it me,
Al have I nat set folk in hir degree⁷
Here in this tale, as that they sholde
stonde; 745

My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.
Greet chere made our hoste us everichon,
And to the soper sette us anon;

1 parson. 2 tricks. 3 best of all. 4 polish.
5 That you do not attribute it to lack of good manners
on my part.
6 broadly. 7 in order of social rank.

1 ecclesiastical condemnation. 2 absolution.
3 A writ of excommunication.
4 under his power. 5 young people of both sexes.
6 sign of an ale-house. 7 A hospital in London.
8 bass accompaniment. 9 small portions.
10 shreds. 11 the latest fashion.
12 A copy of the handkerchief of St. Veronica, on which
was miraculously imprinted the face of Christ.
13 brim-full. 14 bag. 15 pillowslip.
16 i.e. the blessed Virgin's
17 latten. a composition metal similar to brass.

And served us with vitaille at the beste.
Strong was the wyn, and wel to drinke us
leste.¹ 750

A semely man our hoste was with-alle
For to han been a marshal in an halle;
A large man he was with eyen stepe,²
A fairer burgeys is ther noon in Chepe:³
Bold of his speche, and wys, and wel
y-taught, 755

And of manhod him lakkede right naught.
Eek therto he was right a mery man,
And after soper pleyen he bigan,
And spak of mirthe amonges othere thinges,
Whan that we hadde maad our reken-
inges; 760

And seyde thus: "Now, lordinges, trewely,
Ye been to me right welcome hertely:
For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye,
I ne saugh this yeer so mery a companye
At ones in this herberwe⁴ as is now. 765

Fayn wolde I doon yow mirthe, wiste I how.
And of a mirthe I am right now bithoght,
To doon yow ese, and it shal coste noght.

Ye goon to Caunterbury; God yow spede,
The blisful martir quyte yow your mede.⁵ 770
And wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,
Ye shapen yow to talen⁶ and to pleye;
For trewely, confort ne mirthe is noon
To ryde by the weye dounb as a stoon;
And therefore wol I maken yow disport, 775
As I seyde erst,⁷ and doon yow som confort.
And if yow lyketh alle, by oon assent,
Now for to stonden at my jugement,
And for to werken as I shal yow seye,
To-morwe, whan ye ryden by the weye, 780
Now, by my fader soule, that is deed,
But ye be merye, I wol yeve yow myn heed.
Hold up your hond, withouten more speche."

Our counseil was nat longe for to seche;⁸
Us thoughte it was noght worth to make it
wys,⁹ 785

And graunted him withouten more avys,
And bad him seye his verdit, as him leste.
"Lordinges," quod he, "now herkneth
for the beste;

But tak it not, I prey yow, in desdeyn;
This is the poynt, to speken short and
pleyn, 790

That ech of yow, to shorte with your weye,
In this viage, shal telle tales tweye,
To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,
And hom-ward he shal tellen othere two,
Of aventures that whylom han bifalle. 795
And which of yow that bereth him best of alle,

That is to seyn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,¹
Shal have a soper at our aller cost²
Here in this place, sitting by this post, 800
Whan that we come agayn fro Caunterbury.
And for to make yow the more mery,
I wol my-selven gladly with yow ryde,
Right at myn owne cost, and be your gyde.
And who-so wol my jugement withseye³ 805
Shal paye all that we spenden by the weye.
And if ye vouche-sauf that it be so,
Tel me anon, with-outen wordes mo,⁴
And I wol erly shape me⁵ therfore."

This thing was graunted, and our othes
swore 810

With ful glad herte, and preyden him also
That he wold vouche-sauf for to do so,
And that he wolde been our governour,
And of our tales juge and reportour
And sette a soper at a certeyn prys; 815
And we wold reuled been at his devys,
In heigh and lowe;⁶ and thus, by oon assent,
We been acorded to his jugement.
And ther-up-on the wyn was fet⁷ anon;
We dronken, and to reste wente echon, 820
With-outen any lenger tarynge.

A-morwe, whan that day bigan to springe,
Up roos our host, and was our aller cok,⁸
And gadrede us togidre, alle in a flok,
And forth we riden, a litel more than pas,⁹ 825
Un-to the watering of saint Thomas.¹⁰
And there our host bigan his hors areste,
And seyde; "Lordinges, herkneth, if yow
leste.

Ye woot your forward,¹¹ and I it yow
recorde.

If even-song and morwe-song acorde,¹² 830
Lat see now who shal telle the firste tale.

As ever mote I drinke wyn or ale,
Who-so be rebel to my jugement
Shal paye for al that by the weye is spent.
Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer
twinne;¹³ 835

He which that hath the shortest shal biginne.
Sire knight," quod he, "my maister and my
lord,

Now draweth cut, for that is myn acord.
Cometh neer," quod he, "my lady prioress;
And ye, sir clerk, lat be your shamfast-
nesse, 840

1 most instructive and entertaining.

2 at the cost of us all. 3 dispute.

4 more. 5 make my arrangements.

6 i.e. in everything. 7 fetched in.

8 the cock who waked us all.

9 faster than a walk.

10 A place two miles from Southwark.

11 agreement.

12 If you sing the same tune now that you did last evening.

13 Now draw lots before we get any further from town.

1 we were disposed.

2 bright.

3 Cheapside, London.

4 inn.

5 give you your reward.

6 tell stories.

7 before.

8 It did not take us long to agree.

9 to be particular about.

Ne studieth noght; ley hond to, every man."

Anon to drawen every wight bigan,
And shortly for to tellen, as it was,
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,¹
The sothe is this, the cut fil to the knight, 845
Of which ful blythe and glad was every
wight;

And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun,
By forward and by composicioun,²
As ye han hard; what nedeth wordes mo?
And whan this gode man saugh it was so, 850
As he that wys was and obedient
To kepe his forward by his free assent,
He seyde: "Sin I shal beginne the game,
What, welcome be the cut, a Goddes namo!
Now lat us ryde, and herkneth what I
seye." 855

And with that word we riden forth our
weye;

And he bigan with right a mery chere
His tale anon, and seyde in this manere.

Here endeth the prolog of this book

THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE

This tale of the Cock and the Fox is a beast-fable, from the great medieval cycle of *Reynard the Fox*, told to impress the moral: "Beware of flatterers." In Chaucer's hands it has become much more than this—a mock-heroic epic, elaborated with the most delicious wit and humor. Chauntecleer is a royal prince, whose predestined fate is foretold by a warning dream, the significance of which he pedantically expounds with full medieval dialectic for the benefit of his favorite wife. But the scene is laid at the humble dwelling of a poor peasant woman, who owns this princely bird; and Chaucer never lets the reader forget that his hero is after all only a very "cocky" cock.

*Here biginneth the Nonne Preestes Tale of the
Cok and Hen, Chauntecleer and Pertelote.*

A povre widwe, somdel stape³ in age,
Was whylom dwelling in a narwe cotage,
Bisyde a grove, stonding in a dale.
This widwe, of which I telle yow my tale,
Sin thilke day that she was last a wyf, 5
In pacience ladde a ful simple lyf,
For litel was hir catel⁴ and hir rente;
By housbondrye,⁵ of such as God hir sente,
She fond⁶ hir-self, and eek hir doghtren two.
Three large sowes hadde she, and namo, 10
Three kyn, and eek a sheep that highte
Malle,

Ful sooty was hir bour, and eek hir halle,

In which she eet ful many a splendre meel.
Of poynant sauce hir neded never a deel.
No deyntee morsel passed thurgh his
throthe; 15

Hir dyete was accordant to hir cote.
Repleccioun ne made hir never syk;
Attempree,¹ dyete was al hir phisyk,
And exercyse, and hertes suffisaunce.
The goute lette hir no-thing² for to daunce,
N'apoplexye shente³ nat hir heed; 20
No wyn ne drank she, neither whyt-ne reed,
Hir bord was served most with whyt and
blak,

Milk and broun breed, in which she fond no
lak,
Seynd⁴ bacoun, and somtyme an ey⁵ or
tweye, 25

For she was as it were a maner deye.⁶
A yerd she hadde, enclosed al aboute
With stikkes, and a drye dich with-oute,
In which she hadde a cok, hight Chaun-
tecleer,

In al the land of crowing nas his peer. 30
His vois was merier than the mery orgon
On messe-dayes that in the chirche gon;
Wel sikerer⁷ was his crowing in his logge,
Than is a klokke, or an abbey orlogge.⁸
By nature knew he ech ascencioun 35
Of equinoxial in thilke toun;
For whan⁹ degrees fiftene were ascended,⁹
Thanne crew he, that it mighte nat ben
amended.

His comb was redder than the fyn coral,
And batailed, as it were a castel-wal. 40
His bile was blak, and as the jeet it shoon;
Lyk asur were his legges, and his toon;
His nayles whytter than the lilie flour,
And lyk the burned gold was his colour.
This gentil cok hadde in his governaunce 45
Sevene hennes, for to doon al his plesaunce,
Whiche were his sustrs and his paramours,
And wonder lyk to him, as of colours.
Of whiche the faireste hewed on hir throthe
Was cleped faire damoysele Pertelote. 50
Curteys she was, discreet, and debonaire,
And compaignable, and bar hir-self so faire,
Sin thilke day that she was seven night
old,

That trewely she hath the herte in hold
Of Chauntecleer loken in every lith; 55
He loved hir so, that wel was him therwith.
But such a joye was it to here hem singe,
Whan that the brighte sonne gan to springe,
In swete accord, "my lief is faren in londe."
For thilke tyme, as I have understonde, 60

1 temperate. 2 did not hinder her at all.
3 injured. 4 broiled. 5 egg.
6 dairywoman. 7 more reliable.
8 time-piece. 9 i.e. every hour. 10 limb.

1 by hap, or fate, or chance.
2 agreement and contract. 3 advanced.
4 property. 5 economy. 6 provided for.

Bestes and briddes coude speke and singe.

And so bifel, that in a daweninge,
As Chauntecleer among his wyves alle
Sat on his perche, that was in the halle,
And next him sat this faire Pertelote, 65
This Chauntecleer gan gronen in his throte,
As man that in his dreem is drecched¹ sore.
And whan that Pertelote thus herde him
rore,

She was agast, and seyde, "O herte dere,
What eyleth yow, to grone in this manere? 70
Ye been a verray sleper, fy for shame!"
And he answerde and seyde thus, "madame,
I pray yow, that ye take it nat a-grief:
By god, me mette² I was in swich meschief
Right now, that yet myn herte is sore
afright. 75

Now god," quod he, "my swevene recche³
aright,

And keep my body out of foul prisoun!
Me mette, how that I romed up and doun
Withinne our yerde, wher-as I saugh a beste,
Was lyk an hound, and wolde han maad
areste 80

Upon my body, and wolde han had me deed.
His colour was bitwixe yelwe and reed;
And tipped was his tail, and bothe his eres,
With blak, unlyk the remenant of his heres;
His snowte smal, with glowinge eyen
tweye. 85

Yet of his look for fere almost I deye;
This caused me my groning, doutelees."

"Avoy!" quod she, "fy on yow, hertelees!
Allas!" quod she, "for, by that god above,
Now han ye lost myn herte and al my love; 90
I can nat love a coward, by my feith.

For certes, what so any woman seith,
We alle desyren, if it mighte be,
To han housbondes hardy, wyse, and free,⁴
And secree, and no nigard, ne no fool, 95
Ne him that is agast of every tool,⁵
Ne noon avauntour,⁶ by that god above!

How dorste ye seyn for shame unto your love,
That any thing mighte make yow aferd?

Have ye no mannes herte, and han a berd? 100
Allas! and conne ye been agast of swevenis?
No-thing, god wot, but vanitee,⁷ in sweven
is.

Swevenes engendren of replecciouns,⁸
And ofte of fume,⁹ and of complecciouns,¹⁰
Whan humours been to habundant in a
wight. 105

Certes this dreem, which ye han met to-
night,

Cometh of the grete superfluitee
Of youre rede colera,¹ pardee,
Which causeth folk to dreden in here dremes
Of arwes, and of fyr with rede lemes,² 110
Of grete bestes, that they wol hem byte,
Of kontek,³ and of whelpes grete and lyte;
Right as the humour of malencolye⁴
Causeth ful many a man, in sleep, to crye,
For fere of blake beres, or boles blake, 115
Or elles, blake develes wole hem take.
Of othere humours coude I telle also,
That werken many a man in sleep ful wo;
But I wol passe as lightly as I can.

Lo Catoun, which that was so wys a
man, 120

Seyde he nat thus, ne do no fors⁵ of dremes?
Now, sire," quod she, "whan we flee fro the
bemes,

For Goddes love, as tak som laxatyf;
Up peril of my soule, and of my lyf,
I counseile yow the beste, I wol nat lye, 125
That bothe of colere and of malencolye
Ye purge yow; and for ye shul nat tarie,
Though in this toun is noon apotecarie,
I shal my-self to herbes techen yow,
That shul ben for your hele, and for your
prow; 130

And in our yerd tho herbes shal I finde,
The whiche han of hir propretee, by kinde,⁷
To purgen yow binethe, and eek above.
Forget not this, for goddes owene love!
Ye been ful colerik of compleccioun. 135

Ware the sonne in his ascencioun
Ne fynde yow nat repleet of humours hote;
And if it do, I dar wel leye a grote,
That ye shul have a fevere terciane,
Or an agu, that may be youre bane. 140
A day or two ye shul have digestyves
Of wormes, er ye take your laxatyves,
Of lauriol,⁸ centaure,⁹ and fumetere,¹⁰
Or elles of ellebor, that groweth there,
Of catapuce,¹¹ or of gaytres beryis,¹² 145
Of erbe yve,¹³ growing in our yerd, that mery
is;

Pekke hem up right as they growe, and ete
hem in.

Be mery, housbond, for your fader kin!
Dredeth no dreem; I can say yow namore."

"Madame," quod he, "graunt mercy¹⁴ of
your lore. 150

But nathelees, as touching daun Catoun,
That hath of wisdom such a greet renoun,
Though that he bad no dremes for to drede,
By god, men may in olde bokes rede

1 troubled. 2 I dreamed. 3 interpret my dream.
4 generous. 5 weapon. 6 boaster.
7 emptiness. 8 Dreams come from over-eating.
9 gas on the stomach.
10 mixtures of the humors which compose the body.

1 red bile, one of the four humors. 2 flames.
3 strife. 4 black bile. 5 pay no attention to.
6 advantage. 7 nature. 8 spurge-laurel.
9 centaury. 10 fumitory. 11 caper-spurge.
12 dogwood. 13 ground ivy. 14 many thanks.

Of many a man, more of auctoritee 155
 Than ever Catoun was, so mote I thee,¹
 That al the revers seyn of his sentence,
 And han wel founden by experience,
 That dremes ben significaciouns,
 As wel of joye as tribulaciouns 160
 That folk endure in this lyf present.
 Ther nedeth make of this noon argument;
 The verray preve sheweth it in dede.

Oon of the gretteste auctours that men
 rede²

Seith thus, that whylom two felawes
 wente 165

On pilgrimage, in a ful good entente;
 And happed so, thay come into a toun,
 Wher-as ther was swich congregacioun
 Of peple, and eek so streit of herbergage³
 That they ne founde as muche as o cotage 170
 In which they bothe mighte y-logged be.
 Wherfor thay mosten, of necessitee,
 As for that night, departen compaignye;
 And ech of hem goth to his hostelrye,
 And took his logging as it wolde falle. 175
 That oon of hem was logged in a stalle,
 Fer in a yerd, with oxen of the plough;
 That other man was logged wel y-nough,
 As was his aventure, or his fortune,
 That us governeth alle as in commune. 180

And so bifel, that, longe er it were day,
 This man mette⁴ in his bed, ther-as he lay,
 How that his felawe gan up-on him calle,
 And seyde, 'allas! for in an oxes stalle
 This night I shal be mordred ther I lye. 185
 Now help me, dere brother, er I dye;
 In alle haste com to me,' he sayde.

This man out of his sleep for fere abrayde;⁵
 But whan that he was wakned of his sleep,
 He turned him, and took of this no keep;⁶ 190
 Him thoughte his dreem nas but a vanitee.

Thus twyès in his sleping dremed he.
 And atte thridde tyme yet his felawe
 Cam, as him thoughte, and seide, 'I am now
 slawe;

Bihold my bloody woundes, depe and wyde!
 Arys up erly in the morwe-tyde, 196
 And at the west gate of the toun,' quod he,
 'A carte ful of dong ther shaltow see,
 In which my body is hid ful prively;
 Do thilke carte aresten boldely. 200

My gold caused my mordre, sooth to sayn;
 And tolde him every poynt how he was slayn,
 With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe.
 And truste wel, his dreem he fond ful trewe;
 For on the morwe, as sone as it was day, 205
 To his felawes in he took the way;

And whan that he cam to this oxes stalle,
 After his felawe he bigan to calle.

The hostiler answered him anon,
 And seyde, 'sire, your felawe is agon, 210
 As sone as day he wente out of the toun.'
 This man gan fallen in suspecioun,
 Remembring on his dremes that he mette,
 And forth he goth, no lenger wolde he lette,¹
 Unto the west gate of the toun, and fond 215
 A dong-carte, as it were to donge lond,
 That was arrayed in the same wyse
 As ye han herd the dede man devyse;
 And with an hardy herte he gan to crye
 Vengeaunce and justice of this felonye: — 220
 'My felawe mordred is this same night,
 And in this carte he lyth gaping upright.
 I crye out on the ministres,' quod he,
 'That sholden kepe and reulen this citee;
 Harrow! allas! her lyth my felawe slayn!' 225
 What sholde I more un-to this tale sayn?
 The peple out-sterter, and caste the cart to
 grounde,

And in the middel of the dong they founde
 The dede man, that mordred was al newe.

O blisful god, that art so just and trewe! 230
 Lo, how that thou biwreyst² mordre alway!
 Mordre wol out; that see we day by day.
 Mordre is so wlatom³ and abhominable
 To god, that is so just and resonable,
 That he ne wol nat suffre it heled⁴ be; 235
 Though it abyde a yeer, or two, or three,
 Mordre wol out, this my conclusioun.
 And right anon, ministres of that toun
 Han hent the carter, and so sore him pyned,⁵
 And eek the hostiler so sore engyned,⁶ 240
 That thay biknewe⁷ hir wikkednesse anon,
 And were an-hanged by the nekke-boon.

Here may men seen that dremes been to
 drede.

And certes, in the same book I rede,
 Right in the nexte chapitre after this, 245
 (I gabbe⁸ nat, so have I joye or blis,)
 Two men that wolde han passed over see,
 For certeyn cause, in-to a fer contree,
 If that the wind ne hadde been contrarie,
 That made hem in a citee for to tarie, 250
 That stood ful mery upon an haven-syde.
 But on a day, agayn the even-tyde,
 The wind gan chaunge, and blew right as
 hem leste.

Jolif and glád they wente un-to hir reste,
 And casten hem ful erly for to saille; 255
 But to that oo man fil a greet mervaille.
 That oon of hem, in sleping as he lay,
 Him mette a wonder dreem, agayn the day;

¹ prosper. ² Cicero.
³ so limited in its lodging places. ⁴ dreamed.
⁵ started up in fright. ⁶ paid no attention to it.

¹ delay. ² revealest. ³ disgusting.
⁴ concealed. ⁵ tortured. ⁶ racked.
⁷ confessed. ⁸ speak idly.

Him thoughte a man stood by his beddes
syde,
And him comaunded, that he sholde
abyde, 260
And seyde him thus, 'if thou to-morwe wende,
Thou shalt be dreynt;¹ my tale is at an ende.'
He wook, and tolde his felawe what he mette,
And preyde him his viage for to lette;²
As for that day, he preyde him to abyde. 265
His felawe, that lay by his beddes syde,
Gan for to laughe, and scorned him ful faste.
'No dreem,' quod he, 'may so myn herte
agaste,

That I wol lette for to do my thinges.
I sette not a straw by thy dreminges, 270
For swevenes been but vanitees and japes.³
Men dreme al-day of owles or of apes,
And eke of many a mase⁴ therewithal;
Men dreme of thing that never was ne shal.
But sith I see that thou wolt heer abyde, 275
And thus for-sleuthen⁵ wilfully thy tyde,
God wot it reweth me;⁶ and have good day.'
And thus he took his leve, and wente his way.
But er that he hadde halfe his cours y-seyled,
Noot I nat why, ne what mischaunce it
eyled, 280

But casuelly the shippes botme rente,
And ship and man under the water wente
In sighte of othere shippes it byside,
That with hem seyled at the same tyde.
And therfor, faire Pertelote so dere, 285
By swiche ensamples olde maistow lere,
That no man sholde been to recchelees
Of dremes, for I sey thee, doutelees,
That many a dreem ful sore is for to drede.

Lo, in the lyf of saint Kenelm, I rede, 290
That was Kenulphus sone, the noble king
Of Mercenrike,⁷ how Kenelm mette a thing;
A lyte er he was mordred, on a day,
His mordre in his avisioun he say.
His norice him expounded every del 295
His sweven, and bad him for to kepe him wel
For traisoun; but he nas but seven year
old,

And therfore litel tale hath he told
Of any dreem, so holy was his herte.
By god, I hadde lever than my sherte 300
That ye had rad his legende, as have I.
Dame Pertelote, I sey yow trewely,
Macrobeus,⁸ that writ th'avisioun
In Affrike of the worthy Cipioun,
Affermeth dremes, and seith that they
been 305
Warning of thinges that men after seen.

And forther-more, I pray yow loketh wel
In th'olde testament, of Daniel,
If he held dremes any vanitee.
Reed eek of Joseph, and ther shul ye see 310
Wher dremes ben somtyme (I sey nat alle)
Warning of thinges that shul after falle.
Loke of Egipt the king, daun¹ Pharao,
His bakere and his boteler also,
Wher they ne felte noon effect in dremes. 315
Who-so wol seken actes of sondry remes,²
May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.

Lo Cresus, which that was of Lyde king,
Mette he nat that he sat upon a tree,
Which signified he sholde anhangd be? 320
Lo heer Andromacha, Ectores wyf,
That day that Ector sholde lese his lyf,
She dremed on the same night biforn,
How that the lyf of Ector sholde be lorn,
If thilke day he wente in-to bataille; 325
She warned him, but it mighte nat availle;
He wente for to fighte nathelees,
But he was slayn anoon of Achilles.
But thilke tale is al to long to telle,
And eek it is ny day, I may nat dwelle. 330
Shortly I seye, as for conclusioun,
That I shal han of this avisioun
Adversitee; and I seye forther-more,
That I ne telle of laxatyves no store,
For they ben venimous, I woot it wel; 335
I hem defye, I love hem never a del.

Now let us speke of mirthe, and stinte al
this;

Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,
Of o thing god hath sent me large grace;
For whan I see the beautee of your face, 340
Ye ben so scarlet-reed about your yën,
It maketh al my drede for to dyen;
For, also siker³ as *In principio*,⁴
Mulier est hominis confusio;
Madame, the sentence of this Latin is — 345
Womman is mannes joye and al his blis.
For whan I fele a-night your softe syde,
Al-be-it that I may nat on you ryde,
For that our perche is maad so narwe,
alas!

I am so ful of joye and of solas 350
That I defye bothe sweven and dreem."
And with that word he fley doun fro the
beem,

For it was day, and eek his hennes alle;
And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,
For he had founde a corn, lay in the yerd. 355
Royal he was, he was namore aferd;
He fethered Pertelote twenty tyme,
And trad as ofte, er that it was pryme.

¹ drowned. ² delay. ³ jokes.

⁴ confused matter. ⁵ waste in idleness.

⁶ I lament it. ⁷ Mercia, i.e. central England.

⁸ Author of a commentary on Cicero's *Somnium Scipionis*

¹ lord. ² realms. ³ just as sure.

⁴ The first words of St. John's Gospel. The following line means, "woman is man's undoing." Chauntecleer deliberately mistranslates it.

He loketh as it were a grim leoun;
 And on his toos he rometh up and doun, 360
 Him deynd not to sette his foot to grounde.
 He chukketh, whan he hath a corn y-founde,
 And to him rennen thanne his wyves alle.
 Thus royal, as a prince is in his halle,
 Leve I this Chauntecleer in his pasture; 365
 And after wol I telle his aventure.

Whan that the month in which the world
 bigan,¹
 That highte March, whan god first maked
 man,

Was complet, and passed were also,
 Sin March bigan, thritty dayes and two,² 370
 Bifel that Chauntecleer, in al his pryde,
 His seven wyves walking by his syde,
 Caste up his eyen to the brighte sonne,
 That in the signe of Taurus hadde y-ronne
 Twenty degrees and oon, and somewhat
 more; 375

And knew by kynde,³ and by noon other lore,
 That it was pryme,⁴ and crew with blisful
 stevene.

"The sonne," he sayde, "is clomben up on
 hevene

Fourty degrees and oon, and more, y-wis.
 Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis, 380
 Herkne this blisful briddes how they singe,
 And see the fresshe floures how they springe;
 Ful is myn herte of revel and solas."

But sodeinly him fil a sorweful cas;
 For ever the latter ende of joye is wo. 385
 God woot that worldly joye is sone ago;
 And if a rethor⁵ coude faire endyte,
 He in a cronique saufly mighte it wryte,
 As for a sovereyn notabilitee.

Now every wys man, lat him herkne me; 390
 This storie is al-so trewe, I undertake,
 As is the book of Launcelot de Lake,⁶
 That wommen holde in ful gret reverence.
 Now wol I torne agayn to my sentence.

A col-fox,⁷ ful of sly iniquitee, 395
 That in the grove hadde woned yeres three,
 By heigh imaginacioun forn-cast,⁸
 The same night thurgh-out the hegges brast
 Into the yerd, ther Chauntecleer the faire
 Was wont, and eek his wyves, to repaire; 400
 And in a bed of wortes⁹ stille he lay,
 Til it was passed undern¹⁰ of the day,
 Wayting his tyme on Chauntecleer to falle,
 As gladly doon thise homicydes alle,
 That in awayt ligen to mordre men. 405
 O false morderer, lurking in thy den!

O newe Scariot, newe Genilon!¹
 False dissimilour, O Greek Sinon,
 That broghtest Troye al outrely to sorwe!
 O Chauntecleer, acursed be that morwe, 410
 That thou into that yerd flough fro the
 bemes!

Thou were ful wel y-warned by thy dremes,
 That thilke day was perilous to thee.
 But what that god forwoot mot nedes be,²
 After the opinioun of certeyn clerkis. 415
 Witnesse on him, that any perfit clerk is,
 That in scole is gret altercacioun

In this matere, and greet disputisoun,
 And hath ben of an hundred thousand men.
 But I ne can not bulte it to the bren, 420
 As can the holy doctour Augustyn,
 Or Boëce,³ or the bishop Bradwardyn,⁴
 Whether that goddes worthy forwiting
 Streyneth⁵ me nedely for to doon a thing,
 (Nedely clepe I simple necessitee); 425

Or elles, if free choys be graunted me
 To do that same thing, or do it noght,
 Though god forwoot it, er that it was wrought;
 Or if his witing streyneth nevere a del
 But by necessitee condicionel. 430

I wol not han to do of swich matere;
 My tale is of a cok, as ye may here,
 That took his conseil of his wyf, with sorwe,
 To walken in the yerd upon that morwe
 That he had met the dreem, that I yow
 tolde. 435

Wommennes counseils been ful ofte colde;⁶
 Wommannes conseil broghte us first to wo,
 And made Adam fro paradys to go,
 Ther-as he was ful mery, and wel at ese. +
 But for I noot, to whom it mighte dis-
 please, 440

If I conseil of wommen wolde blame,
 Passe over, for I seyde it in my game.
 Rede auctours, wher they trete of swich
 matere,

And what thay seyn of wommen ye may here.
 Thise been the cokkes wordes, and nat
 myne; 445

I can noon harm of no womman divyne. —
 Faire in the sond, to bathe hir merily,
 Lyth Pertelote, and alle hir sustres by,
 Agayn the sonne; and Chauntecleer so free
 Song merier than the mermayde in the see;
 For Phisiologus⁷ seith sikerly, 451
 How that they singen wel and merily.
 And so bifel that, as he caste his yë,
 Among the wortes, on a boterflye,

1 The earth was created at the spring equinox.

2 i.e. it was May 3. 3 nature.

4 nine A.M. 5 master of rhetoric.

6 One of the Arthurian romances.

7 fox with black markings.

8 Predestined by the mind of God.

9 vegetables. 10 middle of the morning.

1 Judas Iscariot, and Ganelon, traitor in the Song of Roland.

2 What God foreknows must needs be. 3 Boethius.

4 English theologian of fourteenth century.

5 constraineth. 6 disastrous.

7 A fabulous book on the habits of animals.

He was war of this fox that lay ful lowe. 455
 No-thing ne liste him thanne for to crowe,
 But cryde anon, "cok, cok," and up he sterte,
 As man that was affrayed in his herte.
 For naturelly a beest desyreth flee
 Fro his contrarie, if he may it see, 460
 Though he never erst had seyn it with his yē.

This Chauntecleer, whan he gan him espye,
 He wolde han fled, but that the fox anon
 Seyde, "Gentil sire, allas! wher wol ye gon?
 Be ye affrayed of me that am your freend? 465
 Now certes, I were worse than a feend,
 If I to yow wolde harm or vileinye.
 I am nat come your counseil for t'espye;
 But trewely, the cause of my cominge
 Was only for to herkne how that ye singe. 470
 For trewely ye have as mery a stevene
 As eny aungel hath, that is in hevene;
 Therwith ye han in musik more felinge
 Than hadde Boëce, or any that can singe.
 My lord your fader (god his soule blesse!) 475
 And eek your moder, of hir gentillesse,
 Han in myn hous y-been, to my gret ese;
 And certes, sire, ful fayn wolde I yow plese.
 But for men speke of singing, I wol saye,
 So mote I brouke¹ wel myn eyen tweye, 480
 Save yow, I herde never man so singe,
 As dide your fader in the morweninge;
 Certes, it was of herte, al that he song.
 And for to make his voys the more strong,
 He wolde so payne him, that with bothe his
 yēn 485

He moste winke, so loude he wolde cryen,
 And stonden on his tiptoon ther-with-al,
 And strecche forth his nekke long and smal.
 And eek he was of swich discrecioun.
 That ther nas no man in no regiou² 490
 That him in song or wisdom mighte passe.
 I have wel rad in daun Burnel the Asse,²
 Among his vers, how that ther was a cok,
 For that a preestes sone yaf him a knok
 Upon his leg, whyl he was yong and nyce,³ 495
 He made him for to lese his benefyce.
 But certeyn, ther nis no comparisoun
 Bitwix the wisdom and discrecioun
 Of youre fader, and of his subtiltee.
 Now singeth, sire, for seinte Charitee, 500
 Let see, conne ye your fader countrefete?⁴
 This Chauntecleer his winges gan to bete,
 As man that coude his tresoun nat espye,
 So was he ravissed with his flaterye.

Allas! ye lordes, many a fals flatour 505
 Is in your courtes, and many a losengeour,⁵
 That plesen yow wel more, by my feith,
 Than he that soothfastnesse unto yow seith.

Redeth Ecclesiaste¹ of flaterye;
 Beth war, ye lordes, of hir trecherye. 510

This Chauntecleer stood hye up-on his
 toos,
 Strecching his nekke, and heeld his eyen
 cloos,

And gan to crowe loude for the nones;²
 And daun Russel the fox sterte up at ones,
 And by the gargat³ hente Chauntecleer, 515
 And on his bak toward the wode him beer,
 For yet ne was ther no man that him sewed.⁴
 O destinee, that mayst nat been eschewed!
 Allas, that Chauntecleer fleigh fro the bemes!
 Allas, his wyf ne roghte nat of dremes! 520
 And on a Friday fil al this meschaunce.
 O Venus, that art goddesse of plesaunce,
 Sin that thy servant was this Chauntecleer,
 And in thy service dide al his poweer,
 More for delyt, than world to multiplie, 525
 Why woldestow suffre him on thy day⁵ to
 dye?

O Gaufred,⁶ dere mayster soverayn,
 That, whan thy worthy king Richard was
 slayn

With shot,⁷ compleynedest his deth so sore,
 Why ne hadde I now thy sentence and thy
 lore, 530

The Friday for to chyde, as diden ye?
 (For on a Friday soothly slayn was he.)
 Than wolde I shewe yow how that I coude
 pleyne

For Chauntecleres drede, and for his peyne.

Certes, swich cry ne lamentacioun 535
 Was never of ladies maad, whan Ilioun
 Was wonne, and Pirrus with his streite
 swerd,

Whan he hadde hent⁸ king Priam by the berd,
 And slayn him (as saith us *Eneydos*),
 As maden alle the hennes in the clos, 540
 Whan they had seyn of Chauntecleer the
 sighte.

But sovereynly dame Pertelote shrighte,
 Ful louder than dide Hasdrubales wyf,
 Whan that hir housbond hadde lost his lyf,
 And that the Romyans hadde brend Cart-
 age; 545

She was so ful of torment and of rage,
 That wilfully into the fyr she sterte,
 And brende hir-selven with a stedfast herte.
 O woful hennes, right so cryden ye,
 As, whan that Nero brende the citee 550
 Of Rome, cryden senatoures wyves,
 For that hir housbondes losten alle hir lyves;

1 The book of Ecclesiasticus in the Apocrypha.

2 for the nonce. 3 throat. 4 pursued.

5 Friday is *dies Veneris*.

6 Geoffrey of Vinsauf, author of a Latin treatise on the art of poetry, which contains a rhetorical lament for Richard I. Chaucer is laughing at his bombastic style.

7 an arrow. 8 seized.

1 have the use of.

2 A Latin satirical poem of the twelfth century.

3 foolish. 4 imitate. 5 flatterer.

Withouten gilt this Nero hath hem slayn.
Now wol I torne to my tale agayn:—

This sely¹ widwe, and eek hir doghtres
two, 555

Herden thise hennes crye and maken wo,
And out at dores sterten they anoon,
And syen the fox toward the grove goon,
And bar upon his bak the cok away;
And cryden, "Out! harrow! and weyla-
way! 560

Ha, ha, the fox!" and after him they ran,
And eek with staves many another man;
Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and Ger-
land,

And Malkin, with a distaf in hir hand;
Ran cow and calf, and eek the verray
hogges 565

So were they fered for berking of the dogges
And shouting of the men and wimmen eke,
They ronne so, hem thoughte hir herte breke.
They yelleden as feendes doon in helle;
The dokes cryden as men wolde hem
quelle;² 570

The gees for fere flowen over the trees;
Out of the hyve cam the swarm of bees;
So hidous was the noyse, a! *benedicite!*
Certes, he Jakke Straw,³ and his meynee,
Ne made never shoutes half so shrille, 575
Whan that they wolden any Fleming⁴ kille,
As thilke day was maad upon the fox.
Of bras thay broghten bemes,⁵ and of box,
Of horn, of boon, in whiche they blewe and
pouped,

And therwithal thay shryked and they
houped; 580

It semed as that heven sholde falle.
Now, gode men, I pray yow herkneth alle!

Lo, how fortune turneth sodeinly
The hope and pryde eek of hir enemy!
This cok, that lay upon the foxes bak, 585
In al his drede, un-to the fox he spak,
And seyde, "sire, if that I were as ye,
Yet sholde I seyn (as wis⁶ god helpe me),
Turneth agayn, ye proude cherles alle!
A verray pestilence up-on yow falle! 590
Now am I come un-to this wodes syde,
Maugree⁷ your heed, the cok shal heer
abyde;

I wol him ete in feith, and that anon." —
The fox answerde, "in feith, it shal be don," —
And as he spak that word, al sodeinly 595
This cok brak from his mouth deliverly,⁸
And heighe up-on a tree he fleigh anon.
And whan the fox saugh that he was y-gon,

"Allas!" quod he, "O Chauntecleer, allas!
I have to yow," quod he, "y-doon trespas, 600
In-as-muche as I maked yow aferd,
Whan I yow hente, and broghte out of the
yerd;

But, sire, I dide it in no wikke entente;
Com down, and I shal telle yow what I
mente.

I shal seye sooth to yow, god help me so." 605
"Nay than," quod he, "I shrewe² us bothe
two,

And first I shrewe my-self, bothe blood and
bones,

If thou bigyle me ofter than ones.
Thou shalt na-more, thurgh thy flaterye,
Do me to singe and winke with myn yē. 610
For he that winketh, whan he sholde see,
Al wilfully, god lat him never thee!"²

"Nay," quod the fox, "but god yeve him
meschaunce,

That is so undiscreet of governaunce,
That jangleth³ whan he sholde holde his
pees." 615

Lo, swich it is for to be recchelees,
And necligent, and truste on flaterye.
But ye that holden this tale a folye,
As of a fox, or of a cok and hen,
Taketh the moralitee, good men. 620
For seint Paul seith, that al that writen is,
To our doctryne it is y-write, y-wis.
Taketh the fruyt, and lat the chaf be stille.

Now, gode god, if that it be thy wille,
As seith my lord, so make us alle good
men; 625

And bringe us to his heighe blisse. Amen.

Here is ended the Nonne Preestes Tale.

THE PARDONER'S TALE

The *Pardoner's Tale* is a sermon on the text:
"The love of money is the root of all evil."
The dramatic story, full of tragic irony, which
serves as *exemplum* for this text, is found in
varying forms in many languages. It seems to
have started in India, and to have come to
Europe *via* Persia and Arabia. A modern ver-
sion, brought direct from India, is *The King's*
Ankush in Kipling's *Second Jungle Book*.

In the Prologue to his tale, the shameless
Pardoner, seated in a wayside tavern, cynically
describes to his fellow pilgrims his methods of
making money by playing on the superstitious
credulity of the ignorant. At the end of his ser-
mon-tale, which denounces his own besetting
sins of avarice and riotous living, he has the
audacity to recommend his spurious relics to the
exposé.

¹ hapless. ² kill.
³ Leader of the Peasants' Revolt of 1381.
⁴ Many of the London merchants were natives of
Flanders.
⁵ trumpets. ⁶ surely. ⁷ in spite of. ⁸ nimbly.

¹ curse. ² prosper. ³ talketh.

THE PROLOGUE OF THE
PARDONER'S TALE*Here folweth the Prologe of the Pardoners
Tale**Radix malorum est Cupiditas: Ad
Thimotheum, sexto.*

"Lordings," quod he, "in chirches whan I
preche,

I peyne me to han an hauteyn speche,¹
And ringe it out as round as gooth a belle,
For I can al by rote² that I telle.

My theme is alwey oon, and ever was — 5
'*Radix malorum est Cupiditas.*'³

First I pronounce whennes that I come,
And than my bulles shewe I, alle and somme.
Our lige lordes seel on my patente,⁴

That shewe I first, my body to warente, 10
That no man be so bold, ne preest ne clerk,
Me to destourbe of Cristes holy werk;

And after that than telle I forth my tales,
Bulles of popes and of cardinales,

Of patriarkes, and bishoppes I shewe; 15
And in Latyn I speke a wordes fewe,
To saffron with my predicacioun,⁵

And for to stire men to devocioun.
Than shewe I forth my longe cristal stones,

Y-crammed ful of cloutes and of bones; 20
Reliks been they, as wenen they echoon.
Than have I in latoun⁶ a sholder-boon

Which that was of an holy Jewes shepe.
'Good men,' seye I, 'tak of my wordes kepe;⁷

If that this boon be wasshe in any welle, 25
If cow, or calf, or sheep, or oxe swelle
That any worm⁸ hath ete, or worm y-stonge,

Tak water of that welle, and wash his tonge,
And it is hool anon; and forthermore,

Of pokkes and of scabbe, and every sore 30
Shal every sheep be hool, that of this welle
Drinketh a draughte; tak kepe eek what I

telle.
If that the good-man, that the bestes oweth,⁹

Wol every wike,¹⁰ er that the cok him
croweth,

Fastinge, drinken of this welle a draughte, 35
As thilke holy Jewe our eldres taughte,
His bestes and his stoor shal multiplye.

And, sirs, also it heleth jalousye;
For, though a man be falle in jalous rage,

Let maken with this water his potage, 40
And never shal he more his wyf mistriste,
Though he the sooth of hir defaute wiste;

Al had she taken preestes two or three.

Heer is a miteyn eek, that ye may see.

He that his hond wol putte in this miteyn,

He shal have multiplyng of his greyn, 46

Whan he hath sowen, be it whete or otes,

So that he offre pens, or elles grotes.

Good men and wommen, o thing warne I
yow,

If any wight be in this chirche now, 50

That hath doon sinne horrible, that he

Dar nat, for shame, of it y-shriven be,

Or any womman, be she yong or old,

That hath y-maad hir housbond cokewold,

Swich folk shul have no power ne no grace 55

To offren to my reliks in this place.

And who-so findeth him out of swich blame,

He wol com up and offre in goddes name,

And I assoille¹ him by the auctoritee

Which that by bulle y-graunted was to
me.' 60

By this gaude² have I wonne, yeer by yeer,
An hundred mark sith I was Pardoner.

I stonde lyk a clerk in my pulpet,

And whan the lewed³ peple is doun y-set,

I preche, so as ye han herd bifore, 65

And telle an hundred false japes more.

Than payne I me to strecche forth the nekke,

And est and west upon the peple I bekke,⁴

As doth a dowve sitting on a berne.

Myn hondes and my tonge goon so yerne,⁵ 70

That it is joye to see my bisnesse.

Of avaryce and of swich cursednesse

Is al my preching, for to make hem free

To yeve her pens, and namely⁶ un-to me.

For my entente is nat but for to winne, 75

And no-thing for correccioun of sinne.

I rekke never, whan that they ben beried,

Though that her soules goon a-blake-beried!⁷

For certes, many a predicacioun

Comth ofte tyme of yvel entencioun; 80

Som for plesaunce of folk and flaterye,

To been avaunced by ipocrisye,

And som for veyne glorie, and som for hate.

For, whan I dar non other weyes debate,⁸

Than wol I stinge him with my tonge
smerte 85

In preching, so that he shal nat asterte⁹

To been defamed falsly, if that he

Hath trespassed to my brethren or to me.

For, though I telle noght his propre name,

Men shal wel knowe that it is the same 90

By signes and by othere circumstances.

Thus quyte I folk that doon us displeances;

Thus spitte I out my venim under hewe

Of holynesse, to seme holy and trewe.

1 I take pains to speak in a lofty manner.

2 know all by heart.

3 1 Timothy, VI, 10.

4 letter of authority.

5 To give my preaching more color and flavor.

6 latten, a composition of copper and zinc.

7 heed. 8 snake. 9 owneth 10 week.

1 absolve.

2 trick.

3 ignorant.

4 nod.

5 briskly.

6 especially.

7 go blackberrying.

8 quarrel.

9 escape.

But shortly myn entente I wol devyse; 95
I preche of no-thing but for coveityse.
Therfor my theme is yet, and ever was —
'*Radix malorum est cupiditas.*'

Thus can I preche agayn that same vyce
Which that I use, and that is avaryce. 100

But, though my-self be guilty in that sinne
Yet can I maken other folk to twinne
From avaryce, and sore to repente.

But that is nat my principal entente.

I preche no-thing but for coveityse; 105
Of this matere it oughte y-nogh suffyse.

Than telle I hem ensamples many oon
Of olde stories, longe tyme agoon:

For lewed peple loven tales olde;

Swich thinges can they wel reporte and
holde. 110

What? trowe ye, the whyles I may preche,

And winne gold and silver for I teche,

That I wol live in povert wilfully?

Nay, nay, I thoghte it never trewely!

For I wol preche and begge in sondry
londes; 115

I wol not do no labour with myn hondes,

Ne make baskettes, and live therby,

Because I wol nat beggen ydelly.

I wol non of the apostles counterfete; 120

I wol have money, wolle, chese, and whete,

Al were it yeven of the povrest page,

Or of the povrest widwe in a village,

Al sholde hir children sterve for famyne.

Nay! I wol drinke licour of the vyne,

And have a joly wenche in every toun. 125

But herkneth, lordings, in conclusioun;

Your lyking is that I shal telle a tale.

Now, have I dronke a draughte of corny
ale,

By god, I hope I shal yow telle a thing

That shal, by resoun, been at your lyking. 130

For, though myself be a ful vicious man,

A moral tale yet I yow telle can,

Which I am wont to preche, for to winne.

How holde your pees, my tale I wol beginne."

THE PARDONER'S TALE

Here biginneth the Pardoners Tale

In Flaundres whylom was a companye
Of yonge folk, that haunteden 3 folye,
As ryot, hasard, stewes, 4 and tavernes,
Wher-as, with harpes, lutes, and giternes,
They daunce and pleye at dees bothe day and
night, 5

And ete also and drinken over hir might,
Thurgh which they doon the devel sacrificyse
With-in that develes temple, in cursed wyse,

By superfluitee abhominable;

Hir othes been so grete and so dampnable, 10

That it is grisly for to here hem swere;

Our blissed lordes body they to-tere; 1

Hem thoughte Jewes rente him noght
y-nough;

And ech of hem at otheres sinne lough.

And right anon than comen tombesteres 2 15

Fetys 3 and smale, and yonge fruyteteres, 4

Singers with harpes, baudes, wafereres, 5

Whiche been the verray develes officeres

To kindle and blowe the fyr of lecherye,

That is annexed un-to glotonye; 20

The holy writ take I to my witnesse,

That luxurie is in wyn and dronkenesse.

Lo, how that dronken Loth, unkindely, 6

Lay by his doghtres two, unwitingly;

So dronke he was, he niste what he
wroghte. 25

Herodes, (who-so wel the stories soghte),

Whan he of wyn was replet at his feste,

Right at his owene table he yaf his heste

To sleen the Baptist John ful giltelees.

Senek seith eek a good word doutelees; 30

He seith, he can no difference finde

Bitwix a man that is out of his minde

And a man which that is dronkelewe, 7

But that woodnesse, y-fallen in a shrewe, 8

Persevereth lenger than doth dronkenesse. 35

O glotonye, ful of cursednesse,

O cause first of our confusioun,

O original of our dampnacioun,

Til Crist had boght us with his blood agayn!

Lo, how dere, shortly for to sayn, 40

Aboght was thilke cursed vileinye;

Corrupt was all this world for glotonye!

Adam our fader, and his wyf also,

Fro Paradys to labour and to wo

Were driven for that vyce, it is no drede; 9 45

For whyl that Adam fasted, as I rede,

He was in Paradys; and whan that he

Eet of the fruyt defended 10 on the tree,

Anon he was out-cast to wo and peyne.

O glotonye, on thee wel oghte us pleyne! 50

O, wiste a man how many maladyes

Folwen of excesse and of glotonyes,

He wolde been the more mesurable

Of his diete, sittinge at his table.

Allas! the shorte throte, the tendre mouth, 55

Maketh that, Est and West, and North and
South;

In erthe, in eir, in water men to-swinke 11

To gete a gloutoun deyntee mete and drinke!

1 i.e. they swear by various parts of Christ's body.

2 girl acrobats.

3 well shaped.

4 girls who sell fruit.

5 peddlers of cakes.

6 against nature.

7 drunken.

8 insanity, when it attacks a wicked man.

9 without doubt:

10 forbidden.

11 work hard.

1 separate. 2 imitate. 3 practised. 4 brothels.

Of this matere, o Paul, wel canstow trete,
 "Mete un-to wombe, and wombe eek un-to
 mete, 60

Shal god destroyen bothe," as Paulus seith.¹
 Allas! a foul thing is it, by my feith,
 To seye this word, and fouler is the dede,
 Whan man so drinketh of the whyte and
 rede,

That of his throte he maketh his privee, 65
 Thurgh thilke cursed superfluitee.

The apostel weping seith ful pitously,
 "Ther walken many of whiche yow told
 have I,

I seye it now weping with pitous voys,
 That they been enemys of Cristes croys, 70
 Of whiche the ende is deeth, wombe is her
 god." 2

O wombe! O bely! O stinking cod,³
 Fulfid of donge and of corrupcioun!
 At either ende of thee foul is the soun.
 How greet labour and cost is thee to finde! 75
 Thise cokes, how they stampe, and streyne,
 and grinde,

And turnen substance in-to accident,⁵
 To fulfille al thy likerous talent!⁶
 Out of the harde bones knocke they
 The mary,⁷ for they caste noght a-vey 80
 That may go thurgh the golet softe and
 swote;

Of spicerye, of leef, and bark, and rote
 Shal been his sauce y-maked by delyt,
 To make him yet a newer appetyt.
 But certes, he that haunteth swich delyces 85
 Is deed, why! that he liveth in tho vyces.

A lecherous thing is wyn, and dronke-
 nesse

Is ful of stryving and of wrecchednesse.
 O dronke man, disfigured is thy face,
 Sour is thy breeth, foul artow to embrace, 90
 And thurgh thy dronke nose semeth the
 soun

As though thou seydest ay "Sampson,
 Sampson";

And yet, god wot, Sampson drank never no
 wyn.

Thou fallest, as it were a stiked swyn;
 Thy tonge is lost, and al thyn honest cure;⁸ 95
 For dronkenesse is verray sepulture
 Of mannes wit and his discrecioun.

In whom that drinke hath dominacioun,
 He can no conseil kepe, it is no drede.⁹
 Now kepe yow fro the whyte and fro the
 rede, 100

And namely¹ fro the whyte wyn of Lepe,²
 That is to selle in Fish-strete or in Chepe.³
 This wyn of Spayne crepeth subtilly
 In othere wynes, growing faste by,⁴
 Of which ther ryseth swich fumositee,⁵ 105
 That whan a man hath dronken draughtes
 three,

And weneth that he be at hoom in Chepe,
 He is in Spayne, right at the toun of Lepe,
 Nat at the Rochel, ne at Burdeux toun;⁶
 And thanne wol he seye, "Sampson,
 Sampson." 110

But herkneth, lordings, o word, I yow
 preye,

That alle the sovereyn actes, dar I seye,
 Of victories in th'olde testament,
 Thurgh verray god, that is omnipotent,
 Were doon in abstinence and in preyere; 115
 Loketh the Bible, and ther ye may it lere.

Loke, Attila, the grete conquerour,
 Deyde in his sleep, with shame and dis-
 honour,

Bledinge ay at his nose in dronkenesse;
 A capitayn sholde live in sobrenesse. 120

And over⁷ al this, avyseth yow right wel
 What was comaunded un-to Lamuel —⁸

Nat Samuel, but Lamuel, seye I —
 Redeth the Bible, and finde it expresly
 Of wyn-yeving to hem that han justyse. 125
 Na-more of this, for it may wel suffyse.

And now that I have spoke of glotonye,
 Now wol I yow defenden hasardrye.⁹
 Hasard is verray moder of lesinges,¹⁰
 And of deceite, and cursed forsweringes, 130
 Blaspheme of Crist, manslaughter, and wast
 also

Of catel¹¹ and of tyme; and forthermo,
 It is repreve¹² and contrarie of honour
 For to ben holde a commune hasardour.
 And ever the hyër he is of estaat, 135
 The more is he holden desolaat.

If that a prince useth hasardrye,
 In alle governaunce and policye
 He is, as by commune opinioun,
 Y-holde the lasse in reputacioun. 140

Stilbon, that was a wys embassadour,
 Was sent to Corinthe, in ful greet honour,
 Fro Lacidomie, to make hir alliaunce.
 And whan he cam, him happede, par chaunce,
 That alle the grettest that were of that
 lond, 145

Pleyinge atte hasard he hem fond.

1 specially.

2 A town in Spain.

3 Cheapside in London.

4 The light wines of France were adulterated with the heavier Spanish wines.

5 fumes.

6 La Rochelle and Bordeaux in France.

7 in addition to.

8 See Proverbs, XXXI, 4.

9 forbid gambling.

10 lies.

11 property.

12 reproach.

1 1 Corinthians, VI, 13.

2 Philippians, III, 18-19.

3 bag.

4 provide for.

5 In scholastic philosophy, "substance" means essential nature as opposed to the "accidents" of color, taste, etc.

6 luxurious taste.

7 marrow.

8 care about decency.

9 doubt.

For which, as sone as it mighte be,
 He stal him hoom agayn to his contree,
 And seyde, "ther wol I nat lese my name;
 N' I wol nat take on me so greet defame; 150
 Yow for to allye un-to none hasardours.
 Sendeth othere wyse embassadours;
 For, by my trouthe, me were lever dye,
 Than I yow sholde to hasardours allye.
 For ye that been so glorious in honours 155
 Shul nat allyen yow with hasardours
 As by my wil, ne as by my tretee."
 This wyse philosopre thus seyde he.

Loke eek that, to the king Demetrius
 The king of Parthes, as the book seith us, 160
 Sente him a paire of dees¹ of gold in scorn,
 For he hadde used hasard ther-biforn;
 For which he heeld his glorie or his renoun
 At no value or reputacioun.
 Lordes may finden other maner pley 165
 Honeste y-nough to dryve the day awaye.

Now wol I speke of othes false and grete
 A word or two, as olde bokes trete.
 Gret swering is a thing abhominable,
 And false swering is yet more reprevable. 170
 The heighe god forbad swering at al,
 Witnesse on Mathew;² but in special
 Of swering seith the holy Jeremye,³
 "Thou shalt seye sooth thyn othes, and nat
 lye,

And swere in dome, and eek in rightwis-
 nesse;" 175

But ydel swering is a cursednesse.
 Bihold and see, that in the firste table
 Of heighe goddes hestes honourable,
 How that the seconde⁴ heste of him is this —
 "Tak nat my name in ydel or amis." 180
 Lo, rather⁵ he forbedeth swich swering
 Than homicyde or many a cursed thing;
 I seye that, as by ordre, thus it stondeth;
 This known, that his hestes understondeth,
 How that the second heste of god is that. 185
 And forther over, I wol thee telle al plat,⁶
 That vengeance shal nat parten from his
 hous,

That of his othes is to outrageous.
 "By goddes precious herte, and by his nayles,
 And by the blode of Crist, that it is in
 Hayles," 190
 Seven is my chaunce, and thyn is cink and
 treye;⁸

By goddes armes, if thou falsly pleye,

¹ dice. ² St. Matthew, v, 34. ³ Jeremiah, iv, 2.
⁴ In the Authorized Version it is the third command-
 ment. The Vulgate has a different arrangement.

⁵ i.e. in an earlier commandment.

⁶ And furthermore I say flatly.

⁷ An abbey in Gloucestershire, at which was shown as
 a relic a phial containing some of the sacred blood.

⁸ five and three. The "chance" is a term in the game
 of "hazard," a more complicated form of the modern
 "craps."

This dagger shal thurgh-out thyn herte
 go" —

This fruyt cometh of the bicched bones¹
 two,

Forswering, ire, falsnesse, homicyde. 195

Now, for the love of Crist that for us dyde,
 Leveth your othes, bothe grete and smale;
 But, sirs, now wol I telle forth my tale.

Thise ryotoures three, of whiche I telle,
 Longe erst er pryde² rong of any belle, 200
 Were set hem in a tavernne for to drinke;
 And as they satte, they herde a belle clinke
 Biforn a cors, was caried to his grave;
 That oon of hem gan callen to his knave,³
 "Go bet,"⁴ quod he, "and axe redily, 205
 What cors is this that passeth heer forby;
 And look that thou reporte his name wel."
 "Sir," quod this boy, "it nedeth never-
 a-del.

It was me told, er ye cam heer, two houres;
 He was, pardee, an old felawe of youres; 210
 And sodeynly he was y-slayn to-night,⁵
 For-dronke,⁶ as he sat on his bench upright;
 Ther cam a privee theef, men clepeth Deeth,
 That in this contree al the peple sleeth,
 And with his spere he smoot his herte
 a-two, 215

And wente his way with-outen wordes mo.
 He hath a thousand slayn this pestilence:
 And, maister, er ye come in his presence,
 Me thinketh that it were necessarie
 For to be war of swich an adversarie: 220
 Beth redy for to mete him evermore.
 Thus taughte me my dame, I sey na-more."
 "By seinte Marie," seyde this taverner,
 "The child seith sooth, for he hath slayn this
 year,

Henne over a myle, with-in a greet village, 225
 Both man and womman, child and hyne,⁷ and
 page.

I trowe his habitacioun be there;
 To been avysed greet wisdom it were,
 Er that he dide a man a dishonour."
 "Ye, goddes armes," quod this ryotour, 230
 "Is it swich peril with him for to mete?
 I shal him seke by wey and eek by strete,
 I make avow to goddes digne bones!
 Herkneth, felawes, we three been al ones;
 Lat ech of us holde up his hond til other, 235
 And ech of us bicomen otheres brother,
 And we wol sleen this false traytour Deeth;
 He shal be slayn, which that so many sleeth,
 By goddes dignitee, er it be night."

Togidres han thise three her trouthes
 plight, 240

¹ cursed dice. ² nine A.M. ³ servant.
⁴ quickly. ⁵ last night. ⁶ dead drunk. ⁷ servant.

To live and dyen ech of hem for other,
As though he were his owene y-boren brother.
And up they sterte al dronken, in this rage,
And forth they goon towards that village,
Of which the taverner had spoke biforn, ²⁴⁵
And many a grisly ooth than han they sworn,
And Cristes blessed body they to-rente ¹ —
"Deeth shal be deed, if that they may him
hente."

Whan they han goon nat fully half a myle,
Right as they wolde han troden over a
style, ²⁵⁰

An old man and a povre with hem mette.
This olde man ful mekely hem grette, ²
And seyde thus, "now, lordes, god yow see!" ³

The proudest of thise ryotoures three
Answerde agayn, "what? carl, ⁴ with sory
grace, ²⁵⁵

Why artow al forwrapped ⁵ save thy face?
Why livestow so longe in so greet.age?"

This olde man gan loke in his visage,
And seyde thus, "for I ne can nat finde
A man, though that I walked in-to Inde, ²⁶⁰
Neither in citee nor in no village,
That wolde chaunge his youthe for myn age;
And therefore moot I han myn age stille,
As longe time as it is goddes wille.

Ne deeth, alas! ne wol nat han my lyf; ²⁶⁵
Thus walke I, lyk a resteles caityf, ⁶
And on the ground, which is my modres gate,
I knokke with my staf, bothe erly and late,
And seye, 'leve moder, leet me in!
Lo, how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and
skin! ²⁷⁰

Allas! whan shul my bones been at reste?
Moder, with yow wolde I chaunge my cheste,
That in my chambre longe tyme hath be,
Ye! for an heyre clout to wrappe me!" ⁷
But yet to me she wol nat do that grace, ²⁷⁵
For which ful pale and welked ⁸ is my face.

But, sirs, to yow it is no curteisye
To speken to an old man vileinye,
But he trespasse in worde, or elles in dede.
In holy writ ye may your-self wel rede, ²⁸⁰
'Agayns ⁹ an old man, hoor upon his heed,
Ye sholde aryse;'" ¹⁰ wherfor I yeve yow reed,
Ne dooth un-to an old man noon harm now,
Na-more than ye wolde men dide to yow
In age, if that ye so longe abyde; ²⁸⁵
And god be with yow, wher ye go ¹¹ or ryde.
I moot go thider as I have to go."

"Nay, olde cherl, by god, thou shalt nat
so,"

Seyde this other hasardour anon;
"Thou partest nat so lightly, by seint
John! ²⁹⁰

Thou spak right now of thilke traitour Deeth,
That in this contree alle our frendes sleeth.
Have heer my trouthe, as thou are his aspye, ¹
Tel wher he is, or thou shalt it abyde, ²
By god, and by the holy sacrament! ²⁹⁵
For soothly thou art oon of his assent,
To sleen us yonge folk, thou false thief!"

"Now, sirs," quod he, "if that yow be so
leef

To finde Deeth, turne up this croked wey,
For in that grove I lafte him, by my fey, ³⁰⁰
Under a tree, and ther he wol abyde;
Nat for your boost he wol him no-thing hyde.
See ye that ook? right ther ye shul him
finde.

God save yow, that boghte agayn mankinde,
And yow amende!" — thus seyde this olde
man. ³⁰⁵

And everich of thise ryotoures ran,
Til he cam to that tree, and ther they founde
Of florins fyne of golde y-coyned rounde
Wel ny an eighte busshels, as hem thoughte.
No lenger thanne after Deeth they
soughte, ³¹⁰

But ech of hem so glad was of that sighte,
For that the florins been so faire and brighte,
That doun they sette hem by this precious
hord.

The worste of hem he spake the firste word.
"Brethren," quod he, "tak kepe what I
seye; ³¹⁵

My wit is greet, though that I bourde ³ and
pleye.

This tresor hath fortune un-to us yiven,
In mirthe and jolitee our lyf to liven,
And lightly as it comth, so wol we spende.
Ey! goddes precious dignitee! who wende ³²⁰
To-day, that we sholde han so fair a grace?
But mighte this gold be caried fro this place
Hoom to myn hous, or elles un-to youres —
For wel ye woot that al this gold is oures —
Than were we in heigh felicitee. ³²⁵

But trewely, by daye it may nat be;
Men wolde seyn that we were theves stronge,
And for our owene tresor doon us honge. ⁴
This tresor moste y-caried be by nighte
As wysly and as slyly as it mighte. ³³⁰
Wherfore I rede that cut among us alle
Be drawe, and lat see wher the cut wol falle;
And he that hath the cut with herte blythe
Shal renne to the toune, and that ful swythe, ⁵
And bringe us breed and wyn ful prively. ³³⁵
And two of us shul kepen subtilly

1 tore to pieces. 2 greeted. 3 protect.
4 churl. 5 wrapped up. 6 captive.
7 I would exchange my chest full of money for a hair-
cloth shroud. 8 withered. 9 in presence of.
10 Leviticus, xix, 32. 11 walk.

1 spy. 2 pay for. 3 jest.
4 have us hanged. 5 quickly.

This tresor wel; and, if he wol nat tarie,
Whan it is night, we wol this tresor carie
By oon assent, wher-as us thinketh best."
That oon of hem the cut broughte in his
fest, 340

And bad hem drawe, and loke wher it wol falle;
And it fil on the yongeste of hem alle;
And forth toward the toun he wente anon.
And al-so sone as that he was gon,
That oon of hem spak thus un-to that
other, 345

"Thou knowest wel thou art my sworne
brother,

Thy profit wol I telle thee anon.
Thou woost wel that our felawe is agon;
And heer is gold, and that ful greet plentee,
That shal departed been among us three. 350
But natheles, if I can shape it so
That it departed were among us two,
Hadde I nat doon a freendes torn to thee?"

That other answerde, "I noot how that
may be;

He woot how that the gold is with us tweye,
What shal we doon, what shal we to him
seye?" 356

"Shal it be conseil?"¹ seyde the firste
shrewe,²

"And I shal tellen thee, in wordes fewe,
What we shal doon, and bringe it wel aboute."

"I graunte," quod that other, "out of
doute, 360

That, by my trouthe, I wol thee nat bi-
wrewe."

"Now," quod the firste, "thou woost wel
we be tweye,

And two of us shul strenger be than oon.
Look whan that he is set, and right anoon
Arys, as though thou woldest with him pleye;
And I shal ryve him thurgh the sydes tweye
Whyl that thou strogelest with him as in
game, 367

And with thy dagger look thou do the same;
And than shal al this gold departed be,
My dere freend, bitwixen me and thee; 370
Than may we bothe our lustes al fulfille,
And pleye at dees right at our owene wille."
And thus acorded been thise shrewes tweye
To sleen the thridde, as ye han herd me seye.

This yongest, which that wente un-to the
toun, 375

Ful ofte in herte he rolleth up and doun
The beautee of thise florins newe and brighte.
"O lord!" quod he, "if so were that I mighte
Have al this tresor to my-self allone,
Ther is no man that liveth under the trone 380
Of god, that sholde live so mery as I!"
And atte laste the feend, our enemy,

1 a secret.

2 rogue.

Putte in his thought that he shold poyson
beye,

With which he mighte sleen his felawes
tweye;

For-why the feend fond him in swich lyvinge,
That he had leve him to sorwe bringe, 386
For this was outrelly his fulle entente

To sleen hem bothe, and never to repente.
And forth he gooth, no lenger wolde he tarie,
Into the toun, un-to a pothecarie, 390

And preyed him, that he him wolde selle
Som poyson, that he mighte his rattes quelle,³
And eek ther was a polcat in his hawe,⁴

That, as he seyde, his capouns hadde y-slawe,
And fayn he wolde wreke him, if he
mighte, 395

On vermin, that destroyed him by nighte.

The pothecarie answerde, "and thou shalt
have

A thing that, al-so god my soule save,
In al this world there nis no creature,
That ete or dronke hath of this confiture 400
Noght but the mountance⁵ of a corn of
whete,

That he ne shal his lyf anon forlete;
Ye, sterve⁶ he shal, and that in lasse whyle
Than thou wolt goon a paas nat but a myle;
This poyson is so strong and violent." 405

This cursed man hath in his hond y-hent
This poyson in a box, and sith he ran
In-to the nexte strete, un-to a man,
And borwed of him large botels three;
And in the two his poyson poured he; 410
The thridde he kepte clene for his drinke.
For al the night he shoop him for to swinke.⁵
In caryinge of the gold out of that place.
And whan this ryotour, with sory grace,
Had filled with wyn his grete botels three, 415
To his felawes agayn repaireth he.

What nedeth it to sermone of it more?
For right as they had cast his deeth bifore,
Right so they han him slayn, and that anon.
And whan that this was doon, thus spak
that oon, 420

"Now lat us sitte and drinke, and make us
merie,

And afterward we wol his body berie."
And with that word it happed him, par
cas,

To take the botel ther the poyson was,
And drank, and yaf his felawe drinke also, 425
For which anon they storven⁶ bothe two.

But, certes, I suppose that Avicen⁷
Wroot never in no canon, ne in no fen,

1 kill.

2 yard.

3 amount.

4 die.

5 he intended to labor.

6 died.

7 Avicenna, famous Arabian physician of about 1100
A.D., author of a medical treatise called the "Canon," di-
vided into chapters called "fens."

Mo wonder¹ signes of empoisoning
Than hadde thise wrecches two, er hir
ending. 430

Thus ended been thise homicydes two,
And eek the false empoysoner also.

O cursed sinne, ful of cursednesse!
O traytours homicyde, o wikkednesse!
O glotonye, luxurie, and hasardrye! 435
Thou blasphemour of Crist with vileinye
And othes grete, of usage and of pryde!
Allas! mankinde, how may it bityde,
That to thy creatour which that thee
wroghte,
And with his precious herte-blood thee
boghte, 440
Thou art so fals and so unkinde, alas!

Now, goode men, god foryeve yow your
trespas,

And ware yow fro² the sinne of avaryce.
Myn holy pardoun may yow alle waryce,³
So that ye offre nobles or sterlinges,⁴ 445
Or elles silver broches, spones, ringes.
Boweth your heed under this holy bulle!
Cometh up, ye wyves, offreth of your wolle!
Your name I entre heer in my rolle anon;
In-to the blisse of hevene shul ye gon; 450
I yow assoile,⁵ by myn heigh power,
Yow that wol offre, as clene and eek as
cleer

As ye were born; and, lo, sirs, thus I preche.
And Jesu Crist, that is our soules leche,
So graunte yow his pardon to receyve; 455
For that is best; I wol yow nat deceyve.

But sirs,⁶ o word forgat I in my tale,
I have relikes and pardon in my male,⁷
As faire as any man in Engelond,
Whiche were me yeven by the popes hond. 460
If any of yow wol, of devocioun,
Offren, and han myn absolucioun,
Cometh forth anon, and kneleth heer adoun,
And mekely receyveth my pardoun:
Or elles, taketh pardon as ye wende, 465
Al newe and fresh, at every tounes ende,
So that ye offren alwey newe and newe
Nobles and pens, which that be gode and
trewe.

It is an honour to everich that is heer,
That ye mowe have a suffisant pardoneer 470
T'assoile yow, in contree as ye ryde,
For adventures which that may bityde.
Peraventure ther may falle oon or two
Doun of his hors, and breke his nekke atwo.
Look which a seuretee is it to yow alle 475
That I am in your felaweship y-falle,

That may assoile yow, bothe more and lasse,
Whan that the soule shal fro the body passe.
I rede that our hoste heer shal biginne,
For he is most enveloped in sinne. 480

Com forth, sir hoste, and offre first anon,
And thou shalt kisse the reliks everichon,
Ye, for a grote! unbokel anon thy purs."

"Nay, nay," quod he, "than have I
Cristes curs!

Lat be," quod he, "it shall nat be, so
thee'ch!" 485

Thou woldest make me kisse thyn old
brech,²

And swere it were a relik of a seint."

This pardoner answerde nat a word;
So wrooth he was, no word ne wolde he
seye.

"Now," quod our host, "I wol no lenger
pleye 490

With thee, ne with noon other angry man."

But right anon the worthy Knight bigan,
Whan that he saugh that all the peple lough,
"Na-more of this, for it is right y-nough;

Sir Pardoner, be glad and mery of chere; 495

And ye, sir host, that been to me so dere,

I prey yow that ye kisse the Pardoner.

And Pardoner, I prey thee, drawe thee neer,

And, as we diden, lat us laughe and pleye."

Anon they kiste, and riden forth hir weye. 500

Here is ended the Pardoners Tale

THE PRIORESS'S TALE

The pathetic story of the little school-boy murdered by the Jews is a tale of the type, popular in the Middle Ages, known as the *miracle*. These tales were often, as in this case, told to exemplify the loving care of the Blessed Virgin for those who show her love and honor. While preserving its religious purport, Chaucer has done full justice to the human values of the story. A similar story is found in the ballad of *Hugh of Lincoln* included in this volume.

The Prologue of the Prioress's Tale *Domine, dominus noster.*³

O Lord our lord, thy name how merveillous
Is in this large worlde y-sprad — quod she: —
For noght only thy laude precious
Parfourned is by men of dignitee,
But by the mouth of children thy bountee 5
Parfourned is, for on the brest soukinge
Som tyme shewen they thyn herynge.⁴

¹ so may I prosper.

² breeches.

³ The first words of Psalm 8. The first stanza paraphrases verses 1-2 of this Psalm.

⁴ praise.

¹ wonderful.

² beware of.

³ cure.

⁴ silver coins.

⁵ absolve.

⁶ The Pardoner now addresses his fellow-pilgrims.

⁷ bag.

Wherefor in laude, as I best can or may,
Of thee, and of the whyte lily flour
Which that thee bar, and is a mayde alway,¹⁰
To telle a storie I wol do my labour;
Not that I may encresen hir honour;
For she hir-self is honour, and the rote
Of bountee, next hir sone, and soules
bote.¹ —

O moder mayde! o mayde moder free! 15
O bush unbrent,² brenninge in Moyses
sighte,
That ravisedest down³ fro the deitee,
Thurgh thyn humblesse, the goost that in
th'alighte,⁴
Of whos vertu, whan he thyn herte lighte,⁵
Conceived was the fadres sapience, 20
Help me to telle it in thy reverence!

Lady! thy bountee, thy magnificence,
Thy vertu, and thy grete humilitee
Ther may no tonge expresse in no science;
For som-tyme, lady, er men praye to thee, 25
Thou goost biforn of thy benignitee,
And getest us the light, thurgh thy preyere,
To gyden us un-to thy sone so dere.⁶

My conning is so wayk, o blisful quene,
For to declare thy grete worthinesse, 30
That I ne may the weighte nat sustene,
But as a child of twelf monthe old, or lesse,
That can unnethes⁷ any word expresse,
Right so fare I, and therefor I yow preye,
Gydeh my song that I shal of yow seye. 35

Explicit

Here beginneth the Prioresses Tale

Ther was in Asie, in a greet citee,
Amonges Cristen folk, a Jewerye,⁸
Sustened by a lord of that contree
For foule usure and lucre of vilanye, 40
Hateful to Crist and to his companye;
And thurgh the strete men mighte ryde or
wende,
For it was free, and open at either ende.

A litel scole of Cristen folk ther stood
Doun at the ferther ende, in which ther were
Children an heep, y-comen of Cristen
blood, 45
That lerned in that scole yeer by yere
Swich maner doctrine as men used there,

This is to seyn, to singen and to rede,
As smale children doon in hir childhede.

Among thise children was a widwes sone, 50
A litel clergeon,¹ seven yeer of age,
That day by day to scole was his wone,²
And eek also, wher-as he saugh th'image
Of Cristes moder, hadde he in usage,
As him was taught, to knele adoun and seye
His *Ave Marie*, as he goth by the weye. 56

Thus hath this widwe hir litel sone y-taught
Our blisful lady, Cristes moder dere,
To worshipec ay, and he forgat it naught,
For sely³ child wol alday sone lere; 60
But ay, whan I remembre on this matere,
Seint Nicholas stant ever in my presence,
For he so yong to Crist did reverence.⁵

This litel child, his litel book lerninge,
As he sat in the scole at his prymer, 65
He *Alma redemptoris* herde singe,
As children lerned hir antiphoner;⁶
And, as he dorste, he drough him ner and
ner,⁷
And herked ay the wordes and the note,
Til he the firste vers coude al by rote. 70

Noght wist⁸ he what this Latin was to seye,
For he so yong and tendre was of age;
But on a day his felaw gan he preye
T'expounden him this song in his langage,
Or telle him why this song was in usage; 75
This preyde he him to construe and declare
Ful ofte tyme upon his knowes⁸ bare.

His felaw, which that elder was than he,
Answerde him thus: "this song, I have herd
seye,
Was maked of our blisful lady free,⁹ 80
Hir to salve,¹⁰ and eek hir for to preye
To been our help and socour whan we
deye.

I can no more expounde in this matere;
I lerne song, I can but smal grammere."

"And is this song maked in reverence 85
Of Cristes moder?" seyde this innocent;
"Now certes, I wol do my diligence
To conne it al, er Cristemasse is went; 11
Though that I for my prymer shal be shent,¹²

1 schoolboy. 2 custom. 3 innocent. 4 learn
5 St. Nicholas, while still an infant, refused to suck on
days of abstinence. He is patron-saint of children.
6 book of anthems. 7 nearer and nearer.
8 knees. 9 generous. 10 greet.
11 The anthem, *Alma redemptoris mater*, was sung for a
month before and after Christmas. The Latin means,
"fostering mother of the Redeemer."
12 scolded.

1 help. 2 unbrent. 3 didst draw down.

4 the Holy Ghost that alighted in thee.

5 illuminated.

6 This stanza paraphrases Dante, *Paradiso*, XXXIII,
13-21.

7 hardly.

8 Jewish quarter.

And shal be beten thryës in an houre, 90
I wol it conne, our lady for to honoure."

His felaw taughte him homward prively,
Fro day to day, til he coude it by rote,
And than he song it well and boldely
Fro word to word, acording with the note; 95
Twyës a day it passed thurgh his throte,
To scoleward and homward whan he wente;
On Cristes moder set was his entente.

As I have seyde, thurgh-out the Jewerye
This litel child, as he cam to and fro, 100
Ful merily than wolde he singe, and crye
O Alma redemptoris ever-mo.
The swetnes hath his herte perced so
Of Cristes moder, that, to hir to preye,
He can nat stinte of singing by the weye. 105

Our firste fo, the serpent Sathanas,
That hath in Jewes herte his waspes nest,
Up swal,¹ and seide, "O Hebraik peple, allas!
Is this to yow a thing that is honest,²
That swich a boy shal walken as him lest³ 110
In your despyt, and singe of swich sentence,
Which is agayn your lawes reverence?"

Fro thennes forth the Jewes han conspyred
This innocent out of this world to chace;
An homicyde ther-to han they hyred, 115
That in an aley hadde a privee place;
And as the child gan for-by for to pace,
This cursed Jew him hente and heeld him
faste,
And kitte his throte, and in a pit him caste.

I seye that in a wardrobe⁴ they him
threwe 120

Wher-as these Jewes purgen hir entraille.
O cursed folk of Herodes al newe,
What may your yvel entente yow availle?
Mordre wol out, certein, it wol nat faille,
And namely⁵ ther th'onour of god shal
sprede, 125
The blood out cryeth on your cursed dede.

"O martir, souted⁶ to virginitee,
Now maystow singen, folwing ever in oon
The whyte lamb celestial," quod she,
"Of which the grete evangelist, seint
John, 130
In Pathmos wroot, which seith that they
that goon
Biforn this lamb, and singe a song al newe,
That never, fleshly, wommen they ne
knewe."⁷

This povre widwe awaiteth al that night
After hir litel child, but he cam noght; 135
For which, as sone as it was dayes light,
With face pale of drede and bisy thoght,
She hath at scole and elles-wher him soght,
Til finally she gan so fer espye
That he last seyn was in the Jewerye. 140

With modres pitee in hir brest enclosed,
She gooth, as she were half out of hir minde,
To every place wher she hath supposed
By lyklihedde hir litel child to finde; 144
And ever on Cristes moder meke and kinde
She cryde, and atte laste thus she wroghte,
Among the cursed Jewes she him soghte.

She frayneth¹ and she preyeth pitously
To every Jew that dwelte in thilke place,
To telle hir, if hir child wente oght for-by. 150
They seyde, "nay"; but Jesu, of his grace,
Yaf in hir thought, inwith² a litel space,
That in that place after hir sone she cryde,
Wher he was casten in a pit bisyde.

O grete god, that parfournest thy laude 155
By mouth of innocents, lo heer thy might!
This gemme of chastitee, this emeraude,
And eek of martirdom the ruby bright,
Ther he with throte y-corven³ lay upright,⁴
He "*Alma redemptoris*" gan to singe 160
So loude, that al the place gan to ringe.

The Cristen folk, that thurgh the strete
wente,
In coomen, for to wondre up-on this thing,
And hastily they for the provost sente;
He cam anon with-outen taryng, 165
And herieth⁵ Crist that is of heven king,
And eek his moder, honour of mankinde,
And after that, the Jewes leet he binde.

This child with pitous lamentacioun
Up-taken was, singing his song alway; 170
And with honour of greet processioun
They carien him un-to the nexte abbay.
His moder swowning by the bere⁶ lay;
Unnethe⁷ might the peple that was there
This newe Rachel bringe fro his bere. 175

With torment and with shamful deth echon
This provost dooth thise Jewes for to sterve⁸
That of this mordre wiste, and that anon;
He nolde no swich cursednesse observe.⁹
Yvel shal have, that yvel wol deserve. 180
Therfor with wilde hors¹⁰ he dide hem drawe,
And after that he heng hem by the lawe.

1 swelled.

2 decent.

3 as he pleases.

1 inquires.

2 within.

3 cut.

4 privy.

5 specially.

6 firmly attached.

4 face upwards.

5 praiseth.

6 bier.

7 Revelation, xiv, 3-4.

7 hardly.

9 countenance.

10 horses.

Up-on his bere ay lyth this innocent
 Biforn the chief auter,¹ whyl masse laste, 184
 And after that, the abbot with his covent
 Han sped hem for to burien him ful faste;
 And whan they holy water on him caste,
 Yet spak this child, whan spreynd² was holy
 water,
 And song — "*O Alma redemptoris mater!*"

This abbot, which that was an holy man 190
 As monkes been, or elles oghten be,
 This yonge child to conjure he bigan,
 And seyde, "o dere child, I halse³ thee,
 In vertu of the holy Trinitee,
 Tel me what is thy cause for to singe, 195
 Sith that thy throte is cut, to my seminge?"

"My throte is cut un-to my nekke-boon,"
 Seyde this child, "and, as by wey of kinde,⁴
 I sholde have deyed, ye, longe tyme agoon,
 But Jesu Crist, as ye in bokes finde, 200
 Wil that his glorie laste and be in minde;
 And, for the worship of his moder dere,
 Yet may I singe '*O Alma*' loude and clere.

This welle of mercy, Cristes moder swete,
 I lovede alwey, as after my conninge;⁵ 205
 And whan that I my lyf sholde forlete,⁶
 To me she cam, and bad me for to singe
 This antem verrailly in my deyinge,
 As ye han herd, and, whan that I had songe,
 Me thoughte, she leyde a greyn up-on my
 tonge. 210

Wherfor I singe, and singe I moot certeyn
 In honour of that blisful mayden free,
 Til fro my tonge of-taken is the greyn;
 And afterward thus seyde she to me,
 'My litel child, now wol I fecche thee 215
 Whan that the greyn is fro thy tonge y-take;
 Be nat agast, I wol thee nat forsake.'

This holy monk, this abbot, him mene I,
 His tonge out-caughte, and took a-wey the
 greyn,
 And he yaf up the goost ful softly. 220
 And whan this abbot had this wonder seyn,
 His salte teres trikked doun as reyn,
 And gruf⁷ he fil al plat up-on the grounde,
 And stille he lay as he had been y-bounde.

The covent eek lay on the pavement 225
 Weping, and herien⁸ Cristes moder dere,
 And after that they ryse, and forth ben
 went,

And toke away this martir fro his bere,
 And in a tombe of marbul-stones clere
 Enclosen they his litel body swete; 230
 Ther he is now, god leve us for to mete.¹

O yonge Hugh of Lincoln, slayn also
 With cursed Jewes, as it is notable,
 For it nis but a litel whyle ago;
 Preye eek for us, we sinful folk unstable, 235
 That, of his mercy, god so merciabile
 On us his grete mercy multiplie,
 For reverence of his moder Marye. Amen.

Here is ended the Prioresses Tale

THE FRIAR'S TALE

Friar and Summoner are traditional enemies. The Summoner, an officer of the ecclesiastical courts, is a hanger-on of the "secular" clergy — the parish priest and his bishop. The Friars, belonging to an order outside the bishop's jurisdiction, were continually meddling through their own spiritual ministrations in the pastoral work of the parish priest, an interference which the priest naturally resented. On the Canterbury pilgrimage Chaucer's Summoner and Friar get to quarrelling, and each tells a story at the expense of the other. *The Friar's Tale* applies to a Summoner a popular anecdote previously told at the expense of a bailiff or a lawyer; but the bare anecdote is developed into a tale of vivid realization and delicious comic irony.

THE FRIAR'S PROLOGUE

The Prologue of the Freres Tale

This worthy limitour,² this noble Frere,
 He made alwey a maner louring chere
 Upon the Somnour, but for honestee
 No vileyns word as yet to him spak he.
 But atte laste he seyde un-to the Wyf, 5
 "Dame," quod he, "god yeve yow right
 good lyf!
 Ye han heer touched, al-so mote I thee,³
 In scole-matere greet difficultee;
 Ye han seyde muchel thing right wel, I seye;
 But dame, here as we ryden by the weye, 10
 Us nedeth nat to speken but of game,
 And lete auctoritees, on goddes name,
 To preching and to scole eek of clergie.
 But if it lyke to this companye,
 I wol yow of a somnour telle a game. 15
 Pardee, ye may wel knowe by the name,
 That of a somnour may no good be sayd;
 I praye that noon of you be yvel apayd.⁴

¹ i.e. in heaven.

² A friar licensed to beg for alms within a certain limited area.

³ prosper. ⁴ displeased.

¹ altar. ² sprinkled. ³ beseech.

⁴ nature.

⁵ as well as I knew how

⁶ give up.

⁷ on his face.

⁸ praise.

A somnour is a renner up and doun
With mandements for fornicacioun, 20
And is y-bet at every tounes ende."

Our host tho spak, "a! sire, ye sholde be hende¹

And curteys, as a man of your estaat;
In companye we wol have no debaat.²
Telleth your tale, and lat the Somnour be." 25

"Nay," quod the Somnour, "lat him seye to me

What so him list; whan it comth to my lot,
By god, I shal him quyten every grot.
I shal him tellen which a greet honour
It is to be a flateringe limitour; 30
And his offyce I shal him telle, y-wis."

Our host answerde, "pees, na-more of this."

And after this he seyde un-to the Frere,
"Tel forth your tale, leve maister deere."

Here endeth the Prologe of the Frere

THE FRIAR'S TALE

Here biginneth the Freres Tale

Whilom ther was dwellinge in my contree
An erchedeken, a man of heigh degree,
That boldely dide execucioun
In punisshinge of fornicacioun,
Of wicchecraft, and eek of bauderye, 5
Of diffamacoun, and avoutrye,³
Of chirche-reves,⁴ and of testaments,
Of contractes, and of lakke of sacraments,
And eek of many another maner cryme
Which nedeth nat rehercen at this tyme; 10
Of usure, and of symonye also.

But certes, lechours dide he grettest wo;
They sholde singen, if that they were hent;⁵
And smale tytheres weren foule y-shent.
If any persone wolde up-on hem pleyne, 15
Ther mighte asterte him⁶ no pecunial payne.
For smale tythes and for smal offringe
He made the peple pitously to singe.
For er the bisshop caughte hem with his
hook,

They weren in the erchedeknes book. 20
Thanne hadde he, thurgh his jurisdiccoun,
Power to doon on hem correccioun.
He hadde a Somnour redy to his hond,
A slyer boy was noon in Engelond;
For subtilly he hadde his espiaile, 25
That taughte him, wher that him mighte
availle.

He coude spare of lechours oon or two,
To techen him to foure and twenty mo.

1 polite. 2 quarrel. 3 adultery.
4 church wardens. 5 caught.
6 he could avoid.

For thogh this Somnour wood¹ were as an hare,

To telle his harlotrye I wol nat spare; 30
For we been out of his correccioun;²

They han of us no jurisdiccoun,
Ne never shullen, terme of alle hir lyves,
"Peter! so been the wommen of the
styves,"³

Quod the Somnour, "y-put out of my cure!" 35
"Pees, with mischance and with mis-
aventure,"

Thus seyde our host, "and lat him telle his tale.

Now telleth forth, thogh that the Somnour
gale,⁴

Ne spareth nat, myn owene maister dere."
This false theef, this Somnour, quod the
Frere, 40

Hadde alwey baudes redy to his hond,
As any hauk to lure in Engelond,
That tolde him al the secree that they knewe;
For hir acqueyntance was nat come of-newe.
They weren hise approwours⁵ prively; 45
He took him-self a greet profit therby;
His maister knew nat alwey what he wan.
With-uten mandement, a lewed⁶ man
He coude somne, on payne of Cristes curs,
And they were gladde for to fille his purs, 50
And make him grete festes atte nale.⁷
And right as Judas hadde purses smale,
And was a theef, right swich a theef was he;
His maister hadde but half his duëtee.⁸
He was, if I shal yeven him his laude, 55
A theef, and eek a Somnour, and a baude.
He hadde eek wenches at his retenue,
That, whether that sir Robert or sir Huwe,
Or Jakke, or Rauf, or who-so that it were,
That lay by hem, they tolde it in his ere; 60
Thus was the wenche and he of oon assent.
And he wolde fecche a feyned mandement,
And somne hem to the chapitre⁹ bothe two,
And pile¹⁰ the man, and lete the wenche go.
Thanne wolde he seye, "frend, I shal for thy
sake 65

Do stryken hir out of our lettres blake;
Thee thar¹¹ na-more as in this cas travaille;
I am thy freend, ther I thee may availle."
Certeyn he knew of bryberyes mo
Than possible is to telle in yeres two. 70
For in this world nis dogge for the bowe,
That can an hurt deer from an hool y-knowe,
Bet than this Somnour knew a sly lechour,
Or an avouter, or a paramour.

1 mad.
2 The Friar, as a member of a mendicant order, was
not under the jurisdiction of the diocese in which he lived.
3 brothels. 4 exclaim. 5 informers.
6 ignorant. 7 at the ale house. 8 sum due to him.
9 chapter house. 10 plunder. 11 thou needest.

And, for that was the fruit of al his rente, 75
Therfore on it he sette al his entente.

And so bifel, that ones on a day
This Somnour, ever waiting on his pray,
Rood for to somne a widwe, an old ribybe,¹
Feyninge a cause, for he wolde brybe. 80
And happed that he saugh bifore him ryde
A gay yeman,² under a forest-syde.

A bowe he bar, and arwes brighte and kene;
He hadde up-on a courtepy³ of grene;
An hat up-on his heed with frenges blake. 85

"Sir," quod this Somnour, "hayl! and
wel a-take!"

"Wel-come," quod he, "and every good felawe!

Wher rydestow under this grene shawe?"⁴
Seyde this yeman, "wiltow fer to day?"

This Somnour him answerde, and seyde,
"nay; 90

Heer faste by," quod he, "is myn entente
To ryden, for to reysen up a rente
That longeth to my lordes duëtee."

"Artow thanne a bailly?" "Ye!" quod he.
He dorste nat, for verray filthe and shame, 95
Seye that he was a somnour, for the name.

"*Depardieux*," quod this yeman, "dere
brother,

Thou art a bailly, and I am another.

I am unknown as in this contree;
Of thyn aqueyntance I wolde praye thee, 100
And eek of brotherhede, if that yow leste.
I have gold and silver in my cheste;
If that thee happe to comen in our shyre,
Al shal be thyn, right as thou wolt desyre."

"Grantmercy,"⁵ quod this Somnour, "by
my feith!" 105

Everich in othes hand his trouthe leith,
For to be sworne bretheren til they deye.
In daliance they ryden forth hir weye.

This Somnour, which that was as ful of
jangles,⁶

As ful of venim been thise wariangles,⁷ 110
And ever enquering up-on every thing,

"Brother," quod he, "where is now your
dwelling,

Another day if that I sholde yow seche?"

This yeman him answerde in softe speche,
"Brother," quod he, "fer in the north⁸
contree, 115

Wher, as I hope, som-tyme I shal thee see.

Er we departe, I shal thee so wel wisse,
That of myn hous ne shaltow never misse."

"Now, brother," quod this Somnour, "I
yow preye,

Tæche me, whyl that we ryden by the weye,

1 hag. 2 yeoman. 3 short jacket. 4 forest.
5 many thanks. 6 idle talk. 7 butcher-birds.
8 The north, as the region of darkness, was believed to
be the home of devils.

Sin that ye been a baillif as am I, 121
Som subtiltee, and tel me feithfully
In myn offyce how I may most winne;
And spareth nat for conscience ne sinne,
But as my brother tel me, how do ye?" 125

"Now, by my trouthe, brother dere,"
seyde he,

"As I shal tellen thee a feithful tale,
My wages been ful streite¹ and ful smale.
My lord is hard to me and daungerous,²
And myn offyce is ful laborous; 130
And therfore by extorcions I live.

For sothe, I take al that men wol me yive;
Algate, by sleyghte or by violence,
Fro yeer to yeer I winne al my dispence.
I can no better telle feithfully." 135

"Now, certes," quod this Somnour, "so
fare I;

I spare nat to taken, god it woot,
But-if it be to hevy or to hoot.
What I may gete in conseil prively,
No maner conscience of that have I; 140
Nere myn extorcoun, I mighte nat liven,
Ne of swiche japes³ wol I nat be shriven.
Stomak ne conscience ne knowe I noon;
I shrewe thise shrifte-fadres⁴ everichoon.
Wel be we met, by god and by seint
Jame! 145

But, leve brother, tel me than thy name,"
Quod this Somnour; and in this mene whyle,
This yeman gan a litel for to smyle.

"Brother," quod he, "wiltow that I thee
telle?

I am a feend, my dwelling is in helle. 150
And here I ryde about my purchasing,
To wite wher men wolde yeve me any
thing.

My purchas is th'effect of al my rente.⁵
Loke how thou rydest for the same entente,
To winne good, thou rekkest never how; 155
Right so fare I, for ryde wolde I now
Un-to the worldes ende for a preye."

"A," quod this Somnour, "*ben'cite*, what
sey ye?

I wende ye were a yeman trewely.
Ye han a mannes shap as wel as I; 160
Han ye figure than determinat
In helle, ther ye been in your estat?"

"Nay, certainly," quod he, "ther have we
noon;

But whan us lyketh, we can take us oon,
Or elles make yow seme we ben shape 165
Som-tyme lyk a man, or lyk an ape;
Or lyk an angel can I ryde or go.
It is no wonder thing thogh it be so;

1 restricted. 2 overbearing. 3 jokes.
4 I curse these father-confessors.
5 what I get is the sum-total of my income.

A lousy jogelour can deceyve thee,
And pardee, yet can¹ I more craft than
he." 170

"Why," quod the Somnour, "ryde ye
thanne or goon
In sondry shap, and nat alwey in oon?"
"For we," quod he, "wol us swich formes
make

As most able is our preyes for to take." 174

"What maketh yow to han al this labour?"

"Ful many a cause, leve sir Somnour,"
Seyde this feend, "but alle thing hath tyme.
The day is short, and it is passed pryme,²
And yet ne wan I no-thing in this day.

I wol entende to winnen, if I may, 180
And nat entende our wittes to declare.
For, brother myn, thy wit is al to bare
To understonde, al-thogh I tolde hem thee.
But, for thou axest why labouren we;
For, som-tyme, we ben goddes instru-
ments, 185

And menes to don his comandements,
Whan that him list, up-on his creatures,
In divers art and in divers figures.

With-outen him we have no might, certayn,
If that him list to stonden ther-agayn. 190

And som-tyme, at our prayere, han we leve
Only the body and nat the soule greve;

Witnessse on Job, whom that we diden wo.
And som-tyme han we might of bothe two,

This is to seyn, of soule and body eke. 195
And somtyme be we suffred for to seke
Up-on a man, and doon his soule unreste,

And nat his body, and al is for the beste.
Whan he withstandeth our temptacioun,

It is a cause of his savacioun; 200
Al-be-it that it was nat our entente
He sholde be sauf, but that we wolde him
hente.³

And som-tyme be we servant un-to man,
As to the erchebisshop Seint Dunstan
And to the apostles servant eek was I." 205

"Yet tel me," quod the Somnour, "feith-
fully,

Make ye yow newe bodies thus alway
Of elements?" the feend answerde, "nay;

Som-tyme we feyne, and som-tyme we aryse
With dede bodies in ful sondry wyse, 210

And speke as renably⁴ and faire and wel
As to the Phitonissa⁵ dide Samuel.

And yet wol som men seye it was nat he;
I do no fors of⁶ your divinitee.

But o thing warne I thee, I wol nat jape, 215
Thou wolt algates wite how we ben shape;
Thou shalt her-afterward, my brother dere,
Com ther thee nedeth nat of me to lere.

For thou shalt by thyn owene experience
Conne in a chayer rede¹ of this sentence 220

Bet than Virgyle, whyl he was on lyve,
Or Dant also; now lat us ryde blyve.

For I wol holde companye with thee
Til it be so, that thou forsake me."

"Nay," quod this Somnour, "that shal
nat bityde; 225

I am a yeman, knowen is ful wyde;
My trouthe wol I holde as in this cas.

For though thou were the devel Sathanas,
My trouthe wol I holde to my brother,

As I am sworn, and ech of us til other 230
For to be trewe brother in this cas;
And bothe we goon abouten our purchas.

Tak thou thy part, what that men wol thee
yive,

And I shall myn; thus may we bothe live.
And if that any of us have more than
other, 235

Lat him be trewe, and parte it with his
brother."

"I graunte," quod the devel, "by my fey."
And with that word they ryden forth hir
wey.

And right at the entring of the tounes ende,
To which this Somnour shoop him² for to
wende, 240

They saugh a cart, that charged was with
hey,

Which that a carter droof forth in his wey.
Deep was the wey, for which the carte stood
The carter smoot, and cryde, as he were wood,

"Hayt, Brok! hayt, Scot! what spare ye for
the stones? 245

The feend," quod he, "yow fecche body and
bones,

As ferforthly as ever were ye foled!
So muche wo as I have with yow tholed!³

The devel have al, bothe hors and cart and
hey!"

This Somnour seyde, "heer shal we have a
pley;" 250

And neer the feend he drough, as noght ne
were,

Ful prively, and rouned⁴ in his ere:
"Herkne, my brother, herkne, by thy feith;

Herestow nat how that the carter seith?
Hent⁵ it anon, for he hath yeve it thee, 255

Bothe hey and cart, and eek hise caples⁶
three."

"Nay," quod the devel, "god wot, never
a deel;

It is nat his entente, trust me weel.
Axe him thy-self, if thou nat trowest me,
Or elles stint⁷ a while, and thou shalt see." 260

1 know. 2 nine A.M. 3 catch. 4 reasonably.
5 The Witch of Endor. 6 I take no stock in.

1 lecture. 2 made his plans. 3 suffered.
4 whispered. 5 take. 6 cart-horses. 7 stop.

This carter thakketh¹ his hors upon the
croupe,
And they bigonne drawen and to-stoupe,²
"Heyt, now!" quod he, "ther Jesu Crist yow
blesse,

And al his handwerk, bothe more and lesse!
That was wel twight,³ myn owene lyard⁴
boy! 265

I pray god save thee and sēynt Loy!
Now is my cart out of the slow, pardee!"

"Lo! brother," quod the feend, "what
tolde I thee?

Heer may ye see, myn owene dere brother,
The carl⁵ spak oo thing, but he thoghte
another. 270

Lat us go forth abouten our viage;
Heer winne I no-thing up-on cariage."⁶

Whan that they comen som-what out of
toun,

This Somnour to his brother gan to roun,
"Brother," quod he, "heer woneth an old
rebeke,⁷ 275

That hadde almost as lief to lese hir nekke
As for to yeve a peny of hir good.
I wol han twelf pens, though that she be wood,⁸
Or I wol sompne hir un-to our offyce;
And yet, god woot, of hir knowe I no vyce. 280
But for thou canst nat, as in this contree,
Winne thy cost, tak heer ensample of me."

This Somnour clappeth at the widwes
gate.

"Com out," quod he, "thou olde viritrate!⁹
I trowe thou hast som frere or preest with
thee!" 285

"Who clappeth?" seyde this widwe,
"ben'cite!"

God save you, sire, what is your swete wille?"
"I have," quod he, "of somonce here a
bille;

Up peyne of cursing,¹⁰ loke that thou be
To-morn bfore the erchedeknes knee 290
T'answere to the court of certeyn thinges."

"Now, lord," quod she, "Crist Jesu, king
of kinges,

So wisly¹¹ helpe me, as I ne may.

I have been syk, and that ful many a day.
I may nat go so fer," quod she, "ne ryde, 295
But I be deed, so priketh it in my syde.

May I nat axe a libel,¹² sir Somnour,
And answe there, by my procutour,¹³
To swich thing as men wol opposen me?"

"Yis," quod this Somnour, "pay anon, lat
se, 300

1 beateth. 2 lean forwards. 3 pulled.

4 gray. 5 churl.

6 on account of the peasant's cart and horses — a
technical term in feudal law.

7 dame. 8 mad. 9 hag. 10 excommunication.

11 certainly. 12 ask for a copy of the indictment.

13 legal representative.

Twelf pens to me, and I wol thee acquyte.
I shall no profit han ther-by but lyte;
My maister hath the profit, and nat I.
Com of, and lat me ryden hastily;
Yif me twelf pens, I may no lenger tarie." 305

"Twelf pens," quod she, "now lady
Seinte Marie

So wisly help me out of care and sinne,
This wyde world thogh that I sholde winne,
Ne have I nat twelf pens with-inne myn
hold.

Ye knowen wel that I am povre and old; 310
Kythe¹ your almesse on me povre wrecche."

"Nay than," quod he, "the foule feend
me fecche

If I th'excuse, though thou shul be spilt!"
"Alas," quod she, "god woot, I have no
gilt."

"Pay me," quod he, "or by the swete
seinte Anne, 315

As I wol bere away thy newe panne
For dette, which that thou owest me of
old,

Whan that thou madest thyn housbond
cokewold,

I payde at hoom for thy correccioun."

"Thou lixt,"² quod she, "by my sava-
cioun! 320

Ne was I never er now, widwe ne wyf,
Somoned un-to your court in al my lyf;
Ne never I nas but of my body trewe!
Un-to the devel blak and rough of hewe
Yeve I thy body and my panne also!" 325

And whan the devel herde hir cursen so
Up-on hir knees, he seyde in this manere,

"Now Mabely, myn owene moder dere,
Is this your wil in earnest, that ye seye?"

"The devel," quod she, "so fecche him er
he deye, 330

And panne and al, but he wol him repente!"

"Nay, olde stot,³ that is nat myn entente,"

Quod this Somnour, "for to repente me,
For any thing that I have had of thee;
I wolde I hadde thy smok and every
clooth!" 335

"Now, brother," quod the devel, "be nat
wrooth;

Thy body and this panne ben myne by
right.

Thou shalt with me to helle yet to-night,
Where thou shalt knowen of our privetee
More than a maister of divinitee:" 340

And with that word this foule feend him
hente;⁴

Body and soule, he with the devel wente
Wher-as that somnours han hir heritage.

And god, that maked after his image

1 show. 2 liest. 3 beast. 4 seized.

Mankinde; save and gyde us alle and
some; 345
And leve¹ this Somnour good man to bicomel
Lordinges, I coude han told yow, quod
this Frere,
Hadde I had leyser for this Somnour here,
After the text of Crist and Poul and John,
And of our othere doctours many oon, 350
Swiche peynes, that your hertes mighte
agryse,²

Al-be-it so, no tonge may devyse,
Thogh that I mighte a thousand winter telle,
The peyne of thilke cursed hous of helle.
But, for to kepe us fro that cursed place, 355
Waketh, and preyeth Jesu for his grace
So kepe us fro the temptour Sathanas.
Herketh this word, beth war as in this cas;
The leoun sit in his await³ alway
To slee the innocent, if that he may. 360
Disposeth ay your hertes to withstonde
The feend, that yow wolde make thral and
bonde.

He may nat tempten yow over your might;
For Crist wol be your champion and knight.
And prayeth that thise Somnours hem re-
pente 365
Of hir misdedes, er that the feend hem hente.

Here endeth the Freres Tale.

THE FRANKLIN'S TALE

The scene is Brittany; the time is, for Chau-
cer as well as for us, long ago in the days of
pagan antiquity. The story is of courtly love,
magic, and quixotic loyalty to one's spoken
word. The tale is a beautiful example of the
short romance, built about a single episode, of
the type known in Old French literature as the
lai. One may read the *lais* of Marie de France
in the prose translation of Eugene Mason
(Everyman's Library).

THE FRANKLIN'S PROLOGUE

The Prologue of the Frankeleyns Tale

Thise olde gentil Britons in hir dayes
Of diverse adventures maden layes,⁴
Rymeyed in hir firste Briton tonge;
Which layes with hir instruments they songe,
Or elles reddeden hem for hir plesaunce; 5
And oon of hem have I in remembrance,
Which I shal seyn with good wil as I can.

But, sires, by-cause I am a burel⁵ man,
At my beginning first I yow biseche
Have me excused of my rude speche; 10
I lerned never rethoryk certeyn;
Thing that I speke, it moot be bare and pleyn.

1 permit. 2 shudder. 3 watch.
4 short romances. 5 unlettered.

I sleep never on the mount of Pernaso,¹
No lerned Marcus Tullius Cithero.
Colours² ne knowe I none, with-outen
drede, 15
But swiche colours as growen in the mede,
Or elles swiche as men dye or peynte.
Colours of rethoryk ben me to queynte;³
My spirit feleth noght of swich matere.
But if yow list, my tale shul ye here. 20

THE FRANKLIN'S TALE

Here biginneth the Frankeleyns Tale

In Armorik, that called is Britayne,⁴
Ther was a knight that loved and dide his
payne

To serve a lady in his beste wyse;
And many a labour, many a greet emprise⁵
He for his lady wroghte, er she were wonne. 5
For she was oon, the faireste under sonne,
And eek therto come of so heigh kinrede,
That wel unnethes dorste this knight, for
drede,

Telle hir his wo, his peyne, and his distresse.
But atte laste, she, for his worthinesse, 10
And namely⁶ for his meke obeysaunce,
Hath swich a pitee caught of his penaunce,
That prively she fil of his accord⁷
To take him for hir housbonde and hir lord,
Of swich lordshipe as men han over hir
wyves; 15

And for to lede the more in blisse hir lyves,
Of his free wil he swoor hir as a knight,
That never in al his lyf he, day ne night,
Ne sholde up-on him take no maistrye
Agayn hir wil, ne kythe⁸ hir jalouslye, 20
But hir obeye, and folwe hir wil in al
As any lover to his lady shal;

Save that the name of soveraynetee,
That wolde he have for shame of his degree.
She thanked him, and with ful greet
humblesse 25

She seyde, "sire, sith of your gentillesse
Ye profre me to have so large a reyne,⁹
Ne wolde never god bitwixe us tweyne,
As in my gilt, were outhere werre or stryf.
Sir, I wol be your humble trewe wyf, 30
Have heer my trouthe, til that myn herte
breste."

Thus been they bothe in quiete and in reste.

For o thing, sires, sauflly dar I seye,
That frendes everich other moot obeye,
If they wol longe holden companye. 35
Love wol nat ben constreyned by maistrye;

1 Parnassus. 2 rhetorical figures.
3 elaborate. 4 Brittany. 5 undertaking.
6 particularly. 7 she agreed with him.
8 show. 9 so generous a control.

Whan maistrie comth, the god of love anon
 Beteth hise winges, and farewell! he is gon!
 Love is a thing as any spirit free;
 Wommen of kinde¹ desiren libertee, 40
 And nat to ben constreyned as a thral;
 And so don men, if I soth seyen shal.
 Loke who that is most pacient in love,
 He is at his advantage al above.
 Pacience is an heigh vertu certeyn; 45
 For it venquisseth, as thise clerkes seyn,
 Things that rigour sholde never atteyne.
 For every word men may nat chyde or
 pleyne.²

Lerneth to suffre, or elles, so moot I goon,
 Ye shul it lerne, wher-so ye wole or noon. 50
 For in this world, certein, ther no wight is,
 That he ne dooth or seith som-tyme amis.
 Ire, siknesse, or constellacioun,³
 Wyn, wo, or chaunginge of complexioun⁴
 Causeth ful ofte to doon amis or speken. 55
 On every wrong a man may nat be wreken;⁵
 After the tyme, moste be temperaunce
 To every wight that can on⁶ governaunce.
 And therefore hath this wyse worthy knight,
 To live in ese, suffrance hir bihight, 60
 And she to him ful wisly gan to swere
 That never sholde ther be defaute in here.

Heer may men seen an humble wys accord;
 Thus hath she take hir servant and hir lord,
 Servant in love, and lord in mariage; 65
 Than was he bothe in lordship and servage;
 Servage? nay, but in lordshipe above,
 Sith he hath bothe his lady and his love;
 His lady, certes, and his wyf also,
 The which that lawe of love acordeth to. 70
 And whan he was in this prosperitee,
 Hoom with his wyf he gooth to his contree,
 Nat fer fro Penmark,⁷ ther his dwelling was,
 Wher-as he liveth in blisse and in solas.

Who coude telle, but he had wedded be, 75
 The joye, the ese, and the prosperitee
 That is bitwixe an housbonde and his wyf?
 A yeer and more lasted this blisful lyf,
 Til that the knight of which I speke of thus,
 That of Kayrrud was cleped Arveragus,⁸ 80
 Shoop him⁹ to goon, and dwelle a yeer or
 tweyne

In Engelond, that cleped was eek Briteyne,
 To seke in armes worship and honour;
 For al his lust¹⁰ he sette in swich labour;
 And dwelleth ther two yeer, the book seith
 thus. 85

Now wol I stinte¹¹ of this Arveragus,

And speken I wole of Dorigene his wyf,
 That loveth hir housbonde as hir hertes lyf.
 For his absence wepeth she and syketh,¹
 As doon thise noble wyves whan hem lyketh.
 She moorneth, waketh, wayleth, fasteth,
 pleyne; 91
 Desyr of his presence hir so distreyneth,
 That al this wyde world she sette at noght.
 Hir frendes, whiche that knewe hir hevvy
 thoght,

Conforten hir in al that ever they may; 95
 They prechen hir, they telle hir night and day,
 That causelees she sleeth hir-self, alas!
 And every confort possible in this cas
 They doon to hir with al hir businesse,
 Al for to make hir leve hir hevynesse. 100

By proces, as ye knowen everichoon,
 Men may so longe graven in a stoon,
 Til som figure ther-inne emprented be.
 So longe han they comforted hir, til she
 Receyved hath, by hope and by resoun, 105
 Th'emprenting of hir consolacioun,
 Thurgh which hir grete sorwe gan aswage;
 She may nat alwey duren² in swich rage.

And eek Arveragus, in al this care,
 Hath sent hir lettres hoom of his welfare, 110
 And that he wol come hastily agayn;
 Or elles hadde this sorwe hir herte slayn.

Hir frendes sawe hir sorwe gan to slake,
 And preyede hir on knees, for goddes sake,
 To come and romen hir³ in companye, 115
 Awey to dryve hir derke fantasye.
 And finally, she graunted that requeste;
 For wel she saugh that it was for the beste.

Now stood hir castel faste by the see,
 And often with hir frendes walketh she 120
 Hir to disporte up-on the bank an heigh,
 Wher-as she many a ship and barge seigh⁴
 Seilinge hir cours, wher-as hem liste go;
 But than was that a parcel of hir wo.
 For to hir-self ful ofte "allas!" seith she, 125
 "Is ther no ship, of so manye as I see,
 Wol bringen hom my lord? than were myn
 herte

Al warisshed⁵ of his bittre peynes smerte."

Another tyme ther wolde she sitte and
 thinke,
 And caste hir eyen downward fro the
 brinke. 130

But whan she saugh the grisly rokkes blake,
 For verray fere so wolde hir herte quake,
 That on hir feet she mighte hir noght sustene.
 Than wolde she sitte adoun upon the grene,
 And pitously in-to the see biholde, 135
 And seyn right thus, with sorweful sykes⁶
 colde:

1 nature. 2 complain. 3 influence of the stars.
 4 change of bodily constitution.
 5 avenged. 6 knows about.
 7 A headland on the west coast of Brittany.
 8 was called Arveragus of Kayrrud.
 9 made his plans. 10 desire. 11 cease.

1 sigheth. 2 continue. 3 take a walk.
 4 saw. 5 cured. 6 sighs.

"Eterne god, that thurgh thy purvey-
aunce¹
Ledest the world by certain governaunce,
In ydel,² as men seyn, ye no-thing make;
But, lord, thise grisly feendly rokkes blake,
That semen rather a foul confusioun 141
Of werk than any fair creacioun
Of swich a parfit wys god and a stable,
Why han ye wrought this werk unresonable?
For by this werk, south, north, ne west, ne
eest, 145
Ther nis y-fostred man, ne brid, ne beest;
It dooth no good, to my wit, but anyeth.³
See ye nat, lord, how mankinde it destroyeth?
An hundred thousand bodies of mankinde
Han rokkes slayn, al be they nat in minde, 150
Which mankinde is so fair part of thy werk
That thou it madest lyk to thyn owene
merk.⁴
Than semed it ye hadde a greet chiertee⁵
Toward mankinde; but how than may it be
That ye swiche menes⁶ make it to de-
stroyen, 155
Whiche wel do no good, but ever anyen?
I woot wel clerkes wol seyn, as hem leste,
By arguments, that al is for the beste,
Though I ne can the causes nat y-knowe.
But thilke god, that made wind to blowe, 160
As kepe my lord! this my conclusioun;
To clerkes lete⁷ I al disputisoun.
But wolde god that alle thise rokkes blake
Were sonken in-to helle for his sake!
Thise rokkes sleen myn herte for the fere." 165
Thus wolde she seyn, with many a pitous tere.
Hir freendes sawe that it was no disport
To romen by the see, but discomfort;
And shopen⁸ for to pleyen somwher elles.
They leden hir by riveres and by welles, 170
And eek in othere places delitables;
They dauncen, and they pleyen at ches and
tables.⁹
So on a day, right in the morwe-tyde,
Un-to a gardin that was ther bisyde,
In which that they had maad hir ordi-
naunce 175
Of vitaille and of other purveyaunce,¹⁰
They goon and pleye hem al the longe day.
And this was on the sixte morwe of May,
Which May had peynted with his softe
shoures
This gardin ful of leves and of floures; 180
And craft of mannes hand so curiously
Arrayed hadde this gardin, trewely,
That never was ther gardin of swich prys,¹¹
But-if it were the verray paradys.

Th' odour of floures and the fresshe sighte 185
Wolde han maad any herte for to lighte
That ever was born, but-if to gret siknesse,
Or to gret sorwe helde it in distresse;
So ful it was of beautee with plesaunce.
At-after diner gonne they to daunce, 190
And singe also, save Dorigen allone,
Which made alwey hir compleint and hir
mone;
For she ne saugh him on the daunce go,
That was hir housbonde and hir love also.
But natheles she moste a tyme abyde, 195
And with good hope lete hir sorwe slyde.
Up-on this daunce, amones othere men,
Daunced a squyer biforen Dorigen,
That fressher was and jolyer of array,
As to my doom,¹ than is the monthe of May.
He singeth, daunceth, passinge any man 201
That is, or was, sith that the world bigan.
Ther-with he was, if men sholde him dis-
cryve,
Oon of the beste faringe man on-lyve;
Yong, strong, right vertuuous, and riche and
wys, 205
And wel biloved, and holden in gret prys.
And shortly, if the sothe I tellen shal,
Unwiting of this Dorigen at al,
This lusty squyer, servant to Venus,
Which that y-cleped was Aurelius, 210
Had loved hir best of any creature
Two yeer and more, as was his aventure,
But never dorste he telle hir his grevaunce;
With-uten coppe² he drank al his penaunce.
He was despeyred, no-thing dorste he
seye, 215
Save in his songes somewhat wolde he wreye³
His wo, as in a general compleyning;
He seyde he lovede, and was biloved nothing.
Of swich matere made he manye layes,
Songes, compleintes, roundels, virelayes, 220
How that he dorste nat his sorwe telle,
But languisheth, as a furie dooth in helle;
And dye he moste, he seyde, as dide Ekko
For Narcisus, that dorste nat telle hir wo.
In other manere than ye here me seye, 225
Ne dorste he nat to hir his wo biwreye;⁴
Save that, paraventure, som-tyme at
daunces,
Ther yonge folk kepen hir observaunces,
It may wel be he loked on hir face
In swich a wyse, as man that asketh grace; 230
But no-thing wiste she of his entente.
Natheles, it happed, er they thennes wente,
By-cause that he was hir neighebour,
And was a man of worship and honour,

1 providence. 2 vain. 3 injures. 4 image.
5 love. 6 instruments. 7 leave. 8 arranged.
9 backgammon. 10 provision. 11 esteem.

1 judgment.
2 without cup, i.e. not in small quantities.
3 reveal. 4 reveal.

And hadde ¹ y-knowen him of tyme yore, ²³⁵
They fille in speche; and forth more and
more

Un-to his purpos drough ² Aurelius,
And whan he saugh his tyme, he seyde
thus:

"Madame," quod he, "by god that this
world made,

So that I wiste it mighte your herte glade, ²⁴⁰
I wolde, that day that your Arveragus
Wente over the see, that I, Aurelius,
Had went ther never I sholde have come
agayn;

For wel I woot my service is in vayn.
My guerdon is but bresting ³ of myn herte; ²⁴⁵
Madame, reweth upon my peynes smerte;
For with a word ye may me sleen or save,
Heer at your feet god wolde that I were
grave! ⁴

I ne have as now no leyser more to seye;
Have mercy, swete, or ye wol do me
deye!" ²⁵⁰

She gan to loke up-on Aurelius:

"Is this your wil," quod she, "and sey ye
thus?

Never erst," quod she, "ne wiste I what ye
mente.

But now, Aurelie, I knowe your entente,
By thilke god that yaf me soule and lyf, ²⁵⁵
Ne shal I never been untrewed wyf

In word ne werk, as fer as I have wit:
I wol ben his to whom that I am knit;
Tak this for fynal answer as of me."

But after that in pley thus seyde she: ²⁶⁰

"Aurelie," quod she, "by heighe god
above,

Yet wolde I graunte yow to been your love,
Sin I yow see so pitously complayne;
Loke what day that, endelong ⁵ Britayne,
Ye remoeve alle the rokkes, stoon by
ston, ²⁶⁵

That they ne lette ship ne boot to goon —
I seye, whan ye han maad the coost so
clene

Of rokkes, that ther nis no stoon y-sene,
Than wol I love yow best of any man;
Have heer my trouthe in al that ever I
can." ²⁷⁰

"Is ther non other grace in yow?" quod he.
"No, by that lord," quod she, "that maked
me!

For wel I woot that it shal never bityde.
Lat swiche folies out of your herte slyde.
What deyntee ⁶ sholde a man han in his
lyf ²⁷⁵

For to go love another mannes wyf,

That hath hir body whan so that him
lyketh?"

Aurelius ful ofte sore syketh; ¹

Wo was Aurelie, whan that he this herde,
And with a sorweful herte he thus an-
swerde: ²⁸⁰

"Madame," quod he, "this were an in-
possible!

Than moot I dye of sodein deth horrible."
And with that word he turned him anon.
Tho come hir othere freendes many oon,
And in the aleyes romeden up and down, ²⁸⁵
And no-thing wiste of this conclusoun,
But sodeinly bigonne revel newe
Til that the brighte sonne loste his hewe;
For th'orizonte ² hath reft the sonne his light;
This is as muche to seye as it was night. ²⁹⁰
And hoom they goon in joye and in solas,
Save only wrecche Aurelius, alas!

He to his hous is goon with sorweful herte;
He seeth he may nat fro his deeth asterte, ³
Him semed that he felte his herte colde; ²⁹⁵
Up to the hevene his handes he gan holde,
And on his knowes ⁴ bare he sette him doun,
And in his raving seyde his orisoun.

For verray wo out of his wit he breyde, ⁵
He niste what he spak, but thus he seyde; ³⁰⁰
With pitous herte his pleynt hath he bigonne
Un-to the goddes, and first un-to the sonne:

He seyde, "Appollo, god and governour
Of every plaunte, herbe, tree and flour,
That yevest, after they declinacioun, ⁶ ³⁰⁵

To ech of hem his tyme and his sesoun,
As thyn herberwe ⁷ chaungeth lowe or hye,
Lord Phebus, cast thy merciable yē

On wrecche Aurelie, which that am but lorn.
Lo, lord! my lady hath my deeth y-sworn ³¹⁰
With-oute gilt, but ⁸ thy benignitee
Upon my dedly herte have som pitee!

For wel I woot, lord Phebus, if yow lest,
Ye may me helpen, save my lady, best.

Now voucheth sauf that I may yow de-
vyse ³¹⁵

How that I may been holpe and in what
wyse.

Your blisful suster, Lucina ⁹ the shene, ¹⁰
That of the see is chief goddesse and quene, ¹¹
Though Neptunus have deitee in the see,
Yet emperesse aboven him is she: ³²⁰
Ye knowen wel, lord, that right as hir desyr
Is to be quiked ¹² and lightned of your fyr,
For which she folweth yow ful bisily,
Right so the see desyareth naturally

¹ sigheth. ² the horizon. ³ escape.

⁴ knees. ⁵ he went out of his wits.

⁶ according to thy height in the sky (at different sea-
sons of the year).

⁷ dwelling place. ⁸ unless. ⁹ Diana, the Moon.

¹⁰ bright. ¹¹ Because she controls the tides.

¹² endowed with life.

¹ The subject is Dorigen.

² drew.

³ breaking.

⁴ buried.

⁵ all along.

⁶ pleasure.

To folwen hir, as she that is goddesse. 325
 Bothe in the see and riveres more and lesse.
 Wherefore, lord Phebus, this is my requeste —
 Do this miracle, or do myn herte breste —
 That now, next at this opposicioun,¹
 Which in the signe shal be of the Leoun, 330
 As preyeth hir so greet a flood to bringe,
 That fyve fadme at the leeste it overspringe
 The hyeste rokke in Armorik Briteyne;
 And lat this flood endure yeres tweyne;
 Than certes to my lady may I seye: 335
 'Holdeth your heste,² the rokkes been
 awaye.'

Lord Phebus, dooth this miracle for me;
 Preye hir she go no faster cours than ye;
 I seye, preyeth your suster that she go
 No faster cours than ye thise yeres two.³ 340
 Than shal she been evene atte fulle alway,
 And spring-flood laste bothe night and day.
 And, but she vouche-sauf in swiche manere
 To graunte me my sovereyn lady dere,
 Prey hir to sinken every rok adoun 345
 In-to hir owene derke regioun⁴
 Under the ground, ther Pluto dwelleth inne,
 Or never-mo shal I my lady winne.
 Thy temple in Delphos wol I barefoot seke;
 Lord Phebus, see the teres on my cheke, 350
 And of my payne have som compassioun."
 And with that word in swowne he fil adoun,
 And longe tyme he lay forth in a traunce.

His brother, which that knew of his pen-
 aunce,
 Up caughte him and to bedde he hath him
 broght. 355

Dispeyred in this torment and this thoght
 Lete I this woful creature lye;
 Chese he, for me, whether he wol live or dye.

Arveragus, with hele⁵ and greet honour,
 As he that was of chivalrye the flour, 360
 Is comen hoom, and othere worthy men.
 O blisful artow now, thou Dorigen,
 That hast thy lusty housbonde in thyne
 armes,

The fresshe knight, the worthy man of armes,
 That loveth thee, as his owene hertes lyf. 365
 No-thing list him to been imaginatyf⁶
 If any wight had spoke, whyl he was oute,
 To hire of love; he hadde of it no doute.⁷
 He noght entendeth to no swich matere,
 But daunceth, justeth, maketh hir good
 chere; 370

And thus in joye and blisse I lete hem dwelle,
 And of the syke Aurelius wol I telle.

In langour and in torment furious
 Two yeer and more lay wrecche Aurelius,
 Er any foot he mighte on erthe goon; 375
 Ne confort in this tyme hadde he noon,
 Save of his brother, which that was a
 clerk;¹

He knew of al this wo and al this werk.
 For to non other creature certeyn
 Of this matere he dorste no word seyn. 380
 Under his brest he bar it more secree
 Than ever dide Pamphilus² for Galathee.
 His brest was hool, with-oute for to sene,
 But in his herte ay was the arwe kene.
 And wel ye knowe that of a sursanure³ 385
 In surgerye is perilous the cure,
 But men mighte touche the arwe, or come
 therby.

His brother weep and wayled prively,
 Til atte laste him fil in remembraunce,
 That whyl he was at Orliens in Fraunce, 390
 As yonge clerkes, that been likerous,⁴
 To reden artes that been curious,⁵
 Seken in every halke and every herne⁶
 Particuler sciences for to lerne,
 He him remembred that, upon a day, 395
 At Orliens in studie a book he say⁷
 Of magik naturel, which his felawe,
 That was that tyme a bachelor of lawe,
 Al were he⁸ ther to lerne another craft,
 Had prively upon his desk y-laft; 400
 Which book spak muchel of the operaciouns,
 Touchinge the eighte and twenty mansiouns
 That longen to⁹ the mone, and swich folye,
 As in our dayes is nat worth a flye;
 For holy chirches feith in our bileve 405
 Ne suffreth noon illusion us to greve.
 And whan this book was in his remem-
 braunce,

Anon for joye his herte gan to daunce,
 And to him-self he seyde prively:
 "My brother shal be warissed¹⁰ hastily; 410
 For I am siker¹¹ that ther be sciences,
 By whiche men make diverse apparences
 Swiche as thise subtile tregetoures¹² pleye.
 For ofte at festes have I wel herd seye,
 That tregetours, with-inne an halle large, 415
 Have maad come in a water and a barge,
 And in the halle rowen up and down.
 Somtyme hath semed come a grim leoun;
 And somtyme floures springe as in a mede;
 Somtyme a vyne, and grapes whyte and
 rede; 420

¹ scholar.

² Reputed author of a mediæval Latin love-poem in praise of a lady named Galatea.

³ a wound healed outwardly but not inwardly.

⁴ desirous. ⁵ magical.

⁶ in every hiding-place and corner.

⁷ saw.

⁸ although he was.

⁹ belong to.

¹⁰ cured.

¹¹ sure.

¹² jugglers.

¹ i.e. at the full moon. ² promise.

³ i.e. that the moon remain full continuously for two years.

⁴ Under the name of Hecate, Diana is goddess of Hades.

⁵ health.

⁶ It never occurred to him to guess.

⁷ fear.

Somtyme a castel, al of lym and stoon;
And whan hem lyked, voyded ¹ it anoon.
Thus semed it to every mannes sighte.

Now than conclude I thus, that if I mighte
At Orliens som old felawe y-finde, ⁴²⁵
That hadde this mones mansions in minde,
Or other magik naturel above,
He sholde wel make my brother han his love.
For with an apparence a clerk may make
To mannes sighte, that alle the rokkes
blake ⁴³⁰

Of Britaigne weren y-voyded everichon,
And shippes by the brinke comen and gon,
And in swich forme endure a day or two;
Than were my brother warissshed of his wo.
Than moste she nedes holden hir behest, ⁴³⁵
Or elles he shal shame hir atte leste."

What sholde I make a lenger tale of this?
Un-to his brotheres bed he comen is,
And swich confort he yaf him for to gon
To Orliens, that he up stirte anon, ⁴⁴⁰
And on his way forthward thanne is he fare,
In hope for to ben lissed ² of his care.

Whan they were come almost to that citee,
But-if it were a two furlong or three,
A yong clerk rominge by him-self they
mette, ⁴⁴⁵

Which that in Latin thriftily hem grette,³
And after that he seyde a wonder thing:
"I knowe," quod he, "the cause of your
coming";

And er they ferther any fote wente,
He tolde hem al that was in hir entente. ⁴⁵⁰

This Briton clerk him asked of felawes
The whiche that he had knowe in olde
dawes; ⁴

And he answerde him that they dede were,
For which he weep ful ofte many a tere.

Doun of his hors Aurelius lighte anon, ⁴⁵⁵
And forth with this magicien is he gon
Hoom to his hous, and made hem wel at ese.
Hem lakked no vitaille that mighte hem
plese;

So wel arrayed hous as ther was oon ⁵
Aurelius in his lyf saugh never noon. ⁴⁶⁰

He shewed him, er he wente to sopeer,
Forestes, parkes ful of wilde deer;
Ther saugh he hertes ⁶ with hir hornes hye,
The gretteste that ever were seyn with yē.
He saugh of hem an hondred slayn with
houndes, ⁴⁶⁵
And somme with arwes blede of bittre
woundes.

He saugh, whan voided were thise wilde deer,
Thise fauconers upon a fair river,

That with hir haukes han the heron slayn.
Tho saugh he knightes justing in a playn; ⁴⁷⁰
And after this, he hide him swich plesaunce,
That he him shewed his lady on a daunce
On which him-self he daunced, as him
thoughte.

And whan this maister, that this magik
wroughte,
Saughe it was tyme, he clapte his handes
two, ⁴⁷⁵

And farewell! al our revel ¹ was ago.
And yet remoeved they never out of the
hous,

Whyl they saugh al this sighte merveillous,
But in his studie, ther-as his bookes be,
They seten stille, and no wight but they
three. ⁴⁸⁰

To him this maister called his squyer,
And seyde him thus: "is redy our soper?
Almost an houre it is, I undertake,
Sith I yow bad our soper for to make,
Whan that thise worthy men wenten with
me ⁴⁸⁵

In-to my studie, ther-as my bookes be."

"Sire," quod this squyer, "whan it lyketh
yow,

It is al redy, though ye wol right now."
"Go we than soupe," quod he, "as for the
beste;

This amorous folk som-tyme mote han
reste." ⁴⁹⁰

At-after soper fille they in trettee,²
What somme sholde this maistres guer-
don be,

To remoeven alle the rokkes of Britayne,
And eek from Gerounde ³ to the mouth of
Sayne.

He made it straunge,⁴ and swoor, so god
him save, ⁴⁹⁵

Lasse than a thousand pound he wolde nat
have,

Ne gladly for that somme he wolde nat goon.

Aurelius, with blisful herte anoon,
Answerde thus, "fy on a thousand pound!
This wyde world, which that men seye is
round, ⁵⁰⁰

I wolde it yeve, if I were lord of it.
This bargayn is ful drive,⁵ for we ben knit.⁶
Ye shal be payed trewely, by my trouthe!
But loketh now, for no necligence or slouthe,
Ye tarie us heer no lenger than to-morwe." ⁵⁰⁵

"Nay," quod this clerk, "have heer my
feith to borwe." ⁷

To bedde is goon Aurelius whan him leste.
And wel ny al that night he hadde his reste;

¹ sent away. ² relieved. ³ greeted. ⁴ days.
⁵ So well furnished a house as that one was.
⁶ stags

¹ entertainment. ² discussion.
³ the Gironde river. ⁴ He held off.
⁵ completed. ⁶ agreed. ⁷ as pledge.

What for his labour and his hope of blisse,
His woful herte of penaunce hadde a lisse.¹ 510

Upon the morwe, whan that it was day,
To Britaigne toke they the righte way,
Aurelius, and this magicien bisyde,
And been descended ther they wolde abyde;
And this was, as the bokes me remembre,
The colde frosty seson of Decembre.

Phebus wex old,² and hewed lyk latoun,³
That in his hote declinacioun
Shoon as the burned⁴ gold with stremes
bryghte;

But now in Capricorn⁵ adoun he lighte, 520
Wher-as he shoon ful pale, I dar wel seyn.
The bittre frostes, with the sleet and reyn,
Destroyed hath the grene in every yerd.
Janus⁶ sit by the fyr, with double berd,
And drinketh of his bugle-horn the wyn. 525
Biforn him stant braun of the tusked swyn,
And "Nowel"⁷ cryeth every lusty man.

Aurelius, in al that ever he can,
Doth to his maister chere and reverence,
And preyeth him to doon his diligence 530
To bringen him out of his peynes smerte,
Or with a swerd that he wolde slitte his
herte.

This subtil clerk swich routhe⁸ had of this
man,
That night and day he spedde him that he
can,

To wayte a tyme of his conclusioun; 535
This is to seye, to make illusioun,
By swich an apparence or jogelrye,
I ne can no termes of astrologye,
That she and every wight sholde wene and
seye,

That of Britaigne the rokkes were aweye, 540
Or elles they were sonken under grounde.
So atte laste he hath his tyme y-founde
To maken his japes⁹ and his wrecchednesse
Of swich a superstitious cursednesse.
His tables Toletanes¹⁰ forth he broght, 545
Ful wel corrected, ne ther lakked noght,
Neither his collect ne his expans yeres,¹¹
Ne his rotes ne his othere geres,
As been his centres and his arguments,
And his porcionels convenients 550
For his equacions in every thing.
And, by his eighte spere in his wirking,
He knew ful wel how fer Alnath was shove
Fro the heed of thilke fixe Aries above

¹ relief.

² The Sun grew old, i.e. it was winter.

³ latten, a composition metal of dull hue.

⁴ burnished.

⁵ The Sun enters the Zodiacal Sign of Capricorn in December.

⁶ The god for whom the month of January is named.

⁷ Merry Christmas.

⁸ pity.

⁹ tricks.

¹⁰ astronomical tables.

¹¹ In lines 547-62, we have a series of technical terms from the science of astrology.

That in the ninthe speere considered is; 555
Ful subtilly he calculed al this.

Whan he had founde his firste mansioun,
He knew the remenant by proporcioun;
And knew the arysing of his mone weel,
And in whos face, and terme, and every-
deel; 560

And knew ful weel the mones mansioun
Acordaunt to his operacioun,
And knew also his othere observaunces
For swiche illusiouns and swiche meschaunces
As hethen folk used in thilke dayes; 565
For which no lenger maked he delayes,
But thurgh his magik, for a wyke¹ or tweye,
It semed that alle the rokkes were aweye.

Aurelius, which that yet despeired is
Wher² he shal han his love or fare amis, 570
Awaiteth night and day on this miracle;
And whan he knew that ther was noon ob-
stacle,

That voided were thise rokkes everichon,
Doun to his maistres feet he fil³ anon,
And seyde, "I woful wrecche, Aurelius, 575
Thanke yow, lord, and lady myn Venus,
That me han holpen fro my cares colde:"
And to the temple his wey forth hath he
holde,

Wher-as he knew he sholde his lady see.
And whan he saugh his tyme, anon-right
he, 580

With dredful⁴ herte and with ful humble
chere,

Salewed⁵ hath his sovereyn lady dere:

"My righte lady," quod this woful man,
"Whom I most drede and love as I best can,
And lothest were of al this world displese, 585
Nere it that I for yow have swich disese,
That I moste dyen heer at your foot anon,
Noght wolde I telle how me is wo bigon;
But certes outhere moste I dye or pleyne;
Ye slee me gilteles for verray peyne. 590
But of my deeth, thogh that ye have no
routhe,

Avyseth yow, er that ye breke your trouthe.
Repenteth yow, for thilke god above,
Er ye me sleen by-cause that I yow love.
For, madame, wel ye woot what ye han
hight;⁶ 595

Nat that I chalange any thing of right
Of yow my sovereyn lady, but your grace;
But in a gardin yond, at swich a place,
Ye woot right wel what ye bihighten me;
And in myn hand your trouthe plighen
ye 600

To love me best, god woot, ye seyde so,
Al be that I unworthy be therto.

¹ week.
⁴ timid.

² whether.
⁵ saluted.

³ fell.
⁶ promised.

Madame, I speke it for the honour of yow,
More than to save myn hertes lyf right
now;

I have do so as ye comanded me; 605
And if ye vouche-sauf, ye may go see.
Doth as yow list, have your biheste in minde,
For quik or deed, right ther ye shul me finde;
In yow lyth al, to do me live or deye; —
But wel I woot the rokkes been aweye!" 610

He taketh his leve, and she astonied stood,
In al hir face nas a drope of blood;
She wende never han come in swich a trappe:
"Allas!" quod she, "that ever this sholde
happe!

For wende I never, by possibilitee, 615
That swich a monstre or merveille mighte be!
It is agayns the proces of nature:"

And hoom she gooth a sorweful creature.
For verray fere unnethe¹ may she go;²
She wepeth, wailleth, al a day or two, 620
And swowneth, that it routhe was to see;
But why it was, to no wight tolde she;
For out of toun was goon Arveragus.
But to hir-self she spak, and seyde thus,
With face pale and with ful sorweful
chere; 625

In hir compleynt, as ye shul after here:
"Allas," quod she, "on thee, Fortune,
I pleyne,

That unwar³ wrapped hast me in thy cheyne;
For which, t'escape, woot I no socour
Save only deeth or elles dishonour; 630
Oon of thise two bihoveth me to chese.
But nathelees, yet have I lever lese⁴
My lyf than of my body have a shame,
Or knowe my-selven fals, or lese my name,
And with my deth I may be quit, y-wis. 635
Hath ther nat many a noble wyf, er this,
And many a mayde y-slayn hir-self, alas!
Rather than with hir body doon trespas?

Yis, certes, lo, thise stories⁵ beren wit-
nesse;

Whan thretty tyraunts, ful of cursed-
nesse, 640

Had slayn Phidoun in Athenes, atte feste,
They comanded his doghtres for t'areste,
And bringen hem biforn hem in despyt
Al naked, to fulfille hir foul delyt,
And in hir fadres blood they made hem
daunce 645

Upon the pavement, god yeve hem mis-
chaunce!

For which thise woful maydens, ful of drede,
Rather than they wolde lese hir mayden-
hede,

¹ hardly.

² walk.

³ without my knowledge.

⁴ I had rather lose.

⁵ The stories which follow are taken from St.
Jerome *Contra Jovinianum*.

They prively ben stirt¹ in-to a welle,
And dreynte² hem-selven, as the bokes
telle. 650

They of Messene lete enquire and seke
Of Lacedomie fifty maydens eke,
On whiche they wolden doon hir lecherye;
But was ther noon of al that companye
That she nas slayn, and with a good en-
tente 655

Chees rather for to dye than assente
To been oppressed of hir maydenhede.
Why sholde I thanne to dye been in drede?

Lo, eek, the tiraunt Aristoclide
That loved a mayden, heet³ Stimphali-
des, 660

Whan that hir fader slayn was on a night,
Un-to Dianes temple goth she right,
And hente the image in hir handes two,
Fro which image wolde she never go.
No wight ne mighte hir handes of it arace,⁴ 665
Til she was slayn right in the selve place.
Now sith that maydens hadden swich despyt
To been defouled with mannes foul delyt,
Wel oghte a wyf rather hir-selven slee
Than be defouled, as it thinketh me. 670

What shal I seyn of Hasdrubales wyf,
That at Cartage birafte hir-self hir lyf?
For whan she saugh that Romayns wan the
toun,

She took hir children alle, and skipte adoun
In-to the fyr, and chees rather to dye 675
Than any Romayn dide hir vileinye.

Hath nat Lucesse y-slayn hir-self, alas!
At Rome, whanne she oppressed was
Of Tarquin, for hir thoughte it was a shame
To liven whan she hadde lost hir name? 680

The sevene maydens of Milesie also
Han slayn hem-self, for verray drede and wo,
Rather than folk of Gaule hem sholde
opresse.

Mo than a thousand stories, as I gesse,
Coude I now telle as touchinge this mat-
ere. 685

Whan Habradate was slayn, his wyf so
dere

Hirselven slow, and leet hir blood to glyde
In Habradates woundes depe and wyde,
And seyde, 'my body, at the leeste way,
Ther shal no wight defoulen, if I may.' 690

What sholde I mo⁵ ensamples heer-of
sayn,

Sith that so manye han hem-selven slayn
Wel rather than they wolde defouled be?
I wol conclude, that it is bet for me
To sleen my-self, than been defouled thus. 695
I wol be trewe un-to Arveragus,

¹ They secretly jumped.

² drowned.

³ called.

⁴ tear away.

⁵ more

Or rather sleen my-self in som manere,
As dide Demociones doghter dere,
By-cause that she wolde nat defouled be.

O Cedasus! it is ful greet pitee,
To reden how thy doghtren deyde, allas!
That slowe hem-selven for swich maner cas.¹

As greet a pitee was it, or wel more,
The Theban mayden, that for Nichanore
Hir-selven slow, right for swich maner wo.⁷⁰⁵
Another Theban mayden dide right so;
For oon of Macedoine hadde hir oppressed,
She with hir deeth hir maydenhede re-
dressed.

What shal I seye of Nicerates wyf,
That for swich cas birafte hir-self hir lyf? ⁷¹⁰
How trewe eek was to Alcebiades
His love, that rather for to dyen chees
Than for to suffre his body unburied be!
Lo which a wyf was Alcestè," quod she.

"What seith Omer of gode Penalopee? ⁷¹⁵
Al Grece knoweth of hir chastitee.

Pardee, of Laodomya is writen thus,
That whan at Troye was slayn Protheselaus,
No lenger wolde she live after his day.

The same of noble Porcia telle I may; ⁷²⁰
With-oute Brutus coude she nat live,
To whom she hadde al hool hir herte yive.

The parfit wyfhod of Arthemysye
Honoured is thurgh al the Barbarye.²

O Teuta, queen! thy wyfly chastitee ⁷²⁵
To alle wyves may a mirour be.
The same thing I seye of Bilia,
Of Rodogone, and eek Valeria."

Thus pleyned Dorigene a day or tweye,
Purposinge ever that she wolde deye.⁷³⁰

But natheles, upon the thridde night,
Hom cam Arveragus, this worthy knight,
And asked hir, why that she weep so sore?
And she gan wepen ever lenger the more.

"Allas!" quod she, "that ever was I
born!" ⁷³⁵

Thus have I seyd," quod she, "thus have I
sworn" —

And told him al as ye han herd bifore;
It nedeth nat reherce it yow na-more.

This housbond with glad chere, in frendly
wyse,

Answerde and seyde as I shal yow devyse: ⁷⁴⁰
"Is ther oght elles, Dorigen, but this?"

"Nay, nay," quod she, "god help me so,
as wis;³

This is to muche, and it were goddes wille."

"Ye, wyf," quod he, "lat slepen that is
stille;⁴

It may be wel, paraventure, yet to-day. ⁷⁴⁵
Ye shul your trouthe holden, by my fay!

For god so wisly have mercy on me,
I hadde wel lever y-stiked for to be,¹
For verray love which that I to yow have,
But-if² ye sholde your trouthe kepe and
save. ⁷⁵⁰

Trouthe is the hyeste thing that man may
kepe:" —

But with that word he brast³ anon to wepe,
And seyde, "I yow forbede, up⁴ peyne of
deeth,

That never, whyl thee lasteth lyf ne breeth,
To no wight tel thou of this aventure. ⁷⁵⁵
As I may best, I wol my wo endure,
Ne make no contenance⁵ of hevynesse,
That folk of yow may demen harm or
gesse."

And forth he cleped a squyer and a mayde:
"Goth forth anon with Dorigen," he
sayde, ⁷⁶⁰

"And bringeth hir to swich a place anon."
They take hir leve, and on hir wey they
gon;

But they ne wiste why she thider wente.
He nolde no wight tellen his entente.

Paraventure an heep of yow, y-wis, ⁷⁶⁵
Wol holden him a lewed⁶ man in this,
That he wol putte his wyf in jupartye;⁷
Herkeneth the tale, er ye up-on hir crye.
She may have bettre fortune than yow
semeth;

And whan that ye han herd the tale, dem-
eth. ⁷⁷⁰

This squyer, which that highte Aurelius,
On Dorigen that was so amorous,
Of aventure happed hir to mete
Amidde the toun, right in the quikkest⁸
strete,

As she was boun⁹ to goon the wey forth-
right ⁷⁷⁵

Toward the gardin ther-as she had hight.¹⁰
And he was to the gardinward also;

For wel he spyed, whan she wolde go
Out of hir hous to any maner place.

But thus they mette, of aventure or grace; ⁷⁸⁰
And he saleweth hir with glad entente,
And asked of hir whiderward she wente?

And she answerde, half as she were
mad,

"Un-to the gardin, as myn housbond bad,
My trouthe for to holde, allas! allas!" ⁷⁸⁵

Aurelius gan wondren on this cas,
And in his herte had greet compassioun
Of hir and of hir lamentacioun,
And of Arveragus, the worthy knight,
That bad hir holden al that she had hight, ⁷⁹⁰

1 in a case of such sort. 2 land of the barbarians.
3 as (it is) certain. 4 i.e. let sleeping dogs lie.

1 I had much rather be stabbed. 2 unless.
3 burst. 4 on. 5 show no appearance.
6 foolish. 7 jeopardy. 8 liveliest.
9 prepared. 10 promised.

So looth him was his wyf sholde breke hir
trouthe;
And in his herte he caughte of this greet
routhe,

Consideringe the beste on every syde,
That fro his lust yet were him lever abyde
Than doon so heigh a cherlish wrecched-
nesse 795

Agayns franchyse¹ and alle gentillesse;
For which in fewe wordes seyde he thus:

"Madame, seyth to your lord Arveragus,
That sith I see his grete gentillesse
To yow, and eek I see wel your distresse, 800
That him were lever han shame (and that
were routhe)

Than ye to me sholde breke thus your
trouthe,

I have wel lever ever to suffre wo
Than I departe² the love bitwix yow two.
I yow relese, madame, in-to your hond 805
Quit every surement³ and every bond,
That ye han maad to me as heer-biforn,
Sith thilke tyme which that ye were born.
My trouthe I plighte, I shal yow never
repreve

Of no biheste, and here I take my leve; 810
As of the treweste and the beste wyf
That ever yet I knew in al my lyf.
But every wyf be-war of hir biheste,
On Dorigene remembreth atte leste.
Thus can a squyer doon a gentil dede, 815
As well as can a knight, with-ouen drede."

She thonketh him up-on hir knees al bare,
And hoom un-to hir housbond is she fare,
And tolde him al as ye han herd me sayd;⁴
And be ye siker, he was so weel apayd,⁵ 820
That it were impossible me to wryte;
What sholde I lenger of this cas endyte?

Arveragus and Dorigene his wyf
In sovereyn blisse leden forth hir lyf.
Never eft ne was ther angre hem bitwene; 825
He cheriseth hir as though she were a
quene;

And she was to him trewe for evermore.
Of thise two folk ye gete of me na-more.

Aurelius, that his cost hath al forlorn,⁶
Curseth the tyme that ever he was born: 830
"Allas," quod he, "allas! that I bihighte
Of pured gold a thousand pound of wighte
Un-to this philosophre!⁷ how shal I do?
I see na-more but that I am fordo."⁸
Myn heritage moot I nedes selle, 835
And been a begger; heer may I nat dwelle,
And shamen al my kinrede in this place,
But I of him may gete better grace.

But nathelees, I wol of him assaye,
At certeyn dayes, yeer by yeer, to paye, 840
And thanke him of his grete curteisye;
My trouthe wol I kepe, I wol nat lye."

With herte soor he gooth un-to his cofre,
And broghte gold un-to this philosophre,
The value of fyve hundred pound, I gesse, 845
And him bisecheth, of his gentillesse,
To graunte him dayes of the remenaunt,
And seyde, "maister, I dar wel make avaunt,¹
I failed never of my trouthe as yit;
For sikerly my dette shal be quit 850
Towardes yow, how-ever that I fare
To goon a-begged in my kirtle bare.²
But wolde ye vouche-sauf, up-on seurtee,
Two yeer or three for to respyten me,
Than were I wel; for elles moot I selle 855
Myn heritage; ther is na-more to telle."

This philosophre sobrelly answerde,
And seyde thus, whan he thise wordes herde:
"Have I nat holden covenant un-to thee?"
"Yes, certes, wel and trewely," quod he. 860
"Hastow nat had thy lady as thee lyketh?"
"No, no," quod he, and sorwefully he
syketh.³

"What was the cause? tel me if thou can."
Aurelius his tale anon bigan,
And tolde him al, as ye han herd bifore; 865
It nedeth nat to yow reherce it more.

He seide, "Arveragus, of gentillesse,
Had lever dye in sorwe and in distresse
Than that his wyf were of hir trouthe fals."
The sorwe of Dorigen he tolde him als,⁴ 870
How looth hir was to been a wikked wyf,
And that she lever had lost that day hir lyf,
And that hir trouthe she swoor, thurgh in-
nocence:

"She never erst herde speke of apparence;⁵
That made me han of hir so greet pitee. 875
And right as frely as he sente hir me,
As frely sente I hir to him ageyn.
This al and som, ther is na-more to seyn."

This philosophre answerde, "leve brother,
Everich of yow dide gentilly til other. 880
Thou art a squyer, and he is a knight;
But god forbede, for his blisful might,
But-if a clerk coude doon a gentil dede
As wel as any of yow, it is no drede!⁶

Sire, I relese thee thy thousand pound, 885
As thou right now were copen⁷ out of the
ground,

Ne never er now ne hadde knowen me.
For sire, I wol nat take a peny of thee
For al my craft, ne noght for my travaille.
Thou hast y-payd wel for my vitaille; 890

¹ generosity. ² put asunder.

³ every pledge discharged. ⁴ say. ⁵ pleased.

⁶ lost. ⁷ i.e. the magician. ⁸ ruined.

¹ boast.

² To go a-begging clothed only in a short coat.

³ sigheth. ⁴ also.

⁵ illusion caused by magic.

⁶ doubt. ⁷ had crept.

It is y-nogh, and farewel, have good day:"
And took his hors, and forth he gooth his
way.

Lordinges,¹ this question wolde I aske
now,

Which was the moste free,¹ as thinketh
yow?

Now telleth me, er that ye ferther wende.
I can na-more, my tale is at an ende. 896

Here is ended the Frankeleyns Tale

THE MINOR POEMS

THE PARLIAMENT OF FOWLS

The poem presents under the veil of graceful allegory the courtship by three rival suitors of some great lady of Chaucer's day. Many critics have believed that the lady, the "formel egle," is the Princess Anne of Bohemia, who in January 1382 became the queen of Richard II of England, that the "tercel egle" is Richard, and that the two eagles "of lower kinde" are two continental princes who had been suitors for the hand of Princess Anne. But this identification is far from certain. The form of the poem combines two medieval types, the dream-vision and the "debate," the latter a poem in which an unsolved problem is left to the reader's decision — which of the three suitors deserves the lady? Into the poem Chaucer has put the fruit of much reading. The description of the garden is from the *Teseide* of Boccaccio; the picture of the goddess Nature is from a writer in medieval Latin, Alanus de Insulis. The parliament itself, where the various classes of birds humorously represent different ranks of society, is, so far as we know, Chaucer's own invention.

The Proem

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th'assay so hard, so sharp the conquering,
The dredful joye, that alwey slit so yerne,²
Al this mene I by love, that my feling
Astonyeth with his wonderful worching 3
So sore y-wis, that whan I on him thinke,
Nat wot I wel wher³ that I wake or winke.

For al be that I knowe not love in dede,
Ne wot how that he quytteth folk hir hyre,
Yet happeth me ful ofte in bokes rede 10
Of his miracles, and his cruel yre;
Ther rede I wel he wol be lord and syre,
I dar not seyn, his strokes been so sore,
But god save swich a lord! I can no more.

Of usage, what for luste⁴ what for lore,⁵ 15
On bokes rede I ofte, as I yow tolde.
But wherfor that I speke al this? not yore

Agon, hit happed me for to beholde
Upon a boke, was write with lettres olde;
And ther-upon, a certeyn thing to lerne, 20
The longe day ful faste I radde and yerne.²

For out of olde felde, as men seith,
Cometh al this newe corn fro yeer to yere;
And out of olde bokes, in good feith,
Cometh al this newe science that men lere.
But now to purpos as of this matere — 26
To rede forth hit gan me so delyte,
That al the day me thoughte but a lyte.

This book of which I make mencion,
Entitled was al thus, as I shal telle, 30
"Tullius of the dreame of Scipioun";³
Chapitres seven hit hadde, of hevene and
helle,

And erthe, and soules that therinne dwelle,
Of whiche, as shortly as I can hit trete,
Of his sentence I wol you seyn the grete. 35

First telleth hit, whan Scipioun was come
In Afrik, how he mette Massinisse,
That him for joye in armes hath y-nome.
Than telleth hit hir speche and al the blisse
That was betwix hem, til the day gan 40
misse;

And how his auncestre, African so dere,
Gan in his slepe that night to him appere.

Than telleth hit that, fro a sterry place,
How African hath him Cartage shewed,
And warned him before of al his grace, 45
And seyde him, what man, lered other lewed,⁴
That loveth comun profit, wel y-thewed,⁵
He shal unto a blisful place wende,
Ther as joye is that last withouten ende.
Than asked he, if folk that heer be dede 50
Have lyf and dwelling in another place;
And African seyde, "ye, withoute drede,"
And that our present worldes lyves space
Nis but a maner deth, what wey we trace,
And rightful folk shal go, after they dye, 55
To heven; and shewed him the galaxye.

¹ generous.

² eagerly.

³ The "Dream of Scipio" is a portion of Cicero's *De Republica*.

⁴ learned or ignorant.

⁵ well conducted.

¹ The Franklin is addressing his fellow pilgrims.

² slides away so soon.

³ whether.

⁴ pleasure.

⁵ instruction.

Than shewed he him the litel erthe, that
 heer is,
 At regard of the hevenes quantite;
 And after shewed he him the nyne speres,¹
 And after that the melodye herde he 60
 That cometh of thilke speres thryes three,
 That welle is of musyke and melodye
 In this world heer, and cause of armonye.

Than bad he him, sin erthe was so lyte,
 And ful of torment and of harde grace, 65
 That he ne shulde him in the world delyte.
 Than tolde he him, in certeyn yeres space,
 That every sterre shulde come into his place
 Ther hit was first; and al shulde out of minde
 That in this worlde is don of al mankinde.

Than prayde him Scipioun to telle him al 71
 The wey to come un-to that hevene blisse;
 And he seyde, "know thy-self first immortal,
 And loke ay besily thou werke and wisse.²
 To comen profit, and thou shalt nat misse 75
 To comen swiftly to that place dere,
 That ful of blisse is and of soules clere.

But brekers of the lawe, soth to seyne,
 And lecherous folk, after that they be dede,
 Shul alwey whirle aboute th'erthe in peyne, 80
 Til many a world be passed, out of drede,
 And than, for-yeven alle hir wikked dede,
 Than shul they come unto that blisful place,
 To which to comen god thee sende his
 grace!" —

The day gan failen, and the derke night, 85
 That reveth bestes from hir besinesse,
 Berafte me my book for lakke of light,
 And to my bedde I gan me for to dresse,
 Fulfuld of thought and besy hevinesse;
 For bothe I hadde thing which that I
 nolde, 90
 And eek I ne hadde that thing that I wolde.

But fynally my spirit, at the laste,
 For-wery of my labour al the day,
 Took rest, that made me to slepe faste,
 And in my slepe I mette,³ as I lay, 95
 How African, right in that selfe aray
 That Scipioun him saw before that tyde,
 Was comen, and stood right at my beddes
 syde.

The wery hunter, slepinge in his bed,
 To wode ayein his minde goth anoon; 100
 The juge dremeth how his plees ben sped;

¹ In the old astronomy, the motion of the heavenly bodies was explained as due to the revolutions of nine concentric transparent spheres about the central earth.
² point the way. ³ dreamed.

The carter dremeth how his cartes goon;
 The riche, of gold; the knight fight with his
 foon,
 The seke met he drinketh of the tonne;
 The lover met he hath his lady wonne. 105

Can I nat seyn if that the cause were
 For I had red of African beforne,
 That made me to mete that he stood there;
 But thus seyde he, "thou hast thee so wel
 born
 In loking of myn olde book to-torn, 110
 Of which Macrobie roghte nat a lyte,¹
 That somdel of thy labour wolde I quyte!" —

Citherea!² thou blisful lady swete,
 That with thy fyr-brand dauntest whom
 thee lest,
 And madest me this sweven³ for to mete, 115
 Be thou my help in this, for thou mayst best;
 As wisly as I saw thee north-north-west,
 When I began my sweven for to wryte,
 So yif me might to ryme hit and endyte!

The Story

This forseid African me hente⁴ anoon, 120
 And forth with him unto a gate broghte
 Right of a parke, walled with grene stoon;
 And over the gate, with lettres large
 y-wroghte,
 Ther weren vers y-writen, as me thoghte,
 On eyther halfe, of ful gret difference, 125
 Of which I shal yow sey the pleyne sentence.

"Thorgh me men goon in-to that blisful
 place
 Of hertes hele⁵ and dedly woundes cure;
 Thorgh me men goon unto the welle of Grace,
 Ther grene and lusty May shal ever en-
 dure, 130
 This is the wey to al good aventure;
 Be glad, thou reder, and thy sorwe of-caste,
 Al open am I; passe in, and hy the faste!"

"Thorgh me men goon," than spak that
 other syde,
 "Unto the mortal strokes of the spere, 135
 Of which Disdayn and Daunger is the gyde,
 Ther tree shal never fruit ne leves bere.
 This streem you ledeth to the sorwful were;⁶
 Ther as the fish in prison is al drye;
 Th'eschewing is only the remedye." 140

Thise vers of gold and blak y-writen were,
 The whiche I gan a stounde⁷ to beholde,

¹ Macrobius wrote a famous commentary on the *Dream* of Scipio.

² Venus.

³ dream.

⁴ took.

⁵ health.

⁶ weir.

⁷ while.

For with that oon encreased ay my fere,
And with that other gan myn herte bolde;
That oon me hette, that other did me
colde, *and he that was the first* 145

No wit had I, for errour, for to chese,
To entre or flee, or me to save or lese.

Right as, betwixen adamauntes ¹ two
Of even might, a pece of iren y-set,
That hath no might to meve to ne fro — 150
For what that on may hale, that other let —
Ferde I, that niste whether me was bet,
To entre or leve, til African my gyde
Me hente, and shoof in at the gates wyde,

And seyde, "hit stondeth written in thy
face, 155

Thyn errour, though thou telle it not to me;
But dred thee nat to come in-to this place,
For this wryting is no-thing ment by thee,
Ne by noon, but he Loves servant be;
For thou of love hast lost thy tast, I
gesse, *and he that was the first* 160
As seek man hath of swete and bitternesse.

But natheles, al-though that thou be dulle,
Yit that thou canst not do, yit mayst thou
see;

For many a man that may not stonde a pulle,
Yit lyketh him at the wrastling for to be, 165
And demeth yit wher ² he do bet or he;
And if thou haddest cunning for t'endyte,
I shal thee shewen mater of to wryte."

With that my hond in his he took anon,
Of which I comfort caughte, and wente in
faste; *and he that was the first* 170

But lord! so I was glad and wel begoon!
For over-al, wher that I myn eyen caste,
Were treës clad with leves that ay shal laste,
Eche in his kinde, of colour fresh and grene
As emeraude, that joye was to sene. 175

The bilder ook, and eek the hardy asshe;
The piler elm, the cofre unto careyne; ³
The boxtree piper; holm to whippes lasshe;
The sayling firr; the cipres, deth to
pleyne; *and he that was the first* 179

The sheter ⁴ ew, the asp for shaftes pleyne;
The olyve of pees, and eek the drunken vyne,
The victor palm, the laurer to devyne.

A garden saw I, ful of blosmy bowes,
Upon a river, in a grene mede,
Ther as that swetnesse evermore y-now is, 185
With floures whyte, blewe, yelow, and rede;

And colde welle-stremes, no-thing dede,
That swommen ful of smale fisshes lighte,
With finnes rede and scales silver-brighte.

On every bough the briddes herde I singe, 190
With voys of aungel in hir armonye,
Som besyed hem hir briddes ² forth to bringe;
The litel conyes ² to hir pley gunne hye,
And further al aboute I gan espye
The dredful roo, the buk, the hert and
hinde, 195
Squerels, and bestes smale of gentil kinde.

Of instruments of strenges in acord
Herde I so pleye a ravissing swetnesse
That god, that maker is of al and lord,
Ne herde never better, as I gesse; 200
Therwith a wind, unnethe hit might be lesse,
Made in the leves grene a noise softe
Acordant to the foules songe on-lofte.

The air of that place so attempre was
That never was grevaunce of hoot ne cold; 205
Ther wex eek every holsum spyce and gras,
Ne no man may ther wexe seek ne old;
Yet was ther joye more a thousand fold
Then man can telle; ne never wolde it nighte,
But ay cleer day to any mannes sighte. 210

Under a tree, besyde a welle, I say ³
Cupyde our lord his arwes forge and fyle;
And at his fete his bowe al redy lay,
And Wil ⁴ his doghter, tempred al the whyle
The hedes in the welle, and with hir wyle 215
She couched hem after as they shulde serve,
Som for to slee, and som to wounde and kerve.

Tho was I war of Plesaunce anon-right,
And of Aray, and Lust, ⁵ and Curtesye;
And of the Craft that can and hath the
might 220

To doon by force a wight to do folye —
Disfigurat was she, I nil not lye;
And by him-self, under an oke, I gesse,
Sawe I Delyt, that stood with Gentilnesse.

I saw Beautee, withouten any atyr, 225
And Youthe, ful of game and Jolyte,
Fool-hardinesse, Flatery, and Desyr,
Messagerye, and Mede, and other three —
Hir names shul noght here be told for me —
And upon pilers grete of jasper longe 230
I saw a temple of bras y-founded stronge.

Aboute the temple daunceden alway
Wommen y-nowe, of whiche somme ther were

1 magnets. 2 whether.
3 Elm wood was used for coffins. 4 shooter.

1 fledglings. 2 rabbits. 3 saw.
4 desire. 5 pleasure.

Faire of hem-self, and somme of hem were
 gay;
 In kirtels, al disshevele,¹ wente they
 there — 235
 That was hir office alwey, yeer by yeer —
 And on the temple, of doves whyte and faire
 Saw I sittinge many a hundred paire.

Before the temple-dore ful soberly
 Dame Pees sat, with a curteyn in hir
 hond: 240
 And hir besyde, wonder discretly,
 Dame Pacionce sitting ther I fond
 With face pale, upon an hille of sond;
 And alder-next,² within and eek withoute,
 Behest and Art, and of hir folke a route. 245

Within the temple, of syghes hote as fyr
 I herde a swogh³ that gan aboute renne;
 Which syghes were engendred with desyr,
 That maden every auter for to brenne
 Of newe flaume; and wel aspyed I thenne 250
 That al the cause of sorwes that they drye⁴
 Com of the bitter goddesse Jalousye.

The god Priapus saw I, as I wente,
 Within the temple, in soverayn place stonde,
 In swich aray as whan the asse him shente 255
 With crye by night, and with his ceptre in
 honde;

Ful besily men gunne assaye and fonde
 Upon his hede to sette, of sondry hewe,
 Garlondes ful of fresshe floures newe.

And in a privee corner, in disporte, 260
 Fond I Venus and hir porter Richesse,
 That was ful noble and hauteyn of hir porte;
 Derk was that place, but afterward lightnesse
 I saw a lyte, unnethe hit might be lesse,
 And on a bed of golde she lay to reste, 265
 Til that the hote sonne gan to weste.
 Hir gilte heres with a golden threde
 Y-bounden were, untressed as she lay,
 And naked fro the breste unto the hede
 Men might hir see; and, sothly for to say, 270
 The remenant wel kevered to my pay⁵
 Right with a subtil kerchef of Valence,
 Ther was no thikker cloth of no defence.

The place yaf a thousand savours swote,
 And Bachus, god of wyn, sat hir besyde, 275
 And Ceres next, that doth of hunger bote;⁶
 And, as I seide, amidde lay Cipryde,
 To whom on knees two yonge folkes cryde
 To ben hir help; but thus I leet hir lye,
 And ferther in the temple I gan espye 280

That, in dispyte of Diane the chaste,
 Ful many a bowe y-broke heng on the wal
 Of maydens, suche as gunne hir tymes waste
 In hir servyse; and peynted over al
 Of many a story, of which I touche shal 285
 A fewe, as of Calixte and Athalaunte,
 And many a mayde, of which the name I
 wante;

Semyramus, Candace, and Ercules,
 Biblis, Dido, Tisbe and Pirusus,
 Tristram, Isoude, Paris, and Achilles, 290
 Eleyne, Cleopatre, and Troilus,
 Silla, and eek the moder of Romulus —
 Alle these were peynted on that other syde,
 And al hir love, and in what plyte they dyde.

Whan I was come ayen into the place 295
 That I of spak, that was so swote and grene,
 Forth welk I tho, my-selven to solace.
 Tho was I war wher that ther sat a quene
 That, as of light the somer-sonne shene
 Passeth the sterre, right so over mesure 300
 She fairer was than any creature.

And in a launde,¹ upon an hille of floures,
 Was set this noble goddesse Nature;
 Of braunches were hir halles and hir boures,
 Y-wrought after hir craft and hir mesure; 305
 Ne ther nas foul that cometh of engendrure,
 That they ne were prest² in hir presence,
 To take hir doom and yeve hir audience.

For this was on seynt Valentynes day,
 Whan every foul cometh ther to chese his
 make,³ 310
 Of every kinde, that men thenke may;
 And that so huge a noyse gan they make,
 That erthe and see, and tree, and every lake
 So ful was, that unnethe was ther space
 For me to stonde, so ful was al the place. 315

And right as Aleyn, in the Pleynt of Kinde,⁴
 Devyseth Nature of aray and face,
 In swich aray men mighten hir ther finde.
 This noble emperesse, ful of grace,
 Bad every foul to take his owne place, 320
 As they were wont alwey fro yeer to yeer,
 Seynt Valentynes day, to stonden there.

That is to sey, the foules of ravyne⁵
 Were hyest set; and than the foules smale,
 That eten as hem nature wolde enclyne, 325
 As worm, or thing of whiche I telle no tale;

1 open space of grass.

2 ready.

3 mate.

4 Alanus de Insulis was author of a work, *De Planctu Naturæ*, from which Chaucer has taken hints for his description of the goddess Nature.

5 birds of prey.

1 with hair loose.
4 endure.

2 next of all.
5 satisfaction.

3 low noise.
6 remedy.

But water-foul sat lowest in the dale;
And foul that liveth by seed sat on the grene,
And that so fele,¹ that wonder was to sene.

Ther mighte men the royal egle finde,³³⁰
That with his sharpe look perceth the sonne;
And other egles of a lower kinde,
Of which that clerkes wel devysen conne.
Ther was the tyraunt with his fethres donne
And greye, I mene the goshawk, that doth
pyne² 335
To briddes for his outrageous ravyne.

The gentil faucon, that with his feet dis-
treyneth
The kinges hond; the hardy sperhawk eke,
The quayles foo; the merlion³ that peyneth
Him-self ful ofte, the lark for to seke; 340
There was the douve, with hir eyen meke;
The jalous swan, ayens his deth that singeth;
The oule eek, that of dethe the bode⁴ bring-
eth;

The crane the geaunt, with his trompes
soun; 345
The theef, the chogh; and eek the jangling
pye;
The scorning jay; the eles foo, the heroune;
The false lapwing, ful of trecherye;
The stare,⁵ that the counseyl can bewrye;
The tame ruddok; and the coward kyte;
The cok, that orloge is of thorpes⁶ lyte; 350

The sparrow, Venus sone; the nightingale,
That clepeth forth the fresshe leves newe;
The swallow, mordrer of the flyës smale
That maken hony of floures fresshe of hewe;
The wedded turtel, with hir herte trewe; 355
The pecok, with his aungels fethres bryghte;
The fesaunt, scorner of the cok by nighte;

The waker goos; the cuckow ever unkinde;
The popinjay, ful of delicasye;
The drake, stroyer of his owne kinde; 360
The stork, the wreker of avouterye;⁷
The hote cormeraunt of glotonye;
The raven wys, the crow with vois of care;
The throstel olde; the frosty feldefare.

What shulde I seyn? of foules every
kinde 365
That in this worlde han fethres and stature,
Men mighten in that place assembled finde
Before the noble goddesse Nature.
And everich of hem did his besy cure

1 many. 2 injury. 3 merlin, small hawk.
4 warning. 5 starling.
6 that time-piece is of little villages.
7 avenger of adultery.

Benignely to chese or for to take, 370
By hir acord, his formel¹ or his make.

But to the poynt — Nature held on hir honde
A formel egle, of shap the gentileste
That ever she among hir werkes fonde,
The most benigne and the goodlieste; 375
In hir was every vertu at his reste,
So ferforth, that Nature hir-self had blisse
To loke on hir, and ofte hir bek to kisse.

Nature, the vicaire of th'almyghty lorde,
That hoot, cold, hevvy, light, and moist and
dreye; 380
Hath knit by even noumbre of acorde,
In esy vois began to speke and seye,
“Foules, tak hede of my sentence, I preye,
And, for your ese, in furthering of your nede,
As faste as I may speke, I wol me spede. 385

Ye know wel how, seynt Valentynes day,
By my statut and through my governaunce,
Ye come for to chese — and flee your way —
Your makes, as I prik yow with plesaunce.
But natheles, my rightful ordenaunce 390
May I not lete, for al this world to winne,
That he that most is worthy shal beginne.

The tercel egle,² as that ye knowen wel,
The foul royal above yow in degree,
The wyse and worthy, secree, trewe as stel, 395
The which I formed have, as ye may see,
In every part as hit best lyketh me,
Hit nedeth noght his shap yow to devyse,
He shal first chese and spoken in his gyse.

And after him, by order shul ye chese, 400
After your kinde, everich as yow lyketh,
And, as your hap is, shul ye winne or lese;
But which of yow that love most entryketh,³
God sende him hir that sorest for him
syketh.”

And therwith-al the tercel gan she calle; 405
And seyde, “my sone, the choys is to thee
falle.

But natheles, in this condicioun
Mot be the choys of everich that is here,
That she agree to his eleccioun,
Who-so he be that shulde been hir fere; 410
This is our usage alwey, fro yeer to yere;
And who so may at this time have his grace,
In blisful tyme he com in-to this place.”

With hed enclyned and with ful humble chere
This royal tercel spak and taried nought; 415

1 companion. 2 male eagle.
3 ensnareth. 4 companion.

"Unto my sovereyn lady, and noght my
fere,
I chese, and chese with wille and herte and
thought,
The formel on your hond so wel y-wrought;
Whos I am al and ever wol hir serve,
Do what hir list, to do me live or sterve."¹ 420

Beseching hir of mercy and of grace,
As she that is my lady sovereyne;
Or let me dye present in this place.
For certes, long may I not live in peyne;
For in myn herte is corven² every veyne; 425
Having reward³ al only to my trouthe,
My dere herte, have on my wo som routhe.

And if that I to hir be founde untrewre,
Disobeysaunt, or wilful negligent,
Avauntour,⁴ or in proces love a newe, 430
I pray to you this be my jugement,
That with these foules I be al to-rent,
That ilke day that ever she me finde
To hir untrewre, or in my gilte unkinde.

And sin that noon loveth hir so wel as I, 435
Al be she never of love me behette,⁵
Than oghte she be myn thourgh hir mercy,
For other bond can I noon on hir knette.
For never, for no wo, ne shal I lette
To serven hir, how fer so that she wende; 440
Sey what yow list, my tale is at an ende."

Right as the fresshe, rede rose newe
Ayen the somer-sonne coloured is,
Right so for shame al wexen gan the hewe
Of this formel, whan she herde al this; 445
She neyther answerde wel, ne seyde amis.
So sore abashed was she, til that Nature
Seyde, "doghter, drede yow noght, I yow
assure."

Another tercel egle spak anoon
Of lower kinde, and seyde, "that shal not be;
I love hir bet than ye do, by seynt John, 451
Or atte leste I love hir as wel as ye;
And lenger have served hir, in my degree,
And if she shulde have loved for long loving,
To me allone had been the guerdoning." 455

I dar eek seye, if she me finde fals,
Unkinde, jangler,⁶ or rebel any wyse,
Or jalous, do me hongen by the hals!⁷
And but I bere me in hir servyse
As wel as that my wit can me suffyse, 460
Fro poynt to poynt, hir honour for to save,
Tak she my lyf, and al the good I have."

The thridde tercel egle answerde tho,
"Now, sirs, ye seen the litel leyser here;
For every foul cryeth out to been a-go 465
Forth with his make, or with his lady dere;
And eek Nature hir-self ne wol nought here,
For taryng here, noght half that I wolde
seye;
And but I speke, I mot for sorwe deye.

Of long servyse avaunte¹ I me no-thing, 470
But as possible is me to dye to-day
For wo, as he that hath ben languisshing
Thise twenty winter, and wel happen may
A man may serven bet and more to pay²
In half a yere, al-though hit were no more, 475
Than som man doth that hath served ful
yore.

I ne say not this by me, for I ne can
Do no servyse that may my lady plesse;
But I dar seyn, I am hir trewest man
As to my dome, and feynest wolde hir ese; 480
At shorte wordes, til that deth me sese,
I wol ben hires, whether I wake or winke,
And trewe in al that herte may bethinke."

Of al my lyf, sin that day I was born,
So gentil plee in love or other thing 485
Ne herde never no man me befor,
Who-so that hadde leyser and cunning
For to reherse hir chere and hir speking;
And from the morwe gan this speche laste
Til downward drow the sonne wonder
faste, 490

The noyse of foules for to ben delivered
So loude rong, "have doon and let us
wende!"

That wel wende I the wode had al to-
shivered.

"Come of!" they cryde, "allas! ye wil us
shende!"³

Whan shal your cursed pleding have an
ende? 495

How shulde a juge eyther party leve,
For yee or nay, with-uten any preve?"

The goos, the cokkow, and the doke also
So cryden "kek, kek!" "kukkow!" "quek,
quek!" hye,

That thorgh myn eres the noyse wente
tho. 500

The goos seyde, "al this nis not worth a
flye!

But I can shape hereof a remedye,
And I wol seyn my verdit faire and swythe⁴
For water-foul, who-so be wrooth or blythe."

¹ die. ² cut. ³ regard. ⁴ boaster.
⁵ promised. ⁶ idle talker. ⁷ neck.

¹ boast. ² satisfaction. ³ injure. ⁴ quickly

"And I for worm-foul," seyde the fool
 cuckow, 505
 "For I wol, of myn owne auctorité,
 For comune spede, take the charge now,
 For to delivere us is gret charité."
 "Ye may abyde a whyle yet, parde!"
 Seide the turtel, "if hit be your wille 510
 A wight may speke, him were as good be
 stille.

I am a seed-foul, oon the unworthieste,
 That wot I wel, and litel of kunninge;
 But bet is that a wightes tonge reste
 Than entremeten ¹ him of such doinge 515
 Of which he neyther rede can nor singe.
 And who-so doth, ful foule himself acloiyeth,²
 For office uncommitted ofte anoyeth."

Nature, which that alway had an ere
 To murmur of the lewednes³ behinde, 520
 With facound⁴ voys seide, "hold your tonges
 there!

And I shal sone, I hope, a counseyl finde
 You to delivere, and fro this noyse unbinde;
 I juge, of every folk men shal oon calle
 To seyn the verdit for you foules alle." 525

Assented were to this conclusioun
 The briddes alle; and foules of ravyne
 Han chosen first, by pleyn eleccioun,
 The tercelet of the faucon, to diffyne
 Al hir sentence, and as him list, termyne; 530
 And to Nature him gonnen to presente,
 And she accepteth him with glad entente.

The tercelet seide than in this manere:
 "Ful hard were hit to preve hit by resoun
 Who loveth best this gentil formel here; 535
 For everich hath swich replicacioun,
 That noon by skilles⁵ may be broght a-doun;
 I can not seen that arguments avayle;
 Than semeth hit ther moste be batayle."

"Al redy!" quod these egles tercels tho. 540
 "Nay, sirs!" quod he, "if that I dorste it seye,
 Ye doon me wrong, my tale is not y-do!
 For sirs, ne taketh noght a-gref, I preye,
 It may noght gon, as ye wolde, in this weye;
 Oure is the voys that han the charge in
 honde, 545
 And to the juges dome ye moten stonde;

And therfor pees! I seye, as to my wit,
 Me wolde thinke how that the worthieste
 Of knighthode, and lengest hath used hit,
 Moste of estat, of blode the gentileste, 550

Were sittingest¹ for hir, if that hir leste;
 And of these three she wot hir-self, I trowe,
 Which that he be, for hit is light to knowe."

The water-foules han her hedes leyd
 Togeder, and of short avysement, 555
 Whan everich had his large golee² seyde,
 They seyden sothly, al by oon assent,
 How that "the goos, with hir facounde gent,³
 That so desyareth to pronounce our nede,
 Shal telle our tale," and preyde "god hir
 spede." 560

And for these water-foules tho began
 The goos to speke, and in hir cakeling
 She seyde, "pees! now tak kepe every man,
 And herkeneth which a reson I shal bringe;
 My wit is sharp, I love no taryinge; 565
 I seye, I rede him, though he were my
 brother,
 But she wol love him, lat him love another!"

"Lo here! a parfit reson of a goos!"
 Quod the sperhawk;⁴ "never mot she thee!⁵
 Lo, swich hit is to have a tonge loos! 570
 Now parde, fool, yet were hit bet for thee
 Have holde thy pees, than shewed thy
 nycete!⁶
 Hit lyth not in his wit nor in his wille,
 But sooth is seyde, 'a fool can noght be
 stille.'"

The laughter aroos of gentil foules alle, 575
 And right anoon the seed-foul chosen hadde
 The turtel trewe, and gunne hir to hem calle,
 And preyden hir to seye the sothe sadde⁷
 Of this matere, and asked what she radde;⁸
 And she answerde, that pleynly hir en-
 tente 580
 She wolde shewe, and sothly what she mente.

"Nay, god forbede a lover shulde chaunge!"
 The turtel seyde, and wex for shame al reed;
 "Thogh that his lady ever-more be straunge,
 Yet let him serve hir ever, til he be deed; 585
 For sothe, I preyse noght the gooses reed;⁹
 For thogh she deyed, I wolde non other
 make,¹⁰
 I wol ben hires, til that the deth me take."

"Wel bourded!"¹¹ quod the doke, "by my
 hat!
 That men shulde alwey loven, causeles, 590
 Who can a reson finde or wit in that?
 Daunceth he mury that is mirtheles?

1 meddle. 2 overburdens. 3 ignorance.
 4 eloquent. 5 reasons.

1 most suitable. 2 mouthful.
 3 well-bred eloquence. 4 sparrow-hawk.
 5 prosper. 6 foolishness. 7 the sober truth.
 8 advised. 9 advice. 10 mate. 11 jested.

Who shulde recche of that is reccheles?
 Ye, quek!" yit quod the doke, ful wel and
 faire,
 "There been mo sterres, god wot, than a
 paire!" 595

"Now fy, cherl!" quod the gentil tercelet,
 "Out of the dunghil com that word ful
 right,
 Thou canst noght see which thing is wel
 be-set:
 Thou farest by love as oules doon by light,
 The day hem blent, ful wel they see by
 night; 600
 Thy kind is of so lowe a wrechednesse,
 That what love is, thou canst nat see ne
 gesse."

Tho gan the cuckow putte him forth in
 prees¹
 For foul that eteth worm, and seide blyve,²
 "So I," quod he, "may have my make in
 pees, 605
 I recche not how longe that ye stryve;
 Lat ech of hem be soleyn³ al hir lyve,
 This is my reed, sin they may not acorde;
 This shorte lesson nedeth noght recorde."

"Ye! have the glotoun fild ynogh his
 paunche, 610
 Than are we wel!" seyde the merlioun;
 "Thou morder of the heysugge⁴ on the
 braunche
 That broghte thee forth, thou rewtheles
 glotoun!
 Live thou soleyn, wormes corrupcioun!
 For no fors is of lakke of thy nature;⁵ 615
 Go, lewed be thou, whyl the world may
 dure!"

"Now pees," quod Nature, "I comaunde
 here;
 For I have herd al your opinioun,
 And in effect yet be we never the nere;⁶
 But fynally, this is my conclusioun, 620
 That she hir-self shal han the eleccioun
 Of whom hir list, who-so be wrooth or blythe,
 Him that she cheest, he shal hir have as
 swythe.⁷

For sith hit may not here discussed be
 Who loveth hir best, as seide the tercelet, 625
 Than wol I doon hir this favour, that she
 Shal have right him on whom hir herte is
 set,

1 in the crowd. 2 straightway.
 3 single. 4 hedge sparrow.
 5 It makes no difference if thy race become extinct.
 6 nearer. 7 quickly.

And he hir that his herte hath on hir knet.²
 This juge I, Nature, for I may not lyë;
 To noon estat I have non other yë. 630

But as for counseyl for to chese a make,
 If hit were reson, certes, than wolde I
 Counseyle yow the royal tercel take,
 As seide the tercelet ful skilfully,
 As for the gentilest and most worthy, 635
 Which I have wrought so wel to my plesaunce;
 That to yow oghte been a suffisaunce."

With dredful² vois the formel hir answerde,
 "My rightful lady, goddesse of Nature,
 Soth is that I am ever under your yerde, 640
 Lyk as is everiche other creature,
 And moot be youres whyl my lyf may dure:
 And therfor graunteth me my firste bone,³
 And myn entente I wol yow sey right sone."

"I graunte it you," quod she; and right
 anon 645
 This formel egle spak in this degree,
 "Almighty quene, unto this yeer be doon
 I aske respit for to avysen me.
 And after that to have my choys al free;
 This al and som, that I wolde speke and
 seye; 650
 Ye gete no more, al-though ye do me deye.

I wol noght serven Venus ne Cupyde
 For sothe as yet, by no manere wey."
 "Now sin it may non other wyse betyde,"
 Quod tho Nature, "here is no more to
 sey; 655
 Than wolde I that these foules were a-wey
 Ech with his make, for taryng lenger
 here" —
 And seyde hem thus, as ye shul after here.

"To you speke I, ye tercelets," quod Nature,
 "Beth of good herte and serveth, alle
 three; 660
 A yeer is not so longe to endure,
 And ech of yow payne him, in his degree,
 For to do wel; for, god wot, quit is she
 Fro yow this yeer; what after so befallē,
 This entremes⁴ is dressed for you alle." 665

And whan this werk al broght was to an ende,
 To every foule Nature yaf his make
 By even acorde, and on hir wey they wende.
 A! lord! the blisse and joye that they make!
 For ech of hem gan other in winges take, 670
 And with hir nekkes ech gan other winde,
 Thanking alwey the noble goddesse of kinde.

1 knitted. 2 timid. 3 boon.
 4 intervening course at a dinner.

But first were chosen foules for to singe,
 As yeer by yere was alwey hir usaunce
 To singe a roundel at hir departinge, 675
 To do Nature honour and plesaunce.
 The note, I trowe, maked was in Fraunce;
 The wordes were swich as ye may heer finde,
 The nexte vers, as I now have in minde.

Qui bien aime a tard oublie. 680

"Now welcom somer, with thy sonne softe,
 That hast this wintres weders over-shake,
 And driven away the longe nightes blake!

Seynt Valentyn, that art ful hy onlofte; —
 Thus singen smale foules for thy sake — 685

*Now welcom somer, with thy sonne softe,
 That hast this wintres weders over-shake.*

Wel han they cause for to gladen ofte,
 Sith ech of hem recovered hath his make;
 Ful blisful may they singen when they
 wake; 690

*Now welcom somer, with thy sonne softe,
 That hast this wintres weders over-shake
 And driven away the longe nightes blake."*

And with the showing, whan hir song was
 do,

That foules maden at hir flight a-way, 695
 I wook, and other bokes took me to
 To rede upon, and yet I rede alway;
 I hope y-wis, to rede so som day
 That I shal mete som thing for to fare
 The bet; and thus to rede I nil not spare. 700

*Explicit tractatus de congregacione Volucrum
 die sancti Valentini*

TRUTH

Balade de bon conseil

Flee fro the prees,² and dwelle with sothfast-
 nesse,

Suffyce unto thy good,³ though hit be smal;
 For hord hath hate, and climbing tikelnesse,⁴
 Prees hath envye, and wele blent overal;⁵
 Savour⁶ no more than thee bihove shal;⁵
 Werk wel thy-self, that other folk canst rede;
 And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

Tempest⁷ thee noght al croked to redresse,⁸
 In trust of hir that turneth as a bal;⁹
 Gret reste stant in litel besinesse;
 And eek be war to sporne ageyn an al;¹⁰

¹ This indicates the tune, or "note," which "maked
 was in Fraunce."

² crowd.

³ be satisfied with your property.

⁴ ticklish uncertainty.

⁵ wealth always blinds.

⁶ relish.

⁷ vex.

⁸ set straight again.

⁹ i.e. Fortune.

¹⁰ to kick against an awl.

Stryve noght, as doth the crokke with the wal.
 Daunte¹ thy-self, that dauntest otheres dede;
 And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

That thee is sent, receyve in buxumnesse,²
 The wrastling for this worlde axeth a fal. 16
 Her nis non hoom, her nis but wilderness:
 Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beste, out of
 thy stal!

Know thy contree, look up, thank God of al;
 Hold the hye wey, and lat thy gost thee
 lede: 20

And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

Envoy

Therefore, thou Vache,³ leve thyn old
 wrecchednesse

Unto the worlde; leve now to be thral;
 Crye him mercy, that of his hy goodnesse
 Made thee of noght, and in especial 25
 Draw unto him, and pray in general
 For thee, and eek for other, hevenlich mede:
 And trouthe shal delivere, hit is no drede.

Explicit Le bon counseill de G. Chaucer

GENTILESSE

Moral Balade of Chaucer

The firste stok, fader of gentilesse —
 What man that claymeth gentil for to be,
 Must folowe his trace, and alle his wittes
 dresse

Vertu to sewe,⁴ and vyces for to flee.
 For unto vertu longeth dignitee, 5
 And noght the revers, sauflly dar I deme,
 Al were he⁵ mytre, croune, or diademe.

This firste stok was ful of rightwisnesse,
 Trewe of his word, sobre, pitous, and free,⁶
 Clene of his goste, and loved besinesse, 10
 Against the vyce of slouthe, in honestee;
 And, but his heir love vertu, as dide he,
 He is noght gentil, thogh he riche seme,
 Al were he mytre, croune, or diademe.

Vyce may wel be heir to old richesse; 15
 But ther may no man, as men may wel see,
 Bequethe his heir his vertuous noblesse
 That is appropred unto no degree,⁷
 But to the firste fader in magestee,
 That maketh nim his heir, that can him
 queme,⁸ 20

Al were he mytre, croune, or diademe.

¹ subdue.

² humility.

³ Sir Philip la Vache, a friend of Chaucer's.

⁴ follow.

⁵ although he wear.

⁶ generous.

⁷ That belongs to no one social class.

⁸ please.

THE COMPLEINT OF CHAUCER TO HIS EMPTY PURSE

To you, my purse, and to non other wight
Compleyne I, for ye be my lady dere!
I am so sory, now that ye be light;
For certes, but ye make me hevye chere,
Me were as leef be leyed up-on my bere;¹ 5
For whiche un-to your mercy thus I crye:
Beth hevye ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

Now voucheth sauf this day, or hit be night,
That I of you the blisful soun may here,
Or see your colour lyk the sonne bright, 10
That of yelownesse hadde never pere.
Ye be my lyf, ye be myn hertes stere,²
Quene of comfort and of good companye:
Beth hevye ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

¹ bier.

² steersman.

Now purs, that be to me my lyves light, 15
And saveour, as down in this worlde here,
Out of this toun help me through your
might,

Sin that ye wole nat been my tresorere;
For I am shave as nye¹ as any frere.
But yit I pray un-to your curtesye: 20
Beth hevye ageyn, or elles mot I dye!

Lenvoy de Chaucer

O conquerour² of Brutes³ Albioun!
Which that by lyne and free eleccioun
Ben verray king, this song to you I sende;
And ye, that mowen al our harm amende, 25
Have minde up-on my supplicacioun!

¹ close.

² Henry IV, who became king on Sept. 30, 1399. Four
days later Chaucer's pension was doubled.

³ Brutus, a refugee from Troy, was the mythical
founder of the realm of Albion (Britain).

JOHN GOWER (*died* 1408)

Of Gower's life almost nothing is known. He died in 1408, apparently at an advanced age, and was buried in the church of St. Mary Overy (now Southwark Cathedral) near the southern end of London Bridge, where his tomb is still to be seen. He was a gentleman of liberal education and substantial wealth, a generous benefactor of the priory of St. Mary Overy, within whose precincts he spent the later years of his life. We know that he was a personal friend of Chaucer. He was married, apparently for the second time, in 1398.

He wrote voluminously in three different languages — the *Mirour de l'Omme* (about 1377) also known by the Latin title *Speculum Meditantis*, a didactic poem in French, which discusses in nearly 30,000 lines human virtues and vices and the problems of contemporary society; *Vox Clamantis* (about 1381), a Latin poem of over 10,000 lines which deals with similar topics; and *Confessio Amantis* (1390), a poem in English which contains some 34,000 lines. In all his work Gower maintains a high level of literary excellence without ever rising to the heights of great poetry. In *Confessio Amantis*, a lover confesses to a priest of Venus his shortcomings and disappointments in love, the confession following the medieval formula of the Seven Deadly Sins. After each part of the confession, the priest tells for the lover's guidance a series of tales which are intended to illustrate the point in question. The tale of Florent here printed illustrates the virtue of obedience, as opposed to the deadly sin of pride. The same story is told by the Wife of Bath in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. The *Confessio Amantis* is really a great collection of stories, gathered by Gower from his wide reading, for which the device of the confession is little more than a literary excuse. The stories are told clearly and entertainingly in graceful octosyllabic verse. As a writer of narrative verse, Gower deserves to rank with William Morris, author of the *Earthly Paradise*.

Gower's complete works in four volumes are edited by G. C. Macaulay (Oxford University Press); there is also a small volume of selections from *Confessio Amantis* by the same editor and publisher.

THE TALE OF FLORENT

(*Confessio Amantis*, bk. I, lines 1407-1861)

Ther was whilom be daies olde
A worthi knyht, and as men tolde
He was nevoeu to temperour
And of his court a courteour:
Wifles he was, Florent he hihte; 5
He was a man that mochel myhte;¹
Of armes he was desirous,
Chivalerous and amorous;

¹ who could do great things.

And for the fame of worldes speche,
Strange aventures forto seche, 10
He rod the Marches al aboute.
And fell a time, as he was oute,
Fortune, which may every thred
Tobreke and knette of mannes sped,²
Schop,³ as this knyht rod in a pas,³ 15
That he be strengthe take was,
And to a castell thei him ladde,
Wher that he fewe frendes hadde:

¹ break and knit together again of man's prosperity.

² devised.

³ at a walk.

For so it fell that ilke stounde ¹
 That he hath with a dedly wounde ² 20
 Feihtende his oghne hondes ² slain
 Branchus, which to the Capitain
 Was sone and heir, wherof ben wrothe
 The fader and the moder bothe.
 That knyht Branchus was of his hond ³ 25
 The worthieste of al his lond,
 And fain thei wolden do vengeance
 Upon Florent; bot remembrance
 That thei toke of his worthinesse
 Of knyhtod and of gentillesse, ⁴ 30
 And how he stod of cousinage
 To themperour, made hem assuage,
 And dorsten noght slen him for fere:
 In gret desputeisoun thei were
 Among hemself, what was the beste. ⁵ 35
 Ther was a lady, the slyheste
 Of alle that men knewe tho,
 So old sche myhte unethes go,³
 And was grantdame unto the dede:⁴
 And sche with that began to rede, ⁶ 40
 And seide how sche wol bringe him inne,
 That sche schal him to dethe winne
 Al only of his oghne grant,
 Thurgh strengthe of verray covenant
 Withoute blame of eny wiht. ⁷ 45
 Anon sche sende for this kniht,
 And of hire sone sche alleide ⁵
 The deth, and thus to him sche seide:
 "Florent, how so thou be to wyte⁶
 Of Branchus deth, men schal respite ⁸ 50
 As now to take vengeance,
 Be so thou stonde in juggement
 Upon certein condicioun,
 That thou unto a questioun
 Which I schal axe schalt ansuere; ⁷ 55
 And over this thou schalt ek swere,
 That if thou of the sothe faile,
 Ther schal non other thing availe,
 That thou ne schalt thi deth receive.
 And for men schal the noght deceive, ⁸ 60
 That thou therof myht ben avised,
 Thou schalt have day and tyme assised ⁷
 And leve saufly forto wende,
 Be so that at thi daies ende
 Thou come ayein with thin avys." ⁸ 65
 This knyht, which worthi was and wys,
 This lady preith that he may wite,
 And have it under seales write,
 What questioun it scholde be
 For which he schal in that degree ⁹ 70
 Stonde of his lif in jeupartie.
 With that sche feigneth compaignie,⁸

And seith: "Florent, on love it hongeth
 Al that to myn axinge longeth:
 What alle wommen most desire ⁷⁵
 This wole I axe, and in thempire
 Wher as thou hast most knowlechinge
 Tak conseil upon this axinge."
 Florent this thing hath undertake,
 The day was set, the time take, ⁸⁰
 Under his seal he wrot his oth,
 In such a wise and forth he goth
 Home to his emes ¹ court ayein;
 To whom his aventure plein
 He tolde, of that him is befall. ⁸⁵
 And upon that thei weren alle
 The wiseste of the lond asent,²
 Bot natheles of on assent
 Thei myhte noght acorde plat,
 On seide this, an othre that. ⁹⁰
 After the disposicioun
 Of naturel complexioun ³
 To som womman it is plesance,
 That to an othre is grevance;
 Bot such a thing in special, ⁹⁵
 Which to hem alle in general
 Is most plesant, and most desired
 Above alle othre and most conspired,⁴
 Such o thing conne thei noght finde
 Be constellacion ne kinde: ¹⁰⁰
 And thus Florent withoute cure
 Mot stonde upon his aventure,
 And is al schape unto the lere,⁵
 As in defalte of his answeere.
 This knyht hath levere forto dye ¹⁰⁵
 Than breke his trowthe and forto lye
 In place ther as he was swore,
 And schapth him gon ayein therfore.
 Whan time cam he tok his leve,
 That lengere wolde he noght beleve, ¹¹⁰
 And preith his em he be noght wroth,
 For that is a point of his oth,
 He seith, that noman schal him wreke,⁶
 Thogh afterward men hiere speke
 That he par aventure deie. ¹¹⁵
 And thus he wente forth his weie
 Alone as knyht adventurous,
 And in his thoght was curious
 To wite what was best to do:
 And as he rod al one so, ¹²⁰
 And cam nyh ther he wolde be,
 In a forest under a tre
 He syh wher sat a creature,
 A lothly wommannysch figure,
 That forto speke of fleisch and bon ¹²⁵
 So foul yit syh he nevere non.
 This knyht behield hir redely,

¹ hour. ² with his own hands.
³ hardly walk. ⁴ the dead knight.
⁵ alleged. ⁶ blame.
⁷ appointed.
⁸ friendliness.

¹ uncle's. ² sent for.
³ constitution. ⁴ agreed upon.
⁵ prepared for the loss. ⁶ avenge.

And as he wolde have passed by,
 Sche cleped him and bad abide;
 And he his horse heved ¹ aside 130
 Tho torneth, and to hire he rod,
 And there he hoveth ² and abod,
 To wite what she wolde mene.
 And sche began him to bemene,³
 And seide: "Florent be thi name, 135
 Thou hast on honde such a game,
 That bot thou be the betre avised,
 Thi deth is schapen and devised,
 That al the world ne mai the save,
 Bot if that thou my conseil have." 140
 Florent, whan he this tale herde,
 Unto this olde wyht answerde
 And of hir conseil he hir preide.
 And sche ayein to him thus seide:
 "Florent, if I for the so schape, 145
 That thou thurgh me thi deth ascape
 And take worschipe of thi dede,
 What schal I have to my mede?"
 "What thing," quod he, "that thou wolt
 axe."
 "I bidde nevere a betre taxe," ⁴ 150
 Quod sche; "bot ferst, er thou be sped,
 Thou schalt me leve such a wedd,⁵
 That I wol have thi trowthe in honde
 That thou schalt be myn housebonde."
 "Nay," seith Florent, "that may noght
 be." 155
 "Ryd thanne forth thi wey," quod sche,
 "And if thou go withoute red,
 Thou schalt be sekerliche ⁶ ded."
 Florent behihte ⁷ hire good ynowh
 Of lond, of rente, of park, of plowh, 160
 Bot al that compteth sche at noght.
 Tho fell this knyht in mochel thoght;
 Now goth he forth, now comth ayein,
 He wot noght what is best to sein,
 And thoughte, as he rode to and fro; 165
 That chese he mot on of the tuo —
 Or forto take hire to his wif
 Or elles forto lese his lif.
 And thanne he caste his avantage,
 That sche was of so gret an age, 170
 That sche mai live bot a while,
 And thoughte put hire in an ile,⁸
 Wher that noman hire scholde knowe,
 Til sche with deth were overthrowe.
 And thus this yonge lusti knyht 175
 Unto this olde lothly wiht
 Tho seide: "If that non other chance
 Mai make my deliverance,
 Bot only thilke same speche
 Which, as thou seist, thou schalt me teche, 180

Have hier myn hond, I schal thee wedde."
 And thus his trowthe he leith to wedde.¹
 With that sche frounceth ² up the browe:
 "This covenant I wol allowe,"
 Sche seith: "if eny other thing 185
 Bot that thou hast of my techyng
 Fro deth thi body mai respite,
 I woll thee of thi trowthe acquite,
 And elles be non other weie.
 Now herkne me what I schal seie. 190
 Whan thou art come into the place,
 Wher now thei maken gret manace
 And upon thi comyng abyde,
 Thei wole anon the same tide
 Oppose ³ thee of thin answer. 195
 I wot thou wolt nothing forbere
 Of that thou wenest be thi beste,
 And if thou myht so finde reste,
 Wel is, for thanne is ther nomore.
 And elles this schal be my lore, 200
 That thou schalt seie, upon this molde ⁴
 That alle wommen lievest wolde
 Be sovereign of mannes love:
 For what womman is so above,
 Sche hath, as who seith, al hire wille; 205
 And elles may sche noght fulfille
 What thing hir were lievest have.
 With this answer thou schalt save
 Thiself, and other wise noght.
 And whan thou hast thin ende wroght, 210
 Come hier ayein, thou schalt me finde,
 And let nothing out of thi minde."
 He goth him forth with hevy chiere,
 As he that not ⁵ in what manere
 He mai this worldes joie atteigne: 215
 For if he deie, he hath a peine,
 And if he live, he mot him binde
 To such on which of alle kinde
 Of wommen is thunsemlieste:
 Thus wot he noght what is the beste: 220
 Bot be him lief or be him loth,
 Unto the castell forth he goth
 His full answer for to yive,
 Or forto deie or forto live.
 Forth with his conseil cam the lord, 225
 The thinges stoden of record,
 He sende up for the lady sone,
 And forth sche cam, that olde mone.⁶
 In presence of the remenant
 The strengthe of al the covenant 230
 Tho was rehersed openly,
 And to Florent sche bad forthi
 That he schal tellen his avis,
 As he that woot what is the pris.
 Florent seith al that evere he couthe, 235
 Bot such word cam ther non to mowthe,

1 his horse's head.

3 communicate to him.

5 pledge. 6 certainly.

2 stays

4 I ask no better promise.

7 promised. 8 island.

1 gives as a pledge.

4 earth. 5 knows not.

2 wrinkles.

3 interrogate.

6 companion.

That he for yifte or for beheste
 Mihte eny wise his deth areste.¹
 And thus he tarieth longe and late,
 Til that this lady bad algate.² 240
 That he schal for the dom final
 Yive his answeere in special
 Of that sche hadde him first opposed:
 And thanne he hath trewly supposed
 That he him may of nothing yelpe,³ 245
 Bot if so be tho wordes helpe
 Whiche as the womman hath him tawht;
 Wherof he hath an hope cawht
 That he schal ben excused so,
 And tolde out plein his wille tho. 250
 And whan that this matrone herde
 The manere how this knyht ansuerde,
 Sche seide: "Ha treson, wo thee be,
 That hast thus told the privitye⁴
 Which alle wommen most desire! 255
 I wolde that thou were afire."
 Bot natheles in such a plit
 Florent of his answeere is quit.
 And tho began his sorwe newe,
 For he mot gon, or ben untrewed, 260
 To hire which his trowthe hadde.
 Bot he, which alle schame dradde,
 Goth forth in stede of his penance,
 And takth the fortune of his chance,
 As he that was with trowthe affaited.⁵ 265

This olde wyht him hath awaited
 In place wher as he hire lefte:
 Florent his wofull heved⁶ uplefte
 And syh this vecke⁷ wher sche sat,
 Which was the lothlieste what⁸ 270
 That evere man caste on his yhe:
 Hire nase bass,⁹ hire browes hyhe,
 Hire yhen smale and depe set,
 Hire chekes ben with teres wet,
 And riven¹⁰ as an emty skyn 275
 Hangende doun unto the chin;
 Hire lippes schrunken ben for age,
 Ther was no grace in the visage,
 Hir front was nargh,¹¹ hir lockes hore,
 Sche loketh forth as doth a More,¹² 280
 Hire necke is schort, hir schuldres courbe,¹³
 That myhte a mannes lust destourbe,
 Hire body gret and nothing smal,
 And schortly to describe hire al,
 Sche hath no lith¹⁴ withoute a lak; 285
 Bot lich unto the wollesak
 Sche proferth hire unto this knyht,
 And bad him, as he hath behyht,
 So as sche hath ben his warant,
 That he hire holde covenant; 290

And be the bridel sche him seseth.
 Bot Godd wot how that sche him pleseth
 Of suche wordes as sche spekth:
 Him thenkth welnyh his herte brekth
 For sorwe that he may noght fle, 295
 Bot if he wolde untrewed be.

Loke, how a sek man for his hele
 Takth baldemoine with canele,¹
 And with the mirre takth the sucre,
 Ryht upon such a maner lucre.² 300
 Stant Florent, as in this diete:
 He drinkth the bitre with the swete;
 He medleth sorwe with likynge,
 And liveth, as who seith,³ deyinge;
 His youthe schal be cast aweie 305
 Upon such on which as the weie⁴
 Is old and lothly overal.

Bot nede he mot that nede schal:⁵
 He wolde algate his trowthe holde,
 As every knyht therto is holde,⁶ 310
 What happ so evere him is befall:
 Thogh sche be the fouleste of alle,
 Yet to thonour of wommanhiede
 Him thoghte he scholde taken hiede;
 So that for pure gentillesse, 315
 As he hire couthe best adrese,
 In ragges, as sche was totore,⁷
 He set hire on his hors tofore
 And forth he takth his weie softe;
 No wonder thogh he siketh⁸ ofte. 320
 Bot as an oule⁹ fleth be nyhte
 Out of alle othre briddes syhte,
 Riht so this knyht on daies brode
 In clos him hield, and schop his rode
 On nyhtes time, til the tyde 325
 That he cam there he wolde abide;
 And prively withoute noise
 He bringth this foule grete coise¹⁰
 To his castell in such a wise
 That noman myhte hire schappe avise, 330
 Til sche into the chambre cam:
 Wher he his prive conseil nam¹¹
 Of suche men as he most troste,
 And tolde hem that he nedes moste
 This beste wedde to his wif, 335
 For elles hadde he lost his lif.

The prive wommen were asent,¹²
 That scholden ben of his assent:
 Hire ragges thei anon of drawe,
 And, as it was that time lawe, 340
 She hadde bath, sche hadde reste.
 And was arraied to the beste.
 Bot with no craft of combes brode
 Thei myhte hire hore lockes schode,¹³

1 stop. 2 in any case. 3 boast.
 4 secret. 5 prepared. 6 head.
 7 hag. 8 thing. 9 flat.
 10 shrivel. 11 Her forehead was narrow.
 12 Moor. 13 bent. 14 limb.

1 gentian with cinnamon. 2 compensation.
 3 so to speak. 4 highway.
 5 But he must, whom fate compels. 6 bound.
 7 all torn. 8 sighs. 9 owl. 10 hag.
 11 took. 12 sent for. 13 divide, untangle.

And sche ne wolde noght be schore.¹ 345
 For no conseil, and thei therfore,
 With such atyr as tho was used,
 Ordeinen that it was excused,
 And hid so crafteliche aboute,
 That noman myhte sen hem oute. 350
 Bot when sche was fulliche arraied
 And hire atyr was al assaied,
 Tho was sche foulere on to se:
 Bot yit it may non other be,
 Thei were wedded in the nyht; 355
 So wo begon was nevere knyht
 As he was thanne of mariage.
 And sche began to pleie and rage,
 As who seith, I am wel ynowh;
 Bot he therof nothing ne lowh,² 360
 For sche tok thanne chiere on honde³
 And clepeth him hire housebonde,
 And seith, "My lord, go we to bedde,
 For I to that entente wedde,
 That thou schalt be my worldes blisse:" 365
 And profreth him with that to kisse,
 As sche a lusti lady were.
 His body myhte wel be there,
 Bot as of thoght and of memoire
 His herte was in purgatoire. 370
 Bot yit for strengthe of matrimoine
 He myhte make non essoine,⁴
 That he ne mot algates plie⁵
 To gon to bedde of compaignie:
 And whan thei were abedde naked, 375
 Withoute slep he was awaked;
 He torneth on that other side,
 For that he wolde hise yhen hyde
 Fro lokyng on that foule wyht.
 The chambre was al full of lyht, 380
 The courtins were of cendal⁶ thinne;
 This newe bryd which lay withinne,
 Thogh it be noght with his acord,
 In armes sche beclipte hire lord,
 And preide, as he was torned fro, 385
 He wolde him torne ayeinward tho;
 "For now," sche seith, "we ben both on."
 And he lay still as eny ston,
 Bot evere in on⁷ sche spak and preide,
 And bad him thenke on that he seide, 390
 Whan that he tok hire be the hond.
 He herde and understod the bond,
 How he was set to his penance,
 And as it were a man in trance
 He torneth him al sodeinly, 395
 And syh a lady lay him by
 Of eyhtetiene⁸ wynter age,
 Which was the faireste of visage
 That evere in al this world he syh:
 And as he wolde have take hire nyh, 400

Sche put hire hand, and be his leve
 Besoghte him that he wolde leve,
 And seith that for to wynne or lese
 He mot on of tuo thinges chese,
 Wher¹ he wol have hire such on nyht, 405
 Or elles upon daies lyht,
 For he schal noght have bothe tuo.
 And he began to sorwe tho,
 In many a wise and caste his thoght,
 Bot for al that yit cowthe he noght 410
 Devise himself which was the beste.
 And sche, that wolde his hertes reste,
 Preith that he sholde chese algate,²
 Til ate laste longe and late
 He seide: "O ye, my lyves hele,³ 415
 Sey what you list in my querele,
 I not what ansuere I shal yive:
 Bot evere whil that I may live,
 I wol that ye be my maistresse,
 For I can noght miselve gesse 420
 Which is the beste unto my chois.
 Thus grante I yow myn hole vois,
 Ches for ous bothen, I you preie;
 And what as evere that ye seie,
 Riht as ye wole so wol I." 425
 "Mi lord," sche seide, "grant merci,⁴
 For of this word that ye now sein,
 That ye have mad me sovereign,
 Mi destine is overpassed,
 That never hierafter schal be lassed⁵ 430
 Mi beaute, which that I now have,
 Til I be take into my grave;
 Bot nyht and day as I am now
 I schal alwey be such to yow.
 The kinges dowhter of Cizile⁶ 435
 I am, and fell bot siththe awhile,⁷
 As I was with my fader late,
 That my stepmoder for an hate,
 Which toward me sche hath begonne,
 Forschop⁸ me, til I hadde wonne 440
 The love and sovereignete
 Of what knyht that in his degre
 Alle othre passeth of good name:
 And, as men sein, ye ben the same,
 The dede proeveth it is so; 445
 Thus am I youres evermo."
 Tho was plesance and joye ynowh,
 Echon with other pleide and lowh;
 Thei live longe and wel thei ferde,
 And clerkes that this chance herde 450
 Thei writen it in evidence,
 To teche how that obedience
 Mai wel fortune a man to love
 And sette him in his lust above,
 As it befell unto this knyht. 455

1 shorn. 2 laughed. 3 began to be merry. 4 excuse.
 5 submit. 6 silk. 7 continually. 8 eighteen.

1 whether. 2 at any rate. 3 health of my life.
 4 thank you. 5 lessened. 6 Sicily.
 7 but a short time since. 8 transformed.

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT

In the British Museum is preserved a manuscript known as Cotton Nero A. X + 4, which contains four poems copied out by one scribe, and written in the English spoken in the latter part of the fourteenth century in the West Midland district. These poems are generally believed to be the work of one poet, as to whose identity we have not even a plausible guess. But he is a very good poet. Had this single manuscript perished, we should never have known the greatest of Chaucer's contemporaries in English poetry; for two of the poems in the manuscript — *Pearl*, a hauntingly beautiful dream-vision, in which a father sees again in the lovely fields outside the walls of the New Jerusalem the dear daughter whom he had lost, and the romance of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* — are among the noblest poems of the English Middle Ages. Unluckily the West Midland dialect of these poems makes them so difficult to read that most modern readers must be content to know them only in translation.

The third stanza of *Sir Gawain* runs thus in the original. (The character þ represents *th*; the character ȝ in the middle of a word represents *gh*, at the end of a word *z*.)

þis kyng lay at Camylot vpon ðr-kryst-masse,
With mony luflych lorde, ledeð of þe best,
Rekenly of þe rounde table alle þo rich breper,
With ryche reuel oryzt, & rechles merpes;
þer tournayed tulkes by-tyme; ful mony,
Justed ful Jolilē þyse gentyle kniȝtes,
Syþen kayred to þe court, caroles to make.
For þer þe fest wat; ilyche ful fiften dayes
With alle þe mete & þe mirþe þat men coupe a-vyse;
Such glaumande gle glorious to here,
Dere dyn vp-on day, daunsyng on nyȝtes,
Al wat; hap upon heȝe in halleȝ & chambrez,
With lordez & ladies, as leuest him þoȝt;
With alle þe wele of þe worlde pay woned þer samen,
þe most kyd knyȝtes vnder krystes seluen,
& þe louelokkest ladies þat euer lif haden,
& he þe comlokeſt kyng þat þe court haldeſ;
For al wat; þis fayre folk in her first age,
on sille;
þe hapneſt vnder heuen,
Kyng hyȝeſt mon of wylle,
Hit were now gret nye to neuē
So hardy a here on hille.

Where the nameless poet found the story which he has retold so beautifully, we do not know; but we can recognize in the poem a skilful combination of two originally separate stories which are found in many varying versions — the story of the challenge which is the principal matter of the first and fourth "fyttes," and the story of the temptation which fills "Fytte the Third." (For versions of these stories, see G. L. Kittredge: *A Study of Gawain and the Green Knight*, Harvard University Press, 1916.)

The poem is an admirable example of medieval romance. The scene is laid at the court of King Arthur, which was already in the long-ago for fourteenth-century readers, a world of magic and marvelous adventure. Sir Gawain is a noble pattern of chivalric virtues — loyalty, courtesy, honor. His one small lapse but serves to make him more credibly human. Unlike many of the old romances, the poem has unity of theme and a nearly faultless narrative form.

The best edition of the poem is that of Tolkien and Gordon (Oxford University Press, 1925). It has been several times translated into modern English. The translation here printed is by Neilson and Webster in *Chief British Poets of the 14th and 15th Centuries* (Houghton Mifflin), where the student may also find a translation of the *Pearl*.

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT

FYTTE THE FIRST

1. After the siege and the assault had ceased at Troy, the city been destroyed and burned to brands and ashes, the warrior who

wrought there the trains of treason was tried
for his treachery, the truest on earth.¹ This
was Aeneas the noble; he and his high kindred
afterwards conquered provinces, and became
patrons of well nigh all the wealth in the

1 Antenor and Aeneas were the traitors who in the medieval story of Troy handed over the city to the Greeks.

West Isles. As soon as rich Romulus turns him to Rome, with great pride he at once builds that city, and names it with his own name, which it now has; Ticius turns to Tuscany and founds dwellings; Longobard raises homes in Lombardy; and, far over the French flood, Felix Brutus establishes Britain joyfully on many broad banks, where war and waste and wonders by turns have since dwelt, and many a swift interchange of bliss and woe.

2. And when this Britain was founded by this great hero, bold men loving strife bred therein, and many a time they wrought destruction. More strange things have happened in this land since these days than in any other that I know; but of all the British kings that built here, Arthur was ever the most courteous, as I have heard tell. Therefore, I mean to tell of an adventure in the world, which some count strange and extraordinary even among the wonders of Arthur. If ye will listen to this lay but a little while, I will tell it forthright as I heard it told in town, as it is set down in story that cannot be changed, long written in the land in true words.

3. This King lay royally at Camelot at Christmas tide with many fine lords, the best of men, all the rich brethren of the Round Table, with right rich revel and careless mirth. There full many heroes tourneyed betimes, jousted full gaily; then returned these gentle knights to the court to make carols.¹ For there the feast was held full fifteen days alike with all the meat and the mirth that men could devise. Such a merry tumult, glorious to hear; joyful din by day, dancing at night. All was high joy in halls and chambers with lords and ladies as pleased them best. With all the weal in the world they dwelt there together, the most famous knights save only Christ, the loveliest ladies that ever had life, and he, the comeliest of kings, who holds the court. For all this fair company were in their prime in the hall, the happiest troop under heaven with the proudest of kings. Truly it would be hard to name anywhere so brave a band.

4. When New Year was fresh and but newly come, the court was served double on the dais. As soon as the king with his knights was come into the hall, the chanting in the chapel came to an end; loud was the cry there of clerks and others. Noel was celebrated anew, shouted full often; and afterwards the great ones ran about to take

handsel;² called aloud for New Year's gifts, paid them out briskly, busily discussed the gifts; ladies laughed full loud, though they had lost; and he that won was not wroth, that may ye well trow. All this mirth they made till the meat time. When they had washed, worthily they went to their seats, the best man ever above, as it best behoved. Queen Guinevere full beauteous was set in the midst, placed on the rich dais adorned all about. Fine silk at the sides, a canopy over her of precious cloth of Toulouse, and tapestries of Tars,² that were embroidered and set with the best gems that money could buy. Truly no man could say that he ever beheld a comelier lady than she, with her dancing gray eyes.

5. But Arthur would not eat till all were served. He was so merry in his mirth, and somewhat childlike in his manner; his life pleased him well; he loved little either to lie long or to sit long, so busied him his young blood and his wild brain. And another custom moved him also, that he through chivalry had taken up; he would never eat upon such a dear day before he was told an uncouth tale of some adventurous thing, of some great marvel that he could believe, of ancient heroes, of arms, or of other adventures; or unless some person demanded of him a sure knight to join with him in jousting, to incur peril, to risk life against life, trusting each in the other, leaving the victory to fortune. This was the king's custom whenever he held court at each goodly feast among his free company in the hall. And so with undaunted face he strides stoutly to his seat on that New Year, making great mirth with everybody.

6. Thus the great king stands waiting before the high table, talking of trifles full courteously. The good Gawain was placed there beside Guinevere, and Agravain of the Hard Hand sat on the other side, both of them the king's sister's sons and full sure knights. Bishop Baldwin at the top begins the table, and Ywain, Urien's son, ate by himself. These were placed on the dais and honorably served, and after them many a good man at the side tables. Then the first course came in with blare of trumpets, which were hung with many a bright banner. A new noise of kettle-drums with the noble pipes, wild and stirring melodies wakened the echoes; that many a heart heaved full high at their tones. Dainties of precious meats

¹ New Year's gifts of good omen.

² Oriental figured stuff.

¹ dancing and singing in a ring.

followed, foison of fresh viands, and on so many dishes that it was difficult to find place before the people to set on the cloth the silver that held the several courses. Each man as he himself preferred partook without hesitation. Every two ¹ had twelve dishes between them, good beer and bright wine both.

7. Now will I tell you no more of their service, for everybody must well understand that there was no lack of opportunity for the people to take their food. Another noise full new suddenly drew nigh, for scarcely had the music ceased a moment, and the first course been properly served in the court, than there burst in at the hall door an awesome being, ¹⁵ in height one of the tallest men in the world; from the neck to the waist so square and so thick was he, and his loins and his limbs so long and so great, that half giant I believed him to have been, or, at any rate, the largest ²⁰ of men, and withal the handsomest in spite of his bulk, that ever rode; for though his back and breast were so vast, yet his belly and waist were properly slim; and all his form according, full fairly shaped. At the ²⁵ hue of his noble face men wondered; he carried himself in hostile fashion and was entirely green.

8. All green was this man and his clothing; a straight coat sat tight to his sides; a fair ³⁰ mantle above, adorned within; the lining showed, with costly trimming of shining white fur; and such his hood also, that was caught back from his locks and lay on his shoulders, the hem well stretched; hose of the same green, that clung to his calf; and clean spurs under, of bright gold upon silk bands richly barred, and shoes on his shanks as the hero rides. And all his vesture verily was clean verdure, both the bars of his belt, and the other beauteous stones that were set in fine array about himself and his saddle, worked on silk. It would be too difficult to tell the half of the trifles that were embroidered there, with birds and flies, with gay ⁴⁵ gauds of green, — the gold ever in the middle; the pendants of the poitrel, the proud crupper, the bits, — and all the metal was enamelled; the stirrups that he stood on were coloured the same, and his saddle bow ⁵⁰ likewise, and his fine reins that glimmered and glinted all of green stones. The horse that he rode on was of the same colour too, a green horse, great and thick, a steed full stiff to guide, in gay embroidered bridle, and ⁵⁵ one right dear to his master.

¹ It was extremely sumptuous having only two at a mess; i.e. only two sharing the same cup and platter.

9. This hero was splendidly dressed in green; and the hair of his head matched that of his horse; fair flowing locks enfolded his shoulders; a beard as big as a bush hung over his breast; and it, together with his splendid hair that reached from his head, was trimmed evenly all round above his elbows, so that half his arms were caught thereunder in the manner of a king's hood, that covers his neck. The mane of that great horse was much like it, very curly and combed, with knots full many folded in with gold wire about the fair green, — always one knot of the hair, another of gold. The tail and the forelock were twined in the same way, and both bound with a band of bright green, set with full precious stones the whole length of the dock, and then tied up with a thong in a tight knot; where rang many bells full bright of burnished gold. Such a steed in the world, such a hero as rides him, was never beheld in that hall before that time. His glances were like bright lightning, so said all that saw him. It seemed as if no man could endure under his blows.

10. He had neither helm nor hauberk, nor gorget, armour nor breastplate, nor shaft nor shield to guard or to smite; but in his one hand he had a holly twig, that is greenest when groves are bare, and an axe in his other, a huge and prodigious one, a weapon merciless almost beyond description; the head had the vast length of an ell-yard, the blade all of green steel and of beaten gold; the bit brightly burnished, with a broad edge, as well shaped for cutting as sharp razors. The stern warrior gripped it by the steel of its stout staff, which was wound with iron to the end of the wood and all engraven with green in beauteous work. A lace was lapped about it, that was fastened at the head, and tied up often along the helve, with many precious tassels attached on rich embroidered buttons of the bright green. This hero turns him in and enters the hall, riding straight to the high dais, fearless of mischief. He greeted never a one, but looked loftily about, and the first word that he uttered was: "Where is the governor of this company? Gladly I would see that hero and speak with him."

He cast his eye on the knights and rode fiercely up and down, stopped and gan ponder who was there the most renowned.

11. All gazed fixedly on the man, for everybody marvelled what it might mean, that a knight and a horse could have such a colour: as green grown as the grass, and

greener, it seemed; shining brighter than green enamel on gold. All were amazed who stood there, and stalked nearer to him, with all the wonder in the world what he would do; for many marvels had they seen, but such never before. Therefore for phantom and faery the folk there deemed it; and for that reason many a noble warrior was slow to answer, and all were astonished at his voice and sat stone still in a deep silence through the rich hall. Their voices sank as though they had suddenly fallen asleep. I deem, however, that it was not all for fear, but somewhat for courtesy. But now let him to whom all defer undertake the wight.

12. Then Arthur before the high dais beheld that adventure, and saluted the stranger properly, for never was he afraid, and said, "Sir, welcome indeed to this place. I am called Arthur, the head of this hostel. Light courteously down and tarry, I pray thee; and whatso thy will is we shall wit after."

"Nay, so help me he that sits on high," quoth the hero. "To dwell any time in this house was not my errand; but because the fame of this people is lifted up so high, and thy town and thy men are held the best, the stoutest in steel gear on steeds to ride, the wightest and the worthiest of the world's kind, and proved opponents in other proper sports; and here courtesy is known, as I have heard tell, — it is this that has enticed me hither certainly at this time. You may be sure by this branch that I bear here that I pass in peace and seek no quarrel; for if I had set out with a company in fighting fashion, I have a hauberk at home and a helm both, a shield and a sharp spear shining bright, and other weapons to wield, I ween well also; but since I wished no war, my weeds are softer. Now if thou be as bold as all men tell, thou wilt grant me graciously the game that I ask."

Arthur knew how to answer, and said: "Sir courteous knight, if it is battle that thou cravest, thou shalt not fail of a fight here."

13. "Nay, I demand no fight; in faith I tell thee there are but beardless children about on this bench. If I were hasped in arms on a high steed there is no man here to match me, their might is so weak. Therefore I crave in this court a Christmas game, for it is Yule and New Year, and here are many gallants. If there be a man in this house who holds himself so hardy, is so bold in his blood, so rash in his head, that he dares stiffly strike one stroke for another, I shall give him as my gift this rich gisarm, this

axe, that is heavy enough, to handle as he likes; and I shall abide the first blow as bare as I sit. If any warrior be wight enough to try what I propose, let him leap lightly to me and take this weapon — I quit-claim it forever, let him keep it as his own — and I shall stand him a stroke firmly on this floor. At another time, by our Lady, thou wilt grant me the boon of dealing him another blow; I will give him respite of a twelvemonth and a day. Now hie, and let us see quickly if any herein dare say aught."

14. If he had astonished them at first, stiller were then all the retainers in hall, the high and the low. The warrior on his steed settled himself in his saddle, and fiercely his red eyes he reeled about; bent his thick brows, shining green; and waved his beard, awaiting whoso would rise. When none would answer him he coughed aloud, stretched himself haughtily and began to speak; "What! Is this Arthur's house," said the hero then, "that is famous through so many realms? Where is now your pride and your conquests, your fierceness, and your wrath and your great words? Now is the revel and the renown of the Round Table overcome by the word of a single man; for all tremble for dread without a blow shown." With this he laughed so loud that the lord grieved; the blood shot for shame into his fair face. He waxed as wroth as the wind; and so did all that were there. The king so keen of mood then stood near that proud man.

15. "Sir," said he, "by heaven thy asking is foolish; and as thou hast demanded folly, it behooves thee to find it. I know no man that is aghast of thy great words. Give me now thy gisarm, for God's sake, and I will grant thy boon that thou hast bidden."

Quickly he leaped to him and caught at his hand; and the other alights fiercely on foot. Now Arthur has his axe, and grips the helve; he whirls it sternly about as if he meant to strike with it. The bold stranger stood upright before him, higher than any in the house by a head and more; with stern cheer he stood there, stroked his beard, and with cool countenance drew down his coat, no more afraid or dismayed for Arthur's great strokes than if some one had brought him a drink of wine upon the bench.

Gawain, that sat by the queen, turned to the king: "I beseech now with all courtesy that this affair might be mine."

16. "Would ye, worthy lord," quoth Gawain to the king, "bid me step from this

bench and stand by you there, — that I without rudeness might leave this table, and that my liege lady liked it not ill — I would come to your help before your rich court; for methinks it is obviously unseemly that such an asking is made so much of in your hall, even though ye yourself be willing to take it upon you, while so many bold ones sit about you on the bench; than whom, I ween, none under heaven are higher of spirit, nor more mighty on the field where strife is reared. I am the weakest; I know, and feeblest of wit; and to tell the truth there would be the least loss in my life. I am only to praise forasmuch as ye are my uncle; no other nobility than your blood know I in my body. And since this adventure is so foolish, it belongs not to you; I have asked it of you first; give it to me. Let this great court decide if I have not spoken well."

The heroes took counsel together and they all gave the same advice, — to free the crowned king and give the game to Gawain.

17. Then the king commanded Gawain to rise from the table; and he right quickly stood up and made himself ready, kneeled down before the king and took the weapon; and Arthur lovingly left it to him, lifted up his hand and gave him God's blessing, and gladly bade him be hardy both of heart and of hand. "Take care, cousin," quoth the king, "that thou give him a cut; and if thou handle him properly, I readily believe that thou shalt endure the blow which he shall give after."

Gawain goes to the man with gisarm in hand; and he boldly awaits him, shrinking never a whit. Then speaks to Sir Gawain the knight in the green; "Rehearse we our agreement before we go farther. First I conjure thee, hero, how thou art called, that thou tell me it truly, so that I may believe it."

"In good faith," quoth the knight, "Gawain am I called, who give you this buffet, whatever befalls after; and at this time twelvemonth I am to take from thee another with whatever weapon thou wilt, and from no wight else alive."

The other answers again, "Sir Gawain, so thrive I as I am heartily glad that thou shalt give this blow."

18. "By Gog," quoth the green knight, "Sir Gawain, it delights me that I am to get at thy fist what I have requested here; and thou hast readily and truly rehearsed the whole of the covenant that I asked of the king, save that thou shalt assure me, sir, by

thy troth, that thou wilt seek me thyself wheresoever thou thinkest I may be found upon the earth, and fetch for thyself such wages as thou dealest me to-day before this rich company."

"Where should I seek thee?" quoth Gawain. "Where is thy place? I know never where thou livest, by him that wrought me; nor do I know thee, knight, thy court, nor thy name. But tell me truly the way and how thou art called, and I will use all my wit to win my way thither, — and that I swear thee, for a sooth, and by my sure troth."

"New Year will suffice for that; no more is needed now," quoth the man in green to Gawain the courteous. "To tell the truth, after I have received thy tap, and thou hast smitten me well, I shall promptly inform thee of my house and my home and mine own name. Then thou mayest inquire about my journey and hold promise; and if I speak no speech, then thou speedest the better, for thou mayest linger at ease in thy land and seek no further. Take now thy grim tool to thee and let us see how thou knockest."

"Gladly, sir, for sooth," quoth Gawain as he strokes his axe.

19. The green knight on the ground prepared himself properly. With the head a little bowed he disclosed the flesh. His long, lovely locks he laid over his crown, and let the naked nape of his neck show for the blow. Gawain gripped his axe and gathered it on high; the left foot he set before on the ground, and let the axe light smartly down on the naked flesh, so that the sharp edge severed the giant's bones, and shrank through the clear flesh and sheared it in twain, till the edge of the brown steel bit into the ground. The fair head fell from the neck to the earth, and many pushed it with their feet where it rolled forth. The blood burst from the body and glistened on the green. Yet never faltered nor fell the hero for all that; but stoutly he started up with firm steps, and fiercely he rushed forth where the heroes stood, caught his lovely head, and lifted it up straightway. Then he turned to his steed, seized the bridle, stepped into the steel bow and strode aloft, holding the head in his hand by the hair; and as soberly the man sat in his saddle as if no mishap had ailed him, though he was headless on the spot. He turned his trunk about — that ugly body that bled. Many a one of them thought that he had lost his reason.

20. For he held the head straight up in his hand; turned the face toward the highest on the dais; and it lifted up the eyelids and

looked straight out, and spoke thus much with its mouth, as ye may now hear:—"Look Gawain, that thou be ready to go as thou hast promised, and seek loyally, hero, till thou find me; as thou hast promised in this hall in the hearing of these knights. To the green chapel go thou, I charge thee, to receive such a blow as thou hast dealt. Thou deservest to be promptly paid on New Year's morn. As the knight of the green chapel many men know me; therefore, if thou strivest to find me, thou shalt never fail. And so come, or it behooves thee to be called recreant."

With a wild rush he turned the reins, and flew out at the hall door—his head in his hand—so that the fire of the flint flew from the foal's hoofs. To what country he vanished knew none there; no more than they wist whence he was come. The king and Gawain roared with laughter at that green man; but this adventure was reckoned a marvel among men.

21. Though the courteous king wondered in his heart, he let no semblance be seen, but said aloud to the comely queen with courteous speech, "Dear dame, to-day be never dismayed; well becoming are such tricks at Christmas, in lack of entertainment, to laugh and sing about among these pleasant carols of knights and ladies. Nevertheless I may well go to my meat, for I can not deny that I have seen a marvel." He glanced at Sir Gawain and said cheerfully, "Now, sir, hang up thine axe; it has hewn enough." And it was put above the dais to hang on the tapestry where all men might marvel at it, and by it avouch the wonderful happening. Then they turned to the board, these heroes together—the king and the good knight—and the keen men served them double of all dainties, as was most fitting; with all manner of meat, and minstrelsy both. They spent that day in joy until it came to an end. Now take care, Sir Gawain, that thou blench not for the pain to prosecute this adventure that thou hast taken on hand.

FYTTE THE SECOND

1. This hanel of adventures had Arthur at the beginning, in the young year, since he yearned to hear boasting. Although there was little news when they went to their seats, now they are provided with stern work, their hands quite full. Gawain was glad to begin those games in the hall; but it would not be surprising if the end were heavy; for though

men be merry in mind when they have much drink, yet a year runs full swiftly, and yields never the same; the beginning full seldom matches the end. And so this Yule went by, and the year after it, each season in turn following the other. After Christmas came the crabbed Lent, that tries the flesh with fish and more simple food. But then the weather of the world quarrels with winter, and though the cold still clings, the clouds lift; copiously descends the rain in warm showers, and falls upon the fair earth. Flowers show there; green are the garments both of fields and of groves; birds hurry to build, and lustily they sing for the solace of the soft summer, that follows thereafter. Blossoms swell into bloom in rows rich and rank; and lovely notes are heard in the beauteous wood.

2. After the season of summer with the soft winds, when Zephyrus blows on seeds and herbs, happy is the plant that waxes then, when the dank dew drops from the leaves, to await the blissful glance of the bright sun. But then harvest hastens and hardens it soon: warns it to wax full ripe against the winter. He drives with drought the dust to rise,—from the face of the earth to fly full high. The wild wind of the welkin wrestles with the sun. The leaves fall from the bough and light on the ground. The grass becomes all gray that erst was green. Then all ripens and rots that which formerly flourished; and thus runs the year in yesterdays many; and winter returns again without asking any man, till the Michelmas moon has come in wintry wise. Then thinks Gawain full soon of his anxious voyage.

3. Yet till Allhallows day with Arthur he lingers; and Arthur made a feast on that festival for the hero's sake, with great and gay revel of the Round Table. Knights full courteous and comely ladies all for love of that man were in sorrow; but nevertheless they spoke only of mirth; and many a joyless one there made jests for his gentle sake. After meat he mournfully addresses his uncle, and speaks of his passage, and openly he says—"Now, liege lord of my life, leave I ask of you. Ye know the cost of this case; I do not care to tell you even a trifle of its dangers; but I am ready to start for the fray no later than to-morrow morn, to seek the man in the green, as God will guide me."

Then the best of the castle gathered together, Ywain and Erec, and others full many, Sir Dodinel de Sauvage, the Duke of Clarence, Lancelot and Lyonel and Lucan the Good, Sir Bors and Sir Bedever, big men

both, and many other proud ones, with Mador de la Port. All this company of the court came nearer to the king, to counsel the knight, with care at their hearts. There was much deep grief felt in the hall that so worthy a one as Gawain should go on that errand, to endure a sorry dint and deal none himself with his brand. But the knight ever made good cheer, and said, "Why should I swerve from stern and strange destiny? What can a man do but try?"

4. He lingered there all that day, and on the morn made ready. Early he asked for his arms, and they were all brought. First a carpet of Toulouse was stretched over the floor, and much was the gilt gear that gleamed upon it. The brave man stepped thereon and handled the steel, clad in a doublet of costly Tars, and afterwards a well wrought hood, closed on top and bound within with a glistening white fur. Then they put the sabatons¹ upon the hero's feet, lapped his legs in steel with fair greaves, to which were attached well polished poleynes² fastened about his knees with knots of gold. Fine cuisses then, that well enclosed his thick, brawny thighs, they attached with thongs. Next the decorated burnie³ of bright steel rings upon precious stuff encased the hero, and well burnished braces upon his two arms, with elbow-pieces goodly and gay and gloves of plate, and all the goodly gear that might avail him at that time, with rich coat armour, gold spurs well fastened, and a sure brand girt about his side by a silken sash.

5. When he was hasped in arms his harness was rich; the least latchet or loop gleamed with gold. So, harnessed as he was, he heard his mass, offered and adored at the high altar. Then he came to the king and his court; courteously took his leave of lords and ladies; and they kissed him, and convoyed him, entrusting him to Christ. By that time was Gringolet ready, and girt with a saddle that gleamed full gaily with many gold fringes; everywhere nailed anew, prepared for that emergency. The bridle, barred about, was bound with bright gold; the decoration of the breastplate and of the fine housings, the crupper and caparison, accorded with the saddle-bow, and all was adorned with rich red gold nails, that glittered and gleamed like the gleam of the sun. Then he took the helm and quickly kissed it. It was stoutly stapled and stuffed within; it was high on his head, hasped behind, with a light urison⁴ over the

ventail,¹ embroidered and bound with the best gems on a broad silken border; and birds on the seams like painted popinjays² preening themselves here and there; turtle-doves and true-loves³ thickly interlaced. As many birds there were as had been in town for seven winters. The circlet that surrounded his crown was even more precious — a device of gleaming diamonds.

6. Then they showed him the shield, that was of sheer gules, with the pentangle painted in pure gold. He took it by the baldric and cast it about his neck; and it became the hero passing fair. And why the pentangle pertains to that noble prince I mean to tell you, though it should delay me. It is a sign that Solomon set formerly as a token of truth, by its own right, for it is a figure that holds five points, and each line overlaps and locks in another; and throughout it is endless; and the English call it everywhere, as I hear, the endless knot. Therefore it suits this knight and his clear arms, forever faithful in five things, and in each of them five ways. Gawain was known for good and as refined gold, devoid of every villainy, adorned with virtues. Therefore, the new pentangle he bore on shield and coat, as the man most true of speech and the knight gentlest of behaviour.

7. First, he was found faultless in his five wits; and again the hero failed never in his five fingers; and all his affiance in this world was in the five wounds that Christ received on the cross, as the creed tells; and where-soever this man was hard bestead in the mêlée his pious thought was in this above all other things — to take all his strength from the five joys that the courteous Queen of Heaven had of her child. For this cause the knight had her image comely painted in the greater half of his shield, that when he looked down thereupon, his courage never abated. The fifth five that I find that the hero used, were generosity and fellowship above all things, his purity and his courtesy that never swerved, and pity that passes all qualities. These very five were more surely set upon that warrior than upon any other. Now all these⁴ were established fivefold in this knight, and each one was fastened in another that had no end, and they were fastened on five points that never failed, nor met anywhere, nor sundered either, but finished always without end at each corner, wherever the game began or concluded.

1 steel shoes.
3 coat of mail.

2 knee pieces,
4 scarf.

1 visor.
4 these five larger virtues.

3 true lover's knots

Therefore on his fair shield this knot was painted royally with red gold upon red gules. That is the true pentangle as the people properly call it. Now was the gay Gawain armed. He caught up his lance right there, and with a good-day he went for evermore.

8. He spurred his steed with the spurs and sprang on his way so swiftly that the stone struck out fire after him. All who saw the gentle man sighed in heart, and the heroes said all together to each other in their love for that comely knight, "By Christ, it is a shame that thou, hero, must be lost, who art so noble of life. In faith it is not easy to find his match upon the earth. To have acted more warily would have been better counsel; and to have made yon dear one a duke; it would well become him to be a brilliant leader of people here. This would have been better than to have him utterly destroyed, given over to an elvish man for mere boasting pride. Who ever knew any king to take such counsel as to suffer knights to be so tricked for a Christmas game." Much warm water welled from eyes when that seemly sire departed from the dwellings that day. He made no stop, but wightily went his way; many a tiresome path he rode, as I heard the book tell.

9. Now rides this hero, Sir Gawain, through the realm of Logres in God's behalf, though to him it seemed no play. Oft alone companionless he lodged at night in places where he found not before him the fare that he liked. No company had he but his foal by friths and downs, nor nobody but God to talk with by the way; till that he approached nigh unto North Wales. He kept all the isles of Anglesey on the left side, and fared over the fords by the forelands, over at the Holy Head, till he again took land in the wilderness of Wirrel. There dwelt but few that loved either God or man with good heart. And ever as he fared he asked of men that he met if they had heard any talk of a green knight of the green chapel in any spot thereabout, and all nicked him with nay, that never in their life saw they any man of such green hue. The knight took strange roads by many a rough bank. His cheer changed full oft ere he saw that chapel.

10. Many a cliff he overclimbed in strange countries; far sundered from his friends, lonely he rode. At each ford or water where the hero passed it were strange if he found not a foe before him, and that so foul and so tell that it behooved him to fight. So many marvels in the mountains there the man

found that it were too tedious to tell of the tenth part. Sometimes he warred with serpents, and with wolves also, sometimes with savages that dwelt in the cliffs; both with bulls and bears, and boars sometimes, and giants that assailed him from the high fell. Had he not been doughty and stern, and served God, doubtless he had been dead and slain full oft. But the warfare tried him not so much but that the winter was worse, when the cold clear water shed from the clouds, and frozē ere it might fall to the barren earth. Near slain with the sleet he slept in his iron more nights than enough on naked rocks, where clattering from the crest the cold burn ran, and hung high over his head in hard icicles. Thus in peril and pain and plights full hard through the country wanders this knight all alone till Christmas Eve. At that tide to Mary he made his moan that she might direct his riding and lead him to some dwelling.

11. Merrily on the morn he rides by a mount into a forest full deep, that was strangely wild. High hills were on each side, and woods beneath of hoar oaks full huge, a hundred together. The hazel and the hawthorn were twined all together, covered everywhere with rough ragged moss, with many unblithe birds upon bare twigs that piteously piped there for pain of the cold. The knight upon Gringolet rides all alone under the boughs, through many a moss and mire, mourning for his trials, lest he should never survive to see the service of that Sire who on that very night was born of a lady to quell our pain. And therefore sighing he said: "I beseech thee, Lord, and Mary, that is mildest mother so dear, for some harbour where I might properly hear mass and thy matins to-morrow. Meekly I ask it, and thereto earnestly I pray my pater and ave and creed." He rode in his prayer and lamented for his misdeeds. Oft-times he blessed himself, and said, "Christ's cross speed me."

12. The hero had not crossed himself more than thrice ere he was aware in the wood of a dwelling on a hill, above a clearing, on a mount, hidden under the boughs of many a huge tree about the ditches; a castle the comeliest that ever knight owned, set on a prairie, a park all about, with its beautiful palace, pinnaced full thick, and surrounded with many a tree for more than two miles. The hero gazed at the castle on that one side as it shimmered and shone through the fair oaks. Then he humbly doffed his helm and

devoutly he thanked Jesus and St. Julian — who are both gentle — who courteously had directed him and harkened to his cry. "Now bon hostel," quoth the man, "I beseech you yet!" Then he spurs Gringolet with his gilt heels, and he full fortunately takes the way to the chief road, that soon brought the hero to the bridge-end in haste. The bridge was securely lifted, the gates locked fast; the walls were well arrayed; no wind blast did it fear.

13. The hero that sat on his horse, abode on the bank of the deep double ditch that stretched to the place. The wall sank in the water wondrous deep, and again a full huge height it towered aloft, of hard hewn stone up to the top courses, corbelled under the battlement in the best manner; and above fine watch-towers ranged along, with many good loop-holes that showed full clean. A better barbican that hero never looked upon. And farther within he beheld the high hall, with towers set full thickly about, and fair and wondrous high filioles with carved tops cunningly devised. Chalk-white chimneys enough he saw that gleamed full white on the battlements. So many painted pinnacles were set everywhere, built so thick among the crenellations of the castle, that it verily appeared cut out of paper. Fair enough it seemed to the noble knight on his horse if he could only attain the shelter within, to harbour in that hostel, while the holiday lasted. He called, and soon there appeared on the wall a right pleasant porter who took his message and greeted the knight errant.

14. "Good sir," quoth Gawain, "would you go my errand to the high lord of this house to crave harbour?"

"Yea, by Peter," quoth the porter; "and truly I trow that ye are welcome, sir, to dwell while you like."

Then the man went again quickly, and a crowd of folk with him, to receive the knight. They let down the great draw and eagerly poured out, and kneeled down on their knees upon the cold earth to welcome the hero as it seemed to them proper. They opened up wide the broad gate for him and he raised them courteously, and rode over the bridge. Several attendants held his saddle while he alighted, and afterwards good men enough stabled his steed. Then knights and squires came down to bring this hero joyfully into the hall. When he lifted up his helm people enough hurried to take it at his hand, in order to serve the courteous one; his sword and his shield they took too. Then he

greeted full courteously the knights each one; and many a proud man pressed there to honour that prince. All hasped in his high weeds, they led him to the hall, where a fair fire burned fiercely upon the hearth. Then the lord of the people came from his chamber to meet courteously the man on the floor. He said, "Ye are welcome to wield as you like what is here; all is your own to have at your will and commandment." "Gramercy," quoth Gawain. "Christ reward you for it." Like glad heroes either folded the other in his arms.

15. Gawain looked on the man who greeted him so goodly, and thought it a bold hero that owned the castle, a huge warrior for the nonce, and of great age. Broad and bright was his beard, and all beaver-hued. Firm-gaited was he on his stalwart limbs; with a face as fierce as fire, and a free speech; and to the hero he seemed well suited indeed to govern a nation of good people.

The lord turned to a chamber and promptly commanded to give Gawain a retinue to serve him in lowly wise; and there were ready at his bidding men enough, who brought him to a bright bower where the bedding was curtains of pure silk with clear gold hems, and covertures right curious with comely borders, adorned above with bright fur. Curtains running on ropes, red gold rings, tapestries of Toulouse and Tars hung on the wall, and under foot on the floor of the same pattern. There with mirthful speeches the hero was despoiled of his burnie and of his bright weeds. Quickly men brought him rich robes that he might pick and choose the best for his change. As soon as he took one and was wrapped therein, that sat upon him seemly with sailing skirts, the hero by his visage verily seemed to well nigh every man in looks glowing and lovely in all his limbs; it seemed to them that Christ never made a comelier knight. Wherever in the world he were, it seemed as if he might be a prince without peer in the field where fell men fight.

16. A chair before the chimney, where charcoal burned, was prepared for Sir Gawain richly with cloth and cushions, upon counterpanes that were both fine. And then a beauteous mantle was cast on the man, of a brown fabric richly embroidered, and fairly furred within with the best skins, all of ermine; the hood of the same. And he sat on that settle in seemly rich attire, and warmed him thoroughly; and then his cheer mended. Soon a table was raised up on

trestles full fair, and set with a clean cloth that showed clear white, napkins, salt-cellar, and silver spoons. The hero washed when he would and went to his meat. Men served him seemly enough, — double fold as was proper — with pottages various and suitable, seasoned in the best manner; and many kinds of fish, some baked in bread, some broiled on the coals, some boiled, some in sauces savoured with spices; and always discourse so pleasant that it pleased the warrior. Full freely and often the hero called it a feast right courteously, when all the retainers together praised him as courteous. "Do this penance now, and soon things will be better!" Right mirthful was he for the wine that went to his head.

17. Then they questioned and inquired sparingly in skilful queries put to the prince himself, till he courteously acknowledged that he was of the court which noble Arthur holds alone, who is the rich, royal king of the Round Table; and that it was Gawain himself that sits in the house, by chance come for that Christmas. When the lord had learned that he had that hero, he laughed aloud, so dear it seemed to him; and all the men in the castle made much joy at appearing promptly in the presence of him who contains in his own person all worth and prowess and gracious traits, and is ever praised; above all the men in the world his renown is the greatest. Each warrior said full softly to his companion — "Now shall we see courteous turns of behaviour, and the blameless forms of noble talking; what profit there is in speech may we learn without asking since we have taken that fine father of nurture. God has indeed given us his grace, who grants us to have such a guest as Gawain, on account of whose birth men sit and sing for joy. This hero will now teach us what distinguished manners are; I think that those who hear him will learn how to make love."

18. When the dinner was done and the dear ones risen, the time was nigh arrived at the night. Chaplains took their way to the chapels, and rang full loudly, as they should, to the melodious evensong of the high time. The lord turns thither, and the lady also. Into a comely closet daintily she enters. Gawain joyfully proceeds, and goes thither straightway. The lord takes him by the mantle and leads him to his seat, recognizes him openly and calls him by his name, and says he is the welcomest wight in the world. And Gawain thanked him thoroughly and either embraced the other, and they sat so-

berly together during the service. Then the lady desired to look on the knight, and came from her closet with many fair maidens. But she was fairer than all the others in flesh and face, in skin and form, in complexion and demeanour — more beautiful than Guinevere, it seemed to the hero. He walked through the chancel to greet that gracious one. Another lady led her by the left hand, that was older than she; an ancient lady it seemed, and one highly honoured by the knights about her; but unlike to look on were the ladies, for if the younger was fair, yellow was the other. Rich red on the one bloomed everywhere; rough wrinkled cheeks rolled on the other. The kerchiefs of the one broidered with many clear pearls, openly displayed her breast and her bright throat, which shone clearer than snow that falls on the hills. The other covered her neck with a gorget, that wrapped her black chin in milk-white pleats. Her forehead was completely enveloped in silken folds, adorned and tricked with small ornaments; and naught was bare of that lady but the black brows, the two eyes, the nose, and the naked lips; and those were ugly to behold and oddly bleared. A gracious lady in the land one might call her forsooth! Her body was short and thick, her hips round and broad. More pleasant to look on was the being she led.

19. When Gawain looked on that beautiful one who gazed graciously, he took leave of the lord, and went toward them. The elder he saluted, bowing full low; the lovelier he took a little in his arms; he kissed her comely, and knightly he greeted her. They welcomed him, and he quickly asked to be their servant if it pleased them. They took him between them and led him conversing to the fireplace in the parlour; and straightway they called for spices, which men speeded to bring them unsparingly; and the pleasant wine therewith each time. The lord leaped merrily up full often, and saw to it that the mirth never faltered. Gaily he snatched off his hood and hung it on a spear, and exhorted them to win it as a prize — he to have it who could make the most mirth that Christmas tide. "And I shall try, by my faith, with the help of my friends to compete with the best, ere I lose my apparel." Thus with laughing mien the lord makes merry in order to glad Sir Gawain with games in the hall that night. When it came time, the king commanded lights; Sir Gawain took his leave and went to his bed.

20. On the morn when as every man knows

God was born to die for us, joy waxes in every dwelling in the world for his sake. So it did there on that day, with many dainties at meats and meals, right quaint dishes, and brave men on the dais dressed in their best. The old ancient wife sits the highest, the courteous lord placed by her, as I trow; Gawain and the gay lady together just in the middle, as the courses properly come; and afterwards the rest throughout all the hall, as it seemed best to them, each man in his degree was properly served. There was meat, there was mirth, there was much joy, that it were arduous for me to tell thereof, though to note it I took pains belike. But yet I know that Gawain and the lovely lady took comfort in each other's company, in the choice play of their sharp wits, and the pure courtesy of their modest talk; their disport surpassed indeed that of any royal game. Trumps and drums came playing loudly; each man minded his own business, and they two minded theirs.

21. Much delight was taken there that day, and the second; and the third followed as pleasantly. The joy of St. John's day was gentle to hear of; and it was the last of the festival, the people considered. There were guests to go upon the grey morn; therefore wondrous late they sat up and drank the wine, danced full gayly with sweet carols. At the last, when it was late, they took their leave, each good man to wend on his way. Gawain gave his host good day; but the good man takes him, and leads him to his own chamber, by the fireplace; and there he draws him aside and properly thanks him for the great worship that he had granted him in honouring his house on that high tide, in embellishing his castle with his good cheer. "Indeed, sir, while I live I shall be the better that Gawain has been my guest at God's own feast."

"Gramercy, sir," quoth Gawain, "in good faith the merit is yours; all the honour is your own, — the high King reward you; and I am your man to work your behest in high and in low as I am bound by right."

The lord eagerly strives to hold the knight longer; but Gawain answers him that he can in no wise.

22. Then the hero asked of him full fairly what extraordinary deed had driven him at that dear time from the king's court, to go all alone so boldly, ere the holidays were wholly over.

"For sooth, sir," quoth the hero, "ye say but the truth; a high errand and a hasty had

me from these dwellings; for I am summoned to such a place as I know not in the world whitherward to wend to find it. I would not for all the land in Logres fail to reach it on New Year's morn — so our Lord help me. Therefore, sir, this request I require of you here, that ye tell me truly if ever ye heard tale of the green chapel, where in the world it stands, and of the knight green in colour that keeps it. There was established by statute an agreement between us that I should meet that man at that landmark if I could but survive. And of that same New Year there now lacks but little, and by God's Son I would gladlier look on that person — if God would let me — than wield any possession in the world. Therefore, indeed — by your good will — it behooves me to wend; I have now at my disposal barely three days; and I were as fain fall dead as fail of mine errand."

Then laughing quoth the lord, "Now it behooves thee to stay; for I shall direct you to that spot by the time's end — the green chapel upon the ground. Grieve you no more; for ye shall be in your bed, sir, at thine ease some days yet, and set out on the first of the year and come to that place at mid-morn, to do what you like. Stay till New Year's day; and rise and go then. One shall set you on your way; it is not two miles hence."

23. Then was Gawain full glad, and merrily he laughed; "Now I thank you especially for this above all other things; now that my quest is achieved, I shall dwell at your will, and do whatever else ye decide."

Then the sire seized him and set him beside him, and let the ladies be fetched to please them the better. Fair entertainment they had quietly among themselves; the lord in his jovial, friendly demeanor behaved as a man out of his wits that knew not what he did. Then he spake to the knight, crying loud, "Ye have agreed to do the deed that I bid. Will ye hold this hest here at once?"

"Yea, sir, forsooth," said the true hero, "while I stay in your castle I shall be obedient to your hest."

"Since ye have travelled from afar," quoth the warrior, "and then have sat late with me, ye are not well nourished, I know, either with sustenance or with sleep. Ye shall linger in your loft and lie at your ease tomorrow till mass time; and go to meat when ye will with my wife, who shall sit with you and comfort you with her company till I return home; and

I shall rise early and go hunting." Gawain grants all this, bowing courteously.

24. "Yet further," quoth the hero, "let us make an agreement: Whatsoever I win in the wood, it shall be yours; and whatsoever fortune ye achieve, exchange with me therefor. Sweet sir, swap we so, swear truly, whichever one of us gets the worse or the better."

"By God," quoth Gawain the good, "I consent thereto; and whatever game you like, agreeable it seems to me."

"On this beverage just brought the bargain is made," said the lord of that people; and both laughed.

Then they drank and played and amused themselves, these lords and ladies, so long as it pleased them; and then with polite demeanour and many fair gestures, they stood up and lingered a while, and talked quietly, kissed full comely, and took their leave. With many a gay servant and gleaming torches each hero was brought to his bed full softly at the last. Yet before they went to bed they oft rehearsed the covenants. The old lord of that people knew well how to keep up a jest.

FYTTE THE THIRD

1. Full early before the day the folk arose; the guests that would go called their grooms, and these hastened to saddle the horses, arrange their gear, and truss their mails. The great ones arrayed themselves to ride, leaped up lightly and caught their bridles, each wight on his way where it well pleased him.

The dear lord of the land was not the last; arrayed for the riding; with retainers full many, he ate a sop¹ hastily after he had heard mass, and took his way quickly with his bugle to the field. By the time that any daylight gleamed upon earth, he with his heroes were mounted on their high horses. Then these hunters that understood it, coupled their hounds, unclosed the kennel doors and called them thereout, blew blithely on bugles three simple calls. At this the brachets² bayed and made a wild noise, and the hunters chastised and turned back those that wandered off, — a hundred hunters of the best there were, as I have heard tell. To their stations the trackers went; hunters cast off the couples; and then arose for the good blasts great uproar in that forest.

2. At the first noise of the quest the game

quaked; the deer moved down into the dale, dazed for dread; hurried to the height; but quickly they were hindered by the beaters, who cried stoutly. They let the harts with the high heads go their way, the wild bucks also with their broad palms,³ for the generous lord had forbidden that there should any man meddle with the male deer in the close season. But the hinds were held back with "Hay!" and "Ho!" and the does driven with great din to the deep glades. There might one see as they ran the flight of arrows; at each turn under the boughs out flew a shaft, that savagely bit on the brown hide with full broad heads. How they leaped and bled and died by the banks! And ever the hounds with a rush eagerly followed them; hunters with shrill horn hastened after with such a resounding cry as if cliffs had cracked. What game escaped the men who shot was all run down and torn at the stands. The deer were pestered at the heights, and worried at the waters; the people were so alert at the low stations, and the greyhounds so great, that got them quickly and pulled them down as fast as a man could see. The lord, shouting for joy, shot and alighted full oft, and passed the day thus with joy till the dark night.

3. So this lord sports by the eaves of the linden wood, and Gawain the good man lies in his gay bed; reposes till the day light gleams on the walls, under the beautiful coverlets, curtained about. And as he fell into a doze, faintly he heard a little din at the door, then distinctly; and he heaved up his head out of the clothes, caught up a corner of his curtain a little, and watched warily in that direction to see what it might be. It was the lady, loveliest to behold, who drew the door to after her right slyly and quietly, and turned toward the bed. The hero grew bashful and laid himself down cunningly and pretended that he slept. And she stepped quietly, and stole to his bed, cast up the curtain, and crept within, and seated herself full softly on the bedside, and stayed there surprisingly long, to see when he should awake. The man lay pretending a full great while, bothered in his conscience what this affair might mean or amount to. Marvellous it seemed to him. But yet he said to himself, "More seemly would it be to find out by asking what she would." Then he waked, and stretched, and turned to her; unlocked his eyelids, and made believe he was amazed, and crossed himself with his hand, to be the safer for his prayer. With chin and cheek

¹ The flat, broad part of the horn.

¹ took a light repast.
² hounds that hunt by scent.

full sweet, of mingled white and red, right lovely she looked, with her small laughing lips.

4. "Good morrow, Sir Gawain!" said that fair lady. "Ye are a careless sleeper when one can enter thus! Now ye are certainly taken; unless we can make a truce I shall bind you in your bed, ye may be sure of that!" All laughing the lady shot those jests.

"Good morrow, fair one," quoth Gawain the blithe. "I shall be at your disposal, and that pleases me well, for I yield me outright and pray for grace, — and that is the best course, I judge, for I am in straits." And thus he returned the jests with many a blithe laugh. "But would ye, lovely lady, grant me leave, free your prisoner and bid him rise, I would leave this bed and dress myself better. Then I could talk with you in more comfort."

"Nay, forsooth, fair sir," said that sweet one, "ye shall not rise from your bed; I shall manage you better. I shall tie you up securely, and afterwards talk with my knight that I have caught; for I ween well, ye are indeed Sir Gawain, whom all the world worships whereso ye ride. Your honour, your courtesy, is heartily praised, by lords, by ladies, by all alive; and now ye are here, forsooth, and we all alone. My lord and his people are gone far away; the other men in their beds; and my maidens also; the door shut and closed with a strong hasp; and since I have in this house him whom all like, I shall make good use of my time while it lasts. Ye are welcome to my person, to do whatever you wish; I am perforce, and must remain, your servant."

5. "In good faith," quoth Gawain, "a great privilege it seems to me — though I be not now he that ye speak of. To reach such reverence as ye rehearse here, I am a man unworthy, I know well. By God, I should be glad — if it seemed good to you — to do what I might in speech or in service to enhance your worship; — it were a pure joy."

"In good faith, Sir Gawain," quoth the gay lady, "if I should speak ill of the fame and the prowess that pleases all others, or esteem it light, it would show but small discernment. But there are ladies enough who were liefer have this courteous one in their power — as I have thee here, — to dally dearly with your dainty words, to comfort themselves and dispel their cares, — than much of the treasure and gold that they have. But I praise the Lord who rules the skies that

through his grace I have wholly in my hand that which all desire."

Great cheer she that was so fair of face made him; the knight with discreet speeches answered her every proposal.

6. "Madame," quoth the merry man, "Mary reward you, for in good faith I have found your generosity noble. People judge a person's deeds largely from the accounts of others; but the praise that they accord my deserts is but idle. It is simply your own nobility, who know nothing but good."

"By Mary," quoth the gracious one, "methinks it is otherwise; for were I worth all the store of women alive, and all the wealth of the world were in my hands, and I should bargain and choose to get me a lord, then for the good traits that I have found in the knight here, of beauty and graciousness and gay seeming, and from what I have heard before and hold in this case to be true, there should no hero in the world be chosen before you."

"Indeed, worthy one," quoth the hero, "ye might have chosen much better; but I am proud of the estimation that ye put upon me; and as your devoted servant I hold you my sovereign, and your knight I become; and Christ pay you for it."

Thus they spoke of various things till past the midmorn; and ever the lady behaved as if she loved him much. But the hero fared with caution and made courteous pretences. "Though I were the fairest of women," mused the lady, "little love would he show, because of the danger that he seeks without reproach — the blow that may slay him, but must needs be undergone." The lady then asked leave, and he granted her full soon.

7. Then she gave him good day, and of a sudden laughed; and as she stood there she astonished him with right sharp words: "Now may he that speeds each speech, pay you for this entertainment; but that ye are Gawain, it goes not in my mind."

"Wherefore?" quoth the hero; and eagerly he asks, afraid lest he had failed in the performance of his design. But the lady blessed him and spake in this wise: "A man as good as Gawain is properly held — and courtesy is closed so entirely in him — could not easily have lingered so long with a lady but he had on some trifling excuse or other courteously craved a kiss."

Then said Gawain, "Indeed, be it as you like; I shall kiss at your commandment as becomes a knight, and fear lest he displease

you; so urge that plea no more." She comes nearer at that and takes him in her arms; stoops graciously down and kisses the man. They courteously entrust each other to Christ. She goes forth at the door without more ado, and he prepares to rise, and hurries amain; calls to his chamberlain, chooses his weeds, steps forth blithely to mass when he is ready; and then he goes to his meat, behaving always courteously, and makes merry all day till the bright moon rises. Never was a hero fairer entertained by two such worthy dames, the older and the younger. Much disport they make together.

8. And ever the lord of the land is bound on his sport, to hunt in holts and heath at barren hinds. Such a sum of does and of other deer he slew there by the time the sun was low, that it were a marvel to estimate. Then eagerly they all flocked together at the last; and quickly of the slain deer they made a quarry. The leaders hastened thereto with men enough; gathered the greatest of grease,¹ and proceeded properly to undo² them as the occasion demands. Some that were there tried them at the assay³ and found two fingers of fat on the leanest of all. Afterwards they slit the slot,⁴ seized the arber,⁵ cut it free with a sharp knife, and tied it up. Next they cut down along the four limbs and rent off the hide; then they opened the belly, took out the paunch, cutting eagerly, and laid aside the knot.⁶ They began at the throat again and skilfully divided the weasand from the windpipe and threw out the guts. Then they cut out the shoulders with their sharp knives, and pulled them through by a little hole, so as to have whole sides. Next they divided the breast, and cut it in two; and once more they began at the throat, split the beast quickly right up to the crotch, took out the advancers,⁷ and immediately severed all the fillets by the ribs, and took them off properly along the backbone even to the haunch, — all of which hung together. Then they heaved it up whole and cut it off there; and that they took for the numbles,⁸ as it is rightly called. At the fork of the thighs they cut the flaps behind; hastily they hewed the carcass in two, and severed it along the backbone.

9. Both the head and the neck they hewed off then, and afterwards they sundered the sides swiftly from the chine, and the corbie's fee¹ they cast in a green tree. Then they pierced either thick side through by the rib, and hung them each by the hocks of the haunches — each man for his fee, as it befell him to have it. Upon a skin of a fair beast they fed their hounds with the liver and the lights, the leather of the paunches, and bread bathed in blood mingled thereamong. Loudly they blew the prize, and bayed their hounds; then they started to carry home their meat, blowing full stoutly many loud notes. By the time daylight was done the band had all arrived at the comely castle, where the knight is quietly waiting in comfort beside a bright fire. When the lord arrived and Gawain met him, there was joy enough.

10. Then the lord commanded to gather in the hall all the household, and both the ladies to come down with their maids. Before all the folk on the floor he bade men fetch his venison before him; and all in merry sport he called Gawain, told him the number of the choice beasts, and showed him the fat meat cut from the ribs; "How like you this play? Have I won the prize? Have I properly earned thanks by my woodcraft?"

"Yes, indeed," quoth the other hero; "here is the fairest store that I saw this seven year in the season of winter."

"And all I give you, Gawain," quoth the host, then; "for by our plighted covenant you can claim it as your own."

"That is true," replied the hero, "and I say to you the same; I too have won this worthy thing within doors; and I am sure that with quite as good will it belongs to you." He throws his arms about his fair neck and kisses him as courteously as he knew how. "Take you there my merchandise; I have won no more; though I should give it up willingly even if it were greater."

"It is good," quoth the good man; "grace therefor. Perchance it might be better if you would tell me where you won this same favour by your own wit."

"That was not the agreement," said he; "ask me no more, for ye have got all that belongs to you, be sure of that."

They laughed and made merry in low tones; then they went quickly to supper with new dainties enough.

11. And afterwards as they sat by a fireplace in a chamber, servants poured to them

1 A bit of the offal for the crows.

1 The correct hunting term for "the fattest." cut up.

2 Probably at the side of the neck, or on the brisket.

3 Probably at the hollow of the breast bone.

4 The gullet probably.

5 i.e. the entrails, with the gullet knotted to prevent the filth from escaping.

6 This titbit is sometimes called a part of the numbles.

7 A choice cut; hence, capriciously, our humble-pie.

oft the choice wine; and again in their jesting they agreed to make the same bargain on the morning that they made before, — whatsoever chance betide to exchange their winnings at night when they met, whatsoever new they win. They made this agreement before all the court, and the beverage was brought forth merrily at that time.¹ Then at length they politely took leave; and everybody hurried to bed. When the cock had crowed and cackled but thrice, the lord had leaped from his bed; likewise his followers each one, so that the meat and the mass were promptly despatched, and the troop ready for the chase in the wood ere any day sprang. With hunters and horns they passed through the plains, and uncoupled the racing hounds among the thorns.

12. Soon they heard the cry of the dogs by a marsh side. The huntsman encouraged the hounds that first caught the scent, hurled sharp words at them with a great noise. The hounds that heard it hastened thither quickly, and fell immediately to the scent, forty at once. Then there rose such a resounding cry of gathered hounds that the rocks about rang. The hunters cheered them with horn and with mouth; then all together they swung in a troop between a pool in that wood and a wild crag. On a hill, beside a cliff at the side of the bog, where the rough rock was rudely fallen, they fared to the finding, and the hunters after them. The men surrounded both the rock and the hill, because they knew well that he was within them, — the beast that the bloodhounds were proclaiming there. Then they beat on the bushes and bade him rise up, and he savagely rushed out athwart the men, the most formidable of swine. Long since had he left the herd on account of his age, for he was a huge beast, the greatest of boars. His grinders when he grunted grieved many, for at his first burst he thrust three to the earth, and sped hastily forth at great speed without respite. And they hallooed "High!" full loudly, and cried "Hay, hay!" With horns to mouth lustily they blew the recheat.² Many were the merry cries of men and of hounds that hastened after this boar with hue and cry to kill him. Full oft he bides at bay, and maims the pack in the mêlée. He hurts many of the hounds and grievously they howl and yell.

13. The hunters pushed forward then to shoot at him, aimed at him with their arrows and hit him often. But the shafts that

struck on his shields,³ give way at the pith, and the barbs would not bite on his brawn though the shaven shafts shivered in pieces; the head hopped out again wheresoever it hit. But when the dints of their keen strokes scared him, then mad for destruction he rushed on the men, did them sore hurt where he hurled forth, and many a one grew wary thereat and gave back a little. But the lord on a light horse hurries after him, blowing his bugle like a bold hero. He winds the recheat as he rides through thick groves, following this wild swine till the sun declined. Thus they drive on the day with such doings while our lovely hero lies comfortably in his bed at home in clothes full rich of hue. The lady did not forget; she came to greet him; full early she was by him to change his mind.

14. She comes to the curtain and peeps at the knight. Sir Gawain at once welcomes her worthily, and she returns his greeting right promptly, seats herself softly by his side, laughs openly, and with a lovely look addresses these words to him: "Sir, if ye be Gawain, it seems to me a very strange thing that a man of such quality should not follow the conventions of good society; and should after making acquaintance with a person cast him utterly from his mind. Thou hast already forgotten what I taught you yesterday in the best language that I knew."

"What is that?" quoth the hero. "Forsooth I know not. If what ye say be true, I am to blame."

"Yet I taught you about kissing," replied the fair lady; "wherever a countenance is known, quickly to claim a kiss; that becomes every knight who practices courtesy."

"Cease such speech, my dear lady," said the ready man. "I durst not claim it lest I should be denied. If I proposed and were refused, I should certainly be wrong in proferring."

"By my faith," quoth the lovely dame, "ye cannot be refused. Ye are strong enough to compel it by strength if ye pleased, supposing any were so ill-bred as to deny you."

"Yea, by God," said Gawain, "your speech is good; but violence is considered discourteous among my people, as is any gift that is not given with a good will. I am at your command to kiss when ye like. Ye may begin when ye please, and leave off whenever it likes you."

The lady stoops down and gracefully kisses his face. They converse long of the fears and joys of love.

1 A drink ratifies the agreement — as before.

2 A call for collecting the hounds.

3 The tough skin of the flanks.

15. "I should like to know from you, sir," said the peerless lady, "if it vexes you not, — what might be the reason that so young and so gallant person as ye now are, one so courteous and so knightly as ye are known everywhere to be, have never spoken of love. For in relating the pains of true knights, the chief thing praised in all of chivalry is the royal sport of love, — and the science of arms; it is the title, token, and text of their works; how heroes for their true love adventured their lives, endured for their sweethearts doleful hours, and afterwards avenged themselves by their valour; dispersed their care, and brought bliss to bower, with plenteous rewards for themselves. And ye are the most renowned knight of your time; your fame and your worship walks everywhere, — and now I have sat by you here two separate times, yet have I never heard from your head a single word that pertained at all to love, less or more. And ye, that are so courteous and so distinguished in your vows, ought willingly to show and teach to a young thing some tokens of the art of true love. Why are ye so rude who are so praised? Is it that ye deem me too dull to hearken to your dalliance? For shame! I came hither all alone to sit and learn from you some accomplishment: do teach me part of your skill while my lord is from home."

16. "In good faith," quoth Gawain, "God reward you! Great is the entertainment, and huge the pleasure to me, that so worthy a one as ye should come hither, and take pains with so poor a man, and play with your knight in any wise; it delights me. But to take upon myself the task of expounding true love, of touching upon the themes of that text, and tales of arms before you, who I wot well have more knowledge of that sort by the half than I or a hundred such have, or ever shall have so long as I live, — that were a manifold folly by my troth, dear one. But I would work your will with all my might, highly beholden to you as I am; and I wish evermore to be your servant, so God save me."

Thus the fair lady besought him, and tried him oft, for to have won him to wrong, — whatever it was she purposed; but he defended himself so fairly that no fault appeared, nor any evil on either side; they knew nought but joy. They laughed and played a long time, till at last she kissed him, took her leave fairly, and went her way.

17. Then the hero bestirred himself and rose to the mass; and afterwards their din-

ner was dight and splendidly served. The hero sported with the ladies all day, but the lord raced over the land full oft, following his uncouth swine, that rushed along the banks and bit in sunder the backs of his best brachets.¹ There he abode at his bay till bowmen broke it, and maugre his head made him move forth. Many fell arrows there flew when the folk gathered about, but yet at times he made the stoutest to start; till at the last he was so weary he could no more run; but with the haste that he might he won to a hole in a cleft by a rock, where the burn runs. He got the bank at his back and began to scrape; the ugly froth foamed from the corners of his mouth, and he whet his white tusks. It was not pleasant for all the bold hunters that stood about him to approach him even remotely; and to go nigh him durst none for fear of harm. He had hurt so many before, that all seemed then full loath to be more torn with the tusks of that savage and crazed beast.

18. When the knight came himself, reining his steed, and saw him bide at the bay near his men, he lighted nimbly down, left his courser, pulled out a bright brand and boldly strode forth, and hurried fast through the stream, where the fell one abode. The wild creature was ware of the wight with weapon in hand, and heaved on high his hairs; so fiercely he snorted that many feared for their lord lest to him befell the worse. The swine rushed directly upon the hero, so that man and boar were both in a heap in the wildest of the water; but the boar had the worse, for the man marked him well as they first met and skilfully set his point exactly in the slot,² pierced him up to the hilt so that his heart split, and he gave way squealing and went quickly down the water. A hundred hounds seized him and fiercely bit on him. Men brought him to land and the dogs finished him.

19. There was blowing of the prize³ on many a loud horn, high halloing aloft by mighty hunters; brachets bayed the beast as the masters bade who were the chief huntsmen of that swift chase. Then awight that was wise in woodcraft begins skilfully to unlace⁴ this boar. First he hews off its head and sets it on high; and afterwards splits him all down his rough back, and takes out the bowels and singes them on the coals; then with bread mingled with these, he rewards

¹ hounds.

² The proper piercing spot in the chest.

³ The horn-blowing for the game's death.

⁴ cut up.

his hounds. Afterwards he cuts the brawn in fine broad shields, and has out the hastlets¹ in the proper manner. And now they bind the halves all whole together, and afterwards stoutly hang them on a stiff staff. Now with this same swine they take their way home. The boar's head was borne before the warrior who slew him at the stream through the force of his own strong hand. It seemed long to him until he saw Sir Gawain in the hall; then he called, and Gawain came promptly to take his fees there.

20. The lord jested full loudly, and merrily he laughed when he saw Sir Gawain; with pleasure he spoke. The good ladies were called and the household gathered. He showed them the shields and told them the tale of the girth and length of the wild swine; and also of his viciousness in the wood where he fled. That other knight full comely commended his deeds, and praised it as a great bag that he had made; for such a brawn of a beast, the bold man said, nor such sides of a swine, saw he never before. Then they handled the huge head; the courteous man praised it and made much of it to honour the lord.

"Now Gawain," quoth the good man, "this game is your own, by fine and fast foreword, truly ye know."

"It is sooth," quoth the hero; "and as truly all my getting I shall give you in turn, by my troth." He took the warrior about the neck and courteously kissed him, and another time he served him the same. "Now we are even," quoth the warrior, "to-night of all the covenants that we knit by law since I came hither."

Said the lord, "By St. Giles, ye are the best that I know! Ye will be rich in a short time, if ye drive such chaffer!"

21. Then they raised tables aloft on trestles, and cast cloths upon them. The clear light then appeared along the walls, as men set and distributed waxen torches all about the hall. Much mirth and glee rose up therein, about the fire on the hearth, and in various wise at the supper and after. Many noble songs they sang, as Christmas carols and new dance tunes, with all the mannerly mirth that a man can tell of. And ever our lovely knight sat beside the lady. Such seemly cheer she made to the hero, sought with such sly stolen glances to please the stalwart one, that the wight was all amazed, and wroth with himself. But he would not on account of his breeding reprove

her, but responded in all courtesy, howsoever outrageous she might be. When they had played in the hall as long as their will lasted, the lord called to bedwards, and to the room with a fireplace they passed.

22. And there they drank and talked, and the lord proposed again to make the same arrangement for New Year's Eve. But the knight craved leave to depart on the morn, for it was nigh at the term that he must keep. The lord hindered him from that, persuaded him to linger, and said, "As I am true man, I pledge my troth thou shalt reach the green chapel to do thy tasks, sir, by New Year's light, long before prime. Therefore lie in thy loft and take thine ease; and I shall hunt in this holt and keep the covenant — change merchandise with thee when I return hither; for I have tried thee twice, and faithful I find thee; now, 'third time, best time.' Think on the morrow. Make we merry while we may, and be joyful; for a man can catch trouble whensoever he likes."

This was readily granted and Gawain stayed. Drink was quickly brought to them, and to bed they went with lights. Sir Gawain lay and slept full still and soft all night; the lord, mindful of his hunting, was dight full early.

23. After mass he and his men took a morsel. Merry was the morning. He asks for his mount, and all the sportsmen who should accompany him on horse were ready mounted on their steeds before the hall gates. Wondrous fair was the field, for the frost still lingered. The sun rose in a rack of ruddy red, and drove all the clouds from the welkin. The hunters uncoupled by a holt side, and the rocks in the forest rang for the noise of their horns. Some dogs fell on a scent where the fox had loitered; followed it oft obliquely through the cunning of their wiles. A ken-net² cried upon it; the huntsman encouraged him, and his fellows hastened after, panting thickly. They ran forth in a rabble on Reynard's very track, and he hurried before them. Soon they found him; and when they actually saw him they chased him fast, bay-ing him full fiercely with a huge noise. And he trots³ and turns through many a rough grove; doubles and hearkens by hedges full often. At the last by a little ditch he leaps over a spinny, and steals out full stilly by a rough rand.³ Half escaped from the wood he turns with wiles from the hounds; but then he arrived, ere he knew it, at a chosen

¹ cutlets.

¹ small hound.

² twists.

³ unploughed strip by woodsides.

stand, where in an instant three stout hunters in gray threatened him at once. He blenched again quickly, and bravely started off; with all the woe in the world, he turned away to the wood.

24. Then was it a pure joy to listen to the hounds, when all the gathered mute¹ got view of him. The cry they set on his head at the sight was as if all the resounding cliffs had clattered down in a heap. Here he was halloed when the hunters met him, loudly cried upon with noisy calls; there he was threatened and often called thief; and ever the ticklers were at his tail so that he could not tarry. Oft he was run at when he raked¹⁵ out, and oft he reeled in again, so wily was Reynard. And ever he led the bespattered lord and his troop in this manner among the hills, now in them, now over, now under, while the courteous knight at home slept²⁰ wholesomely within the comely curtains on the cold morn.

But the lady for love cared not to sleep nor to give up the purpose that bode in her heart; but up she rose quickly and took her way thither in a gay mantle meetly reaching to the earth, and furred full fine with skins of the best. No ornaments of gold on her head; but only the bright stones set about her tressour² in clusters of twenty. With³⁰ her fair face and her lovely throat all naked, her breast bare before and behind too, she comes within the chamber door and closes it after her, throws up a window and calls on the wight, and smartly thus stirred him with her fair cheery words. "Ah man, how can you sleep, this morning is so clear!" Though he was drowsing deep, yet could he hear her.

25. In the dreary depths of a dream the noble was sunk, like a man suffering from many sad thoughts, how destiny should dight him his weird at the green chapel that day when he met the man, and had to abide his buffet without more debate. But when he had fairly recovered his wits, he emerged⁴⁵ from his dreams and answered with haste. The lovely lady came laughing sweetly, stooped over his fair face and courteously kissed him. He welcomed her worthily with choice cheer. To see her so glorious, and so gaily attired, so faultless of feature, and so lovely of colour, warmed his heart with welling joy. With smooth and gracious smiling they straightway waxed mirthful. All was bliss and good cheer that passed between them. They exchanged goodly words; much happiness they felt, and great was the peril

between them, unless Mary thought of her knight.

26. For that beauteous princess constrained him so sorely, and the danger⁵ pressed him so nigh, that of necessity it behooved him either accept her love or rudely refuse it. He thought much of his courtesy, lest he should prove a clown; and more on his villainy if he should do sin, and be traitor to the hero who owned the castle. "God shield!" quoth the warrior, "that shall not befall!" With a little love-dalliance he laid aside all the pointed speeches that sprang from her mouth.

Quoth the lady to the hero: "Ye deserve blame if ye love not her who is so near you, — of all creatures in the world most wounded in heart; — unless indeed ye have a sweet-heart, a dearer being, that pleases you better, and ye have plighted faith so firmly to that gentle one that ye care not to loosen it. — Verily now that is what I believe, and I pray you that you tell me truly; for all the loves in the world deny not the truth with guile."

"By St. John!" said the knight, and courteously he smiled, "I have none, and none will I have."

27. "That is the worst of all!" quoth the lady. "I am answered indeed, to my sorrow. Kiss me now comely and I shall go hence. I can only mourn in the world as a maid that loved much."

Sighing she stooped down and kissed him seemly; and then she severed from him, and said as she stood, "Now, dear, at this departing do me this comfort; give me somewhat of thy gift, thy glove if it might be, that I may think on thee, sir, to lessen my mourning."

"Now in truth," quoth that man, "I would I had here for thy love, the dearest thing that I wield; for truly ye have right oft in reason deserved a greater reward than I could reckon. But to exchange with you love-tokens, that would profit but little. It is not for your honor to have at this time a glove of Gawain's gift for a keepsake; and I am here on an errand in lands uncouth, and have no men with mails full of precious things for remembrances at this moment; and that mislikes me, lady. But every man must act according to his circumstances, and none should take it ill or repine."

"Now, courteous and honourable one," quoth that lovesome lady, "though I shall have nothing of yours, yet shall ye have of mine."

28. She reached him a rich ring of red

¹ pack.

² headdress, caul.

gold work with a gleaming stone standing aloft, that shed blushing beams like the bright sun; know ye well it was worth wealth full huge. But the man refused it, and readily he said: "I desire no great gifts, my gay one, at this time. I have naught to give you, and naught will I take."

She offered it him full pressingly, and he refused her offer, and swore swiftly on his sooth that he would not take it. And she sorrowed that he refused, and said thereafter, "If ye refuse my ring, since it seems too rich, and ye would not be so highly beholden to me, I shall give you my girdle, that will enrich you less."

She lightly caught a lace that went about her sides, knit upon her kirtle under the bright mantle. It was adorned with green silk, and ornamented with gold, brodered all around, decked with fringes; and that she offered to the hero, and gaily besought that, though it were unworthy, he would take it. And he denied that he would in any wise take either gold or present ere God sent him grace to achieve the chance that he had chosen there. "And therefore, I pray you, be not displeased, and give over your attempt; for I intend never to consent. I am dearly beholden to you because of your entertainment; and ever in hot and in cold I will be your true servant."

29. "Now refuse ye this silk," said the lady then, "because it is simple in itself, as it certainly seems to be? Lo! little it is, and less it is worth; but whoso knew the virtues that are knit therein, he would esteem it at a greater price peradventure; for whatsoever man is girt with this green lace, while he has it fittingly wrapped about him, there is no warrior under heaven that can wound him; for he could not be slain by any device in the world."

Then the knight paused, and it came to his heart that it would be a jewel for the peril that awaited him when he arrived at the chapel to undergo his ordeal. Could he manage to be unslain, that were a noble device. Then he indulged her entreaties and suffered her to speak; and she pressed the belt on him and offered it to him eagerly. And he accepted it, and she gave it him with a good will, and besought him for her sake never to discover it, but to conceal it loyally from her lord. The man agreed that never person should know it indeed but they twain. Full oft he thanked her, right glad in heart and thought. By that she had kissed the stout knight three times.

30. Then she takes her leave and leaves him there, for more entertainment she could not get from that man. When she was gone Sir Gawain bestirs himself, rises and dresses in noble array. He lays up the love-lace the lady had given him, hides it full cleverly where he can find it again. Then promptly he takes his way to the chapel; quietly approaches to the priest and prays him there that he would elevate his life, and teach him better how his soul should be saved when he should go hence. Then he shrives him cleanly and shows his misdeeds, both the more and the less, beseeches mercy, and begs for absolution. And the priest assoils him thoroughly and set him as clean as if doomsday had been due on the morrow. And afterwards Gawain makes more mirth among the fair ladies that day with comely carols and all kinds of joy than ever he did before, till the dark night. Every one had pleasure of him there, and said indeed that he had never been so merry since he came hither.

31. Now let him linger in that place, where may love betide him. The lord is still in the field leading his men. He has overtaken this fox that he followed so long, as he sprinted over a spinny to spy the rascal, where he heard the hounds that hastened fast after him. Reynard came running through a rough grove, and all the rabble in a rout right at his heels. The man was ware of the game, and warily abode; pulled out his bright brand and struck at the beast; and he dodged from the sharp weapon and would have turned; but a dog seized him ere he could, and right before the horse's feet they all fell on him and worried this wily one with a great noise. The lord lighted quickly, and caught him forthwith; pulled him full hastily out of the dogs' mouths, and holding him high over his head, halloed fast; and there many fierce hounds bayed him. Hunters hied them thither with horns full many, ever blowing the recheat till they saw the hero. As soon as his noble company was come, all that bare bugle blew at once, and all the others that had no horns halloed. It was the merriest merriment that ever men heard — the rich riot that there was raised for Reynard's soul. They rewarded the hounds there, stroked them and rubbed their heads; and afterwards they took Reynard and turned off his coat.

32. And then they hastened home, for it

1 The note that recalls all the dogs.
2 noise of the whole band.

was nigh night, blowing full stoutly in their great horns. The lord alighted at last at his dear home, found fire on the floor, and the hero beside it, Sir Gawain the good, that glad was withal among the ladies; in their love he had much joy. He wore a mantle of blue that reached to the earth; his surcoat, that was softly furred, became him well; and his hood of the same hung on his shoulder. Trimmed all about with fine fur were both. He met this good man in the middle of the floor, and all joyfully he greeted him, and goodly he said: "Now I shall fulfill our covenant, that we have just made, where no drink was spared." Then he embraces the knight and kisses him thrice with as much gusto and as soberly as he could give them.

"By Christ!" quoth the other knight, "ye get much bliss in the profits of this business — if ye drive good bargains!"

"Of the bargain, no matter," quoth curtly that other, "so long as the debts that I owed are properly paid."

"Mary!" quoth the other man, "my offering is the worse, for I have hunted all this day, and naught have I got but this foul fox-fell; the fiend have the good ones! And that is full poor to pay for such fine things as ye have given me here, three such rare kisses."

"It is enough," quoth Sir Gawain; "I thank you, by the rood." And as they stood there the lord told him how the fox was slain.

33. With mirth and minstrelsy, with meats at their will, they made as merry as any men could. With laughing of ladies, with merry jests, Gawain and the good man were both as glad as if the court were mad, or else drunk. Both the man and his retinue made many jokes till the season arrived when they must sever; the men had to go to their beds at last. Then humbly this gentle man takes his leave of the lord first; and fairly he thanks him. "For such a joyous sojourn as I have had here, for the honor you have shown me at this high feast, the high king reward you! I can only give you myself to be one of your men, if that pleases you. For I must needs, as ye know, proceed, to-morrow, if ye will grant me some men to show, as you promised, the way to the green chapel, as God will suffer me to take on New Year's day the doom of my fate."

"In good faith," quoth the good man, "with a good will! All that ever I promised you, I will perform." Therewith he assigns a servant to set him in the way, and conduct him by the downs, that he should without

hesitation travel through the forest and fare at the best in the woods. The lord thanked Gawain for the worship he had been willing to show him. Then the knight took his leave of the beautiful ladies.

34. With care and with kissing he speaks to them, and many earnest thanks he presses upon them. And they returned him the same again promptly; they entrusted him to Christ with sighings full sad. Afterwards he graciously departs from the household; each man that he met he thanked him for his service and his solace, and the various pains with which they had been busy to serve him. And each man was as sad to sever from him there as if they had ever dwelt worthily with that hero. Then with people and with light he was led to his chamber and blithely brought to bed to be at his rest. Whether he slept soundly I dare not say, for he had much to think of on the morrow if he would. Let him lie there; he was near what he sought. If ye will be still a while I shall tell you how they fared.

FYTTE THE FOURTH

1. Now nighs the New Year, and the night passes. The day drives on to the dark, as God bids; but outside wild storms wakened in the world; clouds cast the cold keenly to the earth; with discomfort enough to the naked, the snow from the north flew sharply, and nipped the game. The blustering wind blew from the heights, and drove each dale full of great drifts. The man who lay in his bed heard it right well; though he locks his lids, full little he sleeps. By each cock that crew he knew well the hour. Promptly he leaped up ere the day sprang, for there was the light of a lamp that gleamed in his chamber. He called to his chamberlain, who quickly answered him, and bade him bring his burnie and saddle his horse. The chamberlain gets up and fetches him his weeds, and arrays Sir Gawain in proper fashion. First he dressed him in his clothes to keep out the cold, and then he put on the rest of his harness, that had been well kept, both mail and plate, and brightly polished. The rings of his rich burnie had been rocked from the rust,¹ and all was fresh as at first; and Gawain was fain to give thanks for it. The attendant had wiped each piece well and often. Then the noblest man betwixt here and Greece bade his steed be brought.

2. Meanwhile, he threw upon himself his

¹ That is, in a barrel of sand.

finest weeds; his surcoat with its cognisance of excellent work, virtuous stones set upon velvet, all wrought about and bound with embroidered seams, and fairly furred within with rare skins. Yet left he not the lace, the lady's gift, — that forgot not Gawain for his own good. When he had belted his brand upon his broad haunches, he dressed his love-token double about him, the knight swathed sweetly about his waist the girdle of green silk, which became him well, upon the royal red cloth that was fair to see. But this hero wore not the girdle for its wealth, for pride of the pendants, though they were polished, and though the glittering gold gleamed on the ends; but to save himself when it behoved him to suffer, to await his doom without resistance, with no brand or knife to defend him. By this the good man is ready and goes out quickly. Full often he thanks the distinguished company.

3. Gringolet the huge and strong was ready, who had been kept skilfully in the safest manner. The proud horse in his splendid condition longed for spurring. The hero approached him, noticed his coat, and said soberly, and by his sooth swore — "Here, in this castle, is a company that are mindful of courtesy. The man who maintains them, joy may he have; the dear lady, love betide her in this life, since they for charity cherish a guest and uphold honor in their hand. May the Being reward them who holds the heaven on high — and also you all. And if I might live any longer in the world I should give you some reward if I could." Then he stepped into stirrup and strode aloft. His servant offered him his shield; he put it on his shoulder. He spurred Gringolet with his gilt heels, and the steed jumped on the stone; no longer he stood still, but pranced. Gawain's servant, who bore his lance and helm, was by then on the horse. "This castle I entrust to Christ; may he give it aye good chance!"

4. The bridge was let down, and the broad gates unbarred and borne open on both sides. The hero crossed himself quickly and passed the boards, praised the porter, who knelt before him giving good day and praying God that he save Gawain. And so he went on his way with his one man that should teach him how to find that dismal place where he should receive the rueful blow. They rode by banks where boughs are bare; they climbed by cliffs where the cold clings; the sky was upheld, but it was ugly beneath; mist hung on the moor and melted on the

mount; each hill had a hat, a huge mist-cloak. Brooks boiled and broke from the banks about, shattering sheer on their shores where they showered down. Dreary was the way, where they should travel by the wood, till soon came the season when the sun rises at that time. They were on a hill full high, the white snow about them, when the man that rode beside him bade his master abide.

5. "I have brought you hither, sir, at this time; and now ye are not far from that famous spot that ye have asked and inquired so specially after. But I shall say to you forsooth, since I know you, and ye are a man that I love well, if ye would work by my wit ye should be the better for it. The place that ye press to is held full perilous. There dwells in that waste a wight the worst upon earth; for he is stiff and stern and loves to strike; and greater he is than any man in the world, and his body bigger than the four best that are in Arthur's house, and bigger than Hector or any other. He maintains that adventure at the green chapel. There passes by that place none so proud in arms but he duns him to death with dint of his hand. For he is a man without measure and uses no mercy; for be it churl or chaplain that rides by the chapel, monk or mass-priest, or any man else, he likes as well to kill him as to go alive himself. Therefore I tell ye as truly as ye sit in the saddle, come ye there ye shall be killed — trust me well — though ye had twenty lives to spend. He has dwelt here full long and caused much strife in the land. Against his sore dints ye cannot defend yourself.

6. "Therefore, good Sir Gawain, let the fellow alone, and go away some other road, for God's sake. Repair to some other country, where Christ may speed you; and I shall hie me home again, and promise you further — which I will swear by God and all his good saints, so help me God and the halidom and oaths enough — that I will loyally conceal you, and never tell tale that ever ye fled for any man that I know of."

"Gramercy," quoth Gawain. And sternly he added. "Well worth thee, man, who wishes my good; and I well believe thou wouldst loyally conceal me. But if thou kept promise never so faithfully, and I gave up here, sought for fear to fly as you advise, I were a knight coward; I could not be excused. But I will go to the chapel whatever chance may fall, and talk with that same man the tale that I like, be it good or evil, as it pleases fate to have it. Though he be

a stern champion to cope with, and armed with a club, full well can God manage to save his servants."

7. "Mary!" quoth that other man, "now thou sayest as much as that thou wilt take upon thyself thine own destruction; if it pleases thee to lose thy life, I shall not let nor hinder thee. Have here thy helm on thy head, thy spear in thy hand; and ride down this same lane by yon rock-side till thou be brought to the bottom of the rugged valley; then look a little up the grassy slope on thy left hand, and thou shalt see in that ravine the chapel itself, and the burly man on the field who keeps it. Now farewell in God's name, Gawain the noble, for all the gold in the world I would not go with thee nor bear thee fellowship through this wood a foot further."

At that the man turned his bridle in the wood, hit the horse with the heels as hard as he could; leaped over the land, and left the knight there all alone.

"By God's self," quoth Gawain, "I will neither grieve nor groan. To God's will I am full obedient, and to him I have entrusted myself."

8. Then he spurs Gringolet and follows the path; pushes in by a hollow beside a thicket; rides through the rough slope right to the dale; and then he looked about him, and wild it seemed to him. He saw no sign of dwelling anywhere around, but on both sides high steep banks, and rough hunched crags with projecting stones; the shadows of the cliffs seemed to him terrible. Then he paused and held back his horse, and oft changed his cheer while seeking the chapel. He saw none such on any side, and strange it seemed to him. But soon, a little distance off on a grassy spot he descried a mound as it were, a smooth hill by the bank of the stream near a ford of the flood that ran there. The burn bubbled there as if it were boiling. The knight urges his steed, and comes to the hill; lights nimbly down, and ties the rein and his rich bridle to a tree by a rough branch; then he turns to the hill and walks about it, debating with himself what it might be. It had a hole at the end and on either side, and was overgrown with grass in clumps everywhere, and was all hollow within — nothing but an old cave or a crevice of an old crag. He could not understand it at all. "Alas, Lord," quoth the gentle knight, "can this be the green chapel? Here about midnight the devil might tell his matins."

9. "Now," quoth Gawain, "it certainly is mysterious here; this oratory is ugly, overgrown with herbs. Well it beseems the wight clad in green here to do his devotions in the devil's wise. Now I feel in my five wits it is the fiend that has made this bargain with me, to destroy me here. This is a chapel of mischance; may ill fortune betide it! It is the cursedest kirk that ever I came in!"

With high helm on his head, his lance in his hand, he strides up to the rock of the rude dwelling. Then he heard from that high hill, in a rough cave, on a bank beyond the brook, a marvellously savage noise. Lo, the cliff clattered as though it would split, as if one were grinding a scythe on a grindstone. It whirred and screeched like water at a mill; it rushed and rang that it was ruth to hear.

"By God," quoth Gawain then, "that gear, I fancy, is being prepared to give me a good reception. Yet though I must lose my life, fear shall never make me change colour."

10. Then the knight called full high: "Who dwells in this place to keep covenant with me? For now the good Gawain is passing right here. If any wight wishes ought, let him come hither fast, now or never, to fulfill his need!"

"Abide!" quoth one on the bank over his head. "Thou shalt have in all haste that which I promised thee once."

Yet he kept on with that noise sharply for a while, turning and whetting, ere he would come down. And then he crossed by a crag and came from a hole, whirling out of a dark place with a fell weapon — a Danish axe new dight, to give the blow with. It had fast to the helve a great head, sharpened on the stone. Four feet long was the weapon — no less, by that lace that gleamed full bright. And the man in the green was arrayed as before — both his skin and his limbs, locks, and beard; save that on foot he strides fairly on the earth. He set the steel shaft to the stone and stalked beside it. When he came to the water, where he did not wish to wade, he hopped over on his axe, and fiercely advanced, with savage ferocity pacing the broad snow-covered glade. Sir Gawain met the knight and bowed to him, not at all low. The other said, "Now, sweet sir, in a covenant a man can trust thee."

11. "Gawain," quoth the green warrior, "may God preserve thee. Indeed thou art

welcome, hero, to my place; and thou hast timed thy travel as a true man should. And thou knowest the covenants made between us; at this time twelve month, thou tookest what fell to thee, — and I at this New Year was to repay you handsomely. And now we are in this valley entirely alone; here are no men to part us, however we may behave. Have thy helm off thy head, and have here thy pay. Make no more debate than I offered thee then, when thou whipped off my head at one blow."

"Nay," quoth Gawain, "by God that lent me life, I shall grudge thee not a whit whatever misfortune falls. But arrange thee for thy one stroke, and I shall stand still and hinder thee not the least from doing the work as you like."

He bent the neck and bowed down, showing the flesh all bare; and behaved as if he cared not. For no dread would he flinch.

12. Then the man in the green got ready quickly, gathered up his grim tool to smite Gawain. With all the might in his body he bare it aloft, and aimed a savage blow as though he wished to kill him. Had it driven down as earnestly as he feinted, the ever doughty one would have been dead of his dint. But Gawain glanced to one side on the gisarm as it came gliding down to slay him there in the glade, and shrank a little with the shoulders from the sharp iron. The other warrior with a quick motion withheld the bright weapon, and then he reproved the prince with many proud words. "Thou art not Gawain," said the man, "who is held so good, who never flinched for any army by hill nor by vale; and now thou fleest for fear before thou feelest any harm. Such cowardice I never heard of that knight. I neither winced nor fled, sir, when thou didst strike, nor tried any tricks in King Arthur's house. My head flew to my foot, and yet I never budged; and thou, ere any harm taken, art fearful in heart. Wherefore the better man I ought to be called for it."

"I flinched once," quoth Gawain, "and will do so no more. Yet if my head should fall on the stones, I cannot restore it."

13. "But make ready, sir, by thy faith, and bring me to the point. Deal to me my destiny, and do it promptly; for I shall stand thee a stroke, and not start again till thine axe has hit me — have here my troth."

"Have at thee then!" quoth the other, and heaves it aloft, and aims as savagely as if he were mad. He strikes at him mightily, but touches the man not; for he

withheld his hand cleverly ere it could hurt. Gawain awaits it properly and flinches with no member, but stands still as a stone, or a stump that is twisted into the rocky ground with a hundred roots.

Then merrily spoke the man in the green: "So, now thou hast thy heart whole it behoves me to hit. Now keep back the fine hood that Arthur gave thee, and see if thou canst keep thy neck whole from this stroke."

Said Gawain in great anger: "Why, thrash on, thou wild man! Thou threatenest too long. I guess that thine own heart is timid!"

"Forsooth," quoth the other warrior, "thou speakest so fiercely that I will not delay thine errand a bit longer." Then he takes his stride to strike and knits both brow and lip. No wonder Gawain mislikes it and gives up all thought of escape.

14. Lightly he lifts his axe and lets the edge come down fairly on the bare neck. Yet though he smote rudely, it hurt him but little; only cut him on one side so that it severed the skin. The sharp bit reached the flesh through the fair fat, so that the bright blood shot over his shoulders to the earth. And when the hero saw the blood glint on the snow, he leaped forth more than a spear's length, eagerly seized his helm, cast it on his head, threw his shoulders under his fair shield, pulled out a bright sword and fiercely spoke. Never in this world since he was born of his mother was he half so blithe.

"Cease, sir, of thy blow! Offer me no more. I have without strife taken a stroke in this place; and if thou givest me more, I shall promptly repay and yield quickly again, trust thou that! Only one stroke falls to me here. The covenant which we made in Arthur's halls provided just that; and therefore, courteous sir, now hold!"

15. The warrior turned from him and rested on his axe. He set the shaft on the ground, leaned on the head, and beheld how the doughty hero stood his ground grimly, fully armed and devoid of fear. In his heart it pleased him. Then with a great voice, and a huge laugh, he spoke merrily to the hero: "Bold sir, in this place be not so savage. Nobody has here unmannerly mishandled thee, nor done but according to covenant made at the king's court. I promised thee a stroke and thou hast it; hold thee well paid. I release thee of the remnant, of all other rights. If I had been skilful peradventure I could have given you a worse buffet. First I menaced you merrily with a pure feint, and gave thee no blow:

which was but justice, considering the covenant which we made on the first night, and which thou held with me trustily; for truly all the gain thou gave me as a good man should. The second feint this morning, sir, I proffered thee, because thou didst kiss my fair wife and didst hand the kisses over to me; for these two occasions I gave thee here but two bare feints without harm. A true man truly restores; such an one need dread no harm. At the third time thou didst fail; and so take thee that tap.

16. "For it is my weed that thou wearest, that same woven girdle. Mine own wife gave it thee, I know well, forsooth. Now know I well thy kisses, and thy virtues also. And as for the wooing of my wife, I managed it myself. I sent her to try thee, and truly it seems to me thou art the most faultless hero that ever went on foot. As a pearl is of greater price than white peas, so is Gawain, in good faith, compared with other gay knights. But in this case, sir, you lacked a little, and loyalty failed you. But that was for no amorous work, nor wooing either, but because ye loved your life, — the less I blame you."

That other brave man stood a great while in a study; so stricken was he for grief that he groaned within. All the blood of his breast rushed to his face; and he shrank for shame when the warrior talked. This was the first word that the man spoke — "Cursed be cowardice and covetousness both! In you is villainy and vice, that destroy virtue." Then he caught at the knot and loosed the fastening; fiercely reached the belt to the warrior himself. "Lo! there is the deception, foul may it fall! For fear of thy knock cowardice taught me to make a truce with covetousness, to forsake my nature, which is generosity and loyalty, that belong to knights. Now am I faulty and false, and a coward have ever been. From treachery and untruth ever come sorrow and care. Here I confess to you, knight, that my conduct is all faulty. Let me but please you now, and after I shall beware."

17. Then the other laughed and said courteously, "I hold it quite remedied, the harm that I had. Thou hast made a clean confession, acknowledging all thy misdeeds, and hast received the penance openly from the point of my edge. I hold thee quit of that plight, and purified as clean as if thou hadst never forfeited since thou was first born. And I give thee, sir, the girdle that is gold hemmed. Since it is green, as is my gown,

Sir Gawain, ye may think upon this same adventure where thou goest forth among great princes; and this shall be a genuine token among chivalrous knights of the adventure of the green chapel, and ye shall come again this New Year to my dwelling, and we shall revel the remnant of this rich feast full well." The lord pressed the invitation and said, "With my wife, who was your great enemy, I think we shall reconcile you."

18. "Nay, forsooth," quoth the hero; and seizing his helm, he took it off quickly and thanked the warrior. "I have had a good visit, bliss betide you; and may He pay you well who directs all mercies. Commend me to that courteous one, your comely mate; both the one and the other, my honoured ladies, who have thus with their craft quaintly beguiled their knight. But it is no wonder that a fool should rave, and through wiles of women be won to sorrow. For so was Adam beguiled by one, and Solomon by many, indeed; and Samson also, Delilah dealt him his weird; and David thereafter was deceived by Bathsheba, who suffered much sorrow. Since these men were plagued by their wives, it were a huge gain to love them well and believe them not — if a person but could; for these men were of old the best, and the most fortunate, excellent above all others under the heavens; and all they were beguiled by women whom they had to do with. If I be now deceived, meseems I might be excused."

19. "But your girdle," quoth Gawain, "God reward you for it! That will I keep with good will; not for the precious gold, nor the samite nor the silk, nor the wide pendants, for its wealth nor for its beauty nor for its fine work; but in sign of my fault I shall behold it oft; when I ride in renown I shall lament to myself the fault and the deceit of the crabbed flesh, how tender it is to catch stains of filth; and thus when pride shall prick me for prowess of arms, a look on this love-lace shall moderate my heart. But one thing I would pray you — may it displease you not — since ye are lord of the land yonder where I have stayed worshipfully with you — may the Being who upholds the heaven and sits on high repay you for it! — how name ye your right name? and then no more."

"That shall I tell thee truly," quoth the other then. "Bernlak de Hautdesert I am called in this land through the might of Morgan la Fay, who dwells in my house. She has acquired deep learning, hard-won

skill, many of the masteries of Merlin;— for she has at times dealt in rare magic with that renowned clerk, who knows all your knights at home. Morgan the Goddess is therefore her name; no person is so haughty but she can tame him.

20. "She sent me in this wise to your rich hall to assay its pride and try if it were true that circulates about the great renown of the Round Table. She prepared for me this wonder to take away your wits, to have grieved Guinevere and caused her to die through fright of that same man, that ghostly speaker with his head in his hand before the high table. That is she, the ancient lady at home. She is even thine aunt, Arthur's half-sister, the daughter of that Duchess of Tintagel upon whom dear Uther afterwards begot Arthur, that is now king. Therefore, I beg you, sir, to come to thine aunt; make merry in my house; my people love thee, and I like thee as well, sir, by my faith as I do any man under God for thy great truth."

But he answered him nay, he would in no wise. They embraced and kissed, each entrusted other to the Prince of Paradise, and they parted right there in the cold. Gawain on horse full fair rides boldly to the king's court, and the knight all in green whithersoever he would.

21. Wild ways in the world Gawain now rides on Gringolet, he who had got the boon of his life. Oft he harboured in houses, and oft without; and many an adventure in vale he had, and won oft; but that I care not at this time to mention in my tale. The hurt was whole that he had got in his neck; and he bare the glistening belt about him, crossed obliquely like a baldric, the lace fastened under his left arm with a knot, in token that he was taken in a fault. And thus he comes to the court, the knight all sound. There wakened joy in that dwelling when

the great ones knew that good Gawain had come; joyous it seemed to them. The king kisses the knight, and the queen also; and afterwards many a sure knight, who sought to embrace him and asked him of his journey. And wondrously he tells it, confessing all the trials that he had, the adventure of the chapel, the behavior of the knight, the love of the lady—and, at the last, the lace. He showed them the nick in his neck that he caught at the lord's hands for his unloyalty. He grieved when he had to tell it; he groaned for sorrow, and the blood rushed to his face for shame when he declared it.

22. "Lo! lord," quoth the hero, as he handled the lace, "this that I bear in my neck is the badge of this blame. This is the evil and the loss that I have got from the cowardice and covetousness that I showed there. This is the token of untruth that I am taken in, and I must needs wear it while I may last; for none may hide this shame without mishap, for where it once is incurred, depart will it never."

The king and all the court comfort the knight. They laugh loud at his tale, and lovingly agree that the lords and ladies that belong to the Table, each knight of the brotherhood, should have a baldric, an oblique band about him of a bright green, and wear that for the sake of the hero. And that emblem was accorded the renown of the Round Table, and he was ever after honoured that had it.

As it is told in the best book of romance, thus in Arthur's day this adventure betid, which the Brutus books bear witness of. After Brutus the bold hero first came hither, when the siege and the assault had ceased at Troy, many adventures of this sort happened. Now may He that bore the crown of thorns bring us to his bliss. AMEN.

HONY SOIT QUI MAL PENCE

THE POPULAR BALLADS

The Popular Ballads are not, in the strict sense of the word, literature at all. They were not written, but composed or improvised about some topic of popular interest to the music of a popular tune. Once started on their way, they passed from generation to generation only by oral tradition. Any singer of them felt quite free to change the wording or to add new stanzas of his own invention, till they became a composite of many minds, the creation not of a single poet but of a whole people. Nor have they any single correct and authentic form; most of them have been preserved to us in several varying versions. Many of them originated as long ago as the fourteenth century, or even earlier; but few of them found their way into printed books before the latter part of the eighteenth century, when their great poetical value was first generally recognized. In 1765, Bishop Percy published a collection of them which he found written down in a manuscript which dates from the

middle of the seventeenth century. Others were collected by Sir Walter Scott, who wrote them down from the lips of Scottish peasants to whom they had descended by oral tradition. The standard collection is that of the American scholar, F. J. Child, in five volumes — *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Boston, 1882-98 — where each ballad is given in many variant versions. An abridgement of this great work by Sargent and Kittredge is published in the Cambridge Poets series by Houghton Mifflin Company. An interesting critical study of the ballads is that of F. B. Gummere: *The Popular Ballad*, Boston, 1907.

Though the creation and possession of humble peasant folk, the ballads concern themselves usually with the fortunes of lords and ladies and gentlefolk — nearly always with their tragic fortunes. The world of the ballads is filled with battle and murder and sudden death. The story is told — or often not so much told as dramatically revealed — with complete objectivity, with hardly a trace of moralizing or comment. The method of the ballad conforms to certain established conventions. Favorite devices, stock epithets, occur again and again; events happen in threes or sevens or nines. Most characteristic is the use of repetition — a peculiar sort of repetition, which with each iteration of a given phrase or formula adds a new significant element to the situation.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY

1. "Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas,"
 she says,
 "And put on your armour so bright,
 Let it never be said that a daughter of
 thine
 Was married to a lord under night.
2. "Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons, 5
 And put on your armour so bright,
 And take better care of your youngest
 sister,
 For your eldest's awa the last night."
3. He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
 And himself on a dapple grey, 10
 With a bugelet horn hung down by his
 side,
 And lightly they rode away.
4. Lord William lookit oer his left shoulder,
 To see what he could see,
 And there he spy'd her seven brethren
 bold, 15
 Come riding over the lee.
5. "Light down, light down, Lady Marg-
 gret," he said,
 "And hold my steed in your hand,
 Until that against your seven brethren
 bold,
 And your father I mak a stand." 20
6. She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
 And never shed one tear,
 Until that she saw her seven brethren fa,
 And her father hard fighting, who
 lovd her so dear.
7. "O hold your hand, Lord William!" she
 said, 25
 "For your strokes they are wondrous
 sair:
- True lovers I can get many a ane,
 But a father I can never get mair."
8. O she's taen out her handkerchief,
 It was o the holland sae fine, 30
 And aye she dighted ' her father's bloody
 wounds,
 That were redder than the wine.
9. "O chuse, O chuse, Lady Margret," he
 said,
 "O whether will ye gang or bide?"
 "I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she
 said, 35
 "For ye have left me no other guide."
10. He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
 And himself on a dapple grey,
 With a bugelet horn hung down by his
 side,
 And slowly they baith rade away. 40
11. O they rade on, and on they rade,
 And a' by the light of the moon,
 Until they came to yon wan water,
 And there they lighted down.
12. They lighted down to tak a drink 45
 Of the spring that ran sae clear,
 And down the stream ran his gude heart's
 blood,
 And sair she gan to fear.
13. "Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she
 says,
 "For I fear that you are slain;" 50
 "'Tis naething but the shadow of my
 scarlet cloak,
 That shines in the water sae plain."
14. O they rade on, and on they rade,
 And a' by the light of the moon,
 i dressed.

- Until they cam to his mother's ha door, 55
And there they lighted down.
15. "Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up, and let me in!
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"For this night my fair lady I've
win. 60
16. "O mak my bed, lady mother," he
says,
"O mak it braid and deep,
And lay lady Margret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."
17. Lord William was dead lang ere mid-
night, 65
Lady Margret lang ere day,
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!
18. Lord William was buried in St. Mary's
kirk,
Lady Margret in Mary's quire; 70
Out o the lady's grave grew a bonny red
rose,
And out o the knight's a brier.
19. And they twa met, and they twa plat,¹
And fain they wad be near;
And a' the warld might ken right weel 75
They were twa lovers dear.
20. But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pulld up the bonny brier,
And flang 't in St. Mary's Loch. 80
- EDWARD
1. "Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
Edward, Edward,
Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,
And why sae sad gang yee O?"
"O I hae killed my hauke sae guid, 5
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
And I had nae mair bot hee O."
2. "Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
Edward, Edward, 10
Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
My deir son I tell thee O."
"O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my reid-roan steid, 15
That erst was sae fair and frie O."
3. "Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat
mair,
Edward, Edward,
Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat
mair,
Sum other dule² ye drie² O." 20
"O I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither,
O I hae killed my fadir deir,
Alas, and wae is mee O!"
4. "And whatten penance wul ye drie for
that, 25
Edward, Edward,
And whatten penance wul ye drie for
that?
My deir son, now tell me O."
"Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
Mither, mither, 30
Ile set my feit in yonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea O."
5. "And what wul ye doe wi your towirs
and your ha,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye doe wi your towirs
and your ha, 35
That were sae fair to see O?"
"Ile let thame stand tul they down fa,
Mither, mither,
Ile let thame stand tul they down fa,
For here nevir mair maun³ I bee O." 40
6. "And what wul ye leive to your bairns
and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what wul ye leive to your bairns
and your wife,
Whan ye gang ovir the sea O?"
"The warldis room, late them beg thrae
life, 45
Mither, mither,
The warldis room, late them beg thrae
life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see O."
7. "And what wul ye leive to your ain
mither deir,
Edward, Edward? 50
And what wul ye leive to your ain mither
deir?
My deir son, now tell me O."
"The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Mither, mither,
The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir, 55
Sic counseils ye gave to me O."

¹ Intertwined.² sorrow.
³ must.² endure.

BABYLON; OR, THE BONNIE BANKS O FORDIE

1. There were three ladies lived in a bower,
Eh vow bonnie,
And they went out to pull a flower,
On the bonnie banks o Fordie.
2. They hadna pu'ed a flower but ane, 5
When up started to them a banisht man.
3. He's taen the first sister by her hand,
And he's turned her round and made her
stand.
4. "It's whether will ye be a rank robber's
wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?" 10
5. "It's I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-
knife."
6. He's killed this may,¹ and he's laid her by,
For to bear the red rose company.
7. He's taken the second ane by the hand, 15
And he's turned her round and made
her stand.
8. "It's whether will ye be a rank robber's
wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"
9. "I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-
knife." 20
10. He's killed this may, and he's laid her by,
For to bear the red rose company.
11. He's taken the youngest ane by the hand,
And he's turned her round and made her
stand.
12. Says, "Will ye be a rank robber's wife, 25
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"
13. "I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife.
14. "For I hae a brother in this wood,
And gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee." 30
15. "What's thy brother's name? come tell
to me."
"My brother's name is Baby Lon."

¹ maid

16. "O sister, sister, what have I done!
O have I done this ill to thee!
17. "O since I've done this evil deed, 35
Good sall never be seen o me."
18. He's taken out his wee pen-knife,
And he's twyned ² himsel o his ain sweet
life.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET

1. Lord Thomas and Fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill;
Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,
They had not talkt their fill.
2. Lord Thomas said a word in jest, 5
Fair Annet took it ill:
"A, I will nevir wed a wife
Against my ain friends' will."
3. "Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee:" 10
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee.
4. "O rede,² O rede, mither," he says,
"A gude rede gie to mee;
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride, 15
And let Faire Annet bee?"
5. "The nut-browne bride haes gowd and
gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane;
And the little beauty Fair Annet haes
O it wull soon be gane." 20
6. And he has till his brother gane:
"Now, brother, rede ye mee;
A, sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let Fair Annet bee?"
7. "The nut-browne bride has oxen,
brother, 25
The nut-browne bride has kye;³
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne
bride,
And cast Fair Annet bye."
8. "Her oxen may dye i the house, billie,
And her kye into the byre,⁴ 30
And I sall hae nothing to mysell
Bot a fat fadge ⁵ by the fyre."

¹ deprived.

⁴ cow-barn.

² counsel.

³ kine.

⁵ clumsy woman

9. And he has till his sister gane:
 "Now, sister, rede ye mee;
 O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride, 35
 And set Fair Annet free?"
10. "I'se rede ye tak Fair Annet, Thomas,
 And let the browne bride alane;
 Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alace,
 What is this we brought hame!" 40
11. "No, I will tak my mither's counsel,
 And marrie me owt o hand;
 And I will tak the nut-browne bride,
 Fair Annet may leive the land."
12. Up then rose Fair Annet's father, 45
 Twa hours or it wer day,
 And he is gane into the bower
 Wherein Fair Annet lay,
13. "Rise up, rise up, Fair Annet," he
 says,
 "Put on your silken sheene; 1 50
 Let us gae to St. Marie's kirke,
 And see that rich weddeen."
14. "My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
 And dress to me my hair;
 Whaireir yee laid a plait before 55
 See yee lay ten times mair."
15. "My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
 And dress to me my smock;
 The one half is o the holland 2 fine,
 The other o needle-work." 60
16. The horse Fair Annet rade upon,
 He amblit like the wind;
 Wi siller he was shod before,
 Wi burning gowd behind.
17. Four and twanty siller bells 65
 Wer a' tyed till his mane,
 And yae tift 3 o the norland wind,
 They tinkled ane by ane.
18. Four and twanty gay gude knichts 70
 Rade by Fair Annet's side,
 And four and twanty fair ladies,
 As gin she had bin a bride.
19. And whan she cam to Marie's kirk,
 She sat on Marie's stean: 4
 The cleading 5 that Fair Annet had
 on 75
 It skinkled 6 in their een.
20. And whan she cam into the kirk,
 She shimmerd like the sun;
 The belt that was about her waist
 Was a' wi pearles bedone. 80
21. She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
 And her een they wer sae clear,
 Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
 Whan Fair Annet drew near.
22. He had a rose into his hand, 85
 He gae it kisses three,
 And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
 Laid it on Fair Annet's knee.
23. Up than spak the nut-browne bride,
 She spak wi meikle spite: 90
 "And whair gat ye that rose-water,
 That does mak yee sae white?"
24. "O I did get the rose-water
 Whair ye wull neir get nane,
 For I did get that very rose-water 95
 Into my mither's wame," 1
25. The bride she drew a long bodkin
 Frae out her gay head-gear,
 And strake Fair Annet unto the heart,
 That word spak nevir mair. 100
26. Lord Thomas he saw Fair Annet wex
 pale,
 And marvelit what mote bee;
 But whan he saw her dear heart's blude,
 A' wood-wroth 2 wexed hee.
27. He drew his dagger, that was sae
 sharp, 105
 That was sae sharp and meet, 3
 And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
 That fell deid at his feit.
28. "Now stay for me, dear Annet," he sed,
 "Now stay, my dear," he cry'd; 110
 Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
 And fell deid by her side.
29. Lord Thomas was buried without
 kirkwa, 4
 Fair Annet within the quiere,
 And o the tane thair grew a birk, 5 115
 The other a bonny briere.
30. And ay they grew, and ay they threw, 6
 As they wad faine be neare;

finery. 2 linen. 3 one whiff.
 4 stone. 5 clothing. 6 sparkled.

1 womb. 2 mad with anger. 3 straight.
 4 As a suicide, he could not be buried in holy ground.
 5 birch. 6 twisted.

And by this ye may ken right weil
They were twa luvvers deare. 120

LAMKIN

1. It's Lamkin was a mason good
as ever built wi stane;
He built Lord Wearie's castle,
but payment got he nane.

2. "O pay me, Lord Wearie, 5
come, pay me my fee:"
"I canna pay you, Lamkin,
for I maun¹ gang oer the sea."

3. "O pay me now, Lord Wearie,
come, pay me out o hand:" 10
"I canna pay you, Lamkin,
unless I sell my land."

4. "O gin ye winna pay me,
I here sall mak a vow,
Before that ye come hame again, 15
ye sall hae cause to rue."

5. Lord Wearie got a bonny ship,
to sail the saut sea faem;
Bade his lady weel the castle keep,
ay till he should come hame. 20

6. But the nourice² was a fause limmer³
as eer hung on a tree;
She laid a plot wi Lamkin,
whan her lord was oer the sea.

7. She laid a plot wi Lamkin, 25
when the servants were awa,
Loot him in at a little shot-window,
and brought him to the ha.

8. "O whare's a' the men o this house,
that ca me Lamkin?" 30
"They're at the barn-well thrashing;
'twill be lang ere they come in."

9. "And whare's the women o this house,
that ca me Lamkin?"
"They're at the far well washing; 35
'twill be lang ere they come in."

10. "And whare's the bairns o this house,
that ca me Lamkin?"
"They're at the school reading;
'twill be night or they come hame." 40

11. "O whare's the lady o this house,
that ca's me Lamkin?"

1 must. 2 nurse. 3 rascal.

"She's up in her bower sewing,
but we soon can bring her down."

12. Then Lamkin's tane a sharp knife, 45
that hang down by his gaire,¹
And he has gien the bonny babe
a deep wound and a sair.

13. Then Lamkin he rocked, 50
and the fause nourice sang,
Till frae ilkae bore² o the cradle
the red blood out sprang.

14. Then out it spak the lady,
as she stood on the stair:
"What ails my bairn, nourice, 55
that he's greeting³ sae sair?"

15. O still my bairn nourice,
O still him with the pap!"
"He winna still, lady,
for this nor for that." 60

16. "O still my bairn, nourice,
O still him wi the wand!"
"He winna still, lady,
for a' his father's land."

17. "O still my bairn, nourice, 65
O still him wi the bell!"
"He winna still, lady,
till ye come down yoursel."

18. O the firsten step she steppit,
she steppit on a stane; 70
But the neisten step she steppit,
she met him Lamkin.

19. "O mercy, mercy, Lamkin,
hae mercy upon me!
Though you've taen my young son's life, 75
ye may let mysel be."

20. "O sall I kill her, nourice,
or sall I lat her be?"
"O kill her, kill her, Lamkin,
for she neer was good to me." 80

21. "O scour the bason, nourice,
and mak it fair and clean,
For to keep this lady's heart's blood,
for she's come o noble kin."

22. "There need nae bason, Lamkin, 85
lat it run through the floor;
What better is the heart's blood
o the rich than o the poor?"

1 gore. 2 hole. 3 crying.

23. But ere three months were at an end,
Lord Wearie came again; 90
But dowie,¹ dowie was his heart
when first he came hame.
24. "O wha's blood is this," he says,
"that lies in the chamer?"²
"It is your lady's heart's blood; 95
'tis as clear as the lamer."³
25. "And wha's blood is this," he says,
"that lies in my ha?"
"It is your young son's heart's blood;
'tis the clearest ava."⁴ 100
26. O sweetly sang the black-bird
that sat upon the tree;
But sairer grat⁵ Lamkin,
when he was condemnd to die.
27. And bonny sang the mavis,⁶ 105
out o the thorny brake;
But sairer grat the nourice,
when she was tied to the stake.

THE GAY GOSS-HAWK

1. "O well's me o my gay goss-hawk,
That he can speak and flee;
He'll carry a letter to my love,
Bring back another to me."
2. "O how can I your true-love ken, 5
Or how can I her know?
Whan frae her mouth I never heard
couth,⁷
Nor wi my eyes her saw."
3. "O well sal ye my true-love ken,
As soon as you her see; 10
For, of a' the flowrs in fair Englan,
The fairest flowr is she.
4. "At even at my love's bowr-door
There grows a bowing birk,⁸
An sit ye down and sing thereon, 15
As she gangs to the kirk.
5. "An four-and-twenty ladies fair
Will wash and go to kirk,
But well sal ye my true-love ken,
For she wears goud on her skirt. 20
6. "An four and twenty gay ladies
Will to the mass repair,
- But well sal ye my true-love ken,
For she wears goud on her hair."
7. O even at that lady's bowr-door 25
There grows a bowin birk,
An he set down and sang thereon,
As she ged to the kirk.
8. "O eet and drink, my marys¹ a',
The wine flows you among, 30
Till I gang to my shot-window,
An hear yon bonny bird's song.
9. "Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The song ye sang the streen,²
For I ken by your sweet singin 35
You're frae my true-love sen."
10. O first he sang a merry song,
An then he sang a grave,
An then he peckd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave. 40
11. "Ha, there's a letter frae your love,
He says he sent you three;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll die.
12. "He bids you write a letter to him; 45
He says he's sent you five;
He canna wait your love langer,
Tho you're the fairest woman alive."
13. "Ye bid him bake his bridal-bread,
And brew his bridal-ale, 50
An I'll meet him in fair Scotlan
Lang, lang or it be stale."
14. She's doen her to her father dear,
Fa'n low down on her knee:
"A boon, a boon, my father dear, 55
I pray you, grant it me."
15. "Ask on, ask on, my daughter,
An granted it sal be;
Except ae squire in fair Scotlan,
An him you sall never see." 60
16. "The only boon, my father dear,
That I do crave of the,
Is, gin I die in southin lands,
In Scotland to bury me.
17. "An the firstin kirk that ye come till, 65
Ye gar³ the bells be rung,
An the nextin kirk that ye come till,
Ye gar the mess be sung.

1 sad. 2 chamber. 3 amber. 4 of all.
5 wept. 6 thrush. 7 sound, word. 8 birch

1 maids 2 yesterday evening. 3 cause.

18. "An the thiridin kirk that ye come till,
 You deal gold for my sake, 70
 An the fourthin kirk that ye come till,
 You tarry there till night."

19. She is doen her to her bigly¹ bowr,
 As fast as she coud fare,
 An she has tane a sleepy draught, 75
 That she had mixed wi care.

20. She's laid her down upon her bed,
 An soon she's fa'n asleep,
 And soon oer every tender limb 80
 Cauld death began to creep.

21. Whan night was floun, an day was come,
 Nae ane that did her see
 But thought she was as surely dead
 As yon lady coud be.

22. Her father an her brothers dear 85
 Gard make to her a bier;
 The tae half was o guide red gold,
 The tither o silver clear.

23. Her mither an her sisters fair
 Gard work for her a sark;² 90
 The tae half was o cambrick fine,
 The tither o needle wark.

24. The firstin kirk that they came till,
 They gard the bells be rung,
 An the nextin kirk that they came 95
 till,
 They gard the mess be sung.

25. The thiridin kirk that they came till,
 They dealt gold for her sake,
 An the fourthin kirk that they came till,
 Lo, there they met her make!³ 100

26. "Lay down, lay down the bigly bier.
 Lat me the dead look on;"
 Wi cherry cheeks and ruby lips
 She lay an smil'd on him.

27. "O ae sheave⁴ o your bread, true-
 love, 105
 An ae glass o your wine,
 For I hae fasted for your sake
 These fully days is nine.

28. "Gang hame, gang hame, my seven bold
 brothers,
 Gang hame and sound your horn; 110
 An ye may boast in southin lans
 Your sister's playd you scorn."

1 commodious. 2 shirt. 3 lover. 4 slice.

THE THREE RAVENS

1. There wère three ravens sat on a tree,
 Downe a downe, hay down, hay
 downe

There wère three ravens sat on a tree,
 With a downe
 There wère three ravens sat on a tree, 5
 They wère as blacke as they might be.
 With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie,
 downe, downe.

2. The one of them said to his mate,
 "Where shall we our breakefast take?"

3. "Downe in yonder greene field, 10
 There lies a knight slain under his shield.

4. "His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
 So well they can their master keepe.

5. "His haukes they flie so eagerly,
 There's no fowle dare him come nie." 15

6. Downe there comes a fallow doe,
 As great with yong as she might goe.

7. She lift up his bloudy hed,
 And kist his wounds that wère so red.

8. She got him up upon her backe, 20
 And carried him to earthen lake¹

9. She buried him before the prime,
 She was dead herselfe ere even-song
 time.

10. God send every gentleman,
 Such haukes, such hounds, and such a
 leman.² 25

THE TWA CORBIES

1. As I was walking all alane,
 I heard twa corbies³ making a mane;⁴
 The tane unto the t' other say,
 "Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"

2. "In behint yon auld fail⁵ dyke, 25
 I wot there lies a new slain knight;
 And naebody kens that he lies there,
 But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

3. "His hound is to the hunting gane,
 His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame, 30

1 pit. 2 sweetheart. 3 ravens.
 4 moan. 5 turf.

His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

4. "Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,¹
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een;
Wi ae lock o his gowden hair 15
We'll theek² our nest when it grows bare.

5. "Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
Oer his white banes when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair." 20

SIR PATRICK SPENCE

1. The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get a guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"
2. Up and spak an eldern knicht, 5
Sat at the kings richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor
That sails upon the se."
3. The king has writtten a braid³ letter,
And signd it wi his hand, 10
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.
4. The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch⁴ lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red, 15
The teir blinded his ee.
5. "O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se! 20
6. "Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne:"
"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.
7. "Late late yestreen I saw the new
moone, 25
Wi the auld moone in her arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme."
8. O our Scots nobles wer richt laith⁵
To weet their cork-heild schoone; 30
Bot lang owre⁶ a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.⁷

1 neck-bone. 2 thatch. 3 broad.
4 laugh. 5 loath. 6 before. 7 above.

9. O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence 35
Cum sailing to the land.

10. O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems¹ in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair. 40

11. Haf owre, half owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

1. There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them oer the sea.
2. They hadna been a week from her, 5
A week but barely ane,
Whan word came to the carline wife²
That her three sons were gane.
3. They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three, 10
Whan word came to the carlin wife
That her sons she'd never see.
4. "I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes³ in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me, 15
In earthly flesh and blood."
5. It fell about the Martinmass,⁴
When nights are lang and mirk,⁵
The carlin wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o the birk.⁶ 20
6. It neither grew in syke⁷ nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;⁸
But at the gates o Paradise,
That birk grew fair enugh.
7. "Blow up the fire, my maidens, 25
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well."
8. And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide, 30

1 combs. 2 old woman. 3 troubles.
4 November 11. 5 dark. 6 birch.
7 trench. 8 furrow.

And she's taen her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go?"

9. Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray,
The eldest to the youngest said, 35
"Tis time we were away."
10. The cock he hadna crawd but once,
And clappd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa. 40
11. "The cock doth crawl, the day doth daw,
The channerin ¹ worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.
12. "Fare ye weel, my mother dear! 45
Fareweel to barn and byre! ²
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!"

THE DÆMON LOVER

1. "O where have you been, my long, long
love,
This long seven years and mair?"
"O I'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before."
2. "O hold your tongue of your former
vows, 5
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife."
3. He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his ee: 10
"I wad never hae trodden on Irish
ground,
If it had not been for thee.
4. "I might hae had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king's daughter, 15
Had it not been for love o' thee."
5. "If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yersel ye had to blame;
Ye might have taken the king's daugh-
ter,
For ye kend that I was nane. 20
6. "If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,

¹ grumbling. ² cow-barn,

7. "I hae seven ships upon the sea — 25
The eighth brought me to land —
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand."
8. She has taken up her two little babes,
Kissd them baith cheek and chin: 30
"O fair ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I'll never see you again."
9. She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o the taffetie, 35
And the masts o the beaten gold.
10. She had not saild a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie ¹ grew his ee. 40
11. They had not saild a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.
12. "O hold your tongue of your weeping,"
says he, 45
"Of your weeping now let me be;
I will shew you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."
13. "O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?" 50
"O yon are the hills of heaven," he said,
"Where you will never win."
14. "O whaten a mountain is yon," she said,
"All so dreary wi frost and snow?"
"O yon is the mountain of hell," he
cried, 55
"Where you and I will go."
15. He strack the tap-mast wi his hand,
The fore-mast wi his knee,
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea. 60

HUGH OF LINCOLN

1. Four and twenty bonny boys
Were playing at the ba,
And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,
And he playd oer them a'.

¹ gloomy.

2. He kicked the ba with his right foot, 5
And catchd it wi his knee,
And throuch-and-thro the Jew's window
He gard ¹ the bonny ba flee.
3. He's doen him to the Jew's castell,
And walkd it round about; 10
And there he saw the Jew's daughter,
At the window looking out.
4. "Throw down the ba, ye Jew's daughter,
Throw down the ba to me!"
"Never a bit," says the Jew's daugh-
ter, 15
"Till up to me come ye."
5. "How will I come up? How can I come
up?
How can I come to thee?
For as ye did to my auld father,
The same ye'll do to me." 20
6. She's gane till her father's garden,
And pu'd an apple red and green;
'Twas a' to wyle him sweet Sir Hugh,
And to entice him in.
7. She's led him in through ae dark door, 25
And sae has she thro nine;
She's laid him on a dressing-table,
And stickit him like a swine.
8. And first came out the thick, thick blood,
And syne ² came out the thin, 30
And syne came out the bonny heart's
blood;
There was nae mair within.
9. She's rowd ³ him in a cake o lead,
Bade him lie still and sleep;
She's thrown him in Our Lady's draw-
well, 35
Was fifty fathom deep.
10. When bells were rung, and mass was
sung,
And a' the bairns came hame,
When every lady gat hame her son
The Lady Maisry gat nane. 40
11. She's taen her mantle her about,
Her coffer by the hand,
And she's gane out to seek her son,
And wanderd oer the land.
12. She's doen her to the Jew's castell, 45
Where a' were fast asleep:
¹ made. ² then. ³ rolled.
- "Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."
13. She's doen her to the Jew's garden,
Thought he had been gathering
fruit: 50
"Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,
I pray you to me speak."
14. She heard Our Lady's deep draw-well,
Was fifty fathom deep:
"Whareer ye be, my sweet Sir Hugh, 55
I pray you to me speak."
15. "Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear,
Prepare my winding sheet,
And at the back o merry Lincoln
The morn ¹ I will you meet." 60
16. Now Lady Maisry is gane hame,
Made him a winding sheet,
And at the back o merry Lincoln
The dead corpse did her meet.
17. And a' the bells o merry Lincoln 65
Without men's hands were rung,
And a' the books o merry Lincoln
Were read without man's tongue,
And neer was such a burial
Sin Adam's days begun. 70

CHEVY CHASE

1. God prosper long our noble king,
our liffes and saftyes all!
A woefull hunting once there did
in Chevy Chase befall.
2. To drive the deere with hound and
horne 5
Erle Percy took the way:
The child may rue that is unborne
the hunting of that day!
3. The stout Erle of Northumberland
a vow to God did make 10
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
three sommers days to take,
4. The cheefest harts in Chevy C[h]ase
to kill and beare away:
These tydings to Erle Douglas came 15
in Scotland, where he lay.
5. Who sent Erle Percy present word
he would prevent his sport;
¹ to-morrow.

- The English erle, not fearing that,
did to the woods resort, 20
6. With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew ffull well in time of neede
to ayme their shafts arright.
7. The gallant greyhound[s] swiftly ran 25
to chase the fallow deere;
On Munday they began to hunt,
ere daylight did appeare.
8. And long before high noone the^r had
a hundred fat buckes slaine; 30
Then having dined, the drovyers went
to rouze the deare againe.
9. The bowmen mustered on the hills,
well able to endure;
Theire backsids all with speciall care 35
that day were guarded sure.
10. The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
the nimble deere to take,
That with their cryes the hills and dales
an eccho shrill did make. 40
11. Lord Percy to the query went
to view the tender deere;
Quoth he, "Erle Douglas promised once
this day to meete me heere;
12. "But if I thought he wold not come, 45
noe longer wold I stay."
With that a brave younge gentlman
thus to the erle did say:
13. "Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
hys men in armour bright; 50
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres
all marching in our sight.
14. "All men of pleasant Tivydale,
fast by the river Tweede:"
"O ceaze your sportts!" Erle Percy said,
"and take your bowes with speede. 56
15. "And now with me, my countrymen,
your courage forth advance!
For there was never champion yett,
in Scotland nor in Ffrance, 60
16. "That ever did on horsbacke come,
[but], and if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
with him to break a spere."
17. Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede, 65
most like a baron bold,
Rode formost of his company,
whose armor shone like gold.
18. "Shew me," sayd hee, "whose men you
bee
that hunt soe boldly heere, 70
That without my consent doe chase
and kill my fallow deere."
19. The first man that did answer make
was noble Percy hee,
Who sayd, "Wee list not to declare 75
nor shew whose men wee bee;
20. "Yett wee will spend our deerest blood
thy cheefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,
and thus in rage did say: 80
21. "Ere thus I will outbraved bee,
one of us tow shall dye;
I know thee well, an erle thou art;
Lord Percy, soe am I.
22. "But trust me, Percy, pittye it
were, 85
and great offence, to kill
Then any of these our guiltlesse men,
for they have done none ill.
23. "Let thou and I the battell trye,
and set our men aside:" 90
"Accurst bee [he!]" Erle Percy sayd,
"by whome it is denyed."
24. Then stept a gallant squire forth —
Witherington was his name —
Who said, "I wold not have it told 95
To Henery our king, for shame,
25. "That ere my captaine fought on
foote,
and I stand looking on.
You bee two Erles," quoth Withering-
ton, 100
"and I a squier alone;
26. "I'll doe the best that doe I may,
while I have power to stand;
While I have power to weeld my sword,
I'll fight with hart and hand."
27. Our English archers bent thier bowes; 105
their harts were good and trew;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
full foure score Scotts the slew.

28. To drive the deere with hound and
horne,
Douglas bade on the bent; 110
Two captaines moved with mickle might,
their speres to shivers went.
29. They closed full fast on everye side,
noe slacknes there was found,
But many a gallant gentleman 115
lay gasping on the ground.
30. O Christ! it was great greevé to see
how eche man chose his spere,
And how the blood out of their brests
did gush like water cleare. 120
31. At last these two stout erles did meet,
like captaines of great might;
Like lyons woode¹ they layd on lode;²
the made a cruell fight.
32. The fought untill they both did sweat, 125
with swords of tempered steele,
Till blood downe their cheekes like
raine
the trickling downe did feelee.
33. "O yeeld thee, Pearcy!" Douglas sayd,
"And in faith I will thee bringe 130
Where thou shall high advanced bee
by James our Scottish king.
34. "Thy ransome I will freely give,
and this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight 135
[that ever I did see.]"
35. "Noe, Douglas!" quoth Erle Percy then,
"thy profer I doe scorne;
I will not yeelede to any Scott
that ever yett was borne!" 140
36. With that there came an arrow keene,
out of an English bow,
Which stroke Erle Douglas on the brest
a deepe and deadlye blow.
37. Who never sayd more words than
these; 145
"Fight on, my merry men all!
For why, my life is att [an] end,
lord Pearcy sees my fall."
38. Then leaving liffe, Erle Pearcy tooke
the dead man by the hand; 150
Who said, "Erle Dowglas, for thy life,
wold I had lost my land!
39. "O Christ! my verry hart doth bleed
for sorrow for thy sake,
For sure, a more redoubted knight 155
mischance cold never take."
40. A knight amongst the Scotts there was
which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who streight in hart did vow revenge
upon the Lord Pearcy. 160
41. Sir Hugh Mountgomerye was he called,
who, with a spere full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
ran feirly through the fight,
42. And past the English archers all, 165
without all dread or feare,
And through Erle Percyes body then
he thrust his hatfull spere.
43. With such a vehement force and might
his body he did gore, 170
The staff ran through the other side
a large cloth-yard and more.
44. Thus did both those nobles dye,
whose courage none cold staine;
An English archer then perceived 175
the noble erle was slaine.
45. He had [a] good bow in his hand,
made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
to the hard head haled hee. 180
46. Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye
his shaft full right he sett;
The grey-goose-winge that was there-on
in his harts bloode was wett.
47. This fight from breake of day did last 185
till setting of the sun,
For when the rung the evening-bell
the battele scarce was done.
48. With stout Erle Percy there was slaine
Sir John of Egerton, 190
Sir Robert Harcliffe and Sir William,
Sir James, that bold barron.
49. And with Sir George and Sir James,
both knights of good account,
Good Sir Raphe Rebbye there was 195
slaine,
whose prowesse did surmount.
50. For Witherington needs must I wayle
as one in dolefull dumpes,
- 1 mad. 2 they laid on heavily.

- For when his leggs were smitten of,
he fought upon his stumpes. 200
51. And with Erle Dowglas there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
And Sir Charles Morrell, that from feelde
one foote wold never flee;
52. Sir Roger Hever of Harcliffe tow, 205
his sisters sonne was hee;
Sir David Lambwell, well esteemed,
but saved he cold not bee.
53. And the Lord Maxwell, in like case,
with Douglas he did dye; 210
Of twenty hundred Scottish speeres,
scarce fifty-five did flye.
54. Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
went home but fifty-three;
The rest in Chevy Chase were slaine, 215
under the greenwoode tree.
55. Next day did many widdowes come
their husbands to bewayle;
They washt their wounds in brinish
teares,
but all wold not prevayle. 220
56. Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple blood,
the bore with them away;
They kist them dead a thousand times
ere the were cladd in clay.
57. The newes was brought to Eddenbor-
row, 225
where Scottlands king did rayne,
That brave Erle Douglas soddainlye
was with an arrow slaine.
58. "O heavy newes!" King James can
say;
"Scotland may wittenesse bee 230
I have not any captaine more
of such account as hee."
59. Like tydings to King Henery came,
within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland 235
was slaine in Chevy Chase.
60. "Now God be with him!" said our king,
"sith it will noe better bee;
I trust I have within my realme
five hundred as good as hee. 240
61. "Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say
but I will vengeance take,
- And be revenged on them all
for brave Erle Percyes sake."
62. This vow the king did well performe 245
after on Humble-downe;
In one day fifty knights were slayne,
with lords of great renowne.
63. And of the rest, of small account,
did many hundreds dye: 250
Thus endeth the hunting in Chevy
Chase,
made by the Erle Pearcy.
64. God save our king, and blesse this land
with plentye, joy, and peace,
And grant hencforth that foule debate
twixt noble men may ceaze! 256

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS

1. There are twelve months in all the
year
As I hear many men say,
But the merriest month in all the year.
Is the merry month of May.
2. Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day, 6
And there he met a silly old woman,
Was weeping on the way.
- 3 "What news? what news, thou silly old
woman?
What news hast thou for me?" 10
Said she, "There's three squires in Not-
tingham town
To-day is condemned to die."
4. "O have they parishes burnt?" he said,
"Or have they ministers slain?
Or have they robbed any virgin, 15
Or with other men's wives have lain?"
5. "They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
Nor yet have ministers slain,
Nor have they robbed any virgin,
Nor with other men's wives have
lain." 20
6. "O what have they done?" said bold
Robin Hood,
"I pray thee tell to me":
"It's for slaying of the king's fallow
deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee."

7. "Dost thou not mind, old woman," he
said, ²⁵
"Since thou made me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body," quoth bold
Robin Hood,
"You could not tell it in better time."
8. Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day, ³⁰
And there he met with a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.
9. "What news? what news, thou silly old
man?
What news, I do thee pray?"
Said he, "Three squires in Nottingham
town ³⁵
Are condemnd to die this day."
10. "Come change thy apparel with me, old
man,
Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is forty shillings in good silver,
Go drink it in beer or wine." ⁴⁰
11. "O thine apparel is good," he said,
"And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh neer an old man to scorn."
12. "Come change thy apparel with me, old
churl, ⁴⁵
Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here are twenty pieces of good broad
gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine."
13. Then he put on the old man's hat,
It stood full high on the crown: ⁵⁰
"The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down."
14. Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patchd black, blew, and red;
He thought no shame all the day long ⁵⁵
To wear the bags of bread.
15. Then he put on the old man's breeks,¹
Was patchd from ballup² to side;
"By the truth of my body," bold Robin
can say,
"This man lov'd little pride." ⁶⁰
16. Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patchd from knee to wrist;
"By the truth of my body," said bold
Robin Hood,
"I'd laugh if I had any list." ³
17. Then he put on the old man's shoes, ⁶⁵
Were patchd both beneath and aboon;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
"It's good habit that makes a man."
18. Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a down, ⁷⁰
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking along the town.
19. "O save, O save, O sheriff," he said,
"O save, and you may see!
And what will you give to a silly old
man ⁷⁵
To-day will your hangman be?"
20. "Some suits, some suits," the sheriff he
said,
"Some suits I'll give to thee;
Some suits, some suits, and pence thir-
teen
To-day's a hangman's fee." ⁸⁰
21. Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone;
"By the truth of my body," the sheriff
he said,
"That's well jumpt, thou nimble old
man."
22. "I was neer a hangman in all my life, ⁸⁵
Nor yet intends to trade;
But curst be he," said bold Robin,
"That first a hangman was made."
23. "I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn; ⁹⁰
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn."
24. "I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth, ⁹⁵
For thee it blows little good."
25. "O wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,
Of thee I have no doubt; ¹
I wish that thou give such a blast
Till both thy eyes fall out." ¹⁰⁰
26. The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's
men
Came riding over the hill.
27. The next loud blast that he did give, ¹⁰⁵
He blew both loud and amain.

¹ breeches.² front flap.³ inclination.¹ fear.

And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
Came shining over the plain.

28. "O who are yon," the sheriff he said,
"Come tripping over the lee?" ¹¹⁰
"The're my attendants," brave Robin
did say,
"They'll pay a visit to thee."

29. They took the gallows from the slack,¹
They set it in the glen,
They hangd the proud sheriff on
that, ¹¹⁵
Releasd their own three men.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL

1. When Robin Hood and Little John
Down a down a down a down
Went oer yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,
"We have shot for many a pound." ⁵
Hey down, a down, a down.
2. "But I am not able to shoot one shot
more,
My broad arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me." ¹⁰
3. Now Robin he is to fair Kirkly gone,
As fast as he can win;²
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.
4. And when he came to fair Kirkly hall, ¹⁵
He knockd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin
herself
For to let bold Robin in.
5. "Will you please to sit down, cousin
Robin," she said,
"And drink some beer with me?" ²⁰
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee."
6. "Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,"
she said,
"Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein, ²⁵
You blooded by me shall be."
7. She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room,

And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
While one drop of blood would run
down. ³⁰

8. She blooded him in a vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
Then did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.
9. He then bethought him of a casement
there, ³⁵
Thinking for to get down;
But was so weak he could not leap,
He could not get him down.
10. He then bethought him of his bugle-
horn,
Which hung low down to his knee; ⁴⁰
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.
11. Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under a tree,
"I fear my master is now near dead, ⁴⁵
He blows so wearily."
12. Then Little John to fair Kirkly is gone,
As fast as he can dree;¹
But when he came to Kirkly-hall,
He broke locks two or three: ⁵⁰
13. Until he came bold Robin to see,
Then he fell on his knee;
"A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
"Master, I beg of thee."
14. "What is that boon," said Robin
Hood, ⁵⁵
"Little John, [thou] begs of me?"
"It is to burn fair Kirkly-hall,
And all their nunnery."
15. "Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin
Hood,
"That boon I'll not grant thee; ⁶⁰
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor men in woman's company,
16. "I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at mine end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand, ⁶⁵
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be.
17. "Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet; ⁷⁰

¹ low ground.

² arrive.

¹ endure, manage.

And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

18. "Let me have length and breadth
enough, 75
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead
Here lies bold Robin Hood."
19. These words they readily granted him,
Which did bold Robin please: 80
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Within the fair Kirkleys.

MARY HAMILTON

1. Word's gane to the kitchen,
And word's gane to the ha,
That Marie Hamilton gangs wi bairn 1
To the highest Stewart of a'.
2. He's courted her in the kitchen, 5
He's courted her in the ha,
He's courted her in the laigh 2 cellar,
And that was warst of a'.
3. She's tyed it in her apron
And she's thrown it in the sea; 10
Says, "Sink ye, swim ye, bonny wee
babe!
You'll neer get mair o me."
4. Down then cam the auld queen,
Goud tassels tying her hair:
"O Marie, where's the bonny wee
babe 15
That I heard greet sae sair?"
5. "There was never a babe intill my
room,
As little designs to be;
It was but a touch o my sair side,
Come oer my fair bodie." 20
6. "O Marie, put on your robes o black,
Or else your robes o brown,
For ye maun gang wi me the night,
To see fair Edinbro town."
7. "I winna put on my robes o black, 25
Nor yet my robes o brown;
But I'll put on my robes o white,
To shine through Edinbro town."

1 is with child. 2 low.

8. When she gaed up the Cannogate,
She laughd loud laughters three; 30
But whan she cam down the Cannogate
The tear blinded her ee.
9. When she gaed up the Parliament stair,
The heel cam aff her shее;
And lang or she cam down again 35
She was condemnd to dee.
10. When she cam down the Cannogate,
The Cannogate sae free,
Many a ladie lookd oer her window,
Weeping for this ladie. 40
11. "Ye need nae weep for me," she says,
"Ye need nae weep for me;
For had I not slain mine own sweet babe,
This death I wadna dee.
12. "Bring me a bottle of wine," she says, 45
"The best that eer ye hae,
That I may drink to my weil-wishers,
And they may drink to me.
13. "Here's a health to the jolly sailors,
That sail upon the main; 50
Let them never let on to my father and
mother
But what I'm coming hame.
14. "Here's a health to the jolly sailors,
That sail upon the sea;
Let them never let on to my father and
mother 55
That I cam here to dee.
15. "Oh little did my mother think,
The day she cradled me,
What lands I was to travel through,
What death I was to dee. 60
16. "Oh little did my father think,
The day he held up me,
What lands I was to travel through,
What death I was to dee.
17. "Last night I washd the queen's feet, 65
And gently laid her down;
And a' the thanks I've gotten the nicht
To be hangd in Edinbro town!
18. "Last nicht there was four Maries,
The nicht there'll be but three; 70
There was Marie Seton, and Marie
Beton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me."

SIR THOMAS MALORY

Of Sir Thomas Malory we know very little. He is probably to be identified with a knight of that name who was born early in the fifteenth century, served in France under the earl of Warwick, and was member of Parliament for Warwickshire in 1445. He tells us himself at the conclusion of *Morte Darthur* that the book was "ended the ninth year of the reign of king Edward the Fourth," i.e. 1469-70. In the course of the work he frequently refers to a "French book" as his authority. The *Morte Darthur*, which tells the adventures of Arthur from his birth to his death, is a compilation from a great mass of Old French romances of King Arthur and his Round Table. Whether Malory made the compilation himself, or merely translated a French compilation, we do not know. The work was printed by the famous printer William Caxton in 1485, who divided it into twenty-one books. It is the intermediary through which the romances of King Arthur have been most widely known to English readers, and is one of the great masterpieces of our earlier prose — stately, dignified, yet easy and graceful in movement.

The selection here printed — the first seven chapters of Book XXI — contains the account of Arthur's last battle and death. The love of Sir Launcelot for Queen Guenever has been discovered; Launcelot has fled to his castle; Sir Mordred has gathered to himself many of the discontented and has proclaimed himself king.

The authoritative edition is that of Sommer, which reproduces exactly Caxton's text. In the selection here given the spelling is modernized, but the text is not otherwise changed.

LE MORTE DARTHUR

BOOK XXI

CHAPTER I

How Sir Mordred presumed and took on him to be King of England, and would have married the Queen, his uncle's wife

As Sir Mordred was ruler of all England, he did do make letters as though that they came from beyond the sea, and the letters specified that King Arthur was slain in battle with Sir Launcelot. Wherefore Sir Mordred made a parliament, and called the lords together, and there he made them to choose him king; and so he was crowned at Canterbury, and held a feast there fifteen days; and afterward he drew him unto Winchester, and there he took the Queen Guenever, and said plainly that he would wed her which was his uncle's wife and his father's wife. And so he made ready for the feast, and a day prefixed that they should be wedded; wherefore Queen Guenever was passing heavy. But she durst not discover her heart, but spake fair, and agreed to Sir Mordred's will. Then she desired of Sir Mordred for to go to London, to buy all manner of things that longed unto the wedding. And because of her fair speech Sir Mordred trusted her well enough, and gave her leave to go. And so when she came to London she took the Tower of London, and suddenly in all haste possible she stuffed it with all manner of victual, and well garnished it with men, and so kept it. Then when Sir Mordred wist and understood how he was beguiled, he was passing wroth out of

measure. And a short tale for to make, he went and laid a mighty siege about the Tower of London, and made many great assaults thereat, and threw many great engines unto them, and shot great guns. But all might not prevail Sir Mordred, for Queen Guenever would never for fair speech nor for foul, would never trust to come in his hands again. Then came the Bishop of Canterbury, the which was a noble clerk and an holy man, and thus he said to Sir Mordred: "Sir, what will ye do? will ye first displease God and sithen shame yourself, and all knighthood? Is not King Arthur your uncle, no farther but your mother's brother, and on her himself King Arthur begat you upon his own sister,¹ therefore how may you wed your father's wife?" "Sir," said the noble clerk, "leave this opinion or I shall curse you with book and bell and candle." "Do thou thy worst," said Sir Mordred, "wit thou well I shall defy thee." "Sir," said the Bishop, "and wit you well I shall not fear me to do that me ought to do. Also where ye noise where my lord Arthur is slain, and that is not so, and therefore ye will make a foul work in this land." "Peace, thou false priest," said Sir Mordred, "for an thou chafe me any more I shall make strike off thy head." So the Bishop departed and did the cursing in the most orgulist² wise that might be done. And then Sir Mordred sought the Bishop of Canterbury, for to have slain him. Then the Bishop fled, and took part of his goods with him, and went nigh unto Glaston-

¹ Mordred was the illegitimate son of Arthur. His mother was Arthur's half-sister, a fact of which Arthur was at the time ignorant (Book I, Chap. xvi¹¹)

² haughtiest.

bury; and there he was as priest hermit in a chapel, and lived in poverty and in holy prayers, for well he understood that mischievous war was at hand. Then Sir Mordred sought on Queen Guenever by letters and sonds,¹ and by fair means and foul means, for to have her to come out of the Tower of London; but all this availed not, for she answered him shortly, openly and privily, that she had liefer slay herself than to be married with him. Then came word to Sir Mordred that King Arthur had araised the siege for Sir Launcelot, and he was coming homeward with a great host, to be avenged upon Sir Mordred; wherefore Sir Mordred made¹⁵ write writs to all the barony of this land, and much people drew to him. For then was the common voice among them that with Arthur was none other life but war and strife, and with Sir Mordred was great joy and bliss.²⁰ Thus was Sir Arthur depraved, and evil said of. And many there were that King Arthur had made up of nought, and given them lands, might not then say him a good word. Lo ye all Englishmen, see ye not what a mis-²⁵chief here was! for he that was the most king and knight of the world, and most loved the fellowship of noble knights, and by him they were all upholden, now might not these Englishmen hold them content with him.³⁰ Lo thus was the old custom and usage of this land; and also men say that we of this land have not yet lost nor forgotten that custom and usage. Alas, this is a great default of us Englishmen, for there may no³⁵ thing please us no term. And so fared the people at that time, they were better pleased with Sir Mordred than they were with King Arthur; and much people drew unto Sir Mordred, and said they would abide with him⁴⁰ for better and for worse. And so Sir Mordred drew with a great host to Dover, for there he heard say that Sir Arthur would arrive, and so he thought to beat his own father from his lands; and the most part of⁴⁵ all England held with Sir Mordred, the people were so new-fangle.

CHAPTER II

How after that King Arthur had tidings, he returned and came to Dover, where Sir Mordred met him to let his landings; and of the death of Sir Gawaine

And so as Sir Mordred was at Dover with⁵⁵ his host, there came King Arthur with a great navy of ships, and galleys, and carracks.

¹ messages.

And there was Sir Mordred ready awaiting upon his landing, to let¹ his own father to land upon the land that he was king over. Then there was launching of great boats and⁵ small, and full of noble men of arms; and there was much slaughter of gentle knights, and many a full bold baron was laid full low, on both parties. But King Arthur was so courageous that there might no manner of¹⁰ knights let him to land, and his knights fiercely followed him; and so they landed maugre Sir Mordred and all his power, and put Sir Mordred aback, that he fled and all his people. So when this battle was done, King Arthur let bury his people that were¹⁵ dead. And then was noble Sir Gawaine found in a great boat, lying more than half dead. When Sir Arthur wist that Sir Gawaine was laid so low, he went unto him; and there the king made sorrow out of measure, and took Sir Gawaine in his arms, and thrice he there swooned. And then when he²⁰ awaked, he said: "Alas, Sir Gawaine, my sister's son, here now thou liest, the man in the world that I loved most; and now is my joy gone, for now, my nephew Sir Gawaine, I will discover me unto your person: in Sir Launcelot and you I most had my joy, and mine affiance, and now have I lost my joy of²⁵ you both; wherefore all mine earthly joy is gone from me." "Mine uncle King Arthur," said Sir Gawaine, "wit you well my death-day is come, and all is through mine own hastiness and wilfulness; for I am smitten upon the old wound the which Sir Launcelot³⁰ gave me, on the which I feel well I must die; and had Sir Launcelot been with you as he was, this unhappy war had never begun; and of all this am I causer, for Sir Launcelot and his blood, through their prowess, held all your cankered enemies in subjection and daunger. And now," said Sir Gawaine,³⁵ "ye shall miss Sir Launcelot. But alas, I would not accord with him, and therefore," said Sir Gawaine, "I pray you, fair uncle, that I may have paper, pen, and ink, that I may write to Sir Launcelot a cedle² with mine own hands." And then when paper and ink was brought, then Gawaine was set⁴⁰ up weakly by King Arthur, for he was shriven a little to-fore; and then he wrote thus, as the French book maketh mention: "Unto Sir Launcelot, flower of all noble knights that ever I heard of or saw by my days, I, Sir Gawaine, King Lot's son of Orkney, sister's son unto the noble King Arthur, send thee greeting, and let thee have⁴⁵

¹ hinder.

² note.

knowledge that the tenth day of May I was smitten upon the old wound that thou gavest me afore the city of Benwick, and through the same wound that thou gavest me I am come to my death-day. And I will that all the world wit, that I, Sir Gawaine, knight of the Table Round, sought my death, and not through thy deserving, but it was mine own seeking; wherefore I beseech thee, Sir Launcelot, to return again unto this realm, and see my tomb, and pray some prayer more or less for my soul. And this same day that I wrote this cedle, I was hurt to the death in the same wound, the which I had of thy hand, Sir Launcelot; for of a more nobler man might I not be slain. Also Sir Launcelot, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, make no tarrying, but come over the sea in all haste, that thou mayst with thy noble knights rescue that noble king that made thee knight, that is my lord Arthur; for he is full straightly bestad with a false traitor, that is my half-brother, Sir Mordred; and he hath let crown him king, and would have wedded my lady Queen Guenever, and so had he done had she not put herself in the Tower of London. And so the tenth day of May last past, my lord Arthur and we all landed upon them at Dover; and there we put that false traitor, Sir Mordred, to flight, and there it misfortuned me to be stricken upon thy stroke. And at the date of this letter was written, but two hours and a half afore my death, written with mine own hand, and so subscribed with part of my heart's blood. And I require thee, most famous knight of the world, that thou wilt see my tomb." And then Sir Gawaine wept, and King Arthur wept; and then they swooned both. And when they awaked both, the king made Sir Gawaine to receive his Saviour. And then Sir Gawaine prayed the king for to send for Sir Launcelot, and to cherish him above all other knights. And so at the hour of noon Sir Gawaine yielded up the spirit; and then the king let inter him in a chapel within Dover Castle; and there yet all men may see the skull of him, and the same wound is seen that Sir Launcelot gave him in battle. Then was it told the king that Sir Mordred had pight a new field upon Barham Down. And upon the morn the king rode thither to him, and there was a great battle betwixt them, and much people was slain on both parties; but at the last Sir Arthur's party stood best, and Sir Mordred and his party fled unto Canterbury.

CHAPTER III

How after, Sir Gawaine's ghost appeared to King Arthur, and warned him that he should not fight that day

And then the king let search all the towns for his knights that were slain, and interred them; and salved them with soft salves that so sore were wounded. Then much people drew unto King Arthur. And then they said that Sir Mordred warred upon King Arthur with wrong. And then King Arthur drew him with his host down by the seaside westward toward Salisbury; and there was a day assigned betwixt King Arthur and Sir Mordred, that they should meet upon a down beside Salisbury, and not far from the seaside; and this day was assigned on a Monday after Trinity Sunday, whereof King Arthur was passing glad, that he might be avenged upon Sir Mordred. Then Sir Mordred araised much people about London, for they of Kent, Southsex, and Surrey, Estsex, and of Southfolk, and of Northfolk, held the most part with Sir Mordred; and many a full noble knight drew unto Sir Mordred and to the king; but they that loved Sir Launcelot drew unto Sir Mordred. So upon Trinity Sunday at night, King Arthur dreamed a wonderful dream, and that was this: that him seemed he sat upon a chaflet¹ in a chair, and the chair was fast to a wheel, and thereupon sat King Arthur in the richest cloth of gold that might be made; and the king thought there was under him, far from him, an hideous deep black water, and therein were all manner of serpents, and worms, and wild beasts, foul and horrible; and suddenly the king thought the wheel turned up-so-down, and he fell among the serpents, and every beast took him by a limb; and then the king cried as he lay in his bed and slept: "Help." And then knights, squires, and yeomen, awaked the king; and then he was so amazed that he wist not where he was; and then he fell on slumbering again, not sleeping nor thoroughly waking. So the king seemed² verily that there came Sir Gawaine unto him with a number of fair ladies with him. And when King Arthur saw him, then he said: "Welcome; my sister's son; I weened thou hadst been dead, and now I see thee alive, much am I beholding unto almighty Jesu. O fair nephew and my sister's son, what be these ladies that hither be come with you?" "Sir," said Sir Gawaine, "all these be ladies for whom I have foughten when I was man

¹ platform. ² it seemed to the king.

living, and all these are those that I did battle for in righteous quarrel; and God hath given them that grace at their great prayer, because I did battle for them, that they should bring me hither unto you: thus much hath God given me leave, for to warn you of your death; for an ye fight as to-morn with Sir Mordred, as ye both have assigned, doubt ye not ye must be slain, and the most part of your people on both parties. And for the great grace and goodness that almighty Jesu hath unto you, and for pity of you, and many more other good men there shall be slain, God hath sent me to you of his special grace, to give you warning that in no wise ye do battle as to-morn, but that ye take a treaty for a month day; and proffer you largely, so as to-morn to be put in a delay. For within a month shall come Sir Launcelot with all his noble knights, and rescue you worshipfully, and slay Sir Mordred, and all that ever will hold with him." Then Sir Gawaine and all the ladies vanished. And anon the king called upon his knights, squires, and yeomen, and charged them mightily to fetch his noble lords and wise bishops unto him. And when they were come, the king told them his avision, what Sir Gawaine had told him, and warned him that if he fought on the morn he should be slain. Then the king commanded Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere, with two bishops with them, and charged them in any wise, an they might, "Take a treaty for a month day with Sir Mordred, and spare not, proffer him lands and goods as much as ye think best." So then they departed, and came to Sir Mordred, where he had a grim host of an hundred thousand men. And there they entreated Sir Mordred long time; and at the last Sir Mordred was agreed for to have Cornwall and Kent, by Arthur's days: after, all England, after the days of King Arthur.

CHAPTER IV

How by misadventure of an adder the battle began, where Mordred was slain, and Arthur hurt to the death

Then were they condescended that King Arthur and Sir Mordred should meet betwixt both their hosts, and everich of them should bring fourteen persons; and they came with this word unto Arthur. Then said he: "I am glad that this is done:" and so he went into the field. And when Arthur should depart, he warned all his host that an they

1 swiftly. 2 agreed. 3 each.

see any sword drawn: "Look ye come on fiercely, and slay that traitor, Sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust him." In like wise Sir Mordred warned his host that: "An ye see any sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely, and so slay all that ever before you standeth; for in no wise I will not trust for this treaty, for I know well my father will be avenged on me." And so they met as their appointment was, and so they were agreed and accorded thoroughly; and wine was fetched, and they drank. Right soon came an adder out of a little heath bush, and it stung a knight on the foot. And when the knight-felt him stung, he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought of none other harm. And when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew beams, trumpets, and horns, and shouted grimly. And so both hosts dressed them together. And King Arthur took his horse, and said: "Alas this unhappy day!" and so rode to his party. And Sir Mordred in like wise. And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land; for there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle of Sir Mordred many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should, and at all times he fainted never; and Sir Mordred that day put him in devoir, and in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted till the noble knights were laid to the cold earth; and ever they fought still till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then was Arthur wood wroth out of measure, when he saw his people so slain from him. Then the king looked about him, and then was he ware, of all his host and of all his good knights, were left no more alive but two knights; that one was Sir Lucan the Butler, and his brother Sir Bedivere, and they were full sore wounded. "Jesu mercy," said the king, "where are all my noble knights become?" Alas that ever I should see this doleful day, for now," said Arthur, "I am come to mine end. But would to God that I wist where were that traitor Sir Mordred, that hath caused all this mischief." Then was King Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. "Now give me my spear," said Arthur

1 clarions. 2 mad.

unto Sir Lucan, "for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought." "Sir, let him be," said Sir Lucan, "for he is unhappy;¹ and if ye pass this unhappy day ye shall be right well revenged upon him. 5 Good lord, remember ye of your night's dream, and what the spirit of Sir Gawaine told you this night, yet God of his great goodness hath preserved you hitherto. Therefore, for God's sake, my lord, leave 10 off by this, for blessed be God ye have won the field, for here we be three alive, and with Sir Mordred is none alive; and if ye leave off now, this wicked day of destiny is past." "Tide me death, betide me life," saith the 15 king, "now I see him yonder alone he shall never escape mine hands, for at a better avail shall I never have him." "God speed you well," said Sir Bedivere. Then the king gat his spear in both his hands, and ran 20 toward Sir Mordred, crying: "Traitor, now is thy death day come." And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until him with his sword drawn in his hand. And there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under 25 the shield, with a foin of his spear, through-out the body, more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death wound he thrust himself with the might that he had up to the bur of King Arthur's spear. 30 And right so he smote his father Arthur, with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan, and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth; and the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, 35 and there he swooned oft-times. And Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedivere oft-times heaved him up. And so weakly they led him betwixt them both, to a little chapel not 40 far from the seaside. And when the king was there he thought him well eased. Then heard they people cry in the field. "Now go thou, Sir Lucan," said the king, "and do me to wit what betokens that noise in the 45 field." So Sir Lucan departed, for he was grievously wounded in many places. And so as he yede,² he saw and hearkened by the moonlight, how that pillers and robbers were come into the field, to pill and to rob many 50 a full noble knight of brooches, and beads, of many a good ring, and of many a rich jewel; and who that were not dead all out, there they slew them for their harness and their riches. When Sir Lucan understood this 55 work, he came to the king as soon as he might, and told him all what he had heard

¹ of ill omen to you.² went.

and seen. "Therefore by my rede," said Sir Lucan, "it is best that we bring you to some town." "I would it were so," said the king.

CHAPTER V

How King Arthur commanded to cast his sword Excalibur into the water, and how he was delivered to ladies in a barge

"But I may not stand, mine head works so. Ah Sir Launcelot," said King Arthur, "this day have I sore missed thee: alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawaine me warned in my dream." Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting the king swooned; and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the lift, 5 that the part of his guts fell out of his body, and therewith the noble knight's heart brast. And when the king awoke, he beheld Sir Lucan, how he lay foaming at the mouth, and part of his guts lay at his feet. "Alas," 10 said the king, "this is to me a full heavy sight, to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me, that had more need of help than I. Alas, he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me: now Jesu have mercy upon his soul!" 15 Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother. "Leave this mourning and weeping," said the king, "for all this will not avail me, for wit thou well an I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore; but my time hieth fast," said the king. "Therefore," said Arthur unto 20 Sir Bedivere, "take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest." "My lord," said Bedivere, "your command- 25 ment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again." So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones; and then he said to himself: "If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof 30 shall never come good, but harm and loss." And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword in the 35 water. "What saw thou there?" said the king. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but waves and winds." "That is untruly said of thee," said the king, "therefore go thou lightly again,

and do my commandment; as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in." Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. "What saw thou there?" said the king. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but the waters wap¹ and waves wan." "Ah, traitor untrue," said King Arthur, "now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that, thou that hast been to me so lief and dear? and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the richness of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands; for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead." Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water, as he might; and there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. "Alas," said the king, "help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long." Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hove a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. "Now put me into the barge," said the king. And so he did softly; and there received him three queens with great mourning; and so they set them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that queen said: "Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? alas, this wound on your head hath caught over-much cold." And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried: "Ah my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies?" "Comfort thyself," said the king, "and do as well as thou may-

¹ ripple.

est, for in me is no trust for to trust in; for I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound: and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul." But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest; and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware betwixt two holts hoar, of a chapel and an hermitage.

CHAPTER VI

How Sir Bedivere found him on the morrow dead in an hermitage, and how he abode there with the hermit

Then was Sir Bedivere glad, and thither he went; and when he came into the chapel, he saw where lay an hermit grovelling on all four, there fast by a tomb was new graven. When the hermit saw Sir Bedivere he knew him well, for he was but little to-fore Bishop of Canterbury, that Sir Mordred flemed.¹ "Sir," said Bedivere, "what man is there interred that ye pray so fast for?" "Fair son," said the hermit, "I wot not verily, but by deeming. But this night, at midnight, here came a number of ladies, and brought hither a dead corpse, and prayed me to bury him; and here they offered an hundred tapers, and they gave me an hundred besants." "Alas," said Sir Bedivere, "that was my lord King Arthur, that here lieth buried in this chapel." Then Sir Bedivere swooned; and when he awoke he prayed the hermit he might abide with him still there, to live with fasting and prayers. "For from hence will I never go," said Sir Bedivere, "by my will, but all the days of my life here to pray for my lord Arthur." "Ye are welcome to me," said the hermit, "for I know ye better than ye ween that I do. Ye are the bold Bedivere, and the full noble duke, Sir Lucan the Butler, was your brother." Then Sir Bedivere told the hermit all as ye have heard to-fore. So there bode Sir Bedivere with the hermit that was to-fore Bishop of Canterbury, and there Sir Bedivere put upon him poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers. Thus of Arthur I find never more written in books that be authorised, nor more of the very certainty of his death heard I never read, but thus was he led away in a ship wherein were three queens; that one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay; the other was the Queen of Northalgis:

¹ out to flight.

the third was the Queen of the Waste Lands. Also there was Nimue, the chief lady of the lake, that had wedded Pelleas the good knight; and this lady had done much for King Arthur, for she would never suffer Sir Pelleas to be in no place where he should be in danger of his life; and so he lived to the uttermost of his days with her in great rest. More of the death of King Arthur could I never find, but that ladies brought him to his burials; and such one was buried there, that the hermit bare witness that sometime was Bishop of Canterbury, but yet the hermit knew not in certain that he was verily the body of King Arthur: for this tale Sir Bedivere, knight of the Table Round, made it to be written.

CHAPTER VII

Of the opinion of some men of the death of King Arthur; and how Queen Guenever made her a nun in Almesbury

Yet some men say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu into another place; and men say that he shall come again,

and he shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say, here in this world he changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse: *Hic jacet Arthurus, Rex quondam, Hicque futurus.*¹ Thus leave I here Sir Bedivere with the hermit, that dwelled that time in a chapel beside Glastonbury, and there was his hermitage. And so they lived in their prayers, and fastings, and great abstinence. And when Queen Guenever understood that King Arthur was slain, and all the noble knights, Sir Mordred and all the remnant, then the queen stole away, and five ladies with her, and so she went to Almesbury; and there she let make herself a nun, and ware white clothes and black, and great penance she took, as ever did sinful lady in this land, and never creature could make her merry; but lived in fasting, prayers, and alms-deeds, that all manner of people marvelled how virtuously she was changed. Now leave we Queen Guenever in Almesbury, a nun in white clothes and black, and there she was abbess and ruler as reason would; and turn we from her, and speak we of Sir Launcelot du Lake.

¹ Here lies Arthur, King aforetime, and King to be

THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD

THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD

The age of Elizabeth is England's Renaissance, appearing about a century later than the Renaissance on the Continent. This revival began in Italy at the close of the Middle Ages, after the Crusades and the fall of Constantinople had brought East and West in contact once more; and men of letters and even courtiers were reminded of the splendor of ancient civilization. The classics, especially Greek, which had been forgotten in western Europe, were studied with renewed eagerness. Through Italy and northward spread an enthusiasm for literature, the fine arts, and the joy of living. The invention and development of printing made books more easily accessible, and stimulated public interest in literature and learning. New aids to navigation, like the compass and Mercator's chart, made possible explorations and colonization beyond the seas. The old feudal system had broken up. Nationalism grew. And the claims of the Church were submitted to a close scrutiny, which culminated in the Protestant Reformation.

Like all "ages," the age of Elizabeth has no definite beginning or ending. True enough, *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557), which introduced two great literary forms into England, is almost coincident with the accession of Elizabeth in 1558; and 1603, the year of her death, saw the publication of *Hamlet*. For convenience' sake, these dates may be assumed as limits, but the spirit of the age may be found beyond these arbitrary markers.

The dominant figure of the period was Queen Elizabeth, the ablest of English rulers. Like her father, Henry VIII, she was skilled in statecraft, and surrounded herself with able advisers. She restored Protestantism, which Henry VIII had introduced into England and which her predecessor, Queen Mary, had abolished. She stabilized the government and maintained peace throughout most of her long reign. Under her rule, England advanced rapidly in commerce and colonization. Above all, she was the patroness Queen, whom all her courtiers and poets were eager to honor and to please.

It was, we have said, the time of the "revival of learning." Accompanying the enthusiasm for Latin and Greek arose in England a renewed interest in the literatures of France and especially Italy, the two countries which had a pronounced influence upon English letters in this period. Those who knew no foreign language had at their disposal the many splendid Elizabethan translations, like Lord Berners's *Froissart* (1525) and *Marcus Aurelius* (1534), Phaer's *Aeneid* (1558-62), Golding's *Ovid* (1565-75), Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1566, 1567), North's *Plutarch* (1579), Harrington's *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto (1591), Chapman's *Iliad* (1598-1611), and *Odyssey* (1614, 1615), Fairfax's *Jerusalem Delivered* of Tasso (1600), and Florio's *Montaigne* (1603).

In England, moreover, it was the age of discovery and a time of national pride. Explorations followed rapidly upon Columbus's success. Names like Frobisher, Raleigh, and Drake became household words. The romantic accounts of these voyages were published by Hakluyt, Purchas, and others, to inspire poets from Shakespeare to Coleridge. Likewise, the stimulating past of England was made easily available in the chronicles of Fabyan, Stowe, and Holinshed, and in turn became the subject-matter of numerous chronicle plays treating the glorious epochs in England's history. National pride received additional inspiration from the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588.

In brief, the imagination of England was aroused. Men were exuberantly conscious of life, proud of individuality, eager to develop personality according to some pattern, to become well-rounded or "complete" gentlemen. There was a universal regard for craftsmanship. Even the ordinary man took delight in splendor, in dress, in pageantry, in elaborate language, in music. England was truly "merry," singing England.

Poetry was the language of the age. Numerous poets appeared, writing for the joy of it, because they had to express their feelings, or for the sake of emulation, often with no thought of publication or lasting fame. Some of the poems of these anonymous poets have been preserved in the various collections of the period, like *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557), *A Paradise of Dainty Devices* (1576), the most popular of all, *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions* (1578), and *England's Helicon* (1600). Many have been lost. Small poet and great poet alike experimented with verse forms. Some tried to establish English verse on classical or quantitative principles. Two noteworthy forms, the sonnet and blank verse, were developed, and in them the great Elizabethans achieved the utmost in artistic skill — extreme flexibility within a fixed form.

Prose developed more slowly. In the early part of the sixteenth century, Latin or even Greek was still the accepted vehicle for expressing thoughts or ideas. Sir Thomas More, in fact, first wrote his *Utopia* (1516) in Latin. The translators, chroniclers, and writers of books of instruction were the chief employers of prose. Noble passages occur in Berners's translation of Froissart, in

Coverdale's and Tyndale's versions of the Bible (1539), in Florio's rendering of Montaigne's *Essays*, in Hakluyt, and in Raleigh. Sir Thomas Elyot in *The Book of the Governor* (1531) and Ascham wrote simple, direct prose, which fitted their purpose — education and instruction. The language of *The Book of Common Prayer*, compiled in 1548, is in itself edifying. In belles-lettres, Lyly, Sidney, Nash, and Lodge in his *Rosalind* (1590) developed individual styles; and they helped to evolve a new literary form — prose fiction.

The glory of the age, however, was its drama, a remarkable literary phenomenon. Foreign influences did much to hasten and to help Elizabethan drama, but its chief characteristics remained essentially English. From abroad came many of its plots. From the classics, especially from Seneca, came the division of plays into five acts (a custom which prevailed until the days of Fielding), and much of the paraphernalia of the tragedy of blood, as well as the use of Latin stage directions, some of which have persisted to this day. These elements appear, for instance, in the first English tragedy in blank verse, Sackville and Norton's *Gorboduc* (first acted in 1561). They appear also in Shakespeare. From Plautus and Terence were derived such stock characters as the parasite and the *miles gloriosus* or braggart soldier; likewise, the type of plot that we find in Udall's *Ralph Roister Doister* and in the *Comedy of Errors*. In a short space of time the morality play and interlude of the beginning of the century were superseded by a new type of playwriting, to which Lyly, Kyd, Greene, and Peele contributed important and essential features, helping to make possible the astoundingly quick development of England's greatest dramatists, Marlowe and Shakespeare.

For a description of Elizabethan times the reader may consult H. T. Stephenson, *Shakespeare's London* (New York, 1905), J. D. Wilson, *Life in Shakespeare's England* (Cambridge, 1911), Stow's contemporary *Survey of London* (Everyman's Library), and volumes 3 and 4 of H. D. Traill, *Social England*. For the drama of the period see A. H. Thorndike, *Tragedy* (Houghton Mifflin Company), C. F. Tucker Brooke, *Tudor Drama* (Houghton Mifflin Company), and F. E. Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama* (Houghton Mifflin Company). The representative plays of the age may be found in W. A. Neilson, *Chief Elizabethan Dramatists* (Houghton Mifflin Company). F. E. Schelling, *A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics* (Ginn & Co.) contains a good survey of the poetry of the period.

SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503-1542)

The names of Sir Thomas Wyatt, baronet, 1503-1542, and Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey 1517?-1547, are usually connected in literary history, not as collaborators, after the manner of Beaumont and Fletcher, but as the writers who were the first to introduce into England the sonnet form — which was already well known in France, whither it had come from Italy. Surrey also earned the distinction of being the first English author to use blank verse, in his fragmentary translations from the *Æneid*. The works of both poets, after circulating about the court in manuscript, were printed for the first time in a collection of poems called *Tottel's Miscellany*, published in 1557, the year before Elizabeth's accession. In this volume, which appeared after the death of the writers, were gathered over ninety of Wyatt's poems and forty of Surrey's.

Of the lives of Wyatt and Surrey, it need only be said that both were well-educated, accomplished gentlemen at the court of Henry VIII. Surrey, the younger of the two, was son and heir of the third Duke of Norfolk. Both were engaged in various diplomatic missions, and both were, at times, imprisoned in the Tower, where Surrey, in 1547, was beheaded, five years after his cousin Catherine Howard, the Queen, had met a similar fate.

The fame of Wyatt and Surrey is due to the fact that they are the first writers to bring the spirit of the Italian Renaissance into English poetry. This influence is most evident in their sonnets, although even in them the English element is strong.

The Italian or Petrarchan sonnet consists of an octave, eight lines in iambic pentameter rhyming *abba abba*; and a sestet, six similar lines rhyming in any fashion, provided the last two lines are not a couplet. Both Wyatt and Surrey, however, inclined more to the form of the sonnet used later by Shakespeare and called after him Shakespearean. This consists of three groups of four lines, with a concluding couplet, thus: *abab cdcd efef gg*. Sometimes a rhyme used in one group might be employed in another also.

The blank verse of Surrey, destined to be the vehicle of expression for the great Elizabethan dramatists, is the same line as in the sonnet or in the couplets of Chaucer, without, of course, the rhyme.

Besides these two forms, Wyatt and Surrey used other verse structures also, as will be seen below.

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS STATE TO A SHIP IN PERILOUS STORM TOSSED ON THE SEA

My galley charged with forgetfulness
Thorough sharp seas, in winter nights doth
pass,

'Tween rock and rock; and eke my foe,
alas,

That is my lord, steereth with cruelty,
And every hour, a thought in readiness, 5
As though that death were light in such a
case.

An endless wind doth tear the sail apace
Of forced sighs, and trusty fearfulness.
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain
Hath done the wearied cords great hinder-
ance, 10

Wreathed with error, and with ignorance.
The stars be hid that led me to this pain;
Drowned is reason that should be my com-
fort,
And I remain, despairing of the port.

THE LOVER HAVING DREAMED OF ENJOYING OF HIS LOVE, COMPLAINETH THAT THE DREAM IS NOT EITHER LONGER OR TRUER

Unstable dream, according to the place,
Be steadfast once, or else at least be true.
By tasted sweetness make me not to rue
The sudden loss of thy false feigned grace.
By good respect in such a dangerous case 5
Thou broughtst not her into these tossing
seas,

But madest my spirit to live, my care t'en-
crease,

My body in tempest her delight t'embrace.
The body dead, the spirit had his desire; 10
Painless was th' one, the other in delight.
Why then, alas! did it not keep it right,
But thus return to leap into the fire,

And where it was at wish, could not
remain?

Such mocks of dreams do turn to deadly
pain!

A RENOUNCING OF LOVE

Farewell, Love, and all thy laws for ever!
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more:
Senec and Plato call me from thy lore
To perfect wealth my wit for to endeavor.
In blind error when I did persevere, 5

Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
Taught me in trifles that I set no store;
But 'scape forth thence, since liberty is
lever.¹

Therefore, farewell! go trouble younger
hearts,

And in me claim no more authority. 10

With idle youth go use thy property,
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts;
For hitherto though I have lost my time,
Me list no longer rotten boughs to climb.

THE LOVER BESEECHETH HIS MISTRESS NOT TO FORGET HIS STEADFAST FAITH AND TRUE INTENT

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!
Forget not yet when first began 5
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service none tell can;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways, 10
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not! O, forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is,
The mind that never meant amiss — 15
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved:
Forget not this! 20

AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UN- KIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay, for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.²
And wilt thou leave me thus? 5
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long

1 dearer.

2 sadness.

In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart
Neither for pain nor smart:
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas, thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE UNKINDNESS OF HIS LOVE

My lute, awake, perform the last
Labor that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun.
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute, be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave ¹ in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon.
Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan?
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection;
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby ² my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts through Lovè's shot,
By whom unkind³ thou hast them won,
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That makest but game of earnest pain;
Trow ³ not alone under the sun
Unquit ⁴ to cause thy lovers plain,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie ⁵ withered and old
In winter nights, that are so cold,

¹ cut into, inlay. ² wherefore. ³ think.
⁴ without punishment.
⁵ It may happen that you will lie.

10 Plaining in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told:
Care then who list, for I have done. 30

15 And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon:
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want, as I have done. 35

20 Now cease, my lute! This is the last
Labor that thou and I shall waste;
And ended is that we begun:
Now is thy song both sung and past;
My lute, be still, for I have done. 40

OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE

WRITTEN TO JOHN POINS ¹

My mother's maids, when they did sew and
spin,
They sang sometime a song of the field mouse
That, for because her livelihood was but thin,
Would needs go seek her townish sister's
house.

5 She thought herself endured too much pain; ⁵
The stormy blasts her cave so sore did souse
That when the furrows swimmèd with the
rain,

10 She must lie cold and wet in sorry plight;
And worse than that, bare meat there did
remain

To comfort her when she her house had
dight; ² 10
Sometime a barley corn; sometime a bean,
For which she labored hard both day and
night

15 In harvest time whilst she might go and
glean;

And where store ³ was stroyed ⁴ with the
flood,

Then welaway! for she undone was clean. ¹⁵
Then was she fain to take instead of food
Sleep, if she might, her hunger to beguile.

20 "My sister," quoth she, "hath a living
good,

And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile.
In cold and storm she lieth warm and dry ²⁰

In bed of down, the dirt doth not defile
Her tender foot, she laboreth not as I.

25 Richly she feedeth and at the richman's cost,
And for her meat she needs not crave nor cry.

By sea, by land, of the delicates, the most ²⁵

¹ A friend of Wyatt's. ² put in shape.
³ supply. ⁴ destroyed.

Her cater ¹ seeks and spareth for no peril,
 She feedeth on boiled bacon, meat and roast;
 And hath thereof neither charge nor travail;
 And when she list, the liquor of the grape
 Doth glad her heart till that her belly
 swell." 30

And at this journey she maketh but a
 jape;²

So forth she goeth, trusting of all this wealth
 With her sister her part so for to shape,
 That if she might keep herself in health,
 To live a lady while her life doth last. 35

And to the door now is she come by
 stealth,

And with her foot anon she scrapeth full fast.
 Th' other for fear durst not well scarce
 appear,

Of every noise so was the wretch aghast.
 At last she asked softly who was there, 40
 And in her language as well as she could.

"Peep!" quoth the other sister, "I am here."

"Peace," quoth the town mouse, "why
 speakest thou so loud?"

And by the hand she took her fair and well.
 "Welcome," quoth she, "my sister, by the
 Rood!" 45

She feasted her, that joy it was to tell
 The fare they had; they drank the wine so
 clear,

And as to purpose now and then it fell,
 She cheered her with "Ho, sister, what
 cheer!"

Amid this joy befell a sorry chance, 50
 That, welaway! the stranger bought full dear
 The fare she had, for, as she looks askance,
 Under a stool she spied two steaming³ eyes
 In a round head with sharp ears. In France
 Was never mouse so feared, for, though
 unwise 55

Had not i-seen such a beast before,
 Yet had nature taught her after her guise
 To know her foe and dread him evermore.
 The towney mouse fled, she knew whither to
 go;

Th' other had no shift, but wanders sore 60
 Feard of her life. At home she wished her
 tho,⁴

And to the door, alas! as she did skip,
 The heaven it would, lo! and eke her chance
 was so,

At the threshold her silly foot did trip;
 And ere she might recover it again, 65
 The traitor cat had caught her by the hip,
 And made her there against her will remain,
 That had forgot her poor surety and rest
 For seeming wealth wherein she thought to
 reign.

1 caterer. 2 jest. 3 glittering. 4 then.

Alas, my Pains, how men do seek the best 70
 And find the worst by error as they stray!
 And no marvel; when sight is so opprest,
 And blinds the guide, anon out of the way
 Goeth guide and all in seeking quiet life.
 O wretched minds, there is no gold that
 may 75

Grant that you seek; no war, no peace, no
 strife.

No, no, although thy head were hooped with
 gold,

Sergeant with mace, halbred, sword, nor
 knife,

Cannot repulse the care that follow should.
 Each kind of life hath with him his disease. 80
 Live in delight even as thy lust would,
 And thou shalt find, when lust doth most
 thee please,

It irketh straight, and by itself doth fade.
 A small thing is it that may thy mind ap-
 pease.

None of ye all there is that is so mad 85
 To seek for grapes on brambles or on briars;

Nor none, I trow, that hath his wit so bad
 To set his hay¹ for conies² over rivers,

Nor ye set not a drag-net for an hare;
 And yet the thing that most is your desire 90

Ye do mis-seek with more travail and care.
 Make plain thine heart, that it be not knotted

With hope or dread, and see thy will be bare
 From all effects whom vice hath ever spotted.

Thyself content with that is thee assigned, 95
 And use it well that is to thee allotted.

Then seek no more out of thyself to find
 The thing that thou hast sought so long be-
 fore,

For thou shalt feel it sticking in thy mind.
 Mad, if ye list to continue your sore, 100

Let present pass and gape on time to come,
 And deep yourself in travail more and more.

Henceforth, my Pains, this shall be all and
 some,

These wretched fools shall have naught else
 of me;

But to the great God and to his high
 dome³ 105

None other pain pray I for them to be,
 But, when the rage doth lead them from the
 right,

That, looking backward, virtue they may
 see,

Even as she is so goodly fair and bright,
 And whilst they clasp their lusts in arms
 across, 110

Grant them, good Lord, as thou mayst of
 thy might,

To fret inward for losing such a loss.

1 trap. 2 rabbits. 3 judgment.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY (1517?-1547)

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING

WHEREIN EACH THING RENEWS, SAVE
ONLY THE LOVER

The soote ¹ season that bud and bloom forth
brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle ² to her make ³ hath told her tale:
Summer is come, for every spray now
springs; ⁵
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale; ⁴
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings:
The fishes flete ⁵ with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she slings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale; ¹⁰
The busy bee her honey now she mings.⁶
Winter is worn, that was the flowers' bale:
And thus I see among these pleasant
things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow
springs!

COMPLAINT OF A LOVER
REBUKED

Love, that liveth and reigneth in my thought,
That built his seat within my captive breast,
Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She that me taught to love and suffer pain, ⁵
My doubtful hope and eke my hot desire
With shamefast cloak to shadow and refrain,
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.
The coward Love then to the heart apace
Taketh his flight, whereas he lurks and
plains,⁷ ¹⁰
His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.
For my lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pains.
Yet from my lord shall not my foot re-
move;
Sweet is his death that takes his end by
love.

A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF
THE LOVER NOT BELOVED

Alas, so all things now do hold their peace!
Heaven and earth disturbed in nothing;
The beasts, the air, the birds their song do
cease,

The night's chair the stars about doth bring.
Calm is the sea; the waves work less and
less; ⁵

So am not I, whom love, alas, doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great increase
Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,
In joy and woe, as in a doubtful ease.
For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure
bring; ¹⁰

But by and by, the cause of my disease
Gives me a pang, that inwardly doth sting,
When that I think what grief it is again,
To live and lack the thing should rid my
pain.

PRISONED IN WINDSOR, HE
RECOUNTETH HIS PLEASURE
THERE PASSED

So cruel prison how could betide, alas,
As proud Windsor? where I in lust and joy,
With a King's son, my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy.
Where each sweet place returns a taste full
sour, ⁵

The large green courts, where we were wont
to hove,¹

With eyes cast up into the maiden's tower,
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great de-
light; ¹⁰

With words and looks, that tigers could but
rue;

When each of us did plead the other's right.
The palme-play ² where, despoiled for the
game,

With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love
Have missed the ball, and got sight of our
dame, ¹⁵

To bait ³ her eyes, which kept the leads
above.

The gravelled ground, with sleeves tied on
the helm,

On foaming horse, with swords and friendly
hearts;

With cheer, as though one should another
whelm,

When we have fought, and chased oft with
darts; ²⁰

With silver drops the mead yet spread for
ruth,

¹ sweet. ² turtle-dove ³ mate.
⁴ stake, picket. ⁵ float. ⁶ mixes. ⁷ complains.

¹ linger. ² tennis. ³ allure.

In active games of nimbleness and strength,
 Where we did strain, trained with swarms of
 youth,
 Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length.
 The secret groves, which oft we made
 resound 25
 Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise;
 Recording oft what grace each one had
 found,
 What hope of speed, what dread of long
 delays.
 The wild forest, the clothed holts with green;
 With reins availed,¹ and swift ybreathed
 horse, 30
 With cry of hounds, and merry blasts be-
 tween,
 When we did chase the fearful hart of force.
 The void walls eke, that harbored us each
 night:
 Wherewith, alas! reviveth in my breast
 The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet de-
 light; 35
 The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;—
 The secret thoughts, imparted with such
 trust;
 The wanton talk, the divers change of play;
 The friendship sworn, each promise kept so
 just,
 Wherewith we passed the winter night
 away. 40
 And with this thought the blood forsakes the
 face;
 The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue:
 The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
 Uppressed have, thus I my plaint renew:
 "O place of bliss, renewer of my woes!" 45
 Give me account, where is my noble fere,²
 Whom in thy walls thou dost each night
 enclose,
 To other lief,³ but unto me most dear."
 Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue
 Returns thereat a hollow sound of plaint. 50
 Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
 In prison pine, with bondage and restraint;
 And with remembrance of the greater grief,
 To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE

Martial,⁴ the things that do attain
 The happy life be these, I find;
 The riches left, not got with pain;
 The fruitful ground, the quiet mind.

¹ slackened.

² companion.

³ dear.

⁴ The Latin poet, 43-104 A.D.

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife, 5
 No charge of rule nor governance;
 Without disease, the healthful life;
 The household of continuance.

The mean¹ diet, no delicate fare;
 True wisdom joined with simpleness; 10
 The night discharged of all care,
 Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate;
 Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
 Contented with thine own estate, 15
 Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR T[HOMAS] W[YATT]

W[yatt] resteth here that quick could never
 rest;

Whose heavenly gifts increased by disdain.
 And virtue sank the deeper in his breast;
 Such profit he by envy could obtain.

A head where wisdom mysteries did frame, 5
 Whose hammers beat still in that lively
 brain,
 As on a stithe² where that some work of fame
 Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's
 gain.

A visage stern and mild: where both did grow
 Vice to condemn, in virtue to rejoice; 10
 Amid great storms whom grace assured so
 To live upright, and smile at fortune's
 choice.

A hand that taught what might be said in
 rhyme;
 That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit;
 A mark, the which (unperfected for time) 15
 Some may approach, but never none shall
 hit.

A tongue that served in foreign realms his
 king;
 Whose courteous talk to virtue did inflame
 Each noble heart: a worthy guide to bring
 Our English youth by travail unto fame. 20

An eye whose judgment none affect³ could
 blind,
 Friends to allure and foes to reconcile,
 Whose piercing look did represent a mind
 With virtue fraught reposed void of guile.

¹ moderate.

² anvil.

³ no affection.

A heart where dread was never so imprest 25
 To hide the thought that might the truth
 advance;
 In neither fortune loft,¹ nor yet repress,
 To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.

A valiant corpse, where force and beauty met,
 Happy alas, too happy but for foes, 30
 Lived, and ran the race that nature set;
 Of manhood's shape where she the mould
 did lose.

But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,
 Which left with such as covet Christ to know
 Witness of faith that never shall be dead, 35
 Sent for our health, but not received so.

Thus, for our guilt, this jewel have we lost;
 The earth his bones, the heavens possess his
 ghost!

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID

Book II, lines 1-28

They whisted² all, with fixed face attent,
 When Prince Æneas from the royal seat
 Thus 'gan to speak: "O Queen, it is thy will

I should renew a woe cannot be told;
 How that the Greeks did spoil and over-
 throw 5
 The Phrygian¹ wealth and wailful² realm
 of Troy.
 Those ruthless things that I myself beheld,
 And whereof no small part fell to my share;
 Which to express, who could refrain from
 tears?
 What Myrmidon?³ or yet what Dolopes?³ 10
 What stern Ulysses' waged soldier?
 And lo! moist night now from the welkin falls,
 And stars declining counsel us to rest;
 But since so great is thy delight to hear
 Of our mishaps and Troy's last decay, 15
 Though to record the same my mind abhors
 And plaint eschews,⁴ yet thus will I begin:—
 The Greek's chieftains, all irked with the war,
 Wherein they wasted had so many years,
 And oft repulsed by fatal destiny, 20
 A huge horse made, high raised like a hill,
 By the divine science of Minerva, —
 Of cloven fir compacted were his ribs, —
 For their return a feigned sacrifice, —
 The fame whereof so wandered it at point.⁵ 25
 In the dark bulk they closed bodies of men
 Chosen by lot, and did enstuff by stealth
 The hollow womb with armed soldiers.

ROGER ASCHAM (1515-1568)

Ascham was born in 1515 in Yorkshire. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where later he became a teacher. His great interest was in Greek, the study of which had been fostered by the humanistic revival. Besides his academic duties, he served, in various capacities, Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth. He was Latin Secretary to the last three; and before her accession he was tutor of languages to Queen Elizabeth, the best educated woman of her time. Ascham died in 1568.

Ascham was primarily a scholar and a teacher. In line with his vocation, he wrote three books, two of which have lasted because of their style and subject-matter. They are *Toxophilus*, 1545, a treatise on the educational and patriotic advantages of archery, and *The Schoolmaster*, published in 1570 after his death, a plan for a better system for "the bringing up of youth," based upon the new humanism which had arisen during the Renaissance.

In spite of the inspiration that he received from foreign literatures, Ascham remained a thorough Englishman. "I write English, and to Englishmen," he declared in *The Schoolmaster*. He despised Italianate Englishmen, regretting, like a Puritan, that many of the books "late translated out of Italian" did "harm with enticing men to ill living." Yet he was not stubborn, and could, in the midst of the intellectual arguments of his day, remark with humorous detachment, "I have been a looker-on in the cockpit of learning these many years."

INTRODUCTION TO TOXOPHILUS

TO ALL GENTLEMEN AND YEOMEN OF
 ENGLAND

Bias the wise man came to Cræsus³ the
 rich king, on a time when he was making

new ships, purposing to have subdued by
 water the out-isles lying betwixt Greece and
 Asia Minor. "What news now in Greece?"
 saith the king to Bias. "None other news
 5 but these," saith Bias: "that the isles of
 Greece have prepared a wonderful company
 of horsemen to over-run Lydia withal."

¹ proud. ² became silent.
³ King of Lydia. sixth century B.C.

¹ Troy was in Phrygia. ² sorrowful.
³ The Myrmidons and the Dolopes fought for Greece.
⁴ avoids complaining. ⁵ fitly.

"There is nothing under heaven," saith the King, "that I would so soon wish, as that they durst be so bold to meet us on the land with horse." "And think you," saith Bias, "that there is any thing which they would sooner wish, than that you should be so fond¹ to meet them on the water with ships?" And so Cræsus, hearing not the true news, but perceiving the wise man's mind and counsel, both gave then over making of his ships, and left also behind him a wonderful example for all commonwealths to follow: that is, evermore to regard and set most by that thing whereunto nature hath made them most apt, and use hath made them most fit.

By this matter I mean the shooting in the long bow, for Englishmen; which thing with all my heart I do wish, and if I were of authority,² I would counsel all the gentlemen and yeomen of England, not to change it with any other thing, how good soever it seems to be; but that still, according to the old wont³ of England, youth should use it for the most honest pastime in peace, that men might handle it as a most sure weapon in war. Other strong weapons, which both experience doth prove to be good, and the wisdom of the King's Majesty and his council provides to be had, are not ordained to take away shooting; but that both, not compared together whether should be better than the other, but so joined together that the one should be always an aid and help for the other, might so strengthen the realm on all sides, that no kind of enemy, in any kind of weapon, might pass and go beyond us.

For this purpose I, partly provoked by the counsel of some gentlemen, partly moved by the love which I have always borne toward shooting, have written this little treatise; wherein, if I have not satisfied any man, I trust he will the rather be content with my doing, because I am (I suppose) the first which hath said any thing in this matter, (and few beginnings be perfect, saith wise men;) and also because, if I have said amiss, I am content that any man amend it: or, if I have said too little, any man that will, to add what him pleaseth to it.

My mind is, in profiting and pleasing every man, to hurt or displease no man, intending none other purpose, but that youth might be stirred to labor, honest pastime, and virtue, and as much as lieth in me,

plucked from idleness, unthrifty games, and vice: which thing I have labored only in this book, showing how fit shooting is for all kinds of men; how honest a pastime for the mind; how wholesome an exercise for the body; not vile for great men to use, not costly for poor men to sustain, not lurking in holes and corners for ill men at their pleasure to misuse it, but abiding in the open sight and face of the world, for good men, if it fault, by their wisdom to correct it.

And here I would desire all gentlemen and yeomen to use this pastime in such a mean, that the outrageousness of great gaming should not hurt the honesty of shooting, which, of his own nature, is always joined with honesty; yet for men's faults oftentimes blamed unworthily, as all good things have been, and evermore shall be.

If any man would blame me, either for taking such a matter in hand, or else for writing it in the English tongue, this answer I may make him, that when the best of the realm think it honest for them to use, I, one of the meanest sort, ought not to suppose it vile for me to write; and though to have written it in another tongue, had been both more profitable for my study, and also more honest for my name, yet I can think my labor well bestowed, if with a little hinderance of my profit and name, may come any furtherance to the pleasure or commodity of the gentlemen and yeomen of England, for whose sake I took this matter in hand. And as for the Latin or Greek tongue, every thing is so excellently done in them, that none can do better: in the English tongue, contrary, every thing in a manner so meanly both for the matter and handling, that no man can do worse. For therein the least learned, for the most part, have been always most ready to write. And they which had least hope in Latin, have been most bold in English: when surely every man that is most ready to talk, is not most able to write. He that will write well in any tongue, must follow this counsel of Aristotle, to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do: and so should every man understand him, and the judgment of wise men allow¹ him. Many English writers have not done so, but using strange words, as Latin, French, and Italian, do make all things dark and hard. Once I communed² with a man which reasoned the English tongue to be enriched and increased thereby, saying, "Who will not praise that feast where a man shall drink at a dinner

¹ foolish.

² influence.

³ An Englishman would recall the battle of Crécy in 1346, when Edward III and the Black Prince defeated the French, largely through the skill of the English bowmen.

¹ approve.

² conversed.

both wine, ale, and beer?" "Truly (quoth I) they be all good, every one taken by himself alone, but if you put malmsey and sack, red wine and white, ale and beer, and all in one pot, you shall make a drink neither 5 easy to be known, nor yet wholesome for the body." Cicero, in following Isocrates, Plato, and Demosthenes, increased the Latin tongue after another sort. This way, because divers men that write do not know, 10 they can neither follow it, because of their ignorance, nor yet will praise it for very arrogancy, two faults, seldom the one out of the other's company.

English writers by diversity of time have 15 taken divers matters in hand. In our fathers' time nothing was read but books of feigned chivalry,¹ wherein a man by reading should be led to none other end, but only to manslaughter and bawdry. If any man 20 suppose they were good enough to pass the time withal, he is deceived. For surely vain words do work no small thing in vain, ignorant, and young minds, especially if they be given any thing thereunto of their own 25 nature. These books (as I have heard say) were made the most part in abbeyes and monasteries, — a very likely and fit fruit of such an idle and blind kind of living. In our time now, when every man is given to know, 30 much rather than to live well, very many do write, but after such a fashion as very many do shoot. Some shooters take in hand stronger bows than they be able to maintain.² This thing maketh them sometime to out- 35 shoot the mark, sometime to shoot far wide, and perchance hurt some that look on. Other that never learned to shoot, nor yet knoweth good shaft nor bow, will be as busy as the best, but such one commonly plucketh³ 40 down a side, and crafty archers which be against him, will be both glad of him, and also ever ready to lay and bet with him: it were better for such one to sit down than shoot. Other there be, which have very 45 good bow and shafts, and good knowledge in shooting, but they have been brought up in such evil favored shooting, that they can neither shoot fair⁴ nor yet near.⁵ If any man will apply these things together, he 50 shall not see the one far differ from the other. And I also, amongst all other, in writing this little treatise, have followed some young shooters, which both will begin to shoot, for

a little money, and also will use¹ to shoot once or twice about the mark for nought, afore they begin a-good. And therefore did I take this little matter in hand, to assay² myself, and hereafter, by the Grace of God, if the judgment of wise men, that look on, think that I can do any good, I may perchance cast my shaft among other, for better game. Yet in writing this book, some man will marvel perchance, why that I, being an unperfect shooter, should take in hand to write of making a perfect archer: the same man, peradventure, will marvel how a whetstone, which is blunt, can make the edge of a knife sharp. I would the same man should consider also, that in going about any matter, there be found things to be considered, doing, saying, thinking, and perfectness: first, there is no man that doth so well, but he can say better, or else some men, which be now stark nought,³ should be too good: again, no man can utter with his tongue so well as he is able to imagine with his mind, and yet perfectness itself is far above all thinking: then, seeing that saying is one step nearer perfectness than doing, let every man leave marvelling why my word shall rather express, than my deed shall perform, perfect shooting.

I trust no man will be offended with this little book, except it be some fletchers⁴ and bowyers,⁵ thinking hereby that many that love shooting shall be taught to refuse such naughty⁶ wares as they would utter.⁷ Honest fletchers and bowyers do not so, and they that be dishonest, ought rather to amend themselves for doing ill, than being angry with me for saying well. A fletcher hath even as good a quarrel to be angry with an archer that refuseth an ill shaft, as a bladesmith hath to a fletcher that forsaketh⁸ to buy of him a naughty knife: for as an archer must be content that a fletcher know a good shaft in every point for the perfecter making of it, so an honest fletcher will also be content that a shooter know a good shaft in every point, for the perfecter using of it; because the one knoweth like a fletcher how to make it, the other knoweth like an archer how to use it. And seeing the knowledge is one in them both, yet the end divers, surely that fletcher is an enemy to archers and artillery⁹ which cannot be content that an archer know a shaft as well for his use in 55 shooting, as he himself should know a shaft

¹ e.g., the mediæval romances and Malory.

² handle easily.

³ A technical term, meaning to shoot in a slovenly manner.

⁴ gracefully.

⁵ accurately.

¹ make a practice.

² try.

³ absolutely worthless.

⁴ arrow-makers.

⁵ bow makers.

⁶ worthless.

⁷ produce

⁸ refuses.

⁹ equipment for shooting.

for his advantage in selling. And the rather, because shafts be not made so much to be sold, but chiefly to be used. And seeing that use and occupying¹ is the end why a shaft is made, the making, as it were, a mean for occupying, surely the knowledge in every point of a good shaft, is more to be required in a shooter than a fletcher.

Yet, as I said before, no honest fletcher will be angry with me, seeing I do not teach how to make a shaft, which belongeth only to a good fletcher, but to know and handle a shaft, which belongeth to an archer. And

¹ employment, use.

this little book, I trust, shall please and profit both parties; for good bows and shafts shall be better known to the commodity² of all shooters, and good shooting may, perchance, be the more occupied to the profit of all bowyers and fletchers. And thus I pray God that all fletchers, getting their living truly, and all archers using shooting honestly, and all manner of men that favor artillery, may live continually in health and merriness, obeying their prince as they should, and loving God as they ought: to whom, for all things, be all honor and glory for ever. Amen.

² advantage.

EDMUND SPENSER (1552?–1599)

The life of Spenser, "the poet's poet," began in obscurity and possibly poverty. He was born in London, in the countryside just outside the walls of the old city, about 1552. At the age of nine he entered the newly established Merchant Taylors' School, and in 1569 was admitted as a sizar that is, an indigent student, to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, the university that attracted most of England's poets. Aside from the fact that he took his B.A. in 1573 and his M.A. in 1576, the great event in Spenser's life at Cambridge was his friendship with Gabriel Harvey, the critic who later tried to introduce the quantitative scansion of classical verse into English. Through Harvey, in 1578, he met in London Sir Philip Sidney and Sidney's uncle, the Earl of Leicester, who was then the favorite of Queen Elizabeth. Leicester gave Spenser a secretarial position in his household. This enabled the poet to write and publish (anonymously in 1579) the twelve eclogues of *The Shepherd's Calendar*, dedicated to Sidney, and to begin *The Faerie Queene*. During this time he belonged to an informal club, the Areopagus, whose members for a while proposed the use of classical metres in English verse. Harvey and Sidney belonged to the coterie, as did Fulke Greville, later Sidney's biographer, and Dyer, the author of the well-known poem, "My Mind to me a Kingdom is."

The following year Spenser was appointed secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland. From this time until his death twenty years later the poet lived in Ireland, with the exception of three visits to London. During the next ten years he received several promotions, and a castle and estate in County Cork. The death of Sidney in 1586 affected him deeply. To commemorate his friend he wrote *Astrophel*.

Spenser had as near neighbor in Ireland, about this time, Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom he read much of *The Faerie Queene*. With Raleigh in 1590 he went to London on his first leave, and published the first three books of his masterpiece, which he dedicated to the Queen. These were enthusiastically received and brought him a pension from Elizabeth.

After a year he took up again his official position in Ireland. In 1594 he married Elizabeth Boyle, to whom he had addressed his sonnet sequence *Amoretti*; and for the wedding he wrote his splendid *Epithalamium*. Both were published in 1595. In the following year he returned to London, published the next three books of *The Faerie Queene* as well as the *Prothalamium*, written to celebrate the marriage of the two daughters of the Earl of Worcester. Shortly afterwards he returned to Ireland, where in 1598 his castle was burned during a rebellion. He escaped with his wife and children, went to London, and died there early in the new year, January 16, 1599. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the Poets' Corner, near Chaucer.

Spenser is second to Chaucer among all English poets up to his time, surpassed only by Shakespeare, and possibly Marlowe, among poets of the glorious Elizabethan age. He is read less to-day than Chaucer, Shakespeare, or Milton, largely because readers look for qualities in him which he does not possess. He is not great as a narrative or allegorical poet, and students reading for enjoyment will do well, at first, to ignore the story and the symbolism of *The Faerie Queene*. He is primarily a painter and musician in words, a forerunner of Keats in this respect, as Keats is of the modern imagists. Beauty was his aim, romantic beauty, sensuous, emotional or luxuriant, although often enough it is beauty which the poet could have created only after deep reflection upon the vanity and pain of life. Spenser is not a poet for a reader who seeks realistic verisimilitude even though he did, like all great artists, derive his material from experience. He must, frequently, be read after the manner in which one listens to music. We do not ask, "What does

the piece mean?" We feel it, we sense the meaning — a meaning which often could not be expressed in mere words; and above all, we enjoy the contexture of sounds.

Excellent one-volume editions of Spenser, with critical material, are R. E. N. Dodge's in the Cambridge Poets (Houghton Mifflin Company), and The Oxford, with an introduction by E. de Selincourt.

THE FAERIE QUEENE

The plan and general idea of *The Faerie Queene* is outlined clearly by Spenser in his letter to Raleigh, given below.

In reading the poem, one should bear in mind that the final *-e* is not regularly pronounced, that the ending *-ed* is; that all syllables of a word should be given full value, *-ion* being, for instance, two syllables; that often the meaning of a strange-looking word will be apparent as soon as the word is pronounced; that *y-* is the prefix of the past participle, like *ge-* in modern German; and that Spenser often uses inversions and transpositions not common in ordinary English.

For this poem Spenser evolved a new stanza. To a stanza of eight iambic pentameter lines rhyming *ababbcb* (which resembles somewhat Chaucer's *rime royal*), he added an Alexandrine or iambic hexameter, rhyming with the previous line. This stanza, the Spenserian, used later by Thomson in *The Castle of Indolence* and by Byron in *Childe Harold*, is the best stanza in the language for word painting. The Alexandrine interrupts the flow of the story, but it makes a unit, as Spenser uses the stanza, exceptional in its descriptive and melodious qualities.

TO

THE MOST HIGH, MIGHTIE, AND MAGNIFICENT

EMPRESSE,

RENOWNED FOR PIETIE, VERTVE, AND
ALL GRATIOVS GOVERNMENT,

ELIZABETH,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD,

Queene of England, Fraunce, and
Ireland, and of Virginia,
Defendour of the Faith, &c.

HER MOST HUMBLE SERVAUNT

EDMVND SPENSER,

DOTH, IN ALL HUMILITIE,

DEDICATE, PRESENT, AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVS,

TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE OF HER FAME.

A LETTER OF THE AUTHORS,

EXPOUNDING HIS WHOLE INTENTION IN
THE COURSE OF THIS WORKE: WHICH,
FOR THAT IT GIVETH GREAT LIGHT TO
THE READER, FOR THE BETTER UNDER-
STANDING IS HEREUNTO ANNEXED.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS
SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT,
LORD WARDEIN OF THE STANNERYES, AND
HER MAIESTIES LIEFETENAUNT
OF THE COUNTY OF CORNEWAYLL.

SIR, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I have entituled the Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good, as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded,) to discover unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by accidents, therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline: Which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter then for profite of the ensample, I chose the historye of King Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspicion of present time. In which I have followed all the antique Poets historicall; first Homere, who in the Persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis: then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas: after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando: and lately Tasso dis-severed them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in Philosophy call Ethice, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other named Politice in his Godfredo. By

ensample of which excellent Poets, I labour to poortraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes: ⁵ which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of polliticke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king.

To some, I know, this Methode will seeme displeasaunt, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall devises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfied with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their shoves, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a Commune welth, such as it should be; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a government, such as might best be: So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure: whome I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet, in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautiful Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent concept of Cynthia, (Phoebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular; which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure

applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three bookes contain three.

The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperance: The third of Britomartis, a Lady Knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But, because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights seuerall adventures. For the Methode of a Poet historical is not such, as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thrusteth into the midst, even where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the things forepaste, and divining of things to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all.

The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii. dayes; upon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownishe younge man, who falling before the Queene of Faries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen: that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complained that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen Castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew; and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that explot. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he ear-

¹ Of the twelve books planned Spenser completed only six and part of the seventh.

nestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought, would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, vi. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise; which being forthwith put upon him, with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftesonnes taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the first booke, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne. &c.

The second day ther came in a Palmer, bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to have bene slayn by an Enchaunteresse called Acrasia; and therefore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure; which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke, and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchanter, called Busirane, had in hand a most faire Lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that Lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But being vnable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his loue.

But by occasion hereof many other adventures are intermedled; but rather as Accidents then intendments: As the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphœbe, the lasciviousnes of Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the History; that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused. So, humbly craving the continuance of your honorable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happiness, I humbly take leave.

23. Ianuary 1589,

Yours most humbly affectionate,

ED. SPENSER.

THE FIRST BOOK

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF THE
KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE,
OR OF HOLINESSE

I

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome ¹ did
maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shephards
weeds,²

15 Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten
reeds,
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle
deeds; ⁵
20 Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds ³
To blazon broad eamongst her learned
throng:
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moral-
ize my song.

2

Helpe then, O holy virgin! chiefe of
nyne,⁴ ¹⁰

30 Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne ⁵
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden
still,
Of Faerie knights, and fayrest Tanaquill,⁶
Whom that most noble Briton Prince ⁷ so
long ¹⁵
Sought through the world, and suffered so
much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
40 O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my
dull tong!

3

And thou, most dreaded impe ⁸ of highest
Jove,

Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart ²⁰
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart;
Lay now thy deadly Heben ⁹ bowe apart,
And with thy mother mylde come to mine
ayde;

¹ formerly.

² An obvious reference to Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, published eleven years previously.

³ designates.

⁴ Clio, the muse of history.

⁵ desk.

⁶ Daughter of Oberon, king of the fairies; here, of course, Queen Elizabeth.

⁷ Arthur; here, possibly, the Earl of Leicester.

⁸ child; i.e., Cupid.

⁹ ebon; ebony.

Come, both; and with you bring triumphant
Mart,¹ 25
In loves and gentle jollities arraid,
After his murderous spoiles and bloudie rage
allayd.

4
And with them eke, O Goddess² heavenly
bright!
Mirrour of grace and Majestie divine,
Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose
light 30
Like Phoebus lampe throughout the world
doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too
vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted³ stile: 35
The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest
dread,⁴ a-while!

CANTO I

The Patrone of true Holinesse
Foule Errour doth defeate:
Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.

I

A gentle Knight was pricking⁵ on the
plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did re-
maine,
The cruell markes of many a bloody fiede;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield. 5
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly⁶ knight he seemd, and faire did
sitt,
As one for knightly giusts⁷ and fierce en-
counters fitt.

2

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore, 10
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he
wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope⁸ which in his helpe he
had. 15
Right faithfull true he was in deede and
word,

1 Mars. 2 Queen Elizabeth. 3 humble.
4 object worshiped. 5 riding, using the spur.
6 handsome. 7 jousts.
8 "to indicate the great hope that he had."

But of his cheere¹ did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was
ydrad.²

3

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana³ to him gave, 20
(That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery
lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to
have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did
crave:
And ever as he rode his hart did earne⁴
To prove his puissance in battell brave 25
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

4

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter; but the same did
hide 30
Under a vele, that wimpled⁵ was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had, 35
And by her, in a line, a milkewhite lambe she
lad.

5

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of
yore 40
Their scepters stretcht from East to Western
shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forewasted⁶ all their land, and them
expeld;
Whom to avenge she had this Knight from
far compeld.⁷ 45

6

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they
past,
The day with cludes was suddeine over-
cast, 50
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine

1 countenance. 2 The past participle, dreaded.
3 Queen Elizabeth. 4 yearn. 5 folded.
6 The prefix fore — is intensive. 7 summoned.

Did poure into his Lemans ¹ lap ² so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd ³ it did constrain;
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves
were fain.

7

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at
hand, 55
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did
hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr: 60
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr.
Faire harbour that them seems, so in they
entred ar.

8

And foorth they passe, with pleasure for-
ward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony, 65
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest
dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight
and hy,
The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never
dry; 70
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all;
The Aspine good for staves; the Cypresse
funerall;

9

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still:
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours; 75
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The Birch for shaftes; the Sallow ⁴ for the
mill;
The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter
wound;
The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill;
The fruitfull Olive; and the Platane ⁵
round; 80
The carver Holme; ⁶ the Maple seeldom in-
ward sound.

10

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;
When, weening ⁷ to returne whence they did
stray,

¹ beloved's. ² the earth. ³ take cover.
⁴ broad-leaved willow. ⁵ plane-tree.
⁶ oak. ⁷ supposing.

They cannot finde that path, which first was
showne, 85
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest
weene,
That makes them doubt ¹ their wits be not
their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take in diverse doubt
they been. 90

11

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take that beaten seemd most
bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about; ²
Which when by tract they hunted had
throughout, 95
At length it brought them to a hollowe cave
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion
stout
Eftsoones ³ dismounted from his courser
brave,
And to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse spere
he gave.

12

"Be well aware," quoth then that Ladie
milde, 100
"Least suddaine mischief ye too rash pro-
voke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and
wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts. Oft fire is without
smoke,
And perill without show: therefore your
stroke,
Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall
made." 105
"Ah Ladie," (sayd he) "shame were to
revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Vertue gives her selfe light through dark-
nesse for to wade."

13

"Yea but" (quoth she) "the perill of this
place
I better wot then you: though nowe too
late 110
To wish you backe returne with foule dis-
grace,
Yet wisdomes warnes, whilest foot is in the
gate,⁴
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.

¹ fear. ² out of. ³ immediately.
⁴ path.

This is the wandering wood, this *Errours* den,
 A monster vile, whom God and man does
 hate: 115
 Therefore I read ¹ "beware." "Fly, fly!"
 (quoth then
 The fearefull Dwarf) "this is no place for
 living men."

14

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
 The youthfull Knight could not for ought be
 staide;
 But forth unto the darksome hole he went, 120
 And looked in: his glistring armour made
 A litle glooming light, much like a shade;
 By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
 Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
 But th'other halfe did womans shape re-
 taine, 125
 Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile
 disdaine.

15

And, as she lay upon the durtye ground,
 Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
 Yet was in knots and many boughtes ² up-
 wound,
 Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there
 bred 130
 A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
 Sucking upon her poisonous dugs; each one
 Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored: ³
 Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
 Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all
 were gone. 135

16

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,
 And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
 About her cursed head; whose folds displaid
 Were stretcht now forth at length without en-
 traile.⁴

She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle, 140
 Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
 For light she hated as the deadly bale,⁵
 Ay wont ⁶ in desert darknes to remaine,
 Where plain none might her see, nor she see
 any plaine.

17

Which when the valiant Elfe ⁷ perceiv'd,
 he lept 145
 As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
 And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
 From turning backe, and forced her to stay:

¹ advise. ² coils. ³ of ugly face.
⁴ coil. ⁵ destruction. ⁶ always accustomed.
⁷ The Redcross Knight was the son of an elf.

Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
 And turning fierce her speckled taile ad-
 vaunst, 150
 Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay;
 Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand en-
 haunst:¹
 The stroke down from her head unto her
 shoulder glaunst.

18

Much daunted with that dint her sence
 was dazd;
 Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered
 round, 155
 And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
 With doubled forces high above the ground;
 Tho, wrapping up her wrethed sterne
 arownd,
 Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge
 traine
 All suddenly about his body wound, 160
 That hand or foot to stirr he strove in
 vaine.
 God helpe the man so wrapt in *Errours* end-
 lesse traine!

19

His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
 Cride out, "Now, now, Sir knight, shew
 what ye bee:
 Add faith unto your force, and be not
 faint; 165
 Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee."
 That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
 His gall did grate ² for grieve ³ and high dis-
 daine;
 And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
 Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great
 paine, 170
 That soone to loose her wicked bands did her
 constraine.

20

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie
 maw ⁴
 A fload of poyson horrible and blacke,
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets ⁵
 raw,
 Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him
 slacke 175
 His grasping hold, and from her turne him
 backe.
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers ⁶ was,
 With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes
 did lacke,

¹ raised. ² stir. ³ pain. ⁴ stomach.
⁵ pieces.
⁶ The attacks against Queen Elizabeth and the Church
 of England.

And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthie parbreake¹ all the place defiled
has. 180

21

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But, when his later spring gins to avale,² 185
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin there
breed

Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly femall, of his fruitfull seed;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may no
man reed.³

22

The same so sore annoyed has the
knight, 190
That, welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight
Whose corage when the feend perceivd to
shrinke,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawn of serpents
small, 195
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as
inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt
at all.

23

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
When ruddy Phebus gins to welke⁴ in
west, 200
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper
best;
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can
rest; 205
But with his clownish hands their tender
wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their
murmurings.

24

Thus ill bestedd,⁵ and fearefull more of
shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in
Halfe furious unto his foe he came, 210
Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;⁶

1 vomit.
5 placed.

2 moderate.
6 stop.

3 see.

4 wane.

And stroke at her with more then manly
force,
That from her body, full of filthie sin,
He raft¹ her hatefull heade without re-
morse: 215

A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed
from her corse.

25

Her scattered brood, soone as their Parent
deare

They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare
Gathred themselves about her body round, 220
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth; but being there with-
stood,

They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mothers bloud,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt
their good. 225

26

That detestable sight him much amaze,
To see th' unkindly² Impes, of heaven
accurst,

Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse
burst, 230

And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life the which them
nurst¹

Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom
he should contend.

27

His Lady. seeing all that chaunst from
farre, 235

Approcht in hast to greet his victorie;
And saide, "Faire knight, borne under happie
starre,

Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye,
Well worthie be you of that Armory,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this
day, 240

And prov'd your strength on a strong
enimie,

Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed
it may!"

28

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to
wend. 245

1 took away.

2 unnatural.

That path he kept which beaten was most
 plaine,
 Ne ever would to any byway bend,
 But still did follow one unto the end,
 The which at last out of the wood them
 brought.
 So forward on his way (with God to frend) ²⁵⁰
 He passed forth, and new adventure sought:
 Long way he traveiled before he heard of
 ought.

29

At length they chaunst to meet upon the
 way
 An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
 His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie
 gray, ²⁵⁵
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had:
 Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad;
 And all the way he prayed as he went, ²⁶⁰
 And often knockt his brest, as one that did
 repent.

30

He faire the knight saluted, louting ¹ low,
 Who faire him quited, as that courteous
 was;
 And after asked him, if he did know
 Of straunge adventures, which abroad did
 pas, ²⁶⁵
 "Ah! my dear sonne," (quoth he) "how
 should, alas!
 Silly ² old man, that lives in hidden cell,
 Bidding ³ his beades all day for his trespas,
 Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
 With holy father sits not ⁴ with such thinges
 to mell.⁵ ²⁷⁰

31

"But if of daunger, which hereby doth
 dwell,
 And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
 Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
 That wasteth all this countrie, farre and
 neare."
 "Of such," (saide he,) "I chiefly doe in-
 quere, ²⁷⁵
 And shall thee well rewarde to shew the
 place,
 In which that wicked wight his dayes doth
 weare;
 For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
 That such a cursed creature lives so long a
 space."

¹ bending.
⁴ is not fitting.

² simple.
⁵ meddle.

³ telling.

³²
 "Far hence" (quoth he) "in wastfull wil-
 dernesse ²⁸⁰
 His dwelling is, by which no living wight
 May ever passe, but thorough great dis-
 tresse."
 "Now," (saide the Ladie,) "draweth toward
 night,
 And well I wote, that of your later fight
 Ye all forwearied be; for what so strong, ²⁸⁵
 But, wanting rest, will also want of might?
 The Sunne, that measures heaven all day
 long,
 At night doth baite ¹ his steedes the Ocean
 waves emong.

33

"Then with the Sunne take, Sir, your
 timely rest,
 And with new day new worke at once
 begin: ²⁹⁰
 Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell
 best."
 "Right well, Sir knight, ye have advised
 bin,"
 Quoth then that aged man: "the way to win
 Is wisely to advise; now day is spent:
 Therefore with me ye may take up your
 In ²⁹⁵
 For this same night." The knight was well
 content;
 So with that godly father to his home they
 went.

34

A litle lowly Hermitage it was,
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
 Far from resort of people that did pas ³⁰⁰
 In travell to and froe: a litle wyde ²
 There was an holy chappell edifyde,³
 Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
 His holy thinges each morne and eventyde.
 Thereby a christall streame did gently
 play, ³⁰⁵
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth
 alway.

35

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
 Ne looke for entertainment where none was;
 Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their
 will:
 The noblest mind the best contentment
 has. ³¹⁰
 With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
 For that olde man of pleasing wordes had
 store,

¹ refresh.

² apart.

³ built.

And well could file his tongue as smooth as
glas:
He told of Saintes and Popes,¹ and ever-
more
He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before. 315

36

The drouping night thus creepeth on them
fast;
And the sad² humor³ loading their eyeliddes,
As messenger of Morpheus on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep
them biddes.
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he
riddes:⁴ 320
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he
findes,
He to his studie goes; and there amidde
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie
kinds,
He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble
sleepy minds.

37

Then choosing out few words most hor-
rible, 325
(Let none them read) thereof did verses
frame;
With which, and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame;⁵
And cursed heven; and spake reprochful
shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light: 330
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by
name
Great Gorgon,⁶ prince of darknes and dead
night;
At which Cocytus⁷ quakes, and Styx⁷ is put
to flight.

38

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes
dredd
Legions of Sprights, the which, like litle
flies 335
Fluttering about his ever-damned hedd,
Awaite whereto their service he applies,
To aide his friendes, or fray⁸ his enimies.
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes: 340
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by him selfe staide, other worke to
doo.

¹ The old man, Archimago, who typifies hypocrisy, is also a Catholic.

² heavy.

³ dampness.

⁴ dismisses.

⁵ Proserpine.

⁶ Demogorgon, a demon magician of the underworld, whose name few dared to mention.

⁷ Rivers in Hades.

⁸ frighten.

39

He, making speedy way through spersed¹
ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and
deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire. 345
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never
peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys² his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia³ still doth
steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed, 350
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black
doth spread

40

Whose double gates he findeth locked
fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe
lye, 355
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned
deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes
keepe.⁴ 360

41

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling
downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,⁵
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like
the sowne
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a
swowne. 365
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet
lyes
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimyes.

42

The Messenger approaching to him
spake; 370
But his waste wordes retourn'd to him in
vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him
awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with
paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch; but he againe

¹ dispersed.
⁴ heed.

² The ocean.
⁵ upper floor.

³ The moon.

Shooke him so hard, that forced him to
speake. 375
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer¹
braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies
weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence
breake.

43

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to
wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded
name 380
Of Hecate:² whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lompish³ head, with blame
Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
"Hether" (quoth he,) "me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely
tame, 385
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleep-
ers sent.⁴"

44

The God obayde; and, calling forth
straight way
A diverse⁵ Dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay 390
His heaue head, deuoid of careful carke;⁶
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and
starke.
He, backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke;
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore 395
In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

45

Who all this while, with charmes and
hidden artes,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively and so like in all mens sight, 400
That weaker sence it could have ravisht
quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for
Una fit. 405

46

Now, when that ydle dreame was to him
brought,
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,

1 A damp brain was supposed to be more active.
2 Underworld goddess of magic. 3 heavy.
4 sense. 5 misleading. 6 worry.

Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as¹ he him schooled prively: 410
And that new creature, borne without her
dew,²
Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under
feigned hew.

47

Thus well instructed, to their worke they
hast, 415
And coming where the knight in slomber
lay,
The one upon his hardy head him plast,
And made him dreame of loves and lustiull
play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked ioy: 420
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged boy
Her chaste hart had subdewd, to learne Dame
pleasures toy.

48

And she her selfe of beautie soveraigne
Queene,
Faire Venus seemde unto his bed to bring 425
Her, whom he waking evermore did weene
To be the chastest flowre, that ay did spring
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose Leman to vile service bound:
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing, 430
Hymen iô Hymen, dauncing all around,
Whilst freshest Flora her with Yuie girlond
crownd.

49

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
He started up, as seeming to mistrust 435
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo there before his face his Lady is,
Under blake stole hyding her bayted hooke,
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and lovely
looke, 440
Most like that virgin true, which for her
knight him took.

50

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought have slaine her in his fierce
despight:³

1 in the way that.

2 due, i.e., unnaturally.

3 anger.

But hasty heat tempring with sufferance
 wise, 445
 He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe advise
 To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned
 truth.
 Wringing her hands in wemens pitteous wise,
 Tho¹ can² she weepe, to stirre up gentle
 ruth,³
 Both for her noble bloud, and for her tender
 youth. 450

51

And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my
 love,
 Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
 And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
 Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,⁴
 For hoped love to winne me certaine hate? 455
 Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
 Die is my dew: yet rew my wretched state
 You, whom my hard avenging destinie
 Hath made iudge of my life or death indif-
 ferently.

52

Your owne deare sake forst me at first to
 leave 460
 My Fathers kingdome, There she stopt with
 teares;
 Her swollen hart her speach seemd to be-
 reave,
 And then againe begun, My weaker yeares
 Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
 Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde:
 Let me not dye in languor and long teares.
 Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus
 dismayd? 467
 What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort
 me affrayd?

53

Love of your selfe, she said, and deare con-
 straint⁵
 Lets me not sleepe, but wast the wearie
 night 470
 In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
 Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned
 quight.
 Her doubtfull words made that redouted
 knight
 Suspect her truth: yet since no'untruth he
 knew,
 Her fawning love with foule disdainefull
 spight 475
 He would not shend,⁶ but said, Deare dame
 I rew,

¹ then.
⁴ discourage.

² did.
⁵ necessity.

³ pity.
⁶ reproach.

That for my sake unknowne such grieve unto
 you grew.

54

Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
 For all so deare as life is to my hart,
 I deeme your love, and hold me to you
 bound; 480
 Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse
 smart,
 Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.
 Not all content, yet seemd she to appease¹
 Her mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her
 art,
 And fed with words, that could not chuse but
 please, 485
 So slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her
 ease.

55

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
 Much grieu'd to thinke that gentle Dame so
 light,
 For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
 At last dull wearinesse of former fight 490
 Having yrockt a sleepe his irkesome spright,
 That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his
 braine,
 With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare
 delight:
 But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
 With that misformed spright he backe re-
 turnd againe. 495

CANTO II

The guilefull great Enchanter parts
 The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
 Into whose stead faire falshood steps,
 And workes him woefull ruth.

I

By this the Northerne wagoner² had set
 His sevenfold teme³ behind the stedfast
 starre⁴
 That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
 But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
 To al that in the wide deepe wandring arre; ⁵
 And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note
 shrill
 Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
 In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill,
 Full envious that night so long his roome did
 fill:

¹ cease.

² The northern constellation of Boötes, which contains the bright star Arcturus.

³ The seven stars of the Dipper or Charles's Wain in Ursa Major.

⁴ Polaris, the North Star.

2

When those accursed messengers of hell, ¹⁰
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged
Spright,

Came to their wicked maister, and gan tel
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding
night:

Who, in all rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine, ¹⁵
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright:
But, when he saw his threatning was but
vaine,

He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes
again.

3

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
And that false other Spright, on whom he
spred ²⁰

A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young Squire, in loves and lusty-hed
His wanton dayes that ever loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Those two he tooke, and in a secret bed, ²⁵
Covered with darknesse and misdeeming ¹
night,

Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine
delight.

4

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull
hast

Unto his guest, who after troublous sights
And dreames, gan now to take more sound
repast, ³⁰

Whom suddenly he wakes with fearefull
frights,

As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
And to him cals, Rise rise unhappy Swaine,
That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked
wights

Have knit themselves in Venus shamefull
chaine; ³⁵

Come see, where your false Lady doth her
honour staine.

5

All in amaze he suddenly up start
With sword in hand, and with the old man
went;

Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely
ment ² ⁴⁰

In wanton lust and lewd embracement:
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous
fire,

The eye of reason was with rage yblent,³

1 misleading

2 mingled.

3 blinded.

And would have slaine them in his furious
ire,

But hardly was restrained of that aged
sire. ⁴⁵

6

Returning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guiltie sight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring
night. ⁵⁰

At last faire Hesperus in highest skie
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth
dawning light

Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
The Dwarfe him brought his steed: so both
away do fly.

7

Now when the rosy fingred Morning
faire, ⁵⁵

Weary of aged Tithones ¹ saffron bed,
Had spred her purple robe through deawy
aire,

And the high hills Titan ² discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drousy-hed; ³
And, rising forth out of her baser bowre, ⁶⁰
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each
howre:

Then gan she wail and weepe to see that
woeful stowre.⁴

8

And after him she rode with so much
speede

As her slowe beast could make; but all in
vaine, ⁶⁵

For him so far had borne his light-foot
steede,

Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine:
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest;
But every hil and dale, each wood and
plaine, ⁷⁰

Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whome she loved
best.

9

But subtile Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forrests, ⁷⁵

¹ Tithonus, beloved of Morning (Aurora), who gave
him immortality, forgetting eternal youth.

² the sun.

³ The suffix -hed = -ness or -hood

⁴ affliction.

Th' end of his drift, he praisd his divelish arts
That had such might over true meaning
harts;

Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts;
For her he hated as the hissing snake, 80
And in her many troubles did most pleasure
take.

10

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever Proteus¹ to himselfe could make: 85
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would
quake,
And oft would flie away. O! who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of
Magick spelt? 90

11

But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield; upon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest 95
A bounch of heares discoloured diversly.
Full jolly knight he seemde, and wel address;
And when he sate upon his courser free,
Saint George² himselfe ye would have
deemed him to be.

12

But he, the knight whose semblaunt he
did beare, 100
The true Saint George, was wandred far
away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous
feare:
Will was his guide, and grieve led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin,³ all armde to point, 105
In whose great shield was writ with letters
gay
Sans foy; full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a
point.⁴

13

Hee had a faire companion⁵ of his way,
A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red, 110
Purfled⁶ with gold and pearle of rich assay;

1 The sea-god who could change his shape at will.

2 Patron saint of England.

3 i.e., a heathen. 4 whit.

5 Duessa or Fidessa, representing Falsehood.

6 embroidered along the edge.

And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches¹ gar-
nished,

The which her lavish lovers to her gave.
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred 115
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bells and
bosses² brave.

14

With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce
She intertaine her lover all the way;
But, when she saw the knight his speare ad-
vaunce, 120
She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray,
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickte with
pride
And hope to winne his Ladies hearte that day,
Forth spurred fast: adowne his coursers
side 125
The red bloud trickling staine the way, as he
did ride.

15

The knight of the Redcrosse, when him he
spide
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards
ride.
Soone meete they both, both fell and furi-
ous, 130
That, daunted with theyr forces hideous,
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand;
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne
hand,
Doe backe rebutte,³ and ech to other yeald-
eth land. 135

16

As when two rams, stird with ambitious
pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meete, that, with the terror of the shooke,
Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a
blocke, 140
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

17

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the
bufe, 145
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
1 jewels. 2 ornamental protuberances. 3 recoil.

Who well it wards, and quyteth ¹ cuff with
cuff:

Each others equall puissaunce envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell
spies

Does seeke to perce; ² repining courage
yields 150

No foote to foe: the flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields;
And streams of purple bloud new die the
verdant fields.

18

"Curse on that Cross," (quoth then the
Sarazin,)

"That keepes thy body from the bitter
fitt! ³ 155

Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned
itt:

But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
And hide thy head." ⁴ Therewith upon his
crest

With rigor so outrageous he smitt, 160
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing downe his shield from blame ⁵
him fairly blest. ⁶

19

Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping
spark

Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive;
And at his haughty helmet making mark, 165
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe
alive,

With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ⁷ ghost did
strive

With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is, 170
Whither the soules doe fly of men that live
amis.

20

The Lady, when she saw her champion fall
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall, ⁸
But from him fled away with all her
powre; 175

Who after her as hastily gan scowre, ⁹
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure.
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay;
For present cause was none of dread her to
dismay. 180

¹ pays. ² i.e., each "looks for an opening."
³ death blow. ⁴ i.e., protect it. ⁵ harm.
⁶ preserved. ⁷ murmuring, complaining.
⁸ death. ⁹ hurry.

21

Shee turning backe, with ruefull ¹ counte-
naunce,

Cride, "Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty wil!" Her humblesse
low,

In so ritch weedes, and seeming glorious
show, 185

Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart;
And said, "Deare dame, your suddein over-
throw

Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
And tel both who ye be, and who that tooke
your part."

22

Melting in teares, then gan shee thus
lament. 190

"The wretched woman, whom unhappy
howre

Hath now made thrall to your commande-
ment,

Before that angry heavens list ² to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to thy powre,
Was (O! what now availeth that I was?) 195
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne where Tiberis
doth pas.

23

"He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the onely haire 200

Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage:
Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire;
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honours
staire 205

Into the hands of hys accursed fone, ³
And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone.

24

"His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convaidd,
And fro me hid: of whose most innocent
death 210

When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid! ⁴
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I
straid,

A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded
mind 215

With love long time did languish, as the
stricken hind.

¹ sad. ² pleased. ³ foes. ⁴ attacked.

25

"At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
To meete me wandring; who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win
The fort that ladies hold in soveraigne
dread. 220

There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,
Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sans
foy,

The eldest of three brethren; all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sans joy;
And twixt them both was born the bloudy
bold Sans loy. 225

26

"In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortu-
nate,

Now miserable I, Fidessa, dwell,
Craving of you, in pittie of my state,
To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well."
He in great passion al this while did dwell, 230
More busying his quicke eies her face to
view,

Then his dull eares to heare what shee did
tell;

And said, "faire lady, hart of flint would rew
The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye
shew.

27

"Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye
rest, 235

Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe that did you molest;
Better new friend then an old foe is said."
With chaunge of chear the seeming simple
maid

Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the
earth, 240

And yeelding soft, in that she nought gain-
said,

So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
And shee coy lookes: so dainty,¹ they say,
maketh derth.²

28

Long time they thus together traveled;
Til, weary of their way, they came at last 245
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did
spred

Their armes abroad, with gray mosse over-
cast;

And their greene leaves, trembling with every
blast,

Made a calme shadowe far in compasse
round: 249

The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast,

¹ anything pleasant or desirable.

² desire.

Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky
ground.

29

But this good knight, soone as he them can
spie,

For the coole shade him thither hastily got:
For golden Phoebus, now ymounted hie, 255
From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.

There they alight, in hope themselves to
hide 260

From the fierce heat, and rest their weary
limbs a tide.³

30

Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other
makes,

With goodly purposes, there as they sit;
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that lived yit; 265
Which to expresse he bends his gentle wit:
And, thinking of those branches greene to
frame

A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rifte there
came

Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down
the same. 270

31

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was
heard,

Crying, "O! spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard; ⁴
But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap that happened to me
heare, 275

And to this wretched Lady, my deare love;
O, too deare love, love bought with death too
deare!"

Astond he stood, and up his heare did hove; ³
And with that suddein horror could no mem-
ber move.

32

At last whenas the dreadfull passion 280
Was overpast, and manhood well awake,
Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
And doubting much his sence, he thus be-
spake:

"What voice of damned Ghost from Limbo ⁴
lake,

¹ time; cf. *Christmastide*.

³ rise.

² confined.

⁴ the edge of hell.

Or guilefull spright wandering in empty
 aire, 285
 Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,
 Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches
 rare,
 And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse
 blood to spare?"

33

Then, groning deep; "Nor damned Ghost,"
 (quoth he,) "Nor guileful sprite to thee these words doth
 speake; 290
 But once a man, Fradubio,¹ now a tree;
 Wretched man, wretched tree! whose nature
 weake
 A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
 Hath thus transformd, and plast in open
 plaines,
 Where Boreas doth blow full bitter
 bleake, 295
 And scorching Sunne does dry my secret
 vaines;
 For though a tree I seme, yet cold and heat
 me paines."

34

"Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,"
 Quoth then the Knight; "by whose mis-
 chievous arts
 Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see? 300
 He oft finds med'cine who his griefe imparts,
 But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
 As raging flames who striveth to suppresses."
 "The author then," (said he) "of all my
 smarts,
 Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse, 305
 That many errant knights hath brought to
 wretchednesse."

35

"In prime of youthly yeares, when corage
 hott
 The fire of love, and joy of chevalree,
 First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
 To love this gentle Lady, whome ye see 310
 Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree;
 With whome, as once I rode accompanyde,
 Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
 That had a like faire Lady by his syde;
 Lyke a faire Lady, but did fowle Duessa
 hyde. 315

36

"Whose forged beauty he did take in
 hand ²
 All other Dames to have exceeded farre:

¹ Doubt ² assert.

I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
 Mine, that did then shine as the Morning
 starre.

So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre, 320
 In which his harder fortune was to fall
 Under my speare: such is the dye of warre.
 His Lady, left as a prise martiall,
 Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

37

"So doubly lov'd of ladies, unlike faire, 325
 Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
 One day in doubt I cast for to compare
 Whether ¹ in beauties glorie did exceede.
 A Rosy girland was the victors meede.
 Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to
 bee, 330
 So hard the discord was to be agreeede.
 Frælissa was as faire as faire mote bee,
 And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee."

38

"The wicked witch, now seeing all this
 while
 The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway, 335
 What not by right she cast to win by guile:
 And by her hellish science raisd streight
 way
 A foggy mist that overcast the day,
 And a dull blast, that breathing on her face
 Dimmed her former beauties shining ray, 340
 And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:
 Then was she fayre alone, when none was
 faire in place."

39

"Then cride she out, 'Fye, fye! deformed
 wight,
 Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth
 plaine
 To have before bewitched all mens sight: 345
 O! leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine.'
 Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,
 Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
 And would have kild her; but with faigned
 paine
 The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-
 hold: 350
 So left her, where she now is turnd to treen
 mould.²

40

"Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my Dame,
 And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
 Ne ever wist but that she was the same;
 Till on a day (that day is everie Prime,³ 355

¹ which of two.
³ springtime.

² shape of a tree.

When Witches wont do penance for their
crime,)

I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selfe in origane ¹ and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly
rew. 360

41

Her neather partes misshapen, monstrous,
Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would believe to
bee.

"Thensforth from her most beastly com-
panie 365

I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,
Soone as appeard safe opportunitie:
For danger great, if not assurd decay,
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to
stray.

42

"The divelish hag by chaunges of my
cheare 370

Perceiv'd my thought; and, drownd in sleepe
night,

With wicked herbes and oyntments did
besmeare

My body all, through charmes and magicke
might,

That all my senses were bereaved quight:
Then brought she me into this desert
waste, 375

And by my wretched lovers side me pight; ²
Where now, enclosd in wooden wals full
faste,

Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies
we waste."

43

"But how long time," said then the Elfin
knight,

"Are you in this misformed hous to
dwell?" 380

"We may not chaunge," (quoth he,) "this
evill plight,

Till we be bathed in a living ³ well:
That is the terme prescribed by the spell."

"O! how," sayd he, "mote I that well out
find,

That may restore you to your wonted
well?" 385

"Time and suffised ⁴ fates to former kynd ⁵
Shall us restore; none else from hence may
us unbynd."

¹ sweet marjoram.
³ running.

² placed.
⁴ satisfied.

⁵ state.

44

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good
knight, 390

Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
When all this speech the living tree had
spent,

The bleeding bough did thrust into the
ground,

That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden
wound: 395

Then, turning to his Lady, dead with feare
her fownd.

45

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned
feare,

As all unweeting of that well she knew;
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids
blew, 400

And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew,
At last she up gan lift: with trembling cheare

Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)
And oft her kist. At length, all passed
feare, ¹

He set her on her steede, and forward forth
did beare. 405

CANTO III

Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
And makes the Lyon mylde;
Marres blind Devotions mart, ² and fals
In hand of leachour vyld.

I

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hol-
lownesse,

That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretched-
nesse

Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes
unkind.

I, whether lately through her brightnes
blynd. 5

Or through alleageance, and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy.

2

And now it is empassioned so deepe, ¹⁰
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with teares do
steepe,

¹ all fear past.

² trade.

To thinke how she through guyleful handel-
ing,
Though true as touch,¹ though daughter of
a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was
fayre, ¹⁵
Though not in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd² to that vile
witches shayre.

3

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd, ²⁰
Far from all peoples preace,³ as in exile,
In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who, subtilly betrayd
Through that late vision which th' En-
chaunter wrought,
Had her abandond. She, of nought
affrayd, ²⁵
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily
sought;
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her
brought.

4

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight;
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay ³⁰
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight:
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her stole aside. Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place; ³⁵
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly
grace.

5

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping Lyon rushed suddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage⁴ blood.
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy, ⁴⁰
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse;
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazd, forgot his furious
forse. ⁴⁵

6

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.⁵
O, how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong! ⁵⁰

Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked
long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion;
And drizzling teares did shed for pure affec-
tion.

7

"The Lyon, Lord of everie beast in field," ⁵⁵
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does
yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
But he, my Lyon, and my noble Lord, ⁶⁰
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord
As the God of my life? why hath he me
abhord?"

8

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her
plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour
wood; ⁶⁵
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood:
With pittie calmd downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin, borne of heavenly brood, ⁷⁰
And to her snowy Palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed Champion if she might
attayne.

9

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate ⁷⁵
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and
ward;
And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepar'd:
From her fayre eyes he tooke commande-
ment, ⁸⁰
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

10

Long she thus travel'd through deserts
wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight
shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde;
Till that at length she found the troden
gras, ⁸⁵
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore:¹
1 gray.

¹ touchstone.² transferred.³ press, large crowd.⁴ savage.⁵ know.

The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzel spyde, slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad ¹ a pot of water
bore. 90

11

To whom approching she to her gan call,
To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her answerd nocht at all:
She could not heare, nor speake, not under-
stand;

Till, seeing by her side the Lyon stand, 95
With suddeine feare her pitcher downe she
threw,

And fled away: for never in that land
Face of fayre Lady she before did vew,
And that dredd Lyons looke her cast in
deadly hew.

12

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd, 100
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home she came, whereas ² her mother
blynd

Sate in eternall night: nought could she say;
But, suddeine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of
feare: 105

Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary Dame, and entrance did
requere:

13

Which when none yielded, her unruly Page
With his rude clawes the wicket open
rent, 110

And let her in; where, of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonish-
ment,

Shee found them both in darksome corner
pent;

Where that old woman day and night did
pray

Upon her beads, devoutly penitent: 115
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont
to say.

14

And to augment her painefull penance
more,

Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth
wore, 120

And thrise three times did fast from any bitt;
But now, for feare her beads she did forgett:

¹ weighed down.

² where.

Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Faire Una framed words and count'naunce
fitt;

Which hardly doen, at length she gan them
pray, 125

That in their cotage small that night she rest
her may.

15

The day is spent; and commeth drowsie
night,

When every creature shrowded is in sleepe.
Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,
And at her feete the Lyon watch doth
keepe: 130

In stead of rest she does lament and weepe,
For the late losse of her deare loved knight,
And sighes, and grones, and evermore does
steepe

Her tender brest in bitter teares all night;
All night she thinks too long, and often
lookes for light. 135

16

Now when Aldeboran ¹ was mounted hye
Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,²
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare:
He knocked fast, and often curst, and
sware, 140

That ready entraunce was not at his call;
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,³
Which he had got abroad by purchas crim-
inall.

17

He was, to weete,⁴ a stout and sturdy
thiefe,⁵ 145

Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents:
The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men careless
slept, 150

And spoild the Priests of their habiliments;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by conning sleights in at the window
crept.

18

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did be-
stow 155

¹ Brightest star in Taurus.

² The stars in the northern constellation of Cassiopeia resemble a chair.

³ various.

⁴ to wit.

⁵ Kirkrapine, i.e., Church-Plunder.

Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
 Abessa,¹ daughter of Corceca² slow,
 With whom he whoredome used, that few did
 know,
 And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,
 And plenty, which in all the land did
 grow: 160
 Ne spared he to give her gold and rings;
 And now he to her brought part of his stolen
 things.

19

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats
 he bett,³
 Yet of those fearfull women none durst
 rize.
 The Lyon frayed⁴ them, him in to lett. 165
 He would no lenger stay him to advize,
 But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
 And entring is, when that disdainfull beast,
 Encountring fierce, him suddein doth sur-
 prize;
 And, seizing cruell clawes on trembling
 brest, 170
 Under his Lordly foot him proudly hath
 suppress.⁵

20

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
 His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand;
 Who streight him rent in thousand peeces
 small,
 And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty
 land 175
 Dronke up his life; his corse left on the
 strand.
 His fearefull freends weare out the wofull
 night,
 Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
 The heavie hap which on them is alight;
 Affraid least to themselves the like mishappen
 might. 180

21

Now when broad day the world discovered
 has,
 Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke;
 And on their former journey forward pas,
 In waies unknowne, her wandring knight to
 seeke,
 With paines far passing that long wandring
 Greeke,⁶ 185
 That for his love refused deitye.
 Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,

Still seeking him, that from her still did flye;
 Then furthest from her hope, when most she
 weened nye.

22

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull
 twayne, 190
 That blind old woman, and her daughter
 dear,
 Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine there
 slayne,
 For anguish great they gan to rend their
 heare,
 And beat their brests, and naked flesh to
 teare:
 And when they both had wept and wayld
 their fill, 195
 Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,
 Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,
 To follow her that was the causer of their ill.

23

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
 With hollow howling, and lamenting cry; 200
 Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
 And her accusing of dishonesty,
 That was the flowre of faith and chastity:
 And still, amidst her rayling, she did pray
 That plagues, and mischiefes, and long
 misery, 205
 Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
 And that in endlesse error she might ever
 stray.

24

But, when she saw her prayers nought pre-
 vaile,
 Shee backe retourned with some labour lost;
 And in the way, as shee did weepe and
 waile, 210
 A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,¹
 Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost,
 But subtill Archimag, that Una sought
 By traynes² into new troubles to have toste;
 Of that old woman tidings he besought, 215
 If that of such a Lady shee could tellen ought.

25

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
 And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her
 heare.
 Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,
 That causd her shed so many a bitter
 teare; 220
 And so forth told the story of her feare.
 Much seemed he to mone her haplesse
 chaunce,

1 encased.

2 treacheries.

1 symbolizing superstition.

2 typifying blind devotion. 3 beat.

4 "They were afraid of letting him in because of the Lion." The Lion represents Strength of Mind.

5 overcome.

6 Odysseus.

And after for that Lady did inquere;
Which being taught, he forward gan ad-
vaunce
His fair enchanted steed, and eke his
charmed lance! 225

26

Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,
And that wilde champion wayting her be-
syde;
Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not
show
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hil; from whence when she him
spyde, 230
By his like seeming shield her knight by
name
She weend it was, and towards him gan
ride:
Approaching nigh she wist it was the same;
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards
him shee came:

27

And weeping said, "Ah, my long lacked
Lord, 235
Where have ye bene thus long out of my
sight?
Much feared I to have been quite abhord,
Or ought have done, that ye displeasen
might,
That should as death unto my deare heart
light:
For since mine eie your joyous sight did
mis, 240
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse
night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is;
But welcome now my light, and shining
lampe of blis!"

28

He thereto meeting said, "My dearest
Dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my
wyl, 245
To thinke that knighthood I so much should
shame,
As you to leave that have me loved stil,
And chose in Faery court, of meere goodwil,
Where noblest knights were to be found on
earth.
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly
skil 250
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
Then I leave you, my lief, yborn of heavenly
berth.

1 aught.

2 downcast.

3 beloved.

29

"And sooth to say, why I left you so
long,
Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place;
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong: 255
To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
But knight he now shall never more deface:
Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye
please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas
Have vowd you to defend. Now then, your
plaint appease." 261

30

His lovely words her seemd due recom-
pence
Of all her passed paines: one loving howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence;
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of
sowre. 265
Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endurd; she speakes no
more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe; his eies be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she
toyl'd so sore. 270

31

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare;
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With blustering breath of Heaven, that none
can bide, 275
And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound;
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearfull whistle merily doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups; his mates
him pledg around.

32

Such joy made Una, when her knight she
found, 280
And eke th' enchaunter joyous seemde no
lesse
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from
ground
His ship far come from watrie wilderness:
He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth
blesse.
So forth they past; and all the way they
spent, 285
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,

1 "good reason for excusing me."

2 may. good. 3 danger.

4 Sirius, the dog-star; Orion was a mighty hunter.

5 "drinks to Nereus, the sea-god."

In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment;
Who told her all that fell,¹ in journey as she went.

33

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them: with hastie heat;
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free
That through his fiersnesse fomed all with sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed² side:
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde;
And on his shield *Sansloy* in bloody lines was dyde.

34

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And saw the Red-crosse which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire; and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to batteill with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele:
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;
So bent³ his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

35

But that proud Paynim forward came so ferce
And full of wrath, that, with his sharphead speare,
Through vainly⁴ crossed shield he quite did perce;
And, had his staggering steed not shronke for feare;
Through shield and body eke he should him beare:
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his sadle quite he did him beare.
He, tombling rudely downe, to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

36

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,

1 "She told all that befell her."

2 chafed.

3 braced.

4 i.e., the cross did not help.

And proudly said: "Lo! there the worthie meed

Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife.
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife;

In peace may passen over Lethe¹ lake;
When mourning altars, purgd with enimies life,

The black infernall Furies doen aslake:²
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from thee take."

37

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, "O! hold that heavie hand,
Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place:³
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withstand;
For he is one the truest knight alive,³³⁰
Though conquered now he lye on lowly land;
And, whilst him fortune favourd, fayre did thrive
In bloody field; therefore, of life him not deprive."

38

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage,
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slayne him streight; but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amased hold;
And halfe ashamed wondred at the sight:
For the old man well knew he; though untold,
In charmes and magick to have wondrous might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists,⁴ to fight:

39

And said, "Why Archimago, lucklesse syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
In stead of foe to wound my friend amis?"
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit: Which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay:

1 The river of forgetfulness in Hades.

2 assuage.

3 rank.

4 i.e., in tournaments, in circular arenas.

5 done away. i.e., removed.

40

But to the virgin comes; who all this while
Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee: 355
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie:
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to
behold. 360

41

But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
And high disdaine, whenas his souveraine
Dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,
And, ramping on his shield, did weene the
same 365
Have reft away with his sharp rending
clawes:
But he¹ was stout, and lust did now in-
flame
His corage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his shield redeemd, and forth his
sword he drawes.

42

O! then, too weake and feeble was the
forse 370
Of salvage beast his puissance to withstand;
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wisely understand.
Eft soones he perced through his chaufed
chest 375
With thrilling² point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht³ his Lordly hart: with death
opprest
He ror'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stub-
borne brest.

43

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne
maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors
will? 380
Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismaid,
Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill:⁴
He now, Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches and disdaineful spight
Her vildly⁵ entertaines; and, will or nill, 385
Beares her away upon his courser light:
Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more
of might.

¹ Sansloy.
³ pierced.

² piercing.
⁴ destroy.

⁵ vilely.

44

And all the way, with great lamenting
paine,
And piteous plaintes, she filleth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riven have in
twaine; 390
And all the way she wetts with flowing
teares;
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But followes her far off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe; 395
More mild in beastly kind then that her
beastly foe.

CANTO IV

To sinfull hous of Pryde Duessa
Guydes the faithfull knight;
Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansjoy
Doth chaleng him to fight.

I

Young knight whatever, that dost armes
professe,
And through long labours hunttest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice, and chaunge of thy deare-loved
Dame;
Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,¹
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:
For unto knight there is no greater shame
Than lightnesse and inconstancie in love:
That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample
plainly prove.

2

Who, after that he had faire Una lorne,² 10
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie;
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
Called Fidess', and so supposd to be,
Long with her traveild; till at last they see
A goodly building bravely garnished; 15
The house of mightie Prince it seemd to be,
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet which thether
traveild.

3

Great troupes of people traveild thether-
ward
Both day and night, of each degree and
place; 20
But few returned, having scaped hard,
With balefull beggery, or foule disgrace;
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace, 25
¹ lost; here, forsaken.

For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

4

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong
nor thick, 30
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dis-
maid:

High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful
bowres: 35
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

5

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans witt;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sitt: 40
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt¹
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaken itt:
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cun-
ningly. 45

6

Arrived there, they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide:
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight,²
Cald Malvenú, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every
side 50
With rich array and costly arras dight.
Infinite sortes of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace
bright.

7

By them they passe, all gazing on them
round, 55
And to the Presence mount; whose glorious
vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound:
In living Princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous
shew;
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse³ of pompous
pride, 60
Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lords and Ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence fayre the place
much beautifide.

1 shift.

2 here, given.

3 nurse.

8

High above all a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day; 65
On which there sate, most brave embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene that shone as Titans ray,
In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay 70
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding
shone:

9

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus fayrest
childe,¹
That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes, unwonted
wilde, 75
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to
rayne,
Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble
eyen,
He leaves the welkin way: most beaten
playne,²
And, rapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the
skyen 80
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for
to shyne.

10

So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to heaven, for earth she did dis-
dayne,
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate:
Lo! underneath her scornefull feete was
layne 85
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne;
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,³
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took de-
light;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living
wight. 90

11

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell;
And thundring Jove, that high in heaven
doth dwell 95
And wield the world, she claymed for her
syre,
Or if that any else did Jove excell;

1 Phaethon, who tried to drive his father's sun-horses
across the heavens.

2 i.e., beaten path.

3 gladly.

For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or, if ought higher were than that, did it
desyre.

12

And proud Lucifera¹ men did her call, 160
That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd
to be;
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie;
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter which she now did hold: 105
Ne ruld her Realme with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong advizement of six wisards² old,
That, with their counsels bad, her kingdome
did uphold.

13

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
And false Duessa, seeming Lady fayre, 110
A gentle Husher, Vanitie by name,
Made rowme; and passage for them did pre-
paire:
So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
Of her high throne; where they, on humble
knee
Making obeysaunce, did the cause de-
clare, 115
Why they were come her roiall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great
Majestee.

14

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so
lowe,
She thancked them in her disdainefull wise;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shewe 120
Of Princesse worthy; scarce them bad arise.
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while de-
vise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers
sight:
Some frounce³ their curled heare in courtly
guise;
Some prancke⁴ their ruffes; and others
trimly dight 125
Their gay attyre; each others greater pride
does spight.

15

Goodly they all that knight doe enter-
tayne,
Right glad with him to have increast their
crew;
But to Duess¹ each one himselfe did payne
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew, 130

1 symbolizing pride.

3 frizzle.

2 wizards, wise men.

4 dress up.

For in that court whylome¹ her well they
knew:
Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest
crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly
vew,
And that great Princesse too exceeding
prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance
allowd. 135

16

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
The roiall Dame, and for her coche doth
call:
All hurtlen² forth; and she, with princely
pace,
As faire Aurora in her purple pall
Out of the East the dawning day doth
call. 140
So forth she comes; her brightnes brode doth
blaze.
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens
eies amaze.

17

So forth she comes, and to her coche does
clyme, 145
Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
Great Junoes golden chayre; the which, they
say,
The gods stand gazing on, when she does
ride 150
To Joves high hous through heavens bras-
paved way,
Drawne of fayre Pecocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus³ eyes their tayles dis-
predden wide.

18

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
On which her six sage Counsellours did
ryde, 155
Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kindes applyde:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of sin;
Upon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde, 160
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis⁴ thin,
Like to an holy Monck, the service to be-
gin.

1 formerly.

2 hurry.

3 After Argus's death Hera put his many eyes into the peacock's tail.

4 amice, a priest's white neck-piece.

19

And in his hand his Portesse ¹ still he bare;
That much was worne, but therein little redd;
For of devotion he had little care, ¹⁶⁵
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies
dedd:

Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hedd,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seeme the wayne ² was very evill ledd,
When such an one had guiding of the way, ¹⁷⁰
That knew not whether right he went, or
else astray.

20

From worldly cares, himselfe he did
esloyne,³

And greatly shunned manly exercise;
From everie worke he chalenged essoyne,⁴
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise ¹⁷⁵
His life he led in lawlesse riotise,
By which he grew to grievous malady;
For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
A shaking fever raignd continually.
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this com-
pany. ¹⁸⁰

21

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne.
His belly was upblowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;
And like a Crane his necke was long and
fyne ¹⁸⁵
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne:
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him
deteast.

22

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly
clad, ¹⁹⁰
For other clothes he could not weare for heate;
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the
sweat.
Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing⁵ can, ¹⁹⁵
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can:
In shape and life more like a monster then a
man.

23

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go; ²⁰⁰

¹ prayer book. ² wain, chariot. ³ withdraw.
⁴ excuse. ⁵ boozing, drinking.

Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drownd
so,

That from his frend he seeldome knew his fo.
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie¹ through his flesh did
flow, ²⁰⁵
Which by misdiet daily greater grew.
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that
crew.

24

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery,
Upon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire,
And whally² eyes (the signe of gelosy), ²¹⁰
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:
Who rough, and blacke, and filthy did ap-
peare,
Unseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;
Yet he of Ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by: ²¹⁵
O who does know the bent of womens
fantasy?

25

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse,
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fanglenesse: ²²⁰
For he was false, and fraught with fickle-
nesse,
And learned had to love with secret lookes,
And well could daunce, and sing with rueful-
nesse,
And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,
And thousand other wayes, to bait his fleshly
hookes. ²²⁵

26

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all, that he did love,
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But joyd weake wemens hearts to tempt and
prove
If from their loyall loves he might then
move; ²³⁰
Which lewdnesse fild him with reprochfull
paine
Of that fowle evill, which all men reprove,
That rots the marrow, and consumes the
braine:
Such one was Lecherie, the third of all this
traine.

27

And greedy Avarice by him did ride, ²³⁵
Uppon a Camell loaden all with gold;
¹ greenish.

Two iron coffers hong on either side,
 With precious metall full as they might hold;
 And in his lap an heap of coine he told; ¹
 For of his wicked pelfe his God he made, ²⁴⁰
 And unto hell him selfe for money sold:
 Accursed usury was all his trade,
 And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce
 waide.

28

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste;
 And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee
 ware; ²⁴⁵
 Ne scarce good morsell all his life did taste,
 But both from backe and belly still did spare,
 To fill his bags, and riches to compare: ²
 Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
 To leave them to; but thorough daily care ²⁵⁰
 To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
 He led a wretched life, unto himselfe un-
 knowne.

29

Most wretched wight, whom nothing
 might suffice;
 Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;
 Whose need had end, but no end covetise; ³
 Whose welth was want, whose plenty made
 him pore; ²⁵⁶
 Who had enough, yett wished ever more;
 A vile disease: and eke in foote and hand
 A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
 That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor
 stand. ²⁶⁰
 Such one was Avarice; the fourth of this faire
 band.

30

And next to him malicious Envy rode
 Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
 Between his cankred teeth a venomous tode,
 That all the poison ran about his chaw, ⁴ ²⁶⁵
 But inwardly he chawed his owne maw ⁵
 At neighbours welth, that made him ever sad,
 For death it was, when any good he saw;
 And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
 But when he heard of harme he waxed ⁶
 wondrous glad. ²⁷⁰

31

All in a kirtle of discoloured say ⁷
 He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
 And in his bosome secretly there lay
 An hatefull Snake, the which his taile uptyes
 In many folds, and mortall sting implyes. ⁸ ²⁷⁵

1 counted. 2 acquire. 3 avarice. 4 jaw.
 5 stomach. 6 waxed, grew. 7 fine serge.
 8 wraps up.

Still as he rode he gnasht his teeth to see
 Those heapes of gold with griple ¹ Covetyse;
 And grudged at the great felicitie
 Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companee.

32

He hated all good workes and vertuous
 deeds, ²⁸⁰
 And him no lesse, that any like did use;
 And who with gracious bread the hungry
 feeds,
 His almes for want of faith he doth accuse.
 So every good to bad he doth abuse;
 And eke the verse of famous Poets witt ²⁸⁵
 He does backebite, and spightfull poison
 spues
 From leproous mouth on all that ever writt.
 Such one vile Envy was, that fite in row did
 sitt.

33

And him beside rides fierce revenging
 Wrath, ²
 Upon a Lion, loth for to be led; ²⁹⁰
 And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
 The which he brandisheth about his hed:
 His eies did hurle forth sparckles fiery red,
 And stared sterne on all that him beheld;
 As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded; ²⁹⁵
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,
 Trembling through hasty rage when choler
 in him sweld.

34

His ruffin ³ raiment all was stained with
 blood
 Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
 Through unadvised rashnes woxen ⁴ wood; ⁵
 For of his hands he had no government, ³⁰⁵
 Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
 But, when the furious fitt was overpast,
 His cruel facts ⁶ he often would repent;
 Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast ³⁰⁵
 How many mischieves should ensue his
 heedlesse hast.

35

Full many mischieves follow cruell Wrath:
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
 Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath, ⁷
 Bitter despight, with rancours rusty
 knife, ³¹⁰
 And fretting grieve, the enemy of life:
 All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,

1 grasping, greedy.
 2 The six counsellors and Lucifera or Pride are, of
 course, the seven deadly sins.
 3 ruffian. 4 grown. 5 mad.
 6 acts. 7 harm.

The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire.¹
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly
tire.² 315

36

And, after all, upon the wagon beame,
Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them
band, 320
Showing for joy; and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land;
And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead sculls and bones of men whose life had
gone astray.

37

So forth they marchen in this goodly
sort, 325
To take the solace of the open aire,
And in fresh flowring fields themselves to
sport;

Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
Of proud Lucifer', as one of the traine: 330
But that good knight would not so nigh
repaire,
Him selfe estraunging from their joyaunce
vaine,
Whose fellowship seemd far unfitt for warlike
swaine.

38

So, having solaced themselves a space
With pleasaunce of the breathing fields
yfed, 335
They backe retourned to the princely Place;
Whereas an errant knight in armes cyclod,
And heathnish shield, wherein with letters
red,
Was writt *Sansjoy*, they new arrived find:
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy hed, 340
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts un-
kind,
And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter
mind.

39

Who, when the shamed shield of slaine
Sansfoy
He spide with that same Faery champions
page,
Bewraying him that did of late destroy 345

His eldest brother; burning all with rage,
He to him leapt, and that same envious gage¹
Of victors glory from him snacht away:
But th' Elfin knight, which ought² that war-
like wage,

Disdained to loose the meed he wonne in
fray; 350

And, him rencounting fierce, reskewd the
noble pray.

40

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,³
And clash their shields, and shake their
swords on hy,
That with their sturre they troubled all the
traine; 355
Till that great Queene, upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine;
And, if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next
it fight. 360

41

"Ah, dearest Dame," quoth then the
Paynim bold,
"Pardon the error of enraged wight,
Whome great grieffe made forgett the raines
to hold
Of reasons rule, to see this recreaunt knight,
No knight, but treachour full of false de-
spight 365
And shameful treason, who through guile
hath slayn
The prowtest knight that ever field did
fight,
Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then re-
frayn?)
Whose shield he beares renverst,⁴ the more
to heap disdayn.

42

"And, to augment the glorie of his guile, 370
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe!
Is there possessed of the traytour vile;
Who reapes the harvest sownen by his foe,
Sowen in bloodie field, and bought with
woe!
That brothers hand shall dearely well re-
quight, 375
So be, O Queene! you equall favour showe."
Him litle answerd th' angry Elfin knight;
He never meant with words, but swords, to
plead his right:

¹ Saint Anthony's fire, or erysipelas, which Saint Anthony was supposed to cure.
² band.

¹ wage, challenge. ² owned.
³ to arrange (especially of troops for battle).
⁴ reversed.

43

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge
His cause in combat the next day to try: 380
So been they parted both, with harts on edge
To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
That night they pas in joy and jollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and
hall;
For Steward was excessive Gluttony, 385
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which doen, the Chamberlain, Slowth, did
to rest them call.

44

Now whenas darkesome night had all display
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye;
The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches
layd, 390
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish
eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Uprose Duessa from her resting place, 395
And to the Paynims lodging comes with
silent pace.

45

Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous
fitt,
Fore-casting how his foe he might annoy;
And him amoves with speaches seeming
fitt:
"Ah deare Sansjoy, next dearest to Sans-
foy, 400
Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new joy;
Joyous to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greev'd to thinke how foe did him de-
stroy,
That was the flowre of grace and chev-
alrye;
Lo! his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye."

46

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely
greet, 405
And bad say on the secrete of her hart:
Then, sighing soft; "I learne that litle sweet
Oft tempred is," (quoth she,) "with muchell
smart:
For since my brest was launcht with lovely
dart, 410
Of deare Sansfoy, I never joyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his sake have felt full many an
heavie stowre.

47

"At last, when perils all I weened past, 415
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast
By this false faytor,¹ who unworthie ware
His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull
snare
Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull
grave: 420
Me, silly maid, away with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksom cave,
For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I
gave.

48

"But since faire Sunne hath sperst that
lowring clowd,
And to my loathed life now shewes some
light, 425
Under your beames I will me safely shrowd
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull
spight:
To you th^e inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his
love.
Let not his love, let not his restlesse
spright, 430
Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth
endlesse move."

49

Thereto said he, "Faire Dame, be nought
dismaid
For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them
gone:
Ne yet of present perill be affraid, 435
For needlesse feare did never vantage none;
And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
Though greeved ghost for vengeance deep do
grone: 439
He lives that shall him pay his dewties last,
And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast."

50

"O! but I feare the fickle freakes," (quoth
shee)
"Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field."
"Why, dame," (quoth he) "what oddes can
ever bee,
Where both doe fight alike, to win or
yield?" 445
"Yea, but," (quoth she) "he beares a charmed
shield,
And eke enchanted armes, that none can
perce;

¹ impostor.

Ne none can wound the man that does them
wield."

"Charmd or enchaunted," answerd he then
ferce,

"I no whitt reck, ne you the like need to
reherce. 450

51

"But faire Fidessa, sithens¹ fortunes
guile,

Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a
while,

Till morrow next that I the Elfe subdew,
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you en-
dew." 455

"Ah me! that is a double death," (she said)
"With proud foes sight my sorrow to re-
new,

Where ever yet I be, my secret aide
Shall follow you." So, passing forth, she
him obaid.

CANTO V

The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdewes his faithlesse foe;
Whom false Duessa saves, and for
His cure to hell does goe.

I

The noble hart that harbours vertuous
thought,
And is with childe of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent:
Such restlesse passion did all night torment 5
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing how that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour he atchieven might:
Still did he wake, and still did watch for
dawning light.

2

At last, the golden Orientall gate 10
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre;
And Phoebus, fresh as brydegrome to his
mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie
hayre,
And hurld his glistring beams through
gloomy ayre.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiy'd,
streight way, 15
He started up, and did him selfe prepayre
In sunbright armes, and battailous array;
For with that Pagan proud he combatt will
that day.

1 since.

3

And forth he comes into the commune
hall;

Where earely waite him many a gazing
eye, 20

To weet what end to straunger knights may
fall.

There many Minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
And many Bardes, that to the trembling
chord

Can tune their timely voices cunningly; 25
And many Chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by
many a Lord.

4

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily;
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin 30
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And daintie spices fetch from furthest Ynd,¹
To kindle heat of corage privily;
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd 35
T' observé the sacred lawes of armes that are
assynd.

5

At last forth comes that far renowned
Queene:
With royall pomp and princely majestie
She is ybrought unto a paled² greene,
And placed under stately canapee, 40
The warlike feates of both those knights to
see.
On th' other side in all mens open vew
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody
hew;
Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor
dew. 45

6

A shrilling trompett sownded from on
hye,
And unto battaill bad them selves addresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes
they tye,
And burning blades about their heades doe
blesse,³
The instruments of wrath and heavinesse. 50
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:
The yron walles to ward their blowes are
weak and fraile.

1 India. 2 enclosed by palings. 3 swing.

7

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous
strong, 55
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;
For after blood and vengeance he did long:
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders
threat;
For all for praise and honour he did fight. 60
Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe
beat,
That from their shields forth flyeth fire light,
And hewen helmets deepe shew marks of
eithers might.

8

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for
right,
As when a Gryfon, seized of his pray, 65
A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine ¹ rend away:
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce ² so sore that they the heavens
affray; 70
The wise Southsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar telles of warres and
mortall fight.

9

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for
right,
And each to deadly shame would drive his
foe:
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight 75
In tender flesh, that streames of blood down
flow;
With which the armes, that earst ³ so bright
did show,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde, 80
That victory they dare not wish to either
side.

10

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his
eye,
His suddein eye flaming with wrathfull fyre,
Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre, 85
And said; "Ah! wretched sonne of wofull
syre,
Doeest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian
lake,
Whylest here thy shield is hangd for victors
hyre?

And, sluggish german,¹ doeest thy forces slake
To after-send his foe, that him may over-
take? 90

11

"Goe, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soone redeeme from his long-wandering
woe:
Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit ² from dying foe."
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so, 95
That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall:
End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
The lookers on; and lowd to him gan call
The false Duessa, 'Thine the shield, and I,
and all!"

12

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie
speake, 100
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake;
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen
weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and
Ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast ³ avengd to be, 105
And with so exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee:
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven
bee.

13

And to him said; "Goe now, proud Mis-
creant,
Thyselfe thy message do to german deare; 110
Alone he, wandering, thee too long doth want:
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth
beare."
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine; when lo! a darkesome
clowd
Upon him fell: he no where doth appeare, 115
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receives; the darknes him
does shrowd.

14

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running said; "O! prowest
knight,
That ever Ladie to her love did chose, 120
Let now abate the terrour of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight,
And bloodie vengeance: lo! th' infernal
powres,

¹ prey.² attack suddenly.³ formerly.¹ relative; here, brother.
³ planned how.² retrieved.

Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull
bowres: 125
The conquest yours; I yours; the shield, and
glory yours."

15

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
He sought all round about, his thirstie ¹ blade
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade. 130
He standes amazed how he thence should
fade:

At last the trumpets Triumph sound on hie;
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him brought the shield, the cause of
enmitie. 135

16

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine
Queene;
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene:
Which she accepts with thanks and goodly
gree,²

Greatly advauncing ³ his gay chevalree: 140
So marcheth home, and by her takes the
knight,

Whom all the people followe with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on
hight,

That all the ayre it fills, and flyes to heaven
bright.

17

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptous
bed, 145

Where many richfull leaches him abide
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And softly gan embalne on everie side:
And all the while most heavenly melody 150
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,⁴
Him to beguile of griefe and agony;
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

18

As when a wearie traveler, that strays
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed
Nile, 155

Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile,
Which, in false griefe hyding his harmefull
guile,

Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender
teares;

1 thirstie. 2 pleasure. 3 praising. 4 play.

The foolish man, that pities all this while 160
His mournefull plight, is swallowed up un-
wares,
Forgetfull of his owne that mindes an others
cares.

19

So wept Duessa untill eventyde,
That shyning lampes in Joves high house
were light;

Then forth she rose, ne lenger would
abide, 165

But comes unto the place where th' Hethen
knight,

In slombring swownd, nigh voyd of vitall
spright,

Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in
plight,

To wayle his wofull case she would not
stay, 170

But to the Easterne coast of heaven makes
speedy way:

20

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly
sad,

That Phoebus chearefull face durst never vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darksome
mew,¹ 175

Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Already harnessed for journey new,
And cole blacke steedes yborne of hellish
brood,

That on their rusty bits did champ as they
were wood. 180

21

Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,
Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to feare,
For never did such brightnes there ap-
peare; 185

And would have backe rettyred to her cave,
Untill the witches speach she gan to heare,
Saying; "Yet, O thou dreaded Dame! I crave
Abyde, till I have told the message which I
have."

22

She stayd; and foorth Duessa gan pro-
ceede: 190

"O! thou most auncient Grandmother ² of
all.

1 hiding-place.

2 Night.

More old then Jove, whom thou at first didst
breede,
Or that great house of Gods cælestiall,
Which wast begot in Dæmogorgons hall,¹
And sawst the secrets of the world un-
made. 195
Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to
fall,
With Elfin sword most shamefully betrade?
Lo! where the stout Sansjoy doth sleepe in
deadly shade.

23

"And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold Sansfoy shrinck underneath his
speare: 200
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning
beare,
That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
O! what of gods then boots it to be borne,
If old Aveugles² sonnes so evill heare? 205
Or who shall not great Nightes children
scorne,
When two of three her Nephewes are so
fowle forlorne?

24

"Up, then! up, dreary Dame, of darknes
Queene!
Go, gather up the reliques of thy race;
Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene 210
That dreaded Night in brightest day hath
place,
And can the children of fayre light deface."
Her feeling speaches some compassion mov'd
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers
face:
Yet pitty in her hart was never prov'd 215
Till then, for evermore she hated, never lov'd:

25

And said, "Deare daughter, rightly may I
rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes which their foes ensaw:
But who can turne the stream of destinee, 220
Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
Which fast is tyde to Joves eternall seat?
The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them
great:
To make one great by others losse is bad
excheat.³ 225

¹ i.e., in darkness. Demogorgon was the master demon
in Hades.

² Aveugle (the Blind Man) is the father of the three
paynims.

³ confiscation; here, business.

26

"Yet shall they not escape so freely all,
For some shall pay the price of others guilt;
And he the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price¹ that he hath
spilt.
But what art thou, that telst of Nephews
kilt?" 230
"I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,"
Quoth she, "how ever now, in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold arayd, I to thee came,
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceipt and
Shame."

27

Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she
kist 235
The wicked witch, saying, "In that fayre face
The false ressemblaunce of Deceipt, I wist,
Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
Could it discerne, though I the mother
bee 240
Of falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
O welcome, child! whom I have longd to see,
And now have seene unwares. Lo! now I
goe with thee."

28

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfavourd
witch. 245
Through mirkesome aire her ready way she
makes:
Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as
pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each un-
lich,²
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths
to twitch; 250
Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would
champ,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely
ramp.

29

So well they sped, that they be come at
length
Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
Devoid of outward sence and native
strength; 255
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse
fray.
His cruell wounds, with cruddy³ bloud con-
geald,

¹ repay.

² unlike.

³ curdy.

They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heald: 260
So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald.

30

And, all the while she stood upon the
ground,
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her yron wheelles did them
affray, 265
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay:

The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so
fowle. 270

31

Thence turning backe in silence softe they
stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole.
By that same hole an entraunce, darke and
bace,
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the
place, 275
Descends to hell: there creature never past,
That backe retourned without heavenly
grace;
But dreadfull Furies, which their chaines
have brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill
men aghast.

32

By that same way the direfull dames doe
drive 280
Their mournfull charett, fild with rusty
blood,
And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive:
Which passing through, on every side them
stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring
wide 285
With stony eies; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on erthly wight that with the Night
durst ride.

33

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,¹
Where many soules sit wailing woefully, 290
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,¹

¹ Rivers in Hades.

Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe boot-
lesse cry,
Cursing high Jove, the which them thither
sent.

The house of endlesse paine is built
thereby, 295
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

34

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venomous, 300
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly ¹ gnarre,² untill Dayes enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he
hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly; 305
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

35

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to
sin;
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour
lin; 310
There thristy Tantalus hong by the chin;
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;
Typhœus joynts were stretched on a gin;
Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth by
law;
And fifty sisters ⁴ water in leke vessels
draw. 315

36

They all, beholding worldly wights in
place,
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their
smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe
pace,
Till they be come unto the furthest part;
Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous
art. 320
Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse.
In which sad Æsculapius ⁵ far apart
Emprisond was in chaines remedillesse;
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did re-
dresse.

37

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was, 325
That wont in charett chace the foming bore:

¹ fiercely.

² snarl.

³ cease.

⁴ The Danaïdes.

⁵ God of medicine.

He all his Peeres in beauty did surpas,
 But Ladies love as losse of time forbore:
 His wanton stepdame loved him the more;
 But, when she saw her offred sweets re-
 fusd, 330
 Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
 His father fierce of treason false accusd,
 And with her gealous termes his open eares
 abusd:

38

Who, all in rage, his Sea-god syre besought
 Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to
 cast. 335
 From surging gulf two Monsters streight
 were brought,
 With dread whereof his chacing steedes
 aghost
 Both charett swifte and huntsman overcast:
 His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
 Was quite dismembred, and his members
 chast 340
 Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
 That of Hippolytus was lefte no moniment.

39

His cruell step-dame, seeing what was
 donne,
 Her wicked daies with wretched knife did
 end,
 In death avowing th' innocence of her
 sonne. 345
 Which hearing, his rash syre began to rend
 His heare, and hasty tong that did offend:
 Tho, gathering up the reliques of his smart,
 By Dianes meanes, who was Hippolyts friend,
 Them brought to Æsculape, that by his
 art 350
 Did heale them all againe, and joyned every
 part.

40

Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain
 When Jove avizd, that could the dead revive,
 And fates expired could renew again,
 Of endlesse life he might him not deprive, 355
 But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
 With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
 Where, long remaining, he did alwaies strive
 Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
 And slake the heavenly fire that raged ever-
 more. 360

41

There auncient Night arriving did alight
 From her nigh weary wayne, and in her
 armes
 To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight:

Whome having softly disaraid of armes,
 Tho gan to him discover all his harmes, 365
 Beseeching him with prayer and with praise,
 If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or
 charmes,
 A fordonne wight from dore of death mote
 raise,
 He would at her request prolong her nephews
 daies.

42

"Ah Dame," (quoth he) "thou temptest
 me in vaine, 370
 To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,
 And the old cause of my continued paine
 With like attempt to like end to renew.
 Is not enough, that, thrust from heaven dew,
 Here endlesse penaunce for one fault I pay, 375
 But that redoubled crime with vengeance
 new
 Thou biddest me to eeke? Can Night defray
 The wrath of thundring Jove, that rules both
 night and day?"

43

"Not so," (quoth she) "but, sith that
 heavens king
 From hope of heaven hath thee excluded
 quight, 380
 Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for
 thing;
 And fearest not that more thee hurten might,
 Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
 Goe to then, O thou far renowned sonne
 Of great Apollo! shew thy famous might 385
 In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne
 Great pains, and greater praise, both never to
 be donne."

44

Her words prevaild: And then the learned
 leach
 His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
 And all things els the which his art did
 teach: 390
 Which having seene, from thence arose away
 The mother of dredd darknesse, and let stay
 Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure;
 And, backe retourning, took her wonted way
 To ronne her timely race, whilst Phoebus
 pure 395
 In westerne waves his weary wagon did
 recure.

45

The false Duessa, leaving noyous Night,
 Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pryde:
 I increase.

Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
 Departed thence; albee his woundes wyde 400
 Not thoroughly heald unready were to ryde.
 Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
 For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spyde
 Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers lay
 Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled
 night and day. 405

46

A ruefull sight as could be seene with eie,
 Of whom he learned had in secret wise
 The hidden cause of their captivitie;
 How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
 Through wastfull Pride and wanton
 Riotise, 410
 They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse,
 Provokt with Wrath and Envyes false sur-
 mise,
 Condemned to that Dongeon mercillesse,
 Where they should live in wo, and dye in
 wretchednesse.

47

There was that great proud king of
 Babylon,¹ 415
 That would compell all nations to adore,
 And him as onely God to call upon;
 Till, through celestial doome thrown out of
 dore,
 Into an Oxe he was transformd of yore.
 There also was king Cræsus, that en-
 haunst 420
 His hart too high through his great richesse
 store;
 And proud Antiochus,² the which advaunst
 His cursed hand gainst God, and on his
 altares daunst.

48

And them long time before, great Nimrod
 was,
 That first the world with sword and fire
 warrayd; 425
 And after him old Ninus³ far did pas
 In princely pomp, of all the world obayd.
 There also was that mightie Monarch⁴ layd
 Low under all, yet above all in pride,
 That name of native syre did fowle up-
 brayd, 430
 And would as Ammons⁵ sonne be magnifide,
 Till, scornd of God and man, a shamefull
 death he dide.

¹ Nebuchadnezzar.² King of Syria, second century B.C., twice conqueror
of Jerusalem.³ Reputed founder of Nineveh.⁴ Alexander the Great.⁵ Jupiter Ammon.

49

All these together in one heape were
 throwne,
 Like carkases of beastes in butchers stall.
 And in another corner wide were strowne 435
 The Antique ruins of the Romanes fall;
 Great Romulus, the Grandsyre of them all;
 Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus;
 Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball;
 Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius; 440
 High Caesar, great Pompey, and fiers An-
 tonius.

50

Amongst these mightie men were wemen
 mixt,
 Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
 The bold Semiramis,¹ whose sides transfixt
 With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches
 spoke; 445
 Fayre Sthenobœa,² that her selfe did choke
 With wilfull chord for wanting of her will;
 High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
 Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill;
 And thousands moe the like that did that
 dongeon fill. 450

51

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched
 thralles,
 Which thither were assembled day by day
 From all the world, after their wofull falles,
 Through wicked pride and wasted welthes
 decay.
 But most of all, which in that dongeon
 lay, 455
 Fell from high Princes courtes, or Ladies
 bowres,
 Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,
 Consumed had their goods and thriftlesse
 howres,
 And lastly thrown themselves into these
 heavy stowres.³

52

Whose case whenas the careful Dwarfe had
 tould, 460
 And made ensample of their mournful sight
 Unto his Maister, he no lenger would
 There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
 But earely rose; and, ere that dawning light
 Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
 He by a privy Posterne tooke his flight, 466
 That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde;
 For, doubtlesse, death ensewd if any him
 descryde.

¹ Early queen of Assyria.² Wife of Prætus.³ sorrows.

53

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle
way,
For many corses, like a great Lay-stall,¹ 470
Of murdred men, which therein strowed lay
Without remorse or decent funerall;
Which al through that great Princesse pride
did fall,
And came to shamefull end. And them
besyde,
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall, 475
A Donghill of dead carcasses he spyde;
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of
Pryde.

CANTO VI

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
Fayre Una is releast:
Whom salvage² nation does adore,
And learns her wise beheast.

1

As when a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Marriner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares 5
To joy at his foolhappie oversight:
So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

2

Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed 10
The fayre Duess' had forst him leave behind;
And yet more sad, that Una, his deaire dreed,³
Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind:
Yet cryme in her could never creature find;
But for his love, and for her own selfe sake, 15
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake.
Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did over-
take:

3

Who after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forrest wilde, 20
And turning wrathfull fire to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defiled,
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.
Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,
Her to perswade, that stubborne fort to
yilde: 25
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it con-
straines.

¹ refuse pile. ² savage.
³ i.e., object worshipped.

4

With fawning wordes he courted her a
while,
And looking lovely, and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse
guile: 30
But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did
abhorre,
As rocke of Diamond stedfast evermore.
Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the vele, that hong her face
before;
Then gan her beautie shine, as brightest
skye, 35
And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her
chastitye.

5

So when he saw his flatt'ring arts to fayle,
And subtile engines bet from batteree,
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee, 40
And win rich spoile of ransackt chastetee.
Ah heavens, that do this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance just so long withhold,
And hurle not flashing flames upon that Pay-
nim bold? 45

6

The pitteous mayden, carefull, comfort-
lesse,
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shriek-
ing cryes,
The last vaine helpe of wemens great dis-
tresse,
And with loud plaintes importuneth the
skyes,
That molten starres doe drop like weeping
eyes; 50
And Phœbus, flying so most shamefull sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hydes for shame. What witt of mortal
wight
Can now devise to quitt a thrall from such a
plight?

7

Eternall providence, exceeding thought, 55
Where none appeares can make her selfe a
way.
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons claws to pluck the gryped pray.
Her shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud did
bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did re-
sownd: 60
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away

Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber
sownd:

8

Who, when they heard that pitteous
strained voice,
In haste forsooke their rurall meriment, 65
And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:¹
Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement, 70
Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde,
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan
ryde.

9

The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,
There find the virgin, doofull, desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred
face, 75
As her outrageous foe had left her late;
And trembling yet through feare of former
hate.
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state:
All stand astonied at her beautie bright, 80
In their rude eyes unworthie of so wofull
plight.

10

She, more amazd, in double dread doth
dwell;
And every tender part for feare does shake.
As when a greedy Wolfe, through hunger
fell,
A seely Lamb far from the flock does take, 85
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake;
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every
lim
With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke
so grim. 90

11

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling
hart,
Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move, she
had;
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
Their frowning forheades, with rough hornes
yclad, 95
And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay;
And, gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
¹ without delaying.

To comfort her; and, feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly
to obay.

12

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet com-
mitt 100
Her single person to their barbarous truth;
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does
sitt,
Late learnd what harme to hasty trust en-
su'th.
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soverayne, 105
Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth;
And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with
count'nance fayne.

13

Their harts she ghessest by their humble
guise,
And yieldees her to extremitie of time: 110
So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime,
They, all as glad as birdes of joyous Pryme,¹
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing
round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepheards
ryme; 115
And with greene braunches strowing all the
ground,
Do worship her as Queene with olive girlond
cround.

14

And all the way their merry pipes they
sound,
That all the woods with doubled Eccho
ring;
And with their horned feet doe weare the
ground, 120
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;
Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out
To weet the cause, his weake steps gov-
erning²
And aged limbs on cypresse stadle³ stout; 125
And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt
about.

15

Far off he wonders what them makes so
glad,
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,⁴

¹ springtime.² This participle is transposed from its normal place before *his*.³ staff.⁴ discover, find.

Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them
mad:
They, drawing nigh, unto their God pre-
sent 130
That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent.
The God himselfe, vewing that mirrhour
rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent:
His owne fayre Dryope ¹ now he thinks not
faire,
And Pholoe ² fowle, when her to this he doth
compaire. 135

16

The woodborne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as Goddess of the wood;
And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not what
To thinke of wight so fayre, but gazing stood
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly
brood: 140
Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see;
But Venus never had so sober mood:
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,
But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to
her knee.

17

By vew of her he ginneth to revive 145
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse; ³
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this;
And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy 150
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse;
For grieve whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild
annoy.

18

The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thither runne apace; 155
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
Flocke all about to see her lovely face;
But, when they vewed have her heavenly
grace,
They envy her in their malicious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace. 160
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire but her on
earth they find.

19

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky
mayd
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,

And long time with that salvage people
stayd, 165
To gather breath in many miseryes.
During which time her gentle wit she plyes
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in
vaine,
And made her th' Image of Idolatryes;
But when their bootlesse zeale she did
restrayne 170
From her own worship, they her Asse would
worship fayn.

20

It fortun'd, a noble warlike knight
By just occasion to that forrest came
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right
From whence he tooke his weldeserved
name: 175
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And fild far landes with glorie of his might;
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,
And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right;
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did
delight. 180

21

A Satyres sonne, yborne in forrest wyld,
By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a Lady myld,
Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde;
That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke
tyde 185
To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
Who had more joy to raunge the forrest
wyde,
And chase the salvage beast with busie
payne,
Then serve his Ladies love, and waste in
pleasures vayne.

22

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing
burne, 190
And could not lacke her lovers company,
But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,
And seeke her spouse, that from her still does
fly,
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to
find, 195
And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
The loyall links of wedlocke did unbind,
And made her person thrall unto his beastly
kind.

23

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensuall desire, *

¹ His wife.² A nymph.³ Sylvanus loved this youth, who was turned into a cypress at his death.

Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
And bore a boy unto that salvage sire:
Then home he suffered her for to retire,
For ransome leaving him the late borne
childe;

Whom till to ryper yeares he gan aspire, ²⁰⁵
He nourled up in life and manners wilde,
Emongst wild beasts and woods, from lawes
of men exile.

24

For all he taught the tender ymp was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare:
His trembling hand he would him force to
put

Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare; ²¹⁰
And from the she Beares teats her whelps to
teare;

And eke wyld roring Buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes, not made to
beare;

And the Robuckes in flight to overtake, ²¹⁵
That everie beast for feare of him did fly, and
quake.

25

Thereby so fearlesse and so fell he grew,
That his own syre, and maister of his guise,¹
Did often tremble at his horrid vew;
And oft, for dread of hurt, would him ad-
vise

The angry beastes not rashly to despise, ²²⁰
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne
The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard) and make the Libbard²
sterne

Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge
did earne. ²²⁵

26

And for to make his powre approved more,
Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell;
The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
The Pardale³ swift, and the Tigre cruell,
The Antelope, and Wolfe both fiers and
fell;

And them constraine in equall teme to draw. ²³⁰
Such joy he had their stubborne harts to
quell,

And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
That his beheast they feared as a tyrans law.

27

His loving mother came upon a day, ²³⁵
Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne;
And chaunst unwares to meet him in the
way,

¹ manner.² leopard.³ panther.

After his sportes and cruell pastime donne;
When after him a Lyonesse did runne,
That roaring all with rage did lowd re-
quere

Her children deare, whom he away had
wonne: ²⁴⁰

The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes withouten childish
feare.

28

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe gan fast to fly away; ²⁴⁵
Untill, with love revokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan
say:

"Ah Satyrane, my dearling and my joy,
For love of me leave off this dreadfull
play;

To dally thus with death is no fit toy: ²⁵⁰
Go, find some other play-fellowes, mine own
sweet boy."

29

In these and like delightes of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper years he raught;¹
And there abode, whylst any beast of
name

Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not
taught ²⁵⁵

To feare his force: and then his courage
haught²
Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures
sought;

In which his might was never over-
throwne; ²⁶⁰

But through al Faery lond his famous worth
was blown.

30

Yet evermore it was his maner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his syre and ofspring auncient. ²⁶⁵
And now he thither came for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Straunge Lady in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips
did redound. ²⁷⁰

31

He wondred at her wisdoms heavenly rare,
Whose like in womens witt he never knew;
And, when her curteous deeds he did compare,

¹ reached.² great.

Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles
threw, 275

And joyd to make prooffe of her cruelty
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse¹ and so trew:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And leard her discipline of faith and verity.

32

But she, all vowd unto the Redcrosse
Knight, 280
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight;
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise 285
To Satyrane she shewed her intent;
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
How with that pensive Maid he best might
thence arise.

33

So on a day, when Satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old, 290
The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
He led away with corage stout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe:
In vaine he seekes that having cannot
hold. 295
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, and come now
to the plaine.

34

The better part now of the lingring day
They traveld had, whenas they far espide
A weary wight forwandring by the way; 300
And towards him they gan in haste to ride,
To weete of newes that did abroad betide,
Or tidings of her knight of the Redcrosse;
But he them spying gan to turne aside
For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned
losse: 305
More greedy they of newes fast towards him
do crosse.

35

A silly² man, in simple weeds forworne,
And soild with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny
ray, 310
As he had traveld many a sommers day
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde,
And in his hand a Jacobs staffe,³ to stay

His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he
did bind. 315

36

The knight, approching nigh, of him in-
querd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures, none he
herd.
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion
trew, 320
That in his armour bare a croslet red?
"Ay me! Deare dame," (quoeth he) "well
may I rew
To tell the sad sight which mine eies have
red;
These eies did see that knight both living and
eke ded."

37

That cruell word her tender hart so
thrild, 325
That suddein cold did ronne through every
vaine,
And stony horreur all her sences fild
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for
paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe: 330
Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen
plaine
The further processe of her hidden grieve:
The lesser pangs can beare who hath endur'd
the chief.

38

Then gan the Pilgrim thus: "I chaunst this
day,
This fatall day that shall I ever rew, 335
To see two knights, in travell on my way,
(A sory sight) arraung'd in batteill new,
Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrath-
full hew.
My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,
To see their blades so greedily imbrew, 340
That, dronke with blood, yet thirsted after
life:
What more? the Redcrosse knight was slain
with Paynim knife."

39

"Ah! dearest Lord," (quoeth she) "how
might that bee,
And he the stoutest knight that ever wonne?"
"Ah! dearest dame," (quoeth hee) "how
might I see 345

¹ harmless, innocent.

² seely, i.e., simple.

³ pilgrim's staff, so called after Saint James or Jacobus.

The thing that might not be, and yet was
donne?"

"Where is," (said Satyrane) "that Paynims
sonne,

That him of life, and us of joy, hath reft?"

"Not far away," (quoth he) "he hence doth
wonne,"

Foreby a fountaine, where I late him lefte 350

Washing his bloody wounds, that through
the steele were cleft."

40

Therewith the knight thence marched
forth in hast,

Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse opprest,

Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;

And soone he came, as he the place had
ghest, 355

Whereas that Pagan proud him selfe did rest
In secret shadow by a fountaine side:

Even he it was, that earst would have sup-
prest

Faire Una; whom when Satyrane espide,

With foule reprochfull words he boldly him
defide. 360

41

And said; "Arise, thou cursed Miscreant,
That hast with knightlesse guile, and trecher-
ous train,

Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest
vaunt

That good knight of the Redcrosse to have
slain:

Arise, and with like treason now maintain 365

Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield."

The Sarazin, this hearing, rose amain,

And, catching up in hast his three-square
shield

And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the
field.

42

And, drawing nigh him, said; "Ah! mis-
born Elfe, 370

In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent

Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe:

Yet ill thou blamest me for having blent

My name with guile and traiterous intent:

That Redcrosse knight, perdie,² I never
slew; 375

But had he beene where earst his armes were
lent,

Th' enchaunter vaine his errour should not
rew:

But thou his errour shalt, I hope, now proven
trew."

1 live.

2 in truth.

43

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile 380

Each other, bent his enemy to quell,

That with their force they perst both plate
and maile,

And made wide furrowes in their fleshs fraile,

That it would pittie any living eie.

Large floods of blood adowne their sides did
raile; 385

But floods of blood could not them satisfie:

Both hongred after death; both chose to win,
or die.

44

So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,
That, fainting, each themselves to breathe
lett,

And, ofte refreshed, battell oft renewe 390

As when two Bores, with rancling malice mett,

Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret;

Til breathlesse both themselves aside retire,

Where foming wrath their cruell tuskes they
whett,

And trample th' earth, the whiles they may
respire, 395

Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and
entire.

45

So fiersly, when these knights had breathed
once,

They gan to fight retourne, increasing more

Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce.

With heaped strokes more hugely then
before; 400

That with their drery wounds, and bloody
gore,

They both, deformed, scarsely could bee
known.

By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,
Led with their noise which through the aire

was thrown,

Arriv'd wher they in erth their fruitles blood
had sown. 405

46

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan revive the memory

Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin,

And lefte the doubtfull battell hastily,

To catch her, newly offred to his eie; 410

But Satyrane, with strokes him turning,
staid,

And sternely bad him other busnesse plie,

Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid:

Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter
speeches said.

47

"O foolish faeries sonne! what fury mad⁴¹⁵
 Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?
 Were it not better I that Lady had
 Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
 Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth
 hate,
 To love another: Lo! then, for thine ayd,⁴²⁰
 Here take thy lovers token on thy pate."
 So they to fight; the whiles the royall Mayd
 Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore
 afraid.

48

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing¹
 told,
 Being in deed old Archimage, did stay⁴²⁵
 In secret shadow all this to behold;
 And much rejoyced in their bloody fray:
 But, when he saw the Damsell passe away,
 He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
 In hope to bring her to her last decay.⁴³⁰
 But for to tell her lamentable cace,
 And eke this battels end, will need another
 place.

CANTO VII

The Redcrosse knight is captive made
 By Gyaunt proud opprest:
 Prince Arthure meets with Una great-
 ly with those newes distrest.

I

What man so wise, what earthly witt so
 ware,
 As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
 By which deceipt doth maske in visour²
 faire,
 And cast her coulours, died deepe in graine,³
 To seeme like truth, whose shape she well can
 faire,⁵
 And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
 The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
 Great maistresse of her art was that false
 Dame,
 The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.

2

Who when, returning from the drery
 Night,¹⁰
 She fownd not in that perilous hous of Pryde,
 Where she had left the noble Redcrosse
 knight,
 Her hoped pray, she would no lenger byde,
 But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
 Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie
 sate¹⁵

To reste him selfe foreby a fountaine syde,
 Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate;
 And by his side his steed the grassy forage
 ate.

3

Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and
 bayes¹
 His sweatie forehead in the breathing
 wynd,²⁰
 Which through the trembling leaves full
 gently playes,
 Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd
 Doe chaunt sweet musick to delight his
 mynd.
 The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
 And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd²⁵
 Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
 With fowle words temping faire, soure gall
 with hony sweet.

4

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
 And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous shade,
 Which shielded them against the boyling
 heat,³⁰
 And with greene boughes decking a gloomy
 glade,
 About the fountaine like a girlond made;
 Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
 Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:
 The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to
 dwell,³⁵
 Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

5

The cause was this: one day, when Phoebe²
 fayre
 With all her band was following the chace,
 This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorch-
 ing ayre,
 Satt downe to rest in midst of the race:⁴⁰
 The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
 And badd the waters, which from her did
 flow,
 Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
 Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow,
 And all that drinke thereof do faint and
 feeble grow.⁴⁵

6

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was;
 And lying downe upon the sandie graile,³
 Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall
 glas:

¹ bathes.² Diana, goddess of the chase, sister of Phœbus Apollo³ gravel.¹ falsehood.² disguise.³ fast color.

Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle.
 And mightie strong was turnd to feeble
 frayle, 50
 His chaunged powres at first them selves not
 felt;
 Till crudled cold his corage gan assayle,
 And cheareful blood in fayntnes chill did
 melt,
 Which like a fever fit through all his bodie
 swelt.¹

7

Yet goodly court he made still to his
 Dame, 55
 Poured out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
 Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame;
 Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
 Which through the wood loud bellowing did
 rebownd,
 That all the earth for terror seemd to
 shake, 60
 And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith
 astownd,
 Upstartd lightly from his looser make,²
 And his unready weapons gan in hand to
 take.

8

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
 Or gett his shield, his monstrous enimy 65
 With sturdie steps came stalking in his
 sight,
 An hideous Geaunt,³ horrible and hye,
 That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the
 skye;
 The ground eke groned under him for dreed:
 His living like saw never living eye, 70
 Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed
 The hight of three the tallest sonnes of
 mortall seed.

9

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother
 was,
 And blustering Æolus his boasted sire,
 Who with his breath, which through the
 world doth pas, 75
 Her hollow womb did secretly inspire,
 And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,
 That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew
 time,
 In which the wombes of women do expire,
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of
 earthly slime, 80
 Puft up with emptie wind, and fild with sin-
 full crime.

¹ swelled, burned. ³ companion.
² Orgoglio, or Pride.

10

So growen great, through arrogant delight
 Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,
 And through presumption of his matchlesse
 might,
 All other powres and knighthood he did
 scorne. 85
 Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
 And left to losse; his stalking steps are
 stayde
 Upon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne
 Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
 His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he
 dismayde. 90

11

That, when the knight he spyde, he gan
 advaunce
 With huge force and insupportable mayne,²
 And towards him with dreadfull fury
 prauunce;
 Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
 Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne, 95
 Disarmd, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde;
 And eke so faint in every joynt and vayne,
 Through that fraile fountain which him
 feeble made,
 That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse
 single blade.

12

The Geaunt strooke so maynly merci-
 lesse, 100
 That could have overthrowne a stony towre;
 And, were not heavenly grace that did him
 blesse,
 He had beene pouldred³ all as thin as flowre:
 But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
 And lightly left from underneath the
 blow; 105
 Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,
 That with the winde it did him overthrow,
 And all his sences stound that still he lay full
 low.

13

As when that divelish yron Engin, wrought
 In deepest Hell, and framd by Furies
 skill, 110
 With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
 And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
 Conceiveth fyre, the heavens it doth fill
 With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth
 choke,
 That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at
 will, 115

¹ destruction. ² strength.
³ powdered, beaten.

Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking
smoke;
That th' only breath him daunts, who hath
escapt the stroke.

14

So daunted¹ when the Geaunt saw the
knight,
His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
And him to dust thought to have battred
quight,
Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye,
"O great Orgoglio! greatest under skye,
O! hold thy mortall² hand for Ladies sake;
Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave
make,
And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy Leman
take."

15

He hearkned, and did stay from further
harmes,
To gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake:³
So willingly she came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possessed of his newfound make.
Then up he tooke the slombred⁴ sencelesse
corse,
And, ere he could out of his swowne awake,
Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
And in a Doungeon deepe him threw without
remorse.

16

From that day forth Duessa was his deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye:
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
And her endowd with royall majesty.
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,
A monstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen
He chose, which he had kept long time in
darksom den.

17

Such one it was, as that renowned
Snake
Which great Alcides⁵ in Stremona slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake:
Whose many heades, out budding ever new,
Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew.
But this same Monster much more ugly
was,

For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine
as glas.

18

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous
length,
That to the hous of hevenly gods it
raught:¹
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd
strength,
The everburning lamps from thence it
braught,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of
nought:
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred thinges, and holy heastes² fore-
taught.³
Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold
head
He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and
dread.

19

The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters
fall
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
And valiant knight become a caytive
thrall,
When all was past, tooke up his forlorne⁴
weed;⁵
His mightie Armour, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse;
His poynant speare that many made to
bleed,
The rueful moniments of heavinesses;
And with them all departes to tell his great
distresse.

20

He had not travaild long, when on the
way
He wofull Lady, wofull Una, met,
Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,⁶
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did
let:⁷
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had
set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydings
spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And lively⁸ breath her sad brest did forsake;
Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant
and quake.

1 modifies knight.

2 deadly.

3 "as good a reward as she said it was."

4 unconscious.

5 Hercules.

1 reached.

2 behests.

3 taught before or previously.

4 abandoned.

5 attire.

6 plunder.

7 hinder.

8 life-supporting.

21

The messenger of so unhappie newes
Would faine have dyde: dead was his hart
within,

Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes.
At last, recovering hart, he does begin
To rubb her temples, and to chaufe her
chin, *but with dread still shewes* 185

And everie tender part does tosse and turne:
So hardly he the flitted life does win
Unto her native prison to retourne;
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament
and mourne:

22

"Ye dreary instruments of dolefull
sight, *which doo me thus to see* 190
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruell fates the carefull threds un-
fould,

The which my life and love together tyde? 195
Now let the stony dart of sencelesse cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through everie
side,
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me
hyde.

23

"O lightsome day! the lampe of highest
Jove,
First made by him mens wandring wayes to
guyde, *the better to see the way* 200
When darknesse he in deepest dongeon
drove,
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
And shut up heavens windowes shyning
wyde;
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow
breed,
And late repentance which shall long
abyde: *the better to see the way* 205
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
But seeled up with death shall have their
deadly meed."

24

Then downe againe she fell unto the
ground,
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly
sownd, *the better to see the way* 210
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.
At last when life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enemy,
With foltring tong, and trembling everie
vaine,

"Tell on," (quoth she) "the wofull Trag-
edy, *the better to see the way* 215
The which these reliques sad present unto
mine eye.

25

"Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her
spight,
And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost
dart:
Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine
hart: *the better to see the way* 220
Who hath endur'd the whole can beare ech
part.

If death it be, it is not the first wound
That launched hath my brest with bleeding
smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;
If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have
found." *the better to see the way* 225

26

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse
declare;
The subtile traines of Archimago old;
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim
bold;
The wretched payre transformd to treën
mould; *the better to see the way* 230
The house of Pryde, and perilles round
about;
The combat which he with Sansjoy did
hould;
The lucklesse conflict with the Gyaunt stout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in
doubt.

27

She heard with patience all unto the
end, *the better to see the way* 235
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,¹
Which greater grew the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway,
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay;
For greater love, the greater is the losse. 240
Was never Lady loved dearer day³
Then she did love the knight of the Red-
crosse,
For whose deare sake so many troubles her
did tosse.

28

At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find 245

¹ moment. ² attack of sorrow.

³ "No lady ever loved daylight dearer."

Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pas,
 All as the Dwarfe the way to her assynd;
 And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
 She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale.
 Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter
 wind, 250
 High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,
 She wandred many a wood, and measurd
 many a vale.

29

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
 A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
 Together with his Squyre, arayed meet: 255
 His glitterand armour shined far away,
 Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray;
 From top to toe no place appeared bare,
 That deadly dint of steele endanger may.
 Athwart his brest a bauldrick¹ brave he
 ware, 260
 That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones
 most pretious rare.

30

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous
 mights,
 Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
 Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights, 265
 And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
 Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
 In ivory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights,²
 Whose hiltes were burnisht gold, and handle
 strong
 Of mother perle; and buckled with a golden
 tong. 270

31

His haughtie Helmet, horrid³ all with gold,
 Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour
 bredd:
 For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
 With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
 His golden winges: his dreadfull hideous
 hedd, 275
 Close couched on the bever,⁴ seemd to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery
 redd,
 That suddeine horreur to faint hartes did
 show;
 And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back
 full low.

32

Upon the top of all his loftie crest, 280
 A bounch of heares discoloured diversly,

¹ belt. ² designs. ³ bristling.
⁴ the lower, movable part of a helmet.

With sprinckled pearle and gold full richly
 drest,
 Did shake, and seemd to daunce for jollity,
 Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
 On top of greene Selinis¹ all alone, 285
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one
 At everie little breath that under heaven is
 blowne.

33

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
 Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene; 290
 Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
 Such earthly mettals soon consumed beene,
 But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
 It framed was, one massy entire mould,
 Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines
 keene, 295
 That point of speare it never percen could,
 Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance
 would.

34

The same to wight he never wont² disclose,
 But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
 Or daunt unequall armies of his foes, 300
 Or when the flying heavens he would affray;
 For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
 That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,
 As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
 And silver Cynthia³ waxed pale and
 faynt, 305
 As when her face is staynd with magicke arts
 constraint.

35

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
 Nor bloody wordes of bold Enchaunters call;
 But all that was not such as seemd in sight
 Before that shield did fade, and suddeine
 fall; 310
 And when him list⁴ the raskall routes appall,
 Men into stones therewith he could trans-
 mew,
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
 And, when him list the prouder lookes sub-
 dew,
 He would them gazing blind,⁵ or turne to
 other hew. 315

36

Ne let it seeme that credence this exceeds;
 For he that made the same was knowne right
 well
 To have done much more admirable deedes

¹ In Sicily. ² was wont to. ³ the moon.
⁴ pleased. ⁵ "blind them as they gazed."

It Merlin¹ was, which whylome did excell
 All living wightes in might of magicke
 spell: 320
 Both shield and sword, and armour all he
 wrought
 For this young Prince, when first to armes he
 fell;²
 But, when he dyde, the Faery Queene it
 brought
 To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if
 sought:

37

A gentle youth, his dearely loved
 Squire, 325
 His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
 Whose harmful head, thrise heated in the
 fire,
 Had riven many a brest with pikehead
 square:
 A goodly person, and could menage faire
 His stubborne steed with curbed canon³
 bitt, 330
 Who under him did trample as the aire,
 And chaufte that any on his backe should sitt:
 The yron rowels into frothy fome he bitt.

38

Whenas this knight nigh to the Lady drew,
 With lovely court he gan her entertaine; 335
 But, when he heard her answers loth, he
 knew
 Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine;⁴
 Which to allay, and calme her storming
 paine,
 Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
 And for her humor fitting purpose⁵ faire, 340
 To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray,
 Wherewith enmovd, these bleeding words she
 gan to say.

39

"What worlds delight, or joy of living
 speach,
 Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,
 And heaped with so huge misfortunes,
 reach? 345
 The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
 And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
 Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale.
 Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden
 keep,
 Then rip up grieve where it may not
 avale: 350
 My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and
 waile."

40

"Ah Lady deare," quoth then the gentle
 knight,
 "Well may I ween your grieve is wondrous
 great;
 For wondrous great grieve groneth in my
 spright,
 Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes
 treat. 355
 But, woefull Lady, let me you intrete,
 For to unfold the anguish of your hart;
 Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
 And counsell mitigates the greatest smart:
 Found never help who never would his hurts
 impart." 360

41

"O, but," (quoth she) "great grieve will not
 be tould,
 And can more easily be thought then said."
 "Right so," (quoth he) "but he that never
 would
 Could never: will to might gives greatest
 aid."
 "But grieve," (quoth she) "does greater grow
 displaid, 365
 If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire."
 "Despaire breeds not," (quoth he) "where
 faith is staid."
 "No faith so fast," (quoth she) "but flesh
 does paire."¹
 "Flesh may empaire," (quoth he) "but rea-
 son can repaire." 369

42

His goodly reason, and well-guided speach,
 So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
 That her perswaded to disclose the breach
 Which love and fortune in her heart had
 wrought;
 And said; "Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath
 brought
 You to inquere the secrets of my grieve, 375
 Or that your wisdom will direct my
 thought,
 Or that your prowess can me yield reliefe:
 Then, heare the story sad, which I shall tell
 you brieve.

43

"The forlorne Maiden, whom your eies
 have seene 379
 The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
 Am th'onely daughter of a King and Queene,
 Whose parents deare, whiles equal destinies
 Did ronne about, and their felicities
 The favourable heavens did not envy,
 I impair."

¹ The great magician in the stories of the Round Table.
² took. ³ smooth. ⁴ tear. ⁵ conversation.

¹ impair.

Did spread their rule through all the territories,
Which Phison¹ and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually:

44

"Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
An huge great Dragon, horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,²
With murderous ravine, and devouring might,
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted
quight:

Themselves, for feare into his jawes to fall,
He forst to castle strong to take their flight;
Where, fast embard in mighty brassen
wall,
He has them now four years besiegd to make
them thrall.

45

"Full many knights, adventurous and
stout,

Have enterpriz'd that Monster to subdew.
From every coast that heaven walks about
Have thither come the noble Martial
crew

That famous harde achievements still pursue;

Yet never any could that girlond win,
But all still shronke, and still he greater
grew:

All they, for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pittious pray of his fiers cruelty have
bin.

46

"At last, yled with far reported praise,
Which flying fame throughout the world had
spread,

Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did
raise,

That noble order hight of maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
Of Gloriane, great Queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis³ is red;
There to obtaine some such redoubted
knight,

That Parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

47

"Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was
faire and good)
There for to find a fresh unproved knight;

Whose manly hands imbrewd in guilty blood
Had never beene, ne ever by his might
Had throwne to ground the unregarded
right:

Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath
made

(I witnes am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging
blade.

48

"And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His biting sword, and his devouring speare,
Which have endured many a dreadfull
stowre,

Can speake his prowesse that did earst you
beare,

And well could rule; now he hath left you
heare

To be the record of his ruefull losse,
And of my dolefull disaventurous deare.
O! heavie record of the good Redcrosse,
Where have yee left your lord that could so
well you tosse?

49

"Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captive languor should redeeme:
Till, all unweeting, an Enchaunter bad
His sence abusd, and made him to mis-
deeme

My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,
That rather death desire then such despight.
Be judge, ye heavens, that all things right
esteeme,

How I him lov'd, and love with all my
might.
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought
aright.

50

"Thenceforth me desolate he quite for-
sooke,

To wander where wilde fortune would me
lead,

And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
Where never foote of living light did
tread,
That brought not backe the balefull body
dead:

In which him chaunced false Duessa meete,
Mine onely³ foe; mine onely deadly dread;
Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming
sweete,

Inveigled him to follow her desires un-
meet.

¹ The three rivers mentioned are in Paradise.

² Hades.

³ "The city of glory"; i.e., London. 4 called.

1 injury. 2 wrong. 3 particular.

51

"At last, by subtile sleights she him be-
traid

Unto his foe, a Gyaunt huge and tall;
Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall
The monster mercilesse him made to fall, 455
Whose fall did never foe before behold:

And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched
thrall,

Remedilesse for aie he doth him hold.

This is my cause of grieve, more great then
may be told."

52

Ere she had ended all she gan to faint: 460
But he her comforted, and faire bespake:

"Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of
plaint;

That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to
quake:

But be of cheare, and comfort to you take;
For till I have acquitt your captive knight,
Assure your selfe I will you not forsake." 465

His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse
spright,

So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding
ever right.

CANTO VIII

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
Brings Arthure to the fight:
Who slayes the Gyaunt, wounds the beast,
And strips Duessa quight.

I

Ay me! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him up-
hold,

And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.
Her love is firme, her care continuall, 470
So oft as he, through his own foolish pride
Or weaknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall:
Els should this Redcrosse knight in bands
have dyde,

For whose deliverance she this Prince doth
thither guyd.

2

They sadly traveild thus, untill they
came 475

Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye:
Then cryde the Dwarfe, "Lo! yonder is the
same,

In which my Lord, my liege, doth lucklesse ly
Thrall to that Gyaunts hatefull tyranny:

i club.

Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres
assay." 480

The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie steed, and badd the Ladie stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall
that day.

3

So with his Squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that castle
wall, 485

Whose gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living
wight

To warde the same, nor answere commers
call.

Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle
small,

Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold
And tasselles gay. Wyde wonders over
all 490

Of that same hornes great virtues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

4

Was never wight that heard that shrilling
sownd,

But trembling feare did feel in every vaine:
Three miles it might be easy heard arownd, 495
And Ecchoes three aunswer'd it selfe againe:
No false enchauntment, nor deceitfull
traîne,

Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and
fast, 500

But with that percing noise flew open quite,
or brast.

5

The same before the Geaunts gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
And every dore of freewill open flew.

The Gyaunt selfe, dismaied with that
sownd, 505

Where he with his Duessa dalliaunce fownd.
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one
astownd,

And staggering steps, to weet what suddein
stowre

Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd
his dreaded powre. 510

6

And after him the proud Duessa came,
High mounted on her many headed beast,
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,

I ox.

And every head was crowned on his creast,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast. 50
That when the knight beheld, his mightie
shild

Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,
And at him fiersly flew, with corage fild,
And eger greedinesse through every member
thrild.

7

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to
fight, 55
Inflamd with scornfull wrath and high dis-
daine,

And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All armd with ragged snubbes¹ and knottie
graine,

Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
But wise and wary was that noble Pere; 60
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous
maine,

Did fayre avoide the violence him nere:
It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts
to beare.

8

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous
might:

The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way, 65
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did
throw.

The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay, 70
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with strange feare did like an
erthquake show.

9

As when almightie Jove, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly
food² 75

Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
The fiers threeforked engin, making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath
rent,

And all that might his angry passage stay; 80
And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount
of clay.

10

His boystrous³ club, so buried in the
grownd,
He could not rearen up againe so light,

1 knobs

2 feud.

3 crude.

But that the Knight him at advantage
fownd;

And, whiles he strove his combréd clubbe to
quight, 85

Out of the earth, with blade all burning
bright

He smott off his left arme, which like a
block

Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might:
Large streames of blood out of the truncked
stock

Forth gushed, like fresh water streames from
riven rocke. 90

11

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He loudly brayd with beastly yelling sownd,
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe.

As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian
plaine 95

An heard of Bulles, whom kindly⁴ rage doth
sting,

Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing:
The neighbor woods arownd with hollow
murmur ring.

12

That when his deare Duessa heard, and
saw 100

The evil stownd that daungerd her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast; who, swolne with blood
of late,

Came ramping forth with proud presumpte-
ous gate,

And threatned all his heades like flaming
brandes. 105

But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fiers with single sword in hand;
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bul-
warke stand.

13

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight,
And fiers disdaine to be affronted so, 110
Enforst her purple beast with all her might,
That stop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let of so unequall foe:

But nathemore would that courageous swayne
To her yeeld passage gainst his Lord to
goe, 115

But with outrageous strokes did him re-
straine,

And with his body bard the way atwixt them
twaine.

1 natural.

14

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick
artes;
Death and despayre did many thereof
sup, 120
And secret poyson through their inner partes,
Th' eternall bale of heaue wounded harts;
Which, after charmes and some enchaunt-
ments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes:
Therewith his sturdie corage soon was
quayd,¹ 125
And all his sences were with suddein dread
dismayd.

15

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize. 130
That when the carefull knight gan well averse,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;
For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved Squyre into such thraldom
brought: 135

16

And, high advauncing his blood-thirstie
blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heades so sore,
That of his puissance proud ensample made:
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it
tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped
more. 140
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field arownd,
That over shoes in blood he waded on the
grownd.

17

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine, 145
That to have heard great horror would have
bred;
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long
trayne,
Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
Would have cast downe, and trodd in durty
myre, 150
Had not the Gyaunt soone her succoured;
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre,
Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the
knight retyre.

¹ subdued.

18

The force, which wont in two to be dis-
perst,
In one alone left hand he now unites, 155
Which is through rage more strong then both
were erst;
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,¹
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
That strongest Oake might seeme to over-
throw.
The stroke upon his shield so heaue lites, 160
That to the ground it doubleth him full low:
What mortall wight could ever beare so
monstrous blow?

19

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
Did loose his vele² by chaunce, and open
flew;
The light whereof, that hevens light did
pas, 165
Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer
threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring
eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye 170
For to have slain the man, that on the ground
did lye.

20

And eke the fruitfull-headed³ beast, amazzd
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Became stark blind, and all his sences dazd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie
field, 175
And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd
to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Unto the Gyaunt lowdly she gan call;
"O! helpe, Orgoglio; helpe! or els we perish
all." 180

21

At her so pitteous cry was much amov'd
Her champion stout; and for to ayde his
frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd,
But all in vaine, for he has redd his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces
spend 185
Them selves in vaine: for, since that glaunc
ing sight,
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend.

¹ lifts.² its cover.³ bounteously supplied with heads.

As where th' Almighties lightning brond does
light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the
sencés quight.

22

Whom when the Prince, to batteill new
addrest 190
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did
see,

His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift, 195
Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh
hewen be;
The mightie trunck, halfe rent with ragged
rift,
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with
fearefull drift.

23

Or as a Castle, reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malicious slight 200
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falles; and with her heaped
hight
Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,
And yields it selfe unto the victours
might. 205
Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to
shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did
quake.

24

The knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay, 210
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous
store.
But, soone as breath out of his brest did pas,
That huge great body, which the Gyaunt
bore,
Was vanisht quite; and of that monstrous
mas 215
Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader
was.

25

Whose grievous fall when false Duessa
spyde,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde:
Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did
wound, 220

That she could not endure that dolefull
stound
But leaving all behind her fled away:
The light-foot Squyre her quickly turnd
around,
And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his Lord as his deserved
pray. 225

26

The roiall Virgin which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull
warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladnesse and myld modestie; 230
And with sweet joyous cheare him thus be-
spake:
"Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chev-
alrie,
That with your worth the world amazed
make,
How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my
sake?

27

"And you, fresh budd of vertue springing
fast, 235
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths
dore,
What hath poore Virgin for such perill past
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple selfe, and service evermore:
And he that high does sit, and all things
see 240
With equall eye, their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
And what I cannot quite requite with usuree.

28

"But sith the heavens, and your faire
handeling, 245
Have made you master of the field this
day,
Your fortune maister eke with governing,
And, well b'gonne, end all so well, I pray!
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon
lay, 250
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all:
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does
call!"

29

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his
Squyre, 250
That scarlot whore to keepen carefully;

Whyles he himselfe with greedie great de-
 syre 255
 Into the Castle entred forcibly,
 Where living creature none he did espye,
 Then gan he lowdly through the house to call,
 But no man car'd to answer to his crye:
 There raignd a solemne silence over all; 260
 Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in
 bowre or hall.

30

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth
 came
 An old old man,¹ with beard as white as snow,
 That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
 And guyde his wearie gate both too and
 fro, 265

For his eye sight him fayled long ygo;
 And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
 The which unused rust did overgrow:
 Those were the keyes of every inner dore;
 But he could not them use, but kept them
 still in store. 270

31

But very uncouth sight was to behold,
 How he did fashion his untoward pace;
 For as he forward moovd his footing old,
 So backward still was turnd his wrinckled
 face:

Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace, 275
 Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
 This was the auncient keeper of that place,
 And foster father of the Gyaunt dead;
 His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

32

His reverend heares and holy gravitee 280
 The knight much honord, as beseeemed well;
 And gently askt, where all the people bee,
 Which in that stately building wont to dwell:
 Who answerd him full soft, *he could not tell*.
 Again he askt, where that same knight was
 layd, 285
 Whom great Orgoglio with his puissaunce fell
 Had made his caytive thrall: againe he sayde,
He could not tell; ne ever other answer made.

33

Then asked he, which way he in might pas?
He could not tell, againe he answered. 290
 Thereat the courteous knight displeased was,
 And said; "Old syre, it seemes thou hast not
 red²

How ill it sits with that same silver hed,
 In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:
 But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed 295

¹ Ignorance. ² observed.

With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
 Aread in graver wise what I demaund of
 thee."

34

His answer likewise was, *he could not tell*:
 Whose sencelesse speach, and doted igno-
 rance,

Whenas the noble Prince had marked
 well, 300

He ghest his nature by his countenance,
 And calmd his wrath with goodly temper-
 ance.

Then, to him stepping, from his arme did
 reach

Those keyes, and made himselfe free enter-
 ance.

Each dore he opened without any breach, 305
 There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to
 empeach.

35

There all within full rich arayd he found,
 With royall arras, and resplendent gold,
 And did with store of every thing abound,
 That greatest Princes presence might be-
 hold. 310

But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
 With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents
 trew,

Which there were slaine as sheepe out of the
 fold,

Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew;
 And sacred ashes over it was strowed
 new. 315

36

And there beside of marble stone was built
 An Altare, carv'd with cunning ymagerie,
 On which trew Christians blood was often
 spilt,

And holy Martyres often doen to dye
 With cruell malice and strong tyranny: 320
 Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the
 stone,

To God for vengeance cryde continually;
 And with great grieve were often heard to
 grone,

That hardest heart would bleede to hear their
 piteous mone.

37

Through every rowme he sought, and
 everie bowr, 325

But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
 At last he came unto an yron doore,
 That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
 Emongst that bounch to open it withall;

But in the same a little grate was pight, ³³⁰
 Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd
 did call
 With all his powre, to weet if living wight
 Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen
 might.

38

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring
 voyce
 These pitteous plaintes and dolours did
 resound: ³³⁵

"O! who is that, which bringes me happy
 choyce

Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
 Yet live perforce in balefull darknesse bound?
 For now three Moones have changed thrice
 their hew,¹

And have been thrice hid underneath the
 ground, ³⁴⁰

Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew.

O! welcome thou, that doest of death bring
 tydings trew."

39

Which when that Champion heard, with
 percing point

Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled sore;
 And trembling horror ran through every

joynt, ³⁴⁵

For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore;

Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore

With furious force and indignation fell;

Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,

But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell, ³⁵⁰

That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull
 smell.

40

But nether darknesse fowle, nor filthy
 bands,

Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
 (Entire affection hateth nicer hands)

But that with constant zeale and corage
 bold, ³⁵⁵

After long paines and labors manifold,

He found the meanes that Prisoner up to
 reare;

Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold

His pined corse, him scarce to light could
 beare;

A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly
 drere. ³⁶⁰

41

His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
 Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view;

1 form.

His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,²
 And empty sides deceived of their dew,
 Could make a stony hart his hap to rew; ³⁶⁵
 His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned
 bowrs²

Were wont to rive³ steele plates, and helmets
 hew,

Were clene consum'd; and all his vitall
 powres

Decayd, and al his flesh shronk up like with-
 ered flowres.

42

Whome when his Lady saw, to him she
 ran ³⁷⁰

With hasty joy: to see him made her glad,

And sad to view his visage pale and wan,

Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was
 clad.

Tho, when her well of teares she wasted had,
 She said; "Ah dearest Lord! what evill

starre ³⁷⁵

On you hath frownd, and poured his influence
 bad,

That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,

And this misseeming hew your manly looks
 doth marre?

43

"But welcome now, my Lord in wele or woe,
 Whose presence I have lackt too long a
 day: ³⁸⁰

And fie on Fortune, mine avowed foe,

Whose wrathful wreakes⁴ them selves doe
 now alay;

And for these wronges shall treble penance
 pay

Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe."⁵

The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dis-
 may, ³⁸⁵

Had no delight to treaten of his grieve;

His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

44

"Faire Lady," then said that victorious
 knight,

The things, that grievous were to doe, or
 beare,

Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight; ³⁹⁰

Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare,

But th' only good that growes of passed feare
 Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.

This daies ensample hath this lesson deare

Deepe written in my heart with yron pen, ³⁹⁵

That blisse may not abide in state of mortall
 men.

1 bites, food.

4 punishments.

2 muscles.

5 experience.

3 split.

45
 "Henceforth, Sir knight, take to you
 wonted strength,
 And maister these mishaps with patient
 might.
 Loe! where your foe lies strecht in monstrous
 length;
 And loe! that wicked woman in your
 sight, 400
 The roote of all your care and wretched
 plight,
 Now in your powre, to let her live, or die."
 "To doe her die," (quoth Una) "were
 despight,
 And shame t' avenge so weake an enemy;
 But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her
 fly." 405

46

So, as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
 And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
 And ornaments that richly were displaid;
 Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
 Then, when they had despoild her tire and
 call, 410
 Such as she was their eies might her behold,
 That her misshaped parts did them appall:
 A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
 Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not
 be told.

47

Her craftie head was altogether bald, 415
 And as in hate of honorable eld,
 Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald;
 Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
 And her sowre breath abhominably smeld;
 Her dried dugs, like bladders lacking
 wind, 420
 Hong downe, and filthy matter from them
 weld;
 Her wrizled skin as rough, as maple rind,
 So scabby was, that would have loathd all
 womankind.

48

Her neather parts, the shame of all her
 kind,
 My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to
 write; 425
 But at her rompe she growing had behind
 A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight;
 And eke her feete most monstrous were in
 sight;
 For one of them was like an Eagles claw,
 With griping talaunts armd to greedy
 fight, 430

1 cap.

The other like a Beares uneven paw:
 More ugly shape yet never living creature
 saw.

49

Which when the knights beheld amazz
 they were,
 And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
 "Such then," (said Una,) "as she seemeth
 here, 435
 Such is the face of falshood: such the sight
 Of fowle Duesa, when her borrowed light
 Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne."
 Thus when they had the witch disrobed
 quight,
 And all her filthy feature open showne, 440
 They let her goe at will, and wander waies
 unknowne.

50

Shee, flying fast from heavens hated face,
 And from the world that her discovered wide,
 Fled to the wastfull wilderness apace,
 From living eies her open shame to hide, 445
 And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespide.
 But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
 Did in that castle afterwards abide,
 To rest them selves, and weary powres re-
 paire;
 Where store they fownd of al that dainty was
 and rare. 450

CANTO IX

His loves and lignage Arthure tells:
 The knights knitt friendly bands:
 Sir Trevisan flies f om Despeyre,
 Whom Redcros knight withstands.

I

O goodly golden chayne, wherewith yfere 1
 The vertues linked are in lovely wize;
 And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
 In brave poursuitt of chevalrous emprise,
 That none did others safety despize, 5
 Nor aid envy to him in need that stands;
 But friendly each did others praise devise,
 How to advaunce with favourable hands,
 As this good Prince redeemd the Redcrosse
 knight from bands.

2

Who when their powres, empayrd through
 labor long, 10
 With dew repast they had recured well,
 And that weake captive wight now waxed
 strong,
 Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
 1 together.

But forward fare as their adventures fell:
But, ere they parted, Una faire besought 15
That straunger knight his name and nation
tell;

Least so great good, as he for her had
wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in
thankles thought.

3

"Faire virgin," (said the Prince,) "yee me
require

A thing without the compas of my witt; 20
For both the lignage, and the certein Sire,
From which I sprong, from mee are hidden
yitt

For all so soone as life did me admitt
Into this world, and shewed hevens light,
From mothers pap I taken was unfitt, 25
And streight deliver'd to a Fary knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes¹ and
martiall might.

4

"Unto Old Timon he me brought bylive; 2
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
In warlike feates th' expertest man alive, 30
And is the wisest now on earth I weene:
His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
His tombling billowes rolls with gentle
rore; 35
There all my daies he traird mee up in vertu-
ous lore.

5

"Thither the great magicien Merlin came,
As was his use, ofttimes to visitt mee;
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And Tutors nouriture to oversee. 40
Him oft and oft I askt in privy,
Of what loines and what lignage I did spring;
Whose aunswere bad he still assured bee,
That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
As time in her just term the truth to light
should bring." 45

6

"Well worthy impe,"³ said then the Lady
gent,⁴
"And Pupill fitt for such a Tutors hand!
But what adventure, or what high intent,
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
Aread, Prince Arthure, crowne of Martiall
band?" 50

¹ habits.³ offspring, child.² immediately.⁴ gentle

"Full hard it is," (quoth he) "to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or understand
The secret meaning of th' eternall might,
That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts
of living wight.

7

"For whether he, through fatal deepe fore-
sight, 55
Me hither sent for cause to me unghost;
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and
night
Whilome doth rangle in my riven brest,
With forced fury following his behest,
Me hither brought by wayes yet never
found, 60
You to have helpt I hold my selfe yet blest."
"Ah! courteous Knight," (quoth she) "what
secret wound
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on
ground?"

8

"Dear Dame," (quoth he) "you sleeping
sparkes awake,
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will
grow; 65
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living² moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life doe lye in ashes low:
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
But, told, it flames; and, hidden, it does
glow, 70
I will revele what ye so much desire.
Ah. Love! lay down thy bow, the whiles I
may respyre.

9

"It was in freshest flowre of youthly
yeares,
When corage first does creepe in manly chest,
Then first the cole of kindly heat appeares 75
To kindle love in every living brest:
But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
As miserable lovers use to rew, 80
Which still wex old in woe, whiles wo stil
wexeth new.

10

"That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enemy,
I ever scornd, and joyd to stirre up strife,
In midst of their mournfull Tragedy; 85
Ay wont to laugh when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire which them to ashes brent¹
Their God himselfe, grievd at my libertie,

Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;
But I them warded all with wary govern-
ment. 90

II

"But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
Or unawares at disavantage fownd.
Nothing is sure that growes on earthly
grownd; 95
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly
might,
And boastes in beauties chaine not to be
bownd,
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,
And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours
most despyght.

12

"Ensamplie make of him your haplesse
joy, 100
And of my selfe now mated,¹ as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging
boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my lib-
ertee.
For on a day, prickt forth with jollitee
Of looser life and heat of hardiment, 105
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one
consent,
Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine
intent.

13

"Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me
layd, 110
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet fayre displayd;
Whiles every sence the humour sweet em-
bayd,²
And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd 115
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

14

"Most goodly glee and lovely blandish-
ment
She to me made, and badd me love her deare;
For dearely sure her love was to me bent, 120
As, when just time expired, should appeare.
But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
defeated. 2 pervaded.

As she to me delivered all that night; 125
And at her parting said, She Queene of
Faeries hight.

15

"When I awoke, and found her place de-
voyd,
And nought but pressed gras where she had
lyen,
I sorrowed all so much as earst I joyd,
And washed all her place with watry
eyen. 130
From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne;
From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,
To seek her out with labor and long tyne,¹
And never vowd to rest till her I fynd:
Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet ni'll that
vow unbynd." 135

16

Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did be-
wray;
Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display,
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say: 140
"O happy Queene of Faeries! that hast fownd,
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse
may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd.
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow
on grownd."

17

"Thine, O! then," said the gentle Redcrosse
knight, 145
"Next to that Ladies love, shalbe the place,
O fayrest virgin! full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly
race,
Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my
life, 150
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthie
grace,
For onely worthie you through prowes priefe,
Yf living man mote worthie be to be her
lief." 2

18

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden Sunne his glistring head gan
shew, 155
And sad remembraunce now the Prince
amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew;
Als Una earnd her travaill to renew.
1 toil. 2 beloved.

Then those two knights, fast friendship for
to bynd,
And love establish each to other trew, 160
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull
mynd,
And eke, as pledges firme, right hands to-
gether joynd.

19

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of Diamond
sure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor
pure, 165
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wovnd could heale incontinent.
Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight him
gave
A booke, wherein his Saveours testament
Was writt with golden letters rich and
brave: 170
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules
to save.

20

Thus beene they parted; Arthur on his way
To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Unaes foe, that all her realme did
pray.¹
But she, now weighing the decayed plight 175
And shrunkn synewes of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course pur-
sew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew;
For him to be yet weake and wearie well she
knew. 180

21

So as they traveild, lo! they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other griesly thing that him aghast.
Still as he fledd his eye was backward
cast, 185
As if his feare still followed him behynd:
Als flew his steed as he his bandes had brast,
And with his winged heeles did tread the
wynd,
As he had beene a fole of Pegasus his kynd.

22

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his
head 190
To bee unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dread:
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
I prey on.

Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his feares,
In fowle reproch of knighthoodes fayre de-
gree, 195
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his glistring armes does ill agree,
But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

23

The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed
fast,
To weet what mister² wight² was so dis-
mayd. 200
There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
That of him selfe he seemd to be afraid;
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliver might:
"Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus
arayd, 205
And eke from whom make ye this hasty
flight?
For never knight I saw in such misseeming
plight."

24

He answerd nought at all; but adding new
Feare to his first amazment, staring wyde
With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow
hew, 210
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
Infernall furies with their chaines untyde.
Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake
The gentle knight; who nought to him re-
plyde;
But, trembling every joynt, did inly
quake, 215
And foltring tongue, at last, these words
seemd forth to shake;

25

"For Gods deare love, Sir knight, doe me
not stay;
For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee."
Eft³ looking back would faine have runne
away;
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free 220
The secrete cause of his perplexitie:
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach
Could his blood frozen hart emboldened bee,
But through his boldnes rather feare did
reach;
Yett, forst, at last he made through silence
suddein breach. 225

26

"And am I now in safetie sure," (quoth he)
"From him that would have forced me to
dye?"

1 sort of.

2 person.

3 again.

And is the point of death now turnd fro
mee,
That I may tell this haplesse history?"
"Fear nought," (quoth he) "no daunger now
is nye."²³⁰
"Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,"
(Said he) "the which with this unlucky eye
I late beheld; and, had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the
place.

27

"I lately chaunst (Would I had never
chaunst!)"²³⁵

With a fayre knight to keopen companee,
Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
In all affayres, and was both bold and free,
But not so happy as mote happy bee:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,²⁴⁰
That him againe lov'd in the least degree;
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And joyd to see her lover languish and
lament:

28

"From whom retourning sad and comfort-
lesse,
As on the way together we did fare,²⁴⁵
We met that villen, (God from him me
blesse!)¹
That cursed wight, from whom I scapt why-
leare,²

A man of hell that calls himselfe Despayre:
Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes³
Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures
rare:²⁵⁰
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly
deedes.

29

"Which when he knew, and felt our feeble
harts
Emboist⁴ with bale, and bitter byting grieve,
Which love had launched with his deadly
darts,²⁵⁵
With wounding words, and termes of foule
repriefe,
He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,
That earst us held in love of lingring life;
Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning
thiefe
Perswade us dye, to stint all further
strife:²⁶⁰
To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty
knife.

¹ protect.³ proclaims, tells.² some time before.⁴ worn out.

30

"With which sad instrument of hasty
death,
That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
A wyde way made to let forth living breath:
But I, more fearefull or more lucky
wight,²⁶⁵
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying
feare;
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare;
But God you never let his charmed speaches
heare!"²⁷⁰

31

"How may a man," (said he) "with idle
speech
Be wonne to spoyle the Castle of his health?"
"I wote," (quoth he) "whom tryall late did
teach,
That like would not for all this worldes
wealth.
His subtile tong like dropping honny
mealt'h"²⁷⁵
Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine;
That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is reft, and weaknes doth remaine.
O! never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull
traîne."

32

"Certes," (sayd he) "hence¹ shall I never
rest,²⁸⁰
Till I that treachours art have heard and
tryde:
And you, Sir knight, whose name mote I
request,
Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde."
"I, that hight Trevisan," (quoth he) "will
ryde
Against my liking backe to doe you grace:²⁸⁵
But nor for gold nor glee will I abyde
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
For lever² had I die then see his deadly
face."

33

Ere long they come where that same wicked
wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,²⁹⁰
For underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcasses doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever
drave²⁹⁵

¹ henceforth.² sooner.

Far from that haunt all other chearefull
fowle;
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle
and howle.

34

And all about old stockes and stubs of
trees,

Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees; ³⁰⁰
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcases were scattred on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull
teene,¹

Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen
neare; ³⁰⁵

But th' other forst him staye, and comforted
in feare.

35

That darkesome cave they enter, where
they find

That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind:

His griesie lockes, long growen and un-
bound, ³¹⁰

Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face, through which his hollow
eyne

Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and
pine,

Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never
dye. ³¹⁵

36

His garment, nought but many ragged
clouts,

With thornes together pind and patched
was,

The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay upon the gras

A dreary corse, whose life away did pas, ³²⁰

All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!

In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing
flood.

37

Which piteous spectacle, approving
trew

The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Redcrosse knight did vew,

With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge before his blood were cold,

¹ grief.

And to the villain sayd; "Thou damned
wight, ³³⁰

The authour of this fact we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right,
With thine owne blood to price his blood,
here shed in sight?"

38

"What franticke fit," (quoth he) "hath
thus distraught

Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to
give? ³³⁵

What justice ever other judgement taught,
But he should dye who merites not to live?

None els to death this man despayring drive
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.

Is then unjust to each his dew to give? ³⁴⁰

Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath,
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here un-
eath? ¹

39

"Who travailes by the wearie wandring
way,

To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood that doth his passage

stay, ³⁴⁵

Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?

Most envious man, that grieves at neighbour
good;

And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast!
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath
stood ³⁵⁰

Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas
the flood?

40

"He there does now enjoy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want and
crave,

And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little payne the passage

have, ³⁵⁵

That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter
wave,

Is not short payne well borne, that bringer
long ease,

And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,

Ease after warre, death after life, does
greatly please." ³⁶⁰

41

The knight much wondred at his suddaine
wit,

And sayd; "The terme of life is limited,
¹ with difficulty.

Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it:
 The souldier may not move from watchfull
 sted,
 Nor leave his stand untill his Captaine
 bed." 365
 "Who life did limit by almightie doome,"
 (Quoth he) "knowes best the termes estab-
 lished;
 And he, that points the Centonell his roome,
 Doth license him depart at sound of morning
 droome."

42

"Is not his deed, what ever thing is
 donne 370
 In heaven and earth? Did not he all create
 To die againe? All ends that was begonne:
 Their times in his eternall booke of fate
 Are written sure, and have their certein date.
 Who then can strive with strong neces-
 sitie, 375
 That holds the world in his still chaunging
 state,
 Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?
 When houre of death is come, let none aske
 whence, nor why.

43

The lenger life, I wote, the greater sin;
 The greater sin, the greater punishment: 380
 All those great battels, which thou boasts to
 win
 Through strife, and blood-shed, and avenge-
 ment,
 Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt re-
 pent;
 For life must life, and blood must blood,
 repay.
 Is not enough thy evill life forespent? 385
 For he that once hath missed the right
 way,
 The further he doth goe, the further he doth
 stray.

44

"Then doe no further goe, no further
 stray,
 But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
 Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may; 390
 For what hath life that may it loved make,
 And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
 Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow,
 strife,
 Payne, hunger, cold that makes the hart to
 quake,
 And ever fickle fortune rageth rife; 395
 All which, and thousands mo, do make a
 loathsome life.

45

"Thou, wretched man, of death hast great-
 est need,
 If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;
 For never knight, that dared warlike deed,
 More luckless dissaventures did amate: 400
 Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
 Thy life shutt up for death so oft did call;
 And though good lucke prolonged hath thy
 date,
 Yet death then would the like mishaps fore-
 stall,
 Into the which hereafter thou maist happen
 fall. 405

46

"Why then doest thou, O man of sin! desire
 To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
 Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
 High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
 Against the day of wrath to burden thee? 410
 Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
 Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjuree,
 And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
 With whom in al abuse thou hast thy selfe
 defild?

47

"Is not he just, that all this doth behold 415
 From highest heaven, and beares an equall eie?
 Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
 And guilty be of thine impietie?
 Is not his lawe, Let every sinner die;
 Die shall all flesh? What then must needs
 be donne 420
 Is it not better to doe willinglie,
 Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?
 Death is the end of woes: die soone, O faeries
 sonne!"

48

The knight was much enmoved with his
 speach,
 That as a swords poynt through his hart did
 perse, 425
 And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
 Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,
 And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse,
 The ugly vew of his deformed crimes;
 That all his manly powres it did disperse, 430
 As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes;
 That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted often-
 times.

49

In which amazement when the Miscreaunt
 Perceived him to waver, weake and fraile,
 I dismay.

Whiles trembling horror did his conscience
daunt, 435
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaille,
Hee shewed him, painted in a table plaine,
The damned ghosts that doe in torments
waile,
And thousand feends that doe them endlesse
paine 440
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall
remaine.

50

The sight whereof so throughly him dis-
maid,
That nought but death before his eies he
saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes
law, 445
Then gan the villein him to overcraw,¹
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison,
fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose what death he would
desire;
For death was dew to him that had provokt
Gods ire. 450

51

But, whenas none of them he saw him
take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake
And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was
seene 455
To come and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a ronning messenger had beene.
At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did
start.

52

Which whenas Una saw, through every
vaine 460
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne: but, soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said; "Fie, fie, faint hearted
Knight! 465
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battaile which thou vauntst to
fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and
bright?

¹ exult over.

53

"Come; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly
wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly
hart, 470
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant
spright:
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that
chosen art?
Where justice growes, there grows eke greater
grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish
smart, 475
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
Arise, sir Knight; arise, and leave this cursed
place."

54

So up he rose, and thence amounted
streight.
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his
guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtile
sleight, 480
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hong him selfe, unbid,² unblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe
thereby;
For thousand times he so him selfe had drest,²
Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die, 485
Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

CANTO X

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
To house of Holinesse;
Where he is taught repentaunce, and
The way to hevenly blesse.

I

What man is he, that boasts of fleshly
might
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the fiede most cowardly doth fly! 5
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory:
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke
will.

2

By that which lately hapned Una saw 10
That this her knight was feeble, and too
faint;
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,

¹ without prayer.² prepared.

Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight. 15
Therefore, to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

3

There was an auncient house nor far away,
Renowmd throughout the world for sacred
lore 20
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisdom of a matrone grave and
hore;
Whose onely joy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse
pore: 25
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly
deedes.

4

Dame Cælia¹ men did her call, as thought
From heaven to come, or thither to arise;
The mother of three daughters, well up-
brought 30
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two, most sober, chaste, and wise,
Fidelia² and Speranza,³ virgins were;
Though spoused, yet wanting wedlocks
solemnize;
But faire Charissa⁴ to a lovely fere⁵ 35
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges
dere.

5

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt,
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes; but, when they
knockt,
The Porter opened unto them streight way. 40
He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full
slow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight Humiltá. They passe in, stouping
low;
For streight and narrow was the way which
he did show. 45

6

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin;
But, entred in, a spatious court they see,
Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in;

1 Heavenly.
4 Charity.

2 Faith.
5 companion.

3 Hope.

Where them does meete a francklin¹ faire
and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous
glee; 50
His name was Zele, that him right well became:
For in his speaches and behaveour hee
Did labour lively to expresse the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall
they came.

7

There fayrely them receives a gentle
Squyre, 55
Of myld demeanure and rare courtesee,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre;
In word and deede that shewd great modestee,
And knew his good² to all of each degree,
Hight Reverence. He them with speaches
meet 60
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,
But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
As might become a Squyre so great persons
to greet.

8

And afterwarde them to his Dame he
leades,
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place, 65
Who all this while was busy at her beades;
Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace.
Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly
race, 70
Her heart with joy unwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker
eld:³

9

And, her embracing, said; "O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!
Most vertuous virgin, borne of heavenly
berth, 75
That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head
From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,
Hast wandred through the world now long
a day,
Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead;
What grace hath thee now hither brought
this way? 80
Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither
stray?

10

"Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place; or any other wight,

1 a man of property.
3 age.

2 "knew how to act

That hither turnes his steps. So few there
bee,
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the
right: 85
All keepe the broad high way, and take
delight
With many rather for to goe astray,
And be partakers of their evill plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way.
O foolish men! why hast ye to your own
decay? 90

11

"Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to
rest,
O matrone sage," (quoth she) "I hither came;
And this good knight his way with me ad-
drest,
Ledd with thy prayses, and broad-blazed
fame,
That up to heaven is blowne." The auncient
Dame 95
Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
And enterteynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies that she could devyse,
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or
wise.

12

Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges
devise, 100
I oe! two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise:
With countenance demure, and modest
grace,
They numbred even steps and equall pace;
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight, 105
Like sunny beames threw from her Christall
face
That could have dazd the rash beholders
sight,
And round about her head did shine like
heavens light.

13

She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold, 110
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horroure made to all that did behold;
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant
mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold 115
A booke, that was both signd and seald with
blood;
Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be
understood.

1 talk.

14

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well:
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight, 120
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell.
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell;
And ever up to heven, as she did pray, 125
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other
way.

15

They, seeing Una, towards her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesee;
Many kind speeches they betweene them
spend,
And greatly joy each other for to see: 130
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke
request,
And him salute with well beseeming glee;
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble
gest. 135

16

Then Una thus; "But she, your sister deare,
The deare Charissa, where is she become?
Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?"
"Ah! no," said they, "but forth she may not
come;
For she of late is lightned of her wombe, 140
And hath encrease the world with one sonne
more,
That her to see should be but troublesome."
"Indeed," (quoth she) "that should her
trouble sore,
But thankt be God, and her encrease so ever-
more!"

17

Then said the aged Cælia, "Deare
dame, 145
And you, good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle
And labors long, through which ye hither
came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore, a while
I read² you rest, and to your bowres re-
coyle." 3
Then called she a Groome,⁴ that forth him
ledd 150
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd
His name was meeke Obedience, rightfully
aredd.⁵

1 action.
4 servant2 advise.
5 proclaimed.

3 retire.

18

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly
rest,
And bodies were refresht with dew repast, 155
Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
To have her knight into her schoolehous
plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine.
She graunted; and that knight so much
agrate,¹ 160
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in
them shine.

19

And that her sacred Booke, with blood
ywritt,
That none could reade except she did them
teach,
She unto him disclosed every whitt; 165
And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker witt of man could never reach;
Of God; of grace; of justice; of free-will;
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:
For she was hable with her wordes to kill, 170
And rayse againe to life the hart that she did
thrill.²

20

And, when she list poure out her larger
spright,
She would commaund the hasty Sunne to
stay,
Or backward turne his course from hevens
hight:
Sometimes great hostes of men she could
dismay; 175
Dry-shod to passe she parts the fouds in
tway;
And eke huge mountaines from their native
seat
She would commaund themselves to beare
away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.
Almightie God her gave such powre and
puissaunce great. 180

21

The faithfull knight now grew in little space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath as thing forlore, 185
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked
wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
1 favored. 2 pierce.

That he desirde to end his wretched dayes:
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule
dismayes.

22

But wise Speranza gave him comfort
sweet, 190
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
Els had his sinnes, so great and manifold,
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agony, 195
When him his dearest Una did behold
Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
She found her selfe assayld with great per-
plexity;

23

And came to Cælia to declare her smart;
Who, well acquainted with that commune
plight, 200
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and advisement right;
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a Leach¹ the which had great
insight 205
In that disease of grieved conscience,
And well could cure the same: His name was
Patience.

24

Who, comming to that sowle-diseased
knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie
spright 210
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
Of salves and med'cines, which had passing
prief;²
And thereto added wordes of wondrous might
By which to ease he him recured brief,
And much aswag'd the passion³ of his
plight, 215
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now
more light.

25

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festring sore did ranckle yett within, 220
Close creeping twixt the marow and the
skin:
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,

1 doctor.
3 pain.

2 surpassing power.

Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne
malady. 225

26

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate;
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate;
And made him pray both earely and eke
late: 230

And ever, as superfluous flesh did rott,
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,
That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted
jott.¹

27

And bitter Penaunce, with an yron
whip, 235
Was wont him once to disple every day:
And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and
nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did
play:
And sad Repentance used to embay
His blamefull body in salt water sore, 240
The filthy blottes of sin to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not live, but erst lay at
deathes dore.

28

In which his torment often was so great,
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore, 245
And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes eat.
His owne deare Una, hearing evermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments and her golden
heare,
For pittie of his payne and anguish sore: 250
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare,
For well she wist his cryme could els be never
cleare.

29

Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought;
Who, joyous of his cured conscience, 255
Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull
nest: 260
To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted
guest.

¹ smallest fragment.

30

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty ¹ rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare; 265
Full of great love, but Cupids wanton snare
As hell she hated; chaste in worke and will:
Her necke and breasts were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their
fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed
still. 270

31

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that joyd her to be-
hold;
Whom still she fed whiles they were weake
and young
But thrust them forth still as they waxed old:
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold, 275
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous
fayre,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told:
And by her syde there sate a gentle payre,
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory
chayre.

32

The knight and Una entring fayre her
greet, 280
And bid her joy of that her happy brood;
Who them requites with court'sies seeming
meet,
And entertaynes with friendly chearefull
mood.
Then Una her besought, to be so good
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her
knight, 285
Now after all his torment well withstood
In that sad house of Penaunce, where his
spright
Had past the paines of hell and long-enduring
night.

33

She was right joyous of her just request;
And taking by the hand that Faeries
sonne, 290
Gan him instruct in everie good behest,
Of love, and righteousness, and well to donne;
And wrath and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne: 295
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From whence to heaven she teacheth him
the ready path.

¹ goodness.

34

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to
guyde,

An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisdoms well
descryde; ³⁰⁰

Her name was Mercy; well knowne over-all
To be both gracious and eke liberall:

To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall

In all his waies through this wide worldes
wave; ³⁰⁵

That Mercy in the end his righteous soule
might save.

35

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with bushy thornes and ragged
breares,

Which still before him she remov'd away, ³¹⁰

That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And ever, when his feet encombred were,

Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmly did upheare,

As carefull Nourse her child from falling oft
does reare. ³¹⁵

36

Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,

That was foreby the way, she did him bring;

In which seven Bead-men,² that had vowed all

Their life to service of high heavens King,

Did spend their daies in doing godly thing. ³²⁰

Their gates to all were open evermore,

That by the wearie way were traveiling;

And one sate wayting ever them before,

To call in commers-by that needy were and
pore.

37

The first of them, that eldest was and
best, ³²⁵

Of all the house had charge and government,

As Guardian and Steward of the rest.

His office was to give entertainment

And lodging unto all that came and went;

Not unto such as could him feast againe, ³³⁰

And double quite for that he on them spent;

But such as want of harbour did constraine:

Those for Gods sake his dewty was to en-
tertaine.

38

The second was an Almner³ of the place;
His office was the hungry for to feed, ³³⁵

¹ revealed.

² men who pray for others.

³ Almoner, a distributor of charity.

And thirsty give to drinke; a worke of grace,
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did
breede;

The grace of God he layd up still in store,
Which as a stocke he left unto his seede. ³⁴⁰

He had enough; what need him care for
more?

And had he lesse, yet some he would give to
the pore.

39

The third had of their wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments
gay,

The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity, ³⁴⁵

But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,

And naked nature seemely to aray;

With which bare wretched wights he dayly
clad,

The images of God in earthly clay;

And, if that no spare clothes to give he
had, ³⁵⁰

His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute
glad.

40

The fourth appointed by his office was
Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,
And captives to redeeme with price of bras
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had
stayd: ³⁵⁵

And though they faulty were, yet well he
wayd,

That God to us forgiveth every howre

Much more then that why they in bands
were layd;

And he, that harrowd hell¹ with heavie
stowre,

The faulty soules from thence brought to his
heavenly bowre. ³⁶⁰

41

The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
And comfort those in point of death which
lay;

For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death, doe most dis-
may

The feeble soule departing hence away. ³⁶⁵

All is but lost, that living we bestow,

If not well ended at our dying day.

O man! have mind of that last bitter throw:

For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever
low.

¹ The reference is to the "harrowing of hell" by Christ when, after his death, he descended to hell and redeemed worthy souls.

42

The sixt had charge of them now being
 dead, 370
 In seemely sort their corses to engrave,
 And deck with dainty flowres their brydall
 bed,
 That to their heavenly spouse both sweet
 and brave
 They might appeare, when he their soules
 shall save.
 The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne
 mould, 375
 Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and
 gave
 All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
 Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not
 defould!

43

The seventh, now after death and buriall
 done,
 Had charge the tender Orphans of the
 dead 380
 And wydowes ayd, least they should be
 undone:
 In face of judgement he their right would
 plead,
 Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
 In their defence; nor would for gold or fee
 Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to
 tread; 385
 And, when they stood in most necessitee,
 He did supply their want, and gave them ever
 free.

44

There when the Elfin knight arrived was,
 The first and chieftest of the seven, whose
 care
 Was guests to welcome, towards him did
 pas; 390
 Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare
 And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare
 He humbly louted ¹ in meeke lowlinesse,
 And seemely welcome for her **did** prepare:
 For of their order she was Patronesse, 395
 Albe Charissa were their chieftest founderesse.

45

There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to
 rest,
 That to the rest more hable he might bee;
 During which time, in every good behest,
 And godly worke of Almes and charitee, 400
 Shee him instructed with great industree.
 Shortly therein so perfect he became,
 That, from the first unto the last degree,
¹ bowed.

His mortall life he learned had to frame
 In holy righteousness, without rebuke or
 blame. 405

46

Thence forward by that painfull way they
 pas
 Forth to an hill that was both steepe and hy;
 On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
 And eke a litle Hermitage thereby,
 Wherein an aged holy man did lie, 410
 That day and night said his devotion,
 Ne other worldly busines did apply:
 His name was hevenly Contemplation;
 Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

47

Great grace that old man to him given
 had; 415
 For God he often saw from heavens hight:
 All ² were his earthly eien both blunt and
 bad,
 And through great age had lost their kindly
 sight,
 Yet wondrous quick and persaunt ² was his
 spright,
 As Eagles eie that can behold the Sunne. 420
 That hill they scale with all their powre and
 might,
 That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and for-
 donne,
 Gan faile; but by her helpe the top at last
 he wonne.

48

There they doe finde that godly aged Sire,
 With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders
 shed; 425
 As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
 The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded.
 Each bone might through his body well be
 red
 And every sinew seene, through his long fast;
 For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed; 430
 His mind was full of spiritual repast,
 And pyn'd his flesh to keepe his body low
 and chast.

49

Who, when these two approching he aspidе,
 At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
 That forst him lay his hevenly thoughts
 aside; 435
 And had he not that Dame respected more,
 Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
 He would not once have moved for the knight.
 They him saluted, standing far afore,
¹ although. ² piercing.

Who, well them greeting, humbly did
 requight,
 And asked to what end they clomb that
 tedious hight?

50

"What end," (quoth she) "should cause
 us take such paine,
 But that same end, which every living wight
 Should make his marke high heaven to
 attaine?

Is not from hence the way, that leadeth
 right
 To that most glorious house, that glistreth
 bright

With burning starres and everliving fire,
 Whereof the keies are to thy hand beight:
 By wise Fidelia? Shee doth thee require,
 To shew it to this knight, according his
 desire."

51

"Thrise happy man," said then the father
 grave,
 "Whose staggering steps thy steady hand
 doth lead,

And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save!
 Who better can the way to heaven aread
 Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and
 bred
 'n hevenly throne, where thousand Angels
 shine?

Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
 Present before the majesty divine,
 And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

52

"Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe
 donne.
 Then come, thou man of earth, and see the
 way,

That never yet was seene of Faeries sonne;
 That never leads the traveiler astray,
 But after labors long and sad delay,
 Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse
 blis.

But first thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her bands the spright assoiled² is,
 And have her strength recur'd from fraile
 infirmitis."

53

That done, he leads him to the highest
 Mount,
 Such one as that same mighty man³ of
 God,
 That blood-red billowes, like a walled front,

1 entrusted.

2 released.

3 Moses.

On either side disparted with his rod,
 Till that his army dry-foot through them
 yod,¹

Dwelt forty daies upon; where, writt in stone
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,
 The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
 He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him
 shone:

54

Or like that sacred hill,² whose head full
 hie,
 Adorn'd with fruitfull Olives all arownd,
 Is, as it were for endlesse memory
 Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was
 fownd,

For ever with a flowring girlond crownd:
 Or like that pleasaunt Mount,³ that is for ay
 Through famous Poets verse each where
 renownd,

On which the thrise three learned Ladies⁴
 play
 Their hevenly notes, and make full many a
 lovely lay.

55

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
 A little path that was both steepe and long,
 Which to a goodly Citty led his vew,
 Whose wals and towres were builded high and
 strong
 Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
 Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
 Too high a ditty⁵ for my simple song.
 The Citty of the greate king hight it well,
 Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth
 dwell.

56

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
 The blessed Angels to and fro descend
 From highest heven in gladsome companee,
 And with great joy into that Citty wend,
 As commonly as frend does with his frend.
 Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
 What stately building durst so high extend
 Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
 And what unknown nation there empeopled
 were?

57

"Faire Knight," (quoth he) "Hierusalem
 that is,
 The new Hierusalem, that God has built
 For those to dwell in that are chosen his,
 His chosen people, purg'd from sinful guilt

1 went.

3 Parnassus.

2 The Mount of Olives.

4 The Muses. 5 subject.

With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted lam, ⁵¹⁰
That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:
Now are they Saints all in that Citty sam,¹
More dear unto their God then younglings
to their dam."

58

"Till now," said then the knight, "I
weened well,
That great Cleopolis, where I have beene, ⁵¹⁵
In which that fairest Faery Queene doth
dwell,

The fairest citty was that might be seene;
And that bright towre, all built of christall
clene,
Panthea,² seemd the brightest thing that was;
But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene, ⁵²⁰
For this great Citty that does far surpas,
And this bright Angels towre quite dims
that towre of glas."

59

"Most trew," then said the holy aged man;
"Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest peece that eie beholden can; ⁵²⁵
And well beseemes all knights of noble name,
That covett in th' immortall booke of fame
To be eternized, that same to haunt,
And doen their service to that soveraigne
Dame,
That glory does to them for guerdon
graunt: ⁵³⁰
For she is hevenly borne, and heaven may
justly vaunt.

60

"And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from
English race,
How ever now accompted Elfins sonne,
Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
To aide a virgin desolate, foredonne; ⁵³⁵
But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
And high emongst all knights hast hong thy
shield,
Thenceforth the suitt³ of earthly conquest
shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but
sorrows yield. ⁵⁴⁰

61

"Then seek this path that I to thee
presage,⁴
Which after all to heaven shall thee send;

¹ together.² What building in London this refers to is hard to say.³ pursuit.⁴ indicate.

Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end: ⁵⁴⁵
For thou, emongst those Saints whom thou
doest see,
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations
frend
And Patrone: thou Saint George shalt called
bee,
Saint George of mery England, the signe of
victoree."

62

"Unworthy wretch," (quoth he) "of so
great grace, ⁵⁵⁰
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?"
"These, that have it attaynd, were in like
cace,
As wretched men, and lived in like paine."
"But deeds of armes must I at last be faine
And Ladies love to leave, so dearly
bought?" ⁵⁵⁵
"What need of armes, where peace doth ay
remaine,"
(Said he) "and bitter battailes all are fought?
As for loose loves, they're vaine, and vanish
into nought."

63

"O! let me not," (quoth he) "then turne
again
Backe to the world, whose joyes so fruitlesse
are; ⁵⁶⁰
But let me heare for aie in peace remaine,
Or steightway on that last long voiage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare."
"That may not be," (said he) "ne maist thou
yitt
Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed
care, ⁵⁶⁵
Who did her cause into thy hand committ,
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely
quitt."

64

"Then shall I soone," (quoth he) "so God
me grace,
Abett that virgins cause disconsolate,
And shortly back returne unto this place, ⁵⁷⁰
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didst thou behight me borne of English
blood,
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?"
"That word shall I," (said he) "avouchen
good, ⁵⁷⁵
Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy
brood.

65

"For, well I wote, thou springst from ancient race
Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
And many bloody battailes fought in face,
High reard their royall throne in Britans
land, 580
And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slepst in tender swadling
band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
Such, men do Chaungelings call, so chaung'd
by Faeries theft. 585

66

"Thence she thee brought into this Faery
lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde;
Where thee a Ploughman all unweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
And brought thee up in ploughmans state to
byde, 590
Whereof Georgos[†] he thee gave to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces
pryde,
To Faery court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes
thee best became."

67

"O holy Sire!" (quoth he) "how shall I
quight 595
The many favours I with thee have fownd,
That hast my name and nation redd aright,
And taught the way that does to heaven
bownd!"
This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd
To have returnd; but dazed were his eyne 600
Through passing brightnes, which did quite
confound
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.
So darke are earthly thinges compar'd to
things divine.

68

At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,
To Una back he cast him to retyre, 605
Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
Great thanks, and goodly meed, to that
good syre
He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre
So came to Una, who him joyd to see;
And, after litle rest, gan him desyre. 610
Of her adventure myndfull for to bee.
So leave they take of Cælia and her daughters
three.

[†] The Greek word for farmer.

CANTO XI

The knight with that old Dragon fights
Two days incessantly:
The third him overthrowes, and gayns
Most glorious victory.

I

High time now gan it wex for Una fayre
To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre:
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to
cheare, 5
And in her modest maner thus bespake:
"Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was
deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heven behold the tedious toyle ye for
me take!

2

"Now are we come unto my native soyle, 10
And to the place where all our perilles dwell;
Here hauntes that feend, and does his dayly
spoyle;
Therefore, henceforth, bee at your keeping
well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell:
The sparke of noble corage now awake, 15
And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
That shall ye evermore renowned make
Above all knights on earth, that batteill
undertake."

3

And pointing forth, "Lo! yonder is," (said
she)
"The brasen towre, in which my parents
deare 20
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be;
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly
cheare:
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to
heare; 25
That, (O my Parents!) might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

4

With that they heard a roaring hideous
sownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast
ground. 30
Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espyde,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill:
But, all so soone as he from far descryde

Those glistring armes that heven with light
did fill, 35
He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned
them untill.

5

Then badd the knight his Lady yede¹ aloof,
And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde;
From whence she might behold that bat-
tailes proof,

And eke be safe from daunger far descryde. 40
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde. —
Now, O thou sacred Muse!² most learned
Dame,

Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,³
The Nourse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike handes ennoblest with im-
mortall name; 45

6

O! gently come into my feeble brest;
Come gently, but not with that mightie rage,
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest
infest,

And hartes of great Heroës doest enrage,
That nought their kindled corage may
aswage: 50

Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to
sownd,

The God of warre⁴ with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd,
And scared nations doest with horror sterne
astownd.

7

Fayre Goddesse, lay that furious fitt⁵
asyde, 55

Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim
king,

That with their horror heven and earth did
ring;

A worke of labour long, and endlesse
prayse: 60

But now a while lett downe that haughtie
string,

And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes may
blaze.⁶

8

By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh to
hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste, 65

That with his largenesse measured much
land,

And made wide shadow under his huge
waste,

As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.

Approching nigh, he reared high afore

His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste; 70

Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes
more,

Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with
bloody gore;

9

And over all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated cote of steele, so couched neare
That nought mote perce; ne might his corse
bee harmd 75

With dint of swerd, nor push of pointed
speare:

Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze,¹ full rudely
dight;

So shaken he, that horror was to heare:

For as the clashing of an Armor bright, 80
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto
the knight.

10

His flaggy winges, when forth he did
display,

Were like two sayles, in which the hollow
wynd

Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:

And eke the pennes,² that did his pineons
bynd, 85

Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas
lynd;

With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the hevens stood still amazed with
his threat. 90

11

His huge long tayle, wownd up in hundred
foldes,

Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,

Whose wreathed boughtes³ when ever he
unfolds,

And thick entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and
blacke, 95

It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,

And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;

And at the point two stinges in fixed arre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele ex-
ceeden farre.

1 go.

2 Clio, Muse of history.

3 Mnemosyne or Memory.

4 Mars.

5 strain of music.

6 praise.

1 ruffle.

2 feathers.

3 coils.

12

But stinges and sharpest steele did far
 exceed¹⁰⁰
 The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes:
 Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
 What ever thing does touch his ravenous
 pawes,
 Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
 But his most hideous head my tongue to
 tell¹⁰⁵
 Does tremble; for his deepe devouring jawes
 Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
 Through which into his darke abysses all
 ravin fell.

13

And, that more wondrous was, in either
 jaw
 Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged
 were,¹¹⁰
 In which yett trickling blood, and gobbets
 raw,
 Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
 That sight thereof bredd cold congealed
 feare;
 Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
 A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphure
 seare,¹¹⁵
 Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
 That all the ayre about with smoke and
 stench did fill.

14

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining
 shieldes,
 Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living
 fyre:
 As two broad Beacons, sett in open fieldes,¹²⁰
 Send forth their flames far off to every
 shyre,
 And warning give that enimies conspyre
 With fire and sword the region to invade:
 So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous
 yre;
 But far within, as in a hollow glade,¹²⁵
 Those glaring lampes were sett that made a
 dreadfull shade.

15

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
 Forelifting up a-loft his speckled brest,
 And often bounding on the brused gras,
 As for great joyance of his newcome
 guest.¹³⁰
 Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
 As chauffed¹ Bore his bristles doth upreare;
 And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,
¹ irritated.

That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake
 for feare,
 As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman
 neare.¹³⁵

16

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady
 speare,
 And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might:
 The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,
 His harder hyde would nether perce nor
 bight,
 But, glauncing by, foorth passed forward
 right.¹⁴⁰
 Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
 The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
 And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
 With his long tayle, that horse and man to
 ground did rush.

17

Both horse and man up lightly rose
 againe,¹⁴⁵
 And fresh encounter towards him address;
 But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in
 vaine,
 And found no place his deadly point to rest.
 Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious Beast,
 To be avenged of so great despight;¹⁵⁰
 For never felt his imperceable brest
 So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
 Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a
 puissant knight.

18

Then, with his waving wings displayed
 wyde,
 Himselfe up high he lifted from the
 ground,¹⁵⁵
 And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
 The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble
 found
 Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
 To beare so great a weight: he, cutting way
 With his broad sayles, about him soared
 round;¹⁶⁰
 At last, low stouping with unweldy sway,
 Snatcht up both horse and rian, to beare
 them quite away.

19

Long he them bore above the subject¹
 plaine,
 So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
 Till struggling strong did him at last con-
 straine¹⁶⁵
 To let them downe before his flightes end:
¹ lying below.

As hagar^d ¹ hauke, presuming to contend
With hardy fowle above his hable might,
His wearie pounces ² all in vaine doth spend
To trusse³ the pray too heavy for his
flight; 170

Which, comming down to ground, does free
it selfe by fight.

20

He so disseized ⁴ of his gryping grosse,⁵
The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroake
he layd; 175

Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as
affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke did
glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad dis-
playd:

The percing steele there wrought a wound
full wyde,
That with the uncouth ⁶ smart the Monster
lowdly cryde. 180

21

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck
does threat;
The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her
seat;

And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would
eat 185

His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustering brethren ⁷ boldly
threat

To move the world from off his stedfast
henge,
And boystrous battaile make, each other to
avenge.

22

The steely head stuck fast still in his
flesh, 190
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the
wood,
And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed
fresh

A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-
mill: 195

Treble augmented was his furious mood

With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his
large nose-thril.

23

His hideous taylor then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble
thyres 200

Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash
implies,¹

That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
To throw his ryder; who can ² quickly ryse ²⁰⁵
From off the earth, with durty blood dis-
taynd,³

For that reprochfull fall right fowly he dis-
daynd;

24

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in
hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could
withstand: 210

Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe ⁴ him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to
take, 215

But when he saw them come he did them
still ⁵ forsake.

25

The knight was wroth to see his stroke
beguyld,⁶

And smot againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke where it did light, ²²⁰
As if in Adamant rocke it had beene pight.

The beast, impatient of his smarting wound
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his winges to stye ⁷ above the
ground;

But his late wounded wing unserviceable
found. 225

26

Then full of grieve and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard;
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard: ²³⁰
The scorching flame sore swinged ⁸ all his
face,

¹ wild. ² claws.
³ To pierce so as to hold a thing together or to get a grip on it.
⁴ deprived. ⁵ rough, heavy.
⁶ unusual. ⁷ the winds.

¹ enfolds. ² "gan," did. ³ stained. ⁴ blow.
⁵ ever ⁶ foiled. ⁷ ascend. ⁸ singed.

And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet
to unlace.

27

Not that great Champion ¹ of the antique
world, 235
Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth
vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did en-
chaunt,
When Centaures blood and bloody verses
charmd; 240
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours
daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him
armd;
That erst him goodly armd, now most of all
him harmd.

28

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved,
brent,
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and
inward fire, 245
That never man such mischiefes did torment:
Death better were; death did he oft desire,
But death will never come when needes
require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire, 250
But gan his sturdy sterne ² about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the
ground him feld.

29

It fortun'd, (as fayre it then befell)
Behynd his backe, unweeting, where he
stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing
well, 255
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:
Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot ³ 260
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot:

30

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
Those that with sicknesse were infected sore
It could recure; and aged long decay 265
Renew, as one were borne that very day.

¹ Hercules.² tail.³ was named.

Both Silo ¹ this, and Jordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German
Spau:

Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this
well:

Into the same the knight back overthrowen
fell. 270

31

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
Whiles from their journall ² labours they did
rest;
When that infernall Monster, having kest 275
His wearie foe into that living well,
Gan high advaunce his broad discoloured
brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance
fell,
And clapt his yron wings as victor he did
dwell.

32

Which when his pensive Lady saw from
farre, 280
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre;
And gan to highest God entirely pray
That feared chaunce from her to turne away:
With folded hands, and knees full lowly
bent, 285
All night shee watcht, ne once adowne would
lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did
lament.

33

The morrow next gan earely to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race; 290
But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace: 295
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enmy.

34

At last she saw where he upstartd brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay:
As Eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave, 300
Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,

¹ Siloam, the healing pool in the Bible; the rest are famous streams or watering places.

² daily.

Like eyas ¹ hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-budded pineons to assay,
And marveiles at himselfe stil as he flies: 305
So new this new-borne knight to battell new
did rise.

35

Whom when the damned feend so fresh
did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enemy
It were, or other new supplied knight. 310
He now, to prove his late-renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning ²
blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it
made: 314
The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

36

I wote not whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew,
Or other secret vertue did ensew; 320
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew; ³
For till that stownd could never wight him
harne
But subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor
mighty charme.

37

The cruell wound enraged him so sore, 325
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping Lions seemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto con-
traine:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched
traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome ⁴ aire so
sore, 330
That to his force to yelden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand
afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in
peesces tore.

38

The same advauncing high above his
head,
With sharpe intended ⁵ sting so rude him
smott, 335
That to the earth him drove, as stricken
dead;

Ne living wight would have him life behott: ¹
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder
seasd,
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be
gott: 340
The grieve thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his rancling paine with patience
be appeasd.

39

But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare
Then of the grievous smart which him did
wring, 344
From loathed soile he can ² him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed sting:
Which when in vaine he tryde with strug-
geling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he
hefte,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty
string
Of his huge taile he quite a sonder clefte; 350
Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the
stump him lefte.

40

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what
cries,
With fowle enfouldred ³ smoake and flashing
fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the
skies, 354
That all was covered with darknesse dire:
Then, fraught with rancour and engorged
yre,
He cast at once him to avenge for all;
And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire
With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it
fast withall. 360

41

Much was the man encombred with his
hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yett how his talaunts ⁴ to unfold;
Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy
jaw, 364
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell
claw
To reave ⁵ by strength the griped gage away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of
his pray.

¹ young. ² glistening with dew. ³ plunge.
⁴ bending, unresisting. ⁵ outstretched.

¹ held out hope for. ² "gan."
³ like a thunder-storm. ⁴ claws. ⁵ take.

42

Tho, when he saw no power might pre-
vaile,

370

His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,
As sparkles from the Andvile use to fly, 375
When heavy hammers on the wedge are
swaid:

Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend
thereby.

43

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him
constraine

380

To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He smott thereat with all his might and
maine,

That nought so wondrous puissance might
sustaine:

Upon the joint the lucky steele did light,
And made such way that hewd it quite in
twaine;

385

The paw yett missed not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was
pight.

44

For grieve thereof and divelish despight,
From his infernall founace forth he threw
Huge flames that dimmed all the heavens
light,

390

Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew:
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces
broke,

And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblacke clouds and filthy
smoke,

395

That al the land with stench and heven with
horror choke.

45

The heate whereof, and harmefull pesti-
lence,

So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire, 400
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst, (eternall God that chaunce did
guide)

As he recoiled backward, in the mire
His nigh foreweried feeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore
terrifide.

405

46

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over-all were redd;¹
For happy life to all which thereon fedd, 410
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed stedd²
With his Almighty hand, and did it call
The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers
fall.

414

47

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
Save in that soile, where all good things did
grow,

And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dredd Dragon all did overthrow.

Another like faire tree eke grew thereby, 420
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
Both good and ill. O mournfull memory!

That tree through one mans fault hath doen
us all to dy.

48

From the first tree forth flowd, as from a
well,

424

A trickling streame of Balme, most soveraine
And dainty deare, which on the ground still
fell,

And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
Life and long health that gracious ointment
gave,

And deadly wounds could heale, and reare
again

430

The sencelesse corse appointed for the grave:
Into that same he fell, which did from death
him save.

49

For nigh thereto the ever damned Beast
Durst not approach, for he was deadly
made,

And al that life preserved did detest; 435
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.

By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yield his rowme to sad succeeding night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth and wayes of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in heaven
bright.

441

50

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight

¹ perceived.² place.

And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not
 at all,
 But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight, 445
 Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose ver-
 tuous might
 Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat
 alay;
 Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
 And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
 And watch the noyous night, and wait for
 joyous day. 450

51

The joyous day gan early to appeare;
 And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
 Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
 With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing
 red: 454
 Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
 About her eares, when Una her did marke
 Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
 From heven high to chace the chearelesse
 darke;
 With mery note her lowd salutes the mount-
 ing larke. 459

52

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
 All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
 And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
 Whose early foe awaiting him beside
 To have devoured, so soone as day he
 spyde, 464
 When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
 As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
 He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare:
 Nathlesse with wonted rage he him ad-
 vaunced neare.

53

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
 He thought attonce him to have swallowd
 quight, 470
 And rusht upon him with outrageous pryde;
 Who him rencountring fierce, as hauke in
 flight,
 Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright,
 Taking advantage of his open jaw,
 Ran through his mouth with so importune
 might, 475
 That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
 And, backe retyrd, his life blood forth with
 all did draw.

54

So downe he fell, and forth his life did
 breath,
 That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;

So downe he fell, that th' earth him under-
 neath 480
 Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
 So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
 Whose false foundation waves have washt
 away,
 With dreadfull poyse ¹ is from the mayneland
 rift,
 And rolling downe great Neptune doth dis-
 may: 485
 So downe he fell, and like an heaped moun-
 taine lay.

55

The knight him selfe even trembled at his
 fall,
 So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;
 And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,
 Durst not approach for dread which she mis-
 deemd; 490
 But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
 She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright
 She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
 Then God she praysd, and thankt her faith-
 full knight,
 That had atchievde so great a conquest by
 his might. 495

CANTO XII

Fayre Una to the Redcrosse Knight
 Betrouthed is with joy:
 Though false Duessa, it to barre,
 Her false sleighes doe imploy.

I

Behold! I see the haven nigh at hand
 To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
 Vere ² the maine shete, and beare up with
 the land,
 The which afore ³ is fayrly to be kend,⁴
 And seemeth safe from storms that may
 offend; ⁵
 There this fayre virgin wearie of her way
 Must landed bee, now at her journeyes end;
 There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
 Till mery wynd and weather call her thence
 away.

2

Scarsely had Phoebus in the glooming
 East 10

Yett harnessd his fyrie-footed teeme,
 Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
 When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
 That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme

¹ crash.² Trim the mainsheet to swing the bow of the ship to
 leeward.³ ahead.⁴ recognized.

Unto the watchman on the castle-wall; 15
 Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did
 deeme,
 And to his Lord and Lady lowd gan call,
 To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall
 fall.

3

Uprose with hasty joy, and feeble speed,
 That aged Syre, the Lord of all that land, 20
 And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed
 Those tydinges were, as he did understand:
 Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,
 He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,
 Which long time had beene shut, and out of
 hond¹ 25
 Proclaymed joy and peace through all his
 state;
 For dead now was their foe, which them for-
 rayed late.

4

Then gan triumphant Trompets sownd on
 hye,
 That sent to heven the ecchoed report
 Of their new joy, and happie victory 30
 Gainst him, that had them long opprest with
 tort,²
 And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
 Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
 To him assembled with one full consort,
 Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast, 35
 From whose eternall bondage now they were
 releast.

5

Forth came that auncient Lord, and aged
 Queene,
 Arayd in antique robes downe to the grownd,
 And sad habiliments right well beseene:
 A noble crew about them waited rownd 40
 Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd;
 Whom far before did march a goodly band
 Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd;
 But now they laurell braunches bore in hand,
 Glad signe of victory and peace in all their
 land. 45

6

Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came,
 And him before themselves prostrating low,
 Their Lord and Patrone loud did him pro-
 clame,
 And at his feet their lawrell boughes did
 throw.
 Soone after them, all dauncing on a row, 50
 The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,

1 immediately.

2 wrong.

As fresh as flowres in meadow greene doe grow
 When morning deaw upon their leaves doth
 light;
 And in their handes sweet Timbrels all upheld
 on hight.

7

And them before the fry¹ of children
 yong 55
 Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did
 play,
 And to the Maydens sownding tymbrels song
 In well attuned notes a joyous lay,
 And made delightfull musick all the way,
 Untill they came where that faire virgin
 stood: 60
 As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day
 Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady
 wood,
 Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in
 christall flood.

8

So she beheld those maydens meriment
 With chearefull vew; who, when to her they
 came, 65
 Themselves to ground with gracious hum-
 blesse bent,
 And her ador'd by honorable name,
 Lifting to heven her everlasting fame:
 Then on her head they sett a girlond greene,
 And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt
 game: 70
 Who, in her self-resemblance well beseene,
 Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly maiden
 Queene.

9

And after all the raskall² many³ ran,
 Heaped together in rude rablement,
 To see the face of that victorious man, 75
 Whom all admired as from heaven sent,
 And gazd upon with gaping wonderment;
 But when they came where that dead Dragon
 lay,
 Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large
 extent,
 The sight with ydle feare did them dismay, 80
 Ne durst approach him nigh to touch, or once
 assay.

10

Some feard, and fledd; some feard, and well
 it faynd;
 One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
 Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps re-
 maynd

1 swarm.

2 low, common.

3 crowd.

Some lingring life within his hollow brest, 85
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden
nest

Of many Dragonettes, his fruitfull seede:
Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparckling fyre, and badd thereof take
heed;

Another said, he saw him move his eyes
indeed. 90

11

One mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe
revyld,

And to her gossibs¹ gan in counsell say;
"How can I tell, but that his talants may 95
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender
hand?"

So diversly them selves in vaine they fray;²
Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh
stand,

To prove how many acres he did spred of
land.

12

Thus flocked all the folke him rownd
about; 100

The whiles that hoarie king, with all his
traine,

Being arrived where that champion stout
After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and fayre does enter-
tayne

With princely gifts of yvory and gold, 105
And thousand thanks him yeeldes for all his
paine.

Then when his daughter deare he does be-
hold,

Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth
manifold.

13

And after to his Pallace he them bringes,
With shaumes, and trompets, and with
Clarions sweet, 110

And all the way the joyous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the paved
street;

Whence mounting up, they fynd purvey-
aunce³ meet

Of all, that royall Princes court became;
And all the floore was underneath their
feet 115

Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,⁴
On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose
frame.

1 friends. 2 terrify. 3 provision. 4 quality.

14

What needes me tell their feast and goodly
guize,

In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needes of dainty dishes to devize, 120
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?

My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
The large discourse of roiall Princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and
playne;

For th' antique world excesse and pryde did
hate: 125

Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up
but late.

15

Then, when with meates and drinkes of
every kinde

Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad 130
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demanda of his renommed guest:
Who then with utt'rance grave, and coun-
t'nance sad,

From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his
request. 135

16

Great pleasure, mixt with pittiful regard,
That godly King and Queene did passion-
ate,¹

Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard;
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too importune² fate 140
That heaped on him so many wrathfull
wreakes;³

For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes:
And all the while salt teares bedewd the
hearers cheaks.

17

Then sayd that royall Pere in sober
wise; 145

"Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which
ye bore

From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note⁴ whether praise or pittie more;
For never living man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest: 150
But since now safe ye seised have the
shore,

And well arrived are, (high God be blest!)
Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest."

1 express with emotion.
3 punishments.

2 harsh.
4 "ne wot," know not.

18

"Ah dearest Lord!" said then that doughty knight,

"Of ease or rest I may not yet devize; ¹⁵⁵
For by the faith which I to armes have plight,
I bownden am streight after this emprize,
As that your daughter can ye well advize,
Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike
wize, ¹⁶⁰

Gainst that proud Paynim king that works
her teene: ¹

Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there
have beene."

19

"Unhappy falls that hard necessity,"
(Quoth he) "the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicity; ¹⁶⁵

Ne I against the same can justly preace: ²
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen undo, (for voves may not be wayne)
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall
cease,

Ye then shall hither backe retourne
agayne, ¹⁷⁰

The marriage to accomplish vovd betwixt
you twain.

20

"Which, for my part, I covet to performe
In sort as ³ through the world I did proclame,
That who-so kild that monster most deforme,
And him in hardy battayle overcame, ¹⁷⁵
Should have mine onely daughter to his
Dame, ⁴

And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee:
Therefore, since now to thee perteynes the
same

By dew desert of noble chevalree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome lo! I yield
to thee." ¹⁸⁰

21

Then forth he called that his daughter
fayre,

The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter and his only hayre;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre
appeare ¹⁸⁵

Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long-wished light:
So faire and fresh that Lady shewd herselfe
in sight.

¹ injury.
³ just as.

² press, contend.
⁴ as his wife.

22

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in
May;

For she had layd her mournfull stole aside, ¹⁹⁰
And widow-like sad wimple ¹ throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare ¹⁹⁵
All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare; ²
But neither silke nor silver therein did
appeare.

23

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties
beame,

And glorious light of her sunshyny face, ²⁰⁰
To tell were as to strive against the streame:
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for her own deare loved knight,
All were she daily with himselfe in place, ²⁰⁵
Did wonder much at her celestial sight:
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire
dight.

24

So fairely dight when she in presence came,
She to her Syre made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well be-
came, ²¹⁰

And added grace unto her excellence:
Who with great wisdom and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say — But, eare he thus had
sayd,

With flying speede, and seeming great pre-
tence,

Came running in, much like a man dis-
mayd, ²¹⁵

A Messenger with letters, which his message
sayd.

25

All in the open hall amazed stood
At suddeinnesse of that unwary ³ sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood
But he for nought would stay his passage
right, ²²⁰

Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat great humblesse he did
make,

And kist the ground whereon his foot was
pight; ⁴

Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
Which he disclosing ⁵ read thus, as the paper
spake: ²²⁵

¹ linen head- and neck-dress.
³ unexpected.

⁴ placed.

² closely.
⁵ unfolding.

26

"To thee, most mighty king of Eden fayre,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest,
The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
Of that great Emperour of all the West;
And bids thee be advized for the best, 230
Ere thou thy daughter linck, in holy band
Of wedlocke, to that new unknownen guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

27

"To me, sad mayd, or rather widow
sad, 235
He was affyaunced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
False erraunt knight, infamous, and for-
swore!
Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swore,
And guilty heavens of his bold perjury; 240
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for judgement just doe fly,
And them conjure t' avenge this shamefull
injury.

28

"Therefore, since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or trew, or living or else dead, 245
Withhold, O soverayne Prince! your hasty
hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to
tread,
Through weaknesse of my widowhed or woe;
For truth is strong her rightfull cause to
plead, 250
And shall finde friends, if need requireth soe.
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend
nor foe,

Fidessa."

29

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
That still he sate long time astonished, 255
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
At last his solemn silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest:
"Redoubted knight, that for myne only sake
Thy life and honour late adventarest, 260
Let nought be hid from me that ought to be
express.

30

"What meane these bloody vowes and idle
threats,
Throwne out from womanish impatient
mynd?

What heavens? what altars? what enraged
heates,
Here heaped up with termes of love
unkynd, 265
My conscience cleare with guilty bands
would bynd?
High God be witnesse that I guiltlesse
ame;
But if yourselfe, Sir knight, ye faulty fynd,
Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,
With cryme doe not it cover, but disclose
the same." 270

31

To whom the Redcrosse knight this an-
swere sent:
"My Lord, my king, be nought hereat
dismayd,
Till well ye wote by grave intendiment,¹
What woman, and wherefore, doth me
upbrayd
With breach of love and loialty betrayd. 275
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
Out of my way, through perils straunge and
hard,
That day should faile me ere I had them all
declard.

32

"There did I find, or rather I was fownd 280
Of this false woman that Fidessa hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on grownd,
Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
That easy was t' inveigle weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts and wylie skill, 285
Too false and strong for earthly skill or
might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd when least I feared
ill."

33

Then stepped forth the goodly royall
Mayd,
And on the ground herselfe prostrating
low, 290
With sober countenance thus to him sayd:
"O! pardon² me, my soveraine Lord, to
sheow
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have bene wrought by that false sorcer-
esse:
Shee, onely she, it is, that earst did throw 295
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in daily wretched-
nesse."

¹ attention.² allow.

34

"And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and improvid¹ scath,³⁰⁰
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;
Wherein she used hath the practicke² paine
Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,³⁰⁵
The falsest man alive: who tries, shall find
no lesse."

35

The king was greatly moved at her speach;
And, all with suddein indignation fraight,³
Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did
wait,³¹⁰
Attacht that faytor⁴ false, and bound him
strait;
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
As chained beare whom cruell dogs doe bait,
With ydle force did faine them to withstand,
And often semblaunce made to scape out of
their hand.³¹⁵

36

But they him layd full low in dungeon
deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron
chains;
And with continual watch did warely keepe.
Who then would thinke that by his subtile
trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly
pains?³²⁰
Thus, when that Princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden baines,⁵
And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

37

His owne two hands the holy knotts did
knitt,³²⁵
That none but death for ever can divide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most
fitt,
The housling⁶ fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinkled wide;
At which the bushy teade⁷ a groome did
light,³³⁰
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor
night,
For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

1 unforeseen.

4 impostor.

7 torch.

2 crafty.

5 banns.

3 fraught.

6 sacramental.

38

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with
wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that
day:³³⁵
They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great aray:
And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
Her curious skill the warbling notes to
play,³⁴⁰
To drive away the dull Melancholy;
The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

39

During the which there was an heavenly
noise
Heard sownd through all the Pallace pleas-
antly,
Like as it had bene many an Angels voice³⁴⁵
Singing before th' eternall majesty,
In their trinall¹ triplicities² on hye:
Yett wist no creature whence that heavenly
sweet
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
Himselfe thereby refte of his sences meet,³⁵⁰
And ravished with rare impression in his
sprite.

40

Great joy was made that day of young and
old,
And solemne feast proclaymd throughout
the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told:
Suffice it heare by signes to understand³⁵⁵
The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band.
Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did
hold,
Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand;
And ever, when his eie did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures
manifold.³⁶⁰

41

Her joyous presence, and sweet company,
In full content he there did long enjoy;
Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosy,
His deare delights were hable to annoy:
Yet, swimming in that sea of blisfull joy,³⁶⁵
He nought forgott how he whilome had
sworne,
In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne;
The which he shortly did, and Una left to
mourne.

1 threefold.

2 trinities, referring to the nine orders of angels.

42

Now, strike your sailes, yee jolly Mariners, 370

For we be come unto a quiet rode,¹
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode:
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent, 375
And wants supplide; And then againe abroad
On the long voiage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speede, and fairely finish her
intent!

AMORETTI

I

Happy ye leaves! when as those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead doing²
might,
Shall handle you, and hold in loves soft
bands,
Lyke captives trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines! on which, with starry
light, 5
Those lamping³ eyes will deigne sometimes
to look,
And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,⁴
Written with teares in harts close bleeding
book.
And happy rymes! bath'd in the sacred
brooke
Of Helicon,⁵ whence she derived is, 10
When ye behold that angels blessed looke,
My soules long lacked foode, my heavens
blis.
Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please
alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

34

Lyke as a ship, that through the Ocean
wyde,
By conduct of some star doth make her way;
Whenas a storme hath dimd her trusty guyde,
Out of her course doth wander far astray!
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright
ray 5
Me to direct, with cloudes is over cast,
Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast.
Yet hope I well that, when this storme is
past,
My Helice,⁶ the lodestar of my lyfe, 10
Will shine again, and looke on me at last,

¹ roadstead, anchorage.² death-dealing.³ flashing.⁴ spirit.⁵ Hill in Greece dedicated to the Muses.⁶ Constellation of the Great Bear.

With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
In secret sorow, and sad pensivenesse.

79

Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
For that your selfe ye dayly such doe see:
But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit
And vertuous mind, is much more praysd
of me.

For all the rest, how ever fayre it be, 5
Shall turne to nought and loose that glorious
hew:

But onely that is permanent and free
From frayle corruption, that doth flesh en-
sew.

That is true beautie: that doth argue you
To be divine and borne of heavenly seed: 10
Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit from whom al
true

And perfect beauty did at first proceed.
He onely fayre, and what he fayre hath made:
All other fayre, lyke flowres, untymely fade.

82

Joy of my life! full oft for loving you
I blesse my lot, that was so lucky placed:
But then the more your owne mishap I rew,
That are so much by so meane love embased.
For, had the equall heavens so much you
graced 5

In this as in the rest, ye mote invent
Som heavenly wit, whose verse could have
enchased

Your glorious name in golden moniment.
But since ye deign'd so goodly to relent
To me your thrall, in whom is little worth, 10
That little, that I am, shall all be spent
In setting your immortall prayes forth:
Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

1594

PROTHALAMION;

OR A SPOUSAL VERSE MADE IN HONOUR
OF THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE OF THE
LADIE ELIZABETH AND THE LADIE
KATHERINE SOMERSET

I

Calme was the day, and through the tremb-
ling ayre

Sweete breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titans¹ beames, which then did glyster
fayre;

¹ the sun's.

When I, whom sullein care, 5
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse
stay

In princes court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne,
Walkt forth to ease my payne 10
Along the shoare of silver streaming
Themmes,

Whose ruttie¹ bancke, the which his river
hemmes,

Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adorn'd with daintie
gemmes,

Fit to decke maydens bowres, 15
And crowne their paramours,

Against the brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end
my song.

2

There, in a meadow, by the rivers side,
A flocke of nymphes I chaunced to espy, 20
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks all loose untyde,
As each had bene a bryde,
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs entrayled curiously, 25
In which they gathered flowers to fill their
flasket;

And with fine fingers cropt full feateously²
The tender stalkes on hye.
Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
They gathered some; the violet pallid blew,
The little dazie, that at evening closes, 31
The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,
With store of vermeil roses,
To decke their bridegromes posies
Against the brydale day, which was not
long: 35

Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end
my song.

3

With that I saw two swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the lee; 3
Two fairer birds I yet did never see:
The snow which doth the top of Pindus⁴
strew 40
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda,⁵ whiter did appear:
Yet Leda was, they say, as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing
neare; 45

1 rooty.

2 skilfully.

3 river.

4 A mountain in Greece.

5 Beloved by Jove in the shape of a swan.

So purely white they were,
That even the gentle streame, the which
them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes
spare

To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so
fayre, 50

And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heavens light,
Against their brydale day, which was not
long:

Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end
my song.

4

Eftsoones¹ the nymphes, which now had
flowers their fill, 55

Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the christal flood;
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed
still,

Their wondring eyes to fill.

Them seem'd they never saw a sight so
fayre, 60

Of fowles so lovely, that they sure did deeme
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same
payre

Which through the skie draw Venus silver
teeme;

For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly seede, 65

But rather angels or of angels breede:
Yet were they bred of Somers-heat,² they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and
weede

The earth did fresh aray;
So fresh they seem'd as day, 70
Even as their brydale day, which was not
long:

Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end
my song.

5

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours
yeild; 75

All which upon those goodly birds they
threw,

And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus³ waters they did seeme,
When downe along by pleasant Tempes³
shore,

Scattered with flowres, through Thessaly they
streame, 80

1 immediately.
3 in Thessaly.

2 A pun for Somerset.

That they appeare, through lillies plenteous
store,
Like a brydes chamber flore.
Two of those nymphes, meane while, two
garlands bound
Of freshest flowres which in that mead they
found,
The which presenting all in trim array, ⁸⁵
Their snowie foreheads therewithall they
crownd,
Whil'st one did sing this lay,
Prepar'd against that day,
Against their brydale day, which was not
long:
Sweete Themmes, runne softly, till I end
my song. ⁹⁰

6

"Ye gentle birdes, the worlds faire ornament,
And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower
Doth leade unto your lovers blissfull bower,
Joy may you have and gentle hearts content
Of your loves couplement: ⁹⁵
And let faire Venus, that is Queene of Love,
With her heart-quelling sonne upon you
smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
All loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
For ever to assoile. ¹⁰⁰
Let endlesse peace your steadfast hearts
accord,
And blessed plentie wait upon you[r] bord;
And let your bed with pleasures chaste
abound,
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound, ¹⁰⁵
And make your joyes redound,
Upon your brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes, run softlie, till I end my
song."

7

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong, ¹¹⁰
Which said, their bridale daye should not be
long.
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous birdes did passe along,
Adowne the lee, that to them murmurde
low, ¹¹⁵
As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
Yeate did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame run slow.
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell
The rest, so far, as Cynthia ² doth shend ³ ¹²¹
¹ dispel. ² the moon. ³ put to shame.

The lesser starres. So they enranged ¹ well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend,
Against their wedding day, which was not
long: ¹²⁵
Sweete Themmes run softly, till I end my
song.

8

At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
That to me gave this lifes first native source:
Though from another place I take my
name, ¹³⁰
An house of auncient fame.
There when they came, whereas ² those
bricky towres,³
The which on Themmes brode aged backe
doe ryde,
Where now the studious lawyers have their
bowers
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to
byde, ¹³⁵
Till they decayd through pride:
Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
Of that great Lord,⁴ which therein wont to
dwell,
Whose want too well now feeles my freendles
case: ¹⁴⁰
But ah here fits not well
Olde woes but joyes to tell
Against the bridale daye, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes runne softly, till I end
my song. ¹⁴⁴

9

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,⁵
Great Englands glory and the worlds wide
wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all
Spaine did thunder,⁶
And Hercules two pillors standing neere,
Did make to quake and feare: ¹⁴⁹
Faire branch of Honor, flower of Chevalrie,
That fillest England with thy triumphs fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name ⁷
That promisetht the same:
That through thy prowesse and victorious
armes, ¹⁵⁵

¹ placed in a row. ² where.

³ The Temple (Inner and Middle), a set of buildings and gardens extending from the Strand to the Thames; in the fourteenth century it belonged to the Knights Templars; since then, to students of law.

⁴ The Earl of Leicester.

⁵ Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

⁶ Referring to Essex's part in capturing Cadiz in 1596.

⁷ Spenser playfully suggests that Essex's name is made up of *ever* + *heureux* (happy).

Thy country may be freed from forraine
harmes:
And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide
alarmes,
Which some brave muse may sing
To ages following, 160
Upon the brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes runne softly, till I end
my song.

10

From those high towers, this noble Lord
issuing,
Like radiant Hesper when his golden hayre
In th' ocean billowes he hath bathed
fayre, 165
Descended to the rivers open vewing,
With a great traine ensuing.

Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature
Beseeming well the bower of anie Queene, 170
With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature:
That like the twins of Jove¹ they seem'd in
sight,
Which decke the bauldricke of the heavens
bright.
They two forth pacing to the rivers side, 175
Received those two faire brides, their loves
delight,
Which at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his bryde,
Against their brydale day, which is not long:
Sweete Themmes runne softly, till I end
my song. 180

1596

¹ Castor and Pollux, later the constellation Gemini.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552?-1618)

At a time when every man aspired to be a "complete gentleman," adept in many lines, Raleigh surpassed every one in versatility, displaying unusual skill and achieving prominence in everything he undertook. More than any one he is the embodiment of the Elizabethan era, an age which saw life as a beautiful adventure, and which investigated the things of the spirit as ardently and curiously as it explored lands beyond the seas.

After studying at Oxford, Raleigh was a soldier in France and the Low Countries. In 1579 he went on an unsuccessful voyage of discovery to America with his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert. On his return he helped put down an insurrection in Ireland. In 1584 he headed an expedition to America which founded a colony named by Raleigh "Virginia" in honor of his queen. He took part in the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588; later, as admiral, he was present at the attack on the Azores.

As a courtier he stood high in the favor of Elizabeth. As a statesman, he played his part at court in affairs both big and petty, twice going to the Tower, in this dangerous game, after James I became king. And in addition to all these accomplishments, he was a poet who put feeling and sincerity into lyrics that were phrased in the best Elizabethan manner, and an historian, accurate and descriptive, who wrote some of the greatest prose passages in English.

When, in 1618, he was led to the block on Tower Hill, he made his exit from this life with a fine gesture, as befitted a true Elizabethan. The scene has been vividly described by William Oldys, the antiquarian scholar, in his biography of Raleigh, published in 1736.

For the life of Raleigh see E. W. Gosse (English Worthies Series) and Sidney Lee, *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century* (Scribners), which contains estimates of More, Sidney, Raleigh, Spenser, Bacon, and Shakespeare. Excellent selections from Raleigh's writings have been made by F. W. C. Hersey (Macmillan) and G. E. Hadow (Oxford University Press).

A VISION UPON THIS CONCEIT OF THE FAERIE QUEENE

This sonnet was one of the commendatory verses that appeared in the first installment of the *Faerie Queene*, books 1-3, 1590.

Methought I saw the grave where Laura¹ lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn: and, passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue
kept, 5

¹ Petrarch's lady.

All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen;
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not
seen,
For they this Queen attended; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to
bleed, 11
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did
pierce:
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for
grief,
And cursed th' access of that celestial thief.

THE SILENT LOVER

I

Passions are likened best to floods and streams:

The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.

So, when affection yields discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.

They that are rich in words, in words discover 5

That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

2

Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart,
That sues for no compassion. 10

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty:
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart, 15
My true, though secret passion;
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

HIS PILGRIMAGE

Give me my scallop-shell ¹ of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge; 5
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer;
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like a quiet palmer,
Traveleth towards the land of heaven, 10
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains.

There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss;
And drink mine everlasting fill 15
Upon every milken ² hill.
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see, 20

¹ A shell found in Palestine, worn by a pilgrim to show that he had been to the Holy Land.
² abounding in milk.

That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
I'll take them first
To quench their thirst
And taste of nectar suckets,¹ 25
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality, 30
Then the blessed paths we'll travel,
Strowed with rubies thick as gravel;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
From thence to heaven's bribeless hall, 35
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's attorney, 40
Who pleads for all, without degrees,
And He hath angels,² but no fees.
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
Against our souls black verdicts give, 45
Christ pleads His death; and then we live.
Be Thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
Thou giv'st salvation, even for alms,
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms. 50
And this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made heaven and earth and sea:
That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke, when my veins start and
spread, 55
Set on my soul an everlasting head!
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths which before I
writ.

Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well. 6
About 1603.

VERSES FOUND IN HIS BIBLE
IN THE GATE-HOUSE AT
WESTMINSTER

According to tradition, Raleigh wrote this poem the night before his execution.

Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,

¹ sweetmeats.
² A pun on angel, an old English coin that bore the head of the archangel Michael.

And pays us but with earth and dust;
 Who, in the dark and silent grave,
 When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days;
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 My God shall raise me up, I trust!

THE LIE

Go, Soul, the body's guest
 Upon a thankless arrant;¹
 Fear not to touch the best;
 The truth shall be thy warrant:
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie. 5

Say to the court, it glows
 And shines like rotten wood;
 Say to the church, it shows
 What's good, and doth no good: 10
 If court and church reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
 Acting by others' action;
 Not loved unless they give, 15
 Not strong but by a faction:
 If potentates reply,
 Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
 That manage the estate,² 20
 Their purpose is ambition,
 Their practice only hate:
 And if they once reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most, 25
 They beg for more by spending,
 Who, in their greatest cost,
 Seek nothing but commending:
 And if they make reply,
 Then give them all the lie. 30

Tell zeal it wants devotion;
 Tell love it is but lust;
 Tell time it is but motion;
 Tell flesh it is but dust:
 And wish them not reply, 35
 For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
 Tell honour how it alters;
 Tell beauty how she blasteth;
 Tell favour how it falters: 40
 And as they shall reply,
 Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
 In tickle¹ points of niceness;
 Tell wisdom she entangles 45
 Herself in over-wiseness:
 And when they do reply,
 Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;
 Tell skill it is pretension; 50
 Tell charity of coldness;
 Tell law it is contention:
 And as they do reply,
 So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness;
 Tell nature of decay; 55
 Tell friendship of unkindness;
 Tell justice of delay:
 And if they will reply,
 Then give them all the lie. 60

Tell arts they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming;
 Tell schools they want profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming: 65
 If arts and schools reply,
 Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;
 Tell how the country erreth;
 Tell manhood shakes off pity;
 Tell virtue least preferreth: 70
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing, —
 Although to give the lie 75
 Deserves no less than stabbing, —
 Stab at thee he that will,
 No stab the soul can kill.

From THE DISCOVERY OF
GUIANA

After we departed from the port of these
 Ciawani, we passed up the river with the
 flood, and anchored the ebb; and in this sort
 we went onward. The third day that we
 entered the river our galley came on ground,
 and stuck so fast, as we thought that even
 there our discovery had ended, and that we
 must have left sixty of our men to have in-
 habited, like rooks upon trees, with those
 nations: but the next morning, after we had
 cast out all her ballast, with tugging and

¹ errand.² state.¹ unsteady.

hauling to and fro, we got her afloat, and went on: at four days' end we fell into as goodly a river as ever I beheld, which was called the great Amana, which ran more directly without windings and turnings than the other: but soon after, the flood of the sea left us, and we enforced either by main strength to row against a violent current, or to return as wise as we went out. We had then no shift but to persuade the companies that it was but two or three days' work, and therefore desired them to take pains, every gentleman and others taking their turns to row, and to spell one the other at the hour's end. Every day we passed by goodly branches of rivers, some falling from the west, others from the east, into Amana; but those I leave to the description in the chart of discovery, where every one shall be named with his rising and descent. When three days more were overgone, our companies began to despair, the weather being extreme hot, the river bordered with very high trees that kept away the air, and the current against us every day stronger than other: but we evermore commanded our pilots to promise an end the next day, and used it so long as we were driven to assure them from four reaches of the river to three, and so to two, and so to the next reach;¹ but so long we labored as many days were spent, and so driven to draw ourselves to harder allowance, our bread even at the last, and no drink at all; and our men and ourselves so wearied and scorched, and doubtful withal whether we should ever perform it or no, the heat increasing as we drew towards the line; for we were now in five degrees.

The further we went on, (our victual decreasing, and the air breeding great faintness,) we grew weaker and weaker, when we had most need of strength and ability; for hourly the river ran more violently than other against us, and the barge, wherries, and ship's boat of captain Gifford and captain Calfield had spent all their provisions, so as we were brought into despair and discomfort, had we not persuaded all the company that it was but only one day's work more to attain the land, where we should be relieved of all we wanted; and if we returned, that we were sure to starve by the way, and that the world would also laugh us to scorn. On the banks of these rivers were divers sorts of fruits good to eat, flowers and trees of that variety as were sufficient to make ten volumes of herbals.² We relieved ourselves

many times with the fruits of the country, and sometimes with fowl and fish: we saw birds of all colors, some carnation, some crimson, orange tawny, purple, green, watchet,¹ and of all other sorts, both simple and mixed; as it was unto us a great good passing of the time to behold them, besides the relief we found by killing some store of them with our fowling pieces, without which, having little or no bread, and less drink, but only the thick and troubled water of the river, we had been in a very hard case.

Our old pilot of the Ciawani (whom, as I said before, we took to redeem Ferdinando²) told us, that if we would enter a branch of a river on the right hand with our barge and wherries, and leave the galley at anchor the while in the great river, he would bring us to a town of the Arwacas, where we should find store of bread, hens, fish and of the country wine, and persuaded us, that departing from the galley at noon, we might return ere night. I was very glad to hear this speech, and presently took my barge, with eight musketeers, captain Gifford's wherry, with himself and four musketeers, and captain Calfield with his wherry and as many, and so we entered the mouth of this river; and because we were persuaded that it was so near, we took no victual with us at all. When we had rowed three hours, we marvelled we saw no sign of any dwelling, and asked the pilot where the town was; he told us a little further. After three hours more, the sun being almost set, we began to suspect that he led us that way to betray us, for he confessed that those Spaniards which fled from Trinedado, and also those that remained with Carapana in Emeria, were joined together in some village upon that river. But when it grew towards night, and we demanding where the place was, he told us but four reaches more: when we had rowed four and four we saw no sign, and our poor watermen, even heart-broken and tired, were ready to give up the ghost; for we had now come from the galley near forty miles.

At the last we determined to hang the pilot, and, if we had well known the way back again by night, he had surely gone; but our own necessities pleaded sufficiently for his safety: for it was as dark as pitch, and the river began so to narrow itself, and the trees to hang over from side to side, as we were driven with arming swords to cut a passage through those branches that covered the

¹ light blue.

² Raleigh's Indian pilot, who had been captured a short time before by a hostile tribe.

water. We were very desirous to find this town, hoping of a feast, because we made but a short breakfast aboard the galley in the morning, and it was now eight o'clock at night, and our stomachs began to gnaw apace; but whether it was best to return or go on we began to doubt, suspecting treason in the pilot more and more; but the poor old Indian ever assured us that it was but a little further, and but this one turning and that turning; and at last, about one o'clock after midnight, we saw a light, and rowing towards it we heard the dogs of the village. When we landed, we found few people; for the lord of that place was gone with divers canoes above four hundred miles off, upon a journey towards the head of Oroonoko, to trade for gold, and to buy women of the cannibals, who afterward unfortunately passed by us, as we rode at an anchor in the port of Morequito, in the dark of night, and yet came so near us, as his canoes grated against our barges. He left one of his company at the port of Morequito, by whom we understood that he had brought thirty young women, divers plates of gold, and had great store of fine pieces of cotton cloth and cotton beds. In his house we had good store of bread, fish, hens, and Indian drink, and so rested that night; and in the morning, after we had traded with such of his people as came down, we returned towards our galley, and brought with us some quantity of bread, fish, and hens.

On both sides of this river we passed the most beautiful country that ever mine eyes beheld; and whereas all that we had seen before was nothing but woods, prickles, bushes, and thorns, here we beheld plains of twenty miles in length, the grass short and green, and in divers parts groves of trees by themselves, as if they had been by all the art and labor in the world so made of purpose: and still as we rowed, the deer came down feeding by the water's side, as if they had been used to a keeper's call. Upon this river there were great store of fowl, and of many sorts: we saw in it divers sorts of strange fishes, and of marvellous bigness; but for lagartos¹ it exceeded; for there were thousands of those ugly serpents, and the people call it for the abundance of them the river of Lagartos, in their language. I had a negro, a very proper young fellow, that, leaping out of the galley to swim in the mouth of this river, was in all our sights taken and devoured with one of those lagartos. In the
1 lizards; here, alligators.

meanwhile our companies in the galley thought we had been all lost, (for we promised to return before night,) and sent the Lion's Whelp's ship's boat with captain Whiddon to follow us up the river; but the next day, after we had rowed up and down some fourscore miles, we returned, and went on our way up the great river, and, when we were even at the last cast for want of victuals, captain Gifford being before the galley and the rest of the boats, seeking out some place to land upon the banks to make fire, espied four canoes coming down the river, and with no small joy caused his men to try the uttermost of their strengths, and after a while two of the four gave over, and ran themselves ashore, every man betaking himself to the fastness of the woods; the two other lesser got away while he landed to lay hold of these, and so turned into some by-creek, we knew not whither: those canoes that were taken were loaden with bread, and were bound for Marguerita in the West Indies, which those Indians, called Arwacas, proposed to carry thither for exchange: but in the lesser there were three Spaniards, who having heard of the defeat of their governor in Trinedado, and that we purposed to enter Guiana, came away in those canoes: one of them was a cavalero, as the captain of the Arwacas after told us, another a soldier, and the third a refiner.

In the meantime nothing on the earth could have been more welcome to us, next unto gold, than the great store of very excellent bread which we found in these canoes; for now our men cried, Let us go on, we care not how far. After that Captain Gifford had brought the two canoes to the galley, I took my barge, and went to the bank's side with a dozen shot, where the canoes first ran themselves ashore, and landed there, sending out captain Gifford and captain Thyn on one hand, and captain Calfield on the other, to follow those that were fled into the woods; and as I was creeping through the bushes I saw an Indian basket hidden, which was the refiner's basket; for I found in it his quicksilver, saltpetre, and divers things for the trial of metals, and also the dust of such ore as he had refined; but in those canoes which escaped there was a good quantity of ore and gold.

From THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

The following extract is the conclusion of the *History*, with its famous last paragraph. It was

written in the Tower between 1607 and 1614, and published in 1614, while Raleigh was still in prison. Raleigh planned two more volumes, which were never completed. The one volume that he finished ends with the foundation of the Roman Empire.

For the rest, if we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add to that which hath been already said, that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God, while they enjoy life, or hope it; but they follow the counsel of Death upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word, which God, with all the words of his law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man is believed; God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred. *I have considered, saith Solomon, all the works that are under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.* But who believes it, till Death tells us? It was Death which, opening the conscience of Charles the Fifth, made

him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre; and king Francis the First of France, to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their forepast happiness. He takes the account of the rich and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

[Here follows a paragraph announcing the second and third volumes. Raleigh's "first volume" comprises six modern octavo volumes

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586)

Sidney, like Raleigh, a splendid Elizabethan gentleman, came of an excellent family, was educated at Oxford, and soon thereafter became a courtier and diplomat under Elizabeth. In a short and busy life he produced *Astrophel and Stella*, a sonnet sequence addressed to his beloved, Penelope Devereux; *Arcadia*, a romance, written for his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, which set a new style in prose writing; and *The Defense of Poesy*, a beautifully written appreciation of poetry. His accomplishment in literature merits Arthur Symonds' enthusiastic praise: "It is in Sidney that we find the true beginning in England of the novel, of literary criticism, of the sonnet, and of the lyric."

His chivalric death on the field of Zutphen in the Low Countries is commemorated in the biography written by Fulke Greville which appeared in 1652. Spenser, who had dedicated his *Faerie Queene* to Sidney, mourned the death of his friend in a series of sonnets, *Astrophel*.

For the life of Sidney, see J. A. Symonds (English Men of Letters), and Greville (Oxford University Press). John Drinkwater has edited the poems (Dutton); and A. Feuillerat, the complete works, in two volumes (Cambridge University Press). The best edition of *The Defense of Poesy* is A. S. Cook's (Ginn).

THE BARGAIN

This poem first appeared in Puttenham's *Art of English Poesy*, 1589. Another version is incorporated in the *Arcadia*, 1590.

My true love hath my heart, and I have
his,
By just exchange one for another given:

I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have
his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses
guides:

He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
 I cherish his because in me it bides:
 My true love hath my heart, and I have
 his. 10

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

I

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to
 show,
 That she, dear she, might take some pleasure
 of my pain,
 Pleasure might cause her read, reading might
 make her know,
 Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace
 obtain,
 I sought fit words to paint the blackest face
 of woe; 5
 Studying inventions fine, her wits to enter-
 tain,
 Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence
 would flow
 Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my
 sun-burned brain.
 But words came halting forth, wanting In-
 vention's stay;
 Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame
 Study's blows; 10
 And others' feet still seemed but strangers in
 my way.
 Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless
 in my throes,
 Biting my truant pen, beating myself for
 spite,
 Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart,
 and write.

31

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st
 the skies!
 How silently; and with how wan a face!
 What, may it be that even in heavenly place
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted
 eyes 5
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
 I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace,
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deemed there but want of
 wit? 10
 Are beauties there as proud as here they
 be?
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth
 possess?
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

39

Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of
 peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and
 low;
 With shield of proof shield me from out the
 prease 1
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth
 throw; 5
 O make in me those civil wars to cease;
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest
 bed,
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light, 10
 A rosy garland and a weary head:
 And if these things, as being thine in right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

41

Having this day my horse, my hand, my
 lance
 Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
 Both by the judgment of the English eyes
 And of some sent from that sweet enemy,
 France;
 Horsemen my skill in horsemanship ad-
 vance, 2
 Townfolks my strength; a daintier judge 5
 applies
 His praise to sleight, 3 which from good use 4
 doth rise;
 Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
 Others, because of both sides I do take
 My blood from them who did excel in
 this, 10
 Think Nature me a man-of-arms did make.
 How far they shot awry! the true cause is,
 Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face
 Sent forth the beams which made so fair my
 race.

64

No more, my dear, no more these counsels
 try;
 O give my passions leave to run their race;
 Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace;
 Let folk o'ercharged with brain against me
 cry;
 Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine
 eye; 5
 Let me no steps but of lost labor trace;
 Let all the earth with scorn recount my
 case, —
 But do not will me from my love to fly.

1 press.

2 praise.

3 dexterity.

4 habit.

I do not envy Aristotle's wit,
 Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame;¹ 10
 Nor aught do care though some above me sit;
 Nor hope nor wish another course to frame,
 But that which once may win thy cruel
 heart:
 Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

66

And do I see some cause a hope to feed,
 Or doth the tedious burden of long woe
 In weakened minds quick apprehending
 breed
 Of every image which may comfort show?
 I cannot brag of word, much less of deed, 5
 Fortune wheels still with me in one sort,² slow;
 My wealth no more, and no whit less my
 need;
 Desire still on stilts of fear doth go.
 And yet amid all fears a hope there is,
 Stolen to my heart since last fair night, nay
 day, 10
 Stella's eyes sent to me the beams of bliss,
 Looking on me while I looked other way:
 But when mine eyes back to their heaven did
 move,
 They fled with blush which guilty seemed of
 love.

107

Stella, since thou so right a princess art
 Of all the powers which life bestows on me,
 That ere by them ought³ undertaken be,
 They first resort unto that sovereign part;
 Sweet, for a while give respite to my heart, 5
 Which pants as though it still should leap to
 thee:
 And on my thoughts give thy lieutenantancy
 To this great cause, which needs both use and
 art.
 And as a queen, who from her presence sends
 Whom she employs, dismiss from thee my
 wit, 10
 Till it have wrought what thy own will
 attends,
 On servants' shame oft masters' blame doth
 sit:
 O let not fools in me thy works reprove,
 And scorning say, "See what it is to love!"

LOVE IS DEAD

Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be
 spread;
 For Love is dead:
 All Love is dead, infected

With plague of deep disdain:
 Worth, as nought worth, rejected, 5
 And Faith fair scorn doth gain.
 From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female frenzy,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us! 10

Weep, neighbours, weep; do you not hear it
 said

That Love is dead?
 His death-bed, peacock's folly;
 His winding-sheet is shame;
 His will, false-seeming wholly; 15
 His sole executor, blame.
 From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female frenzy,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us! 20

Let dirge be sung, and trentals¹ rightly read,
 For Love is dead;
 Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
 My mistress' marble heart;
 Which epitaph containeth, 25
 "Her eyes were once his dart."
 From so ungrateful fancy,
 From such a female frenzy,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us! 30

Alas, I lie: rage hath this error bred;
 Love is not dead;
 Love is not dead, but sleepeth
 In her unmatched mind,
 Where she his counsel keepeth, 35
 Till due desert she find.
 Therefore from so vile fancy,
 To call such wit a frenzy,
 Who Love can temper thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us! 40

From THE DEFENSE OF POETRY

This extract is from the middle of Sidney's essay, following his arguments for placing poetry foremost among human studies. The essay, written about 1581 and published in 1595 in two editions (one called *Defense*, the other *Apology*), was an answer to the direct and indirect attacks of the Puritans against poetry. The immediate cause was an invective against poets, *The School of Abuse*, 1579, by Stephen Gosson, dedicated, strangely enough, to Sidney. Sidney's answer is a general reply, carefully considered, philosophic, and in good taste. The text given below is a modernized version by

1 thirty masses for the dead.

1 Reference to Cæsar's assassination.
 2 manner.

3 aught.

Professor A. S. Cook based upon both early editions.

I conclude, therefore, that he [the poet] excelleth history, not only in furnishing the mind with knowledge, but in setting it forward to that which deserveth to be called and accounted good; which setting forward, and moving to well-doing, indeed setteth the laurel crown upon the poet as victorious, not only of the historian, but over the philosopher, howsoever in teaching it may be questionable. For suppose it be granted — that which I suppose with great reason may be denied — that the philosopher, in respect of his methodical proceeding, teach more perfectly than the poet, yet do I think that no man is so much φιλοφιλόσοφος¹ as to compare the philosopher in moving with the poet. And that moving is of a higher degree than teaching, it may by this appear, that it is well nigh both the cause and the effect of teaching; for who will be taught, if he be not moved with desire to be taught? And what so much good doth that teaching bring forth — I speak still of moral doctrine — as that it moveth one to do that which it doth teach? For, as Aristotle saith, it is not γνῶσις² but πράξις³ must be the fruit; and how πράξις cannot be, without being moved to practise, it is no hard matter to consider. The philosopher sheweth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousness of the way, as of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may divert you from your way; but this is to no man but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive, studious painfulness; which constant desire whosoever hath in him, hath already passed half the hardness of the way, and therefore is beholding to the philosopher but for the other half. Nay, truly, learned men have learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much overmastered passion as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each mind hath in itself is as good as a philosopher's book; since in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us; for out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it. But to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, *hoc opus, hic labor est.*⁴

Now therein of all sciences — I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit — is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent¹ with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness. But he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchancing skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner, and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste, — which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarb they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth. So is it in men, most of which are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves, — glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas; and, hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valor, and justice; which, if they had been barely, that is to say philosophically, set out, they would swear they be brought to school again.

That imitation whereof poetry is, hath the most conveniency to nature of all other; insomuch that, as Aristotle saith, those things which in themselves are horrible, as cruel battles, unnatural monsters, are made in poetical imitation delightful. Truly, I have known men, that even with reading Amadis de Gaule, which, God knoweth, wanteth much of a perfect poesy, have found their hearts moved to the exercise of courtesy, liberality, and especially courage. Who readeth Æneas carrying old Anchises on his back, that wisheth not it were his fortune to perform so excellent an act? Whom do not those words of Turnus move, the tale of Turnus having planted his image in the imagination?

Fugientem hæc terra videbit?
Usque adeone mori miserum est?²

¹ *philophilosophos*, friend of the philosopher.
² *gnosis*, knowledge. ³ *praxis*, practice.
⁴ This is the work, this the task.

¹ margin.
² Will this land see me flee? Is it so very unhappy to die?

Where the philosophers, as they scorn to delight, so must they be content little to move — saving wrangling whether virtue be the chief or the only good, whether the contemplative or the active life do excel — which Plato and Boethius well knew, and therefore made Mistress Philosophy very often borrow the masking raiment of Poesy. For even those hard-hearted evil men who think virtue a school-name, and know no other good but *indulgere genio*,¹ and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reason they stand upon, yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good-fellow poet seemeth to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness — which seen, they cannot but love — ere themselves be aware, as if they took a medicine of cherries.

Infinite proofs of the strange effects of this poetical invention might be alleged; only two shall serve, which are so often remembered as I think all men know them. The one of Menenius Agrippa, who, when the whole people of Rome had resolutely divided themselves from the senate, with apparent show of utter ruin, though he were, for that time, an excellent orator, came not among them upon trust either of figurative speeches or cunning insinuations, and much less with far-fet² maxims of philosophy, which, especially if they were Platonic, they must have learned geometry before they could well have conceived; but, forsooth, he behaves himself like a homely and familiar poet. He telleth them a tale, that there was a time when all the parts of the body made a mutinous conspiracy against the belly, which they thought devoured the fruits of each other's labor; they concluded they would let so unprofitable a spender starve. In the end, to be short — for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale — with punishing the belly they plagued themselves. This, applied by him, wrought such effect in the people, as I never read that ever words brought forth but then so sudden and so good an alteration; for upon reasonable conditions a perfect reconcilment ensued.

The other is of Nathan³ the prophet, who, when the holy David had so far forsaken God as to confirm adultery with murder, when he was to do the tenderest office of a friend, in laying his own shame before his eyes, — sent by God to call again so chosen a servant, how doth he it but by telling of a man whose be-

loved lamb was ungratefully taken from his bosom? The application most divinely true, but the discourse itself feigned; which made David (I speak of the second and instrumental cause) as in a glass to see his own filthiness, as that heavenly Psalm of Mercy well testifieth.

By these, therefore, examples and reasons, I think it may be manifest that the poet, with that same hand of delight, doth draw the mind more effectually than any other art doth. And so a conclusion not unfitly ensueth: that as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman.

But I am content not only to decipher him by his works — although works in commendation or dispraise must ever hold a high authority — but more narrowly will examine his parts; so that, as in a man, though all together may carry a presence full of majesty and beauty, perchance in some one defectious piece we may find a blemish.

Now in his parts, kinds, or species, as you list to term them, it is to be noted that some poesies have coupled together two or three kinds, — as tragical and comical, whereupon is risen the tragi-comical; some, in the like manner, have mingled prose and verse, as Sannazzaro¹ and Boethius;² some have mingled matters heroical and pastoral; but that cometh all to one in this question, for, if severed they be good, the conjunction cannot be hurtful. Therefore, perchance forgetting some, and leaving some as needless to be remembered, it shall not be amiss in a word to cite the special kinds, to see what faults may be found in the right use of them.

Is it then the pastoral poem which is misliked? — for perchance where the hedge is lowest they will soonest leap over. Is the poor pipe disdained, which sometimes out of Melibœus'³ mouth can show the misery of people under hard lords and ravening soldiers, and again, by Tityrus,⁴ what blessedness is derived to them that lie lowest from the goodness of them that sit highest? sometimes, under the pretty tales of wolves and sheep, can include the whole considerations of wrong-doing and patience; sometimes show

¹ An Italian poet who wrote an *Arcadia*, 1504, which, like Sidney's romance, was in prose and verse.

² In his *Consolation of Philosophy*, written in prison about 522.

³ A character in Virgil's *First Eclogue*.

⁴ He and Melibœus carry on the dialogue in Virgil's poem.

¹ indulge your nature.

² far-fetched.

³ 2 Samuel, xii.

that contention for trifles can get but a trifling victory; where perchance a man may see that even Alexander and Darius, when they strave who should be cock of this world's dunghill, the benefit they got was that the after-livers may say:

Hæc memini et victum frustra contendere
Thyrsim;
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.¹

Or is it the lamenting elegiac, which in a kind heart would move rather pity than blame; who bewaileth, with the great philosopher Heraclitus,² the weakness of mankind and the wretchedness of the world; who surely is to be praised, either for compassionate accompanying just causes of lamentation, or for rightly painting out how weak be the passions of wofulness?

Is it the bitter but wholesome iambic, who rubs the galled mind, in making shame the trumpet of villainy with bold and open crying out against naughtiness?

Or the satiric? who

Omne vafer vitium ridenti tangit amico;³

who sportingly never leaveth till he make a man laugh at folly, and at length ashamed to laugh at himself, which he cannot avoid without avoiding the folly; who, while *circum præcordia ludit*,⁴ giveth us to feel how many headaches a passionate life bringeth us to, — how, when all is done,

Est Ulubris, animus si nos non deficit æquus.⁵

No, perchance it is the comic; whom naughty playmakers and stage-keepers have justly made odious. To the argument of abuse⁶ I will answer after. Only thus much now is to be said, that the comedy is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornful sort that may be, so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one. Now, as in geometry the oblique must be known as well as the right, and in arithmetic the odd as well as the even;

¹ I remember this, and how defeated Thyrsis fought in vain. From that time on, it has been Corydon, Corydon with us. (Virgil's *Seventh Eclogue*.)

² The "weeping" philosopher, 535-475 B.C., who taught that all things are in a state of flux, and that knowledge can only be relative.

³ The rascal touches every fault, while making his friend laugh. (The quotation is abridged from Persius' *First Satire*.)

⁴ He plays around our deepest feelings. (From the next line in the quotation from Persius.)

⁵ Freely translated: we may even dwell in and enjoy Ulubra [a particularly desolate town], if we have tranquillity of spirit. (Horace's *First Epistle*.)

⁶ A reference to Gosson's pamphlet.

so in the actions of our life who seeth not the filthiness of evil, wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue. This doth the comedy handle so, in our private and domestic matters, as with hearing it we get, as it were, an experience what is to be looked for of a niggardly Demea, of a crafty Davus, of a flattering Gnatho, of a vain-glorious Thraso;¹ and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge given them by the comedian. And little reason hath any man to say that men learn evil by seeing it so set out; since, as I said before, there is no man living, but by the force truth hath in nature, no sooner seeth these men play their parts, but wisheth them in *pistrinum*,² although perchance the sack of his own faults lie so behind his back, that he seeth not himself to dance the same measure, — whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes than to find his own actions contemptibly set forth.

So that the right use of comedy will, I think, by nobody be blamed, and much less of the high and excellent tragedy, that openeth the greatest wounds, and showeth forth the ulcers that are covered with tissue; that maketh kings fear to be tyrants, and tyrants manifest their tyrannical humors; that with stirring the effects of admiration and commiseration teacheth the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weak foundations gilden roofs are builded; that maketh us know:

Qui sceptrasævus duro imperio regit,
Timet timentes, metus in auctorem redit.³

But how much it can move, Plutarch yieldeth a notable testimony of the abominable tyrant Alexander Pheræus; from whose eyes a tragedy, well made and represented, drew abundance of tears, who without all pity had murdered infinite numbers, and some of his own blood; so as he that was not ashamed to make matters for tragedies, yet could not resist the sweet violence of a tragedy. And if it wrought no further good in him, it was that he, in despite of himself, withdrew himself from hearkening to that which might mollify his hardened heart. But it is not the tragedy they do mislike, for it were too absurd to cast out so excellent a representation of whatsoever is most worthy to be learned.

¹ These are stock characters in the plays of Terence, the Latin comic dramatist.

² in the work-mill.

³ The cruel ruler who governs harshly fears those who fear him, and fear comes over him who started it. (Seneca.)

Is it the lyric that most displeaseth, who with his tuned lyre and well-accorded voice, giveth praise, the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts; who giveth moral precepts and natural problems; who sometimes raiseth up his voice to the height of the heavens, in singing the lauds of the immortal God? Certainly I must confess mine own barbarousness; I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas¹ that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? In Hungary I have seen it the manner at all feasts, and other such meetings, to have songs of their ancestors' valor, which that right soldier-like nation think the chiefest kindlers of brave courage. The incomparable Lacedæmonians did not only carry that kind of music ever with them to the field, but even at home, as such songs were made, so were they all content to be singers of them; when the lusty men were to tell what they did, the old men what they had done, and the young men what they would do. And where a man may say that Pindar many times praiseth highly victories of small moment, matters rather of sport than virtue; as it may be answered, it was the fault of the poet, and not of the poetry, so indeed the chief fault was in the time and custom of the Greeks, who set those toys at so high a price that Philip of Macedon reckoned a horserace won at Olympus² among his three fearful felicities.³ But as the unimitable Pindar often did, so is that kind most capable and most fit to awake the thoughts from the sleep of idleness, to embrace honorable enterprises.

There rests the heroical, whose very name, I think, should daunt all backbiters. For by what conceit can a tongue be directed to speak evil of that which draweth with it no less champions than Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas, Turnus, Tydeus, Rinaldo?⁴ who doth not only teach and move to a truth, but teacheth and moveth to the most high and excellent truth; who maketh magnanimity and justice shine through all misty fearfulness and foggy

¹ Probably in an older version than the one we have now. See p. 139 of this volume.

² A slip for Olympia.

³ Philip was informed at the same time of the victory of his army in battle, the winning of a race by his horse, and the birth of his famous son Alexander. See Plutarch's *Lives*.

⁴ The first three heroes are well enough known. Turnus appears near the end of the *Æneid*, Tydeus in the *Iliad*, and Rinaldo in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*.

desires; who, if the saying of Plato and Tully¹ be true, that who could see virtue would be wonderfully ravished with the love of her beauty, this man setteth her out to make her more lovely, in her holiday apparel, to the eye of any that will deign not to disdain until they understand. But if anything be already said in the defense of sweet poetry, all concurreth to the maintaining the heroical, which is not only a kind, but the best and most accomplished kind of poetry. For, as the image of each action stirreth and instructeth the mind, so the lofty image of such worthies most inflameth the mind with desire to be worthy, and informs with counsel how to be worthy. Only let Æneas be worn in the tablet of your memory, how he governeth himself in the ruin of his country; in the preserving his old father, and carrying away his religious ceremonies; in obeying the god's commandment to leave Dido, though not only all passionate kindness, but even the human consideration of virtuous gratefulness, would have craved other of him; how in storms, how in sports, how in war, how in peace, how a fugitive, how victorious, how besieged, how besieging, how to strangers, how to allies, how to enemies, how to his own; lastly, how in his inward self, and how in his outward government; and I think, in a mind most prejudiced with a prejudicating humor, he will be found in excellency fruitful, — yea, even as Horace saith, *melius Chrysippo et Crantore*.² But truly I imagine it falleth out with these poet-whippers as with some good women who often are sick, but in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of poetry is odious to them, but neither his cause nor effects, neither the sum that contains him nor the particularities descending from him, give any fast handle to their carping dispraise.

Since, then, poetry is of all human learnings the most ancient and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings; since it is so universal that no learned nation doth despise it, nor barbarous nation is without it; since both Roman and Greek gave divine names unto it, the one of "prophesying," the other of "making," and that indeed that name of "making" is fit for him, considering that whereas other arts retain themselves within their subject, and receive, as it were, their being from it, the poet only bringeth his own stuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of

¹ Cicero.

² Better than Chrysippus and Crantor. (They were two scholars contemporaneous with Horace.)

a matter, but maketh matter for a conceit; since neither his description nor his end containeth any evil, the thing described cannot be evil; since his effects be so good as to teach goodness, and delight the learners of it; since therein — namely in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledges — he doth not only far pass the historian, but for instructing is well nigh comparable to the philosopher, and for moving leaveth him behind him; since the

Holy Scripture, wherein there is no uncleanness, hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Savior Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it; since all his kinds are not only in their united forms, but in their several dissections fully commendable; I think, and think I think rightly, the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains doth worthily, of all other learnings, honor the poet's triumph.

ELIZABETHAN LYRICS

THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD
BUCKHURST (1536–1608)

Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset and Lord Buckhurst, was a prominent statesman, the holder of many important offices under Elizabeth. Early in his career, 1561, he wrote, with Thomas Norton, *Gorboduc*, or, *Ferrex and Porrex*, the first English tragedy in blank verse. In 1563 he contributed to *A Mirror for Magistrates* the *Induction* and *The Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham*. The *Mirror* was started ten years before as a collection of stories narrating the tragedy or fall of prominent Englishmen, after the manner of Boccaccio's *De Casibus Virorum* or Lydgate's version of Boccaccio's stories, *The Fall of Princes*. These two contributions of Sackville's to the *Mirror* are by far the best in the collection. They are the only poems that Sackville published, but they show, in the opinion of most critics, the greatest technical skill and imagination since the days of Chaucer.

COMPLAINT OF THE DUKE
OF BUCKINGHAM

So long as fortune would permit the same,
I lived in rule and riches with the best,
And passed my time in honor and in fame,
That of mishap no fear was in my breast;
But false fortune, when I suspected least, 5
Did turn the wheel, and with a doleful fall
Hath me bereft of honor, life, and all.

Lo, what avails in riches floods that flows?
Though she so smiled, as all the world were his:
Even kings and cæsars biden fortune's
throws, 10
And simple sort must bear it as it is.
Take heed by me that blithed in baleful bliss:
My rule, my riches, royal blood and all,
When fortune frowned, the feller made my
fall.

For hard mishaps, that happens unto such 15
Whose wretched state erst¹ never felt no
change,

Agrieve them not in any part so much
As their distress, to whom it is so strange
That all their lives, nay, passed pleasures
range,

Their sudden woe, that aye wield wealth at
will, 20

Algates² their hearts more piercingly must
thrill.

For of my birth, my blood was of the best.
First born an earl, then duke by due descent:
To swing the sway in court among the rest,
Dame Fortune me her rule most largely
lent, 25

And kind with courage so my corpse had blent,
That lo, on whom but me did she most smile?
And whom but me, lo, did she most beguile?

Now hast thou heard the whole of my unhap,
My chance, my change, the cause of all my
care; 30

In wealth and woe, how fortune did me wrap,
With world at will, to win me to her snare.
Bid kings, bid cæsars, bid all states beware,
And tell them this from me that tried it true:
Who reckless rules, right soon may hap to
rue. 35

GEORGE GASCOIGNE
(1525?–1577)

Gascoigne came of a distinguished family, was a graduate of Cambridge University, and a courtier at the great Queen's court. As an author he ranks high among those lesser writers of the period whose work, distinguished in itself, is more important in the history of the development of some type. To the drama he

1 formerly.

2 always.

contributed *The Supposes*, 1566, which was a translation from Ariosto, and *Jocasta*, 1566, translated at second hand from Euripides. The first (*supposes* means *disguises*) is a type of play better known through *The Comedy of Errors*. *Jocasta* is a "tragedy of blood" in blank verse. His lyrics were gathered in a volume, *An Hundred Sundrie Floures bound up in one Poesie*, in 1572. To the warm discussion of the time regarding the principles of English verse-making he contributed *Notes of Instruction*. In the field of satire he wrote *The Glasse of Government*, 1575, and *The Steele Glasse*, 1576. A "steele glasse" is a mirror made of polished steel.

PIERS PLOUGHMAN

(From *The Steel Glass*)

Behold him, priests, and though he stink of sweat,
Disdain him not: for shall I tell you what?
Such climb to heaven before the shaven
crowns.

But how? forsooth with true humility.
Not that they hoard their grain when it is
cheap,

Nor that they kill the calf to have the
milk,

Nor that they set debate between their
lords,

By earing¹ up the balks² that part their
bounds:

Nor for because they can both crouch and
creep

(The guilefulst men that ever God yet
made)

When as they mean most mischief and de-
ceit,

Nor that they can cry out on landlords loud,
And say they rack their rents an ace too
high,

When they themselves do sell their landlord's
lamb

For greater price than ewe was wont be
worth.

(I see you, Piers, my glass was lately
scoured.)

But for they feed with fruits of their great
pains

Both king and knight and priests in cloister
pent.

Therefore I say that sooner some of them
Shall scale the walls which lead us up to
heaven,

Than cornfed beasts, whose belly is their
God,

Although they preach of more perfection.

¹ ploughing.

² unploughed ridges between fields.

SIR EDWARD DYER

(1550?-1607)

Dyer was an Oxford man, courtier, and knight, the friend of most of the writers who received preferment from Queen Elizabeth. He is remembered now solely for the poem which follows. In his time he was rated high as a poet, but most of his poems have either been lost or remain at present unidentified.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

My mind to me a kingdom is,

Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss

That earth affords or grows by kind:¹
Though much I want which most would
have,

Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,

No force to win the victory,

No wily wit to salve a sore,

No shape to feed a loving eye;

To none of these I yield as thrall:

For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty [surfeits] oft,

And hasty climbers soon do fall;

I see that those which are aloft

Mishap doth threaten most of all;

They get with toil, they keep with fear:

Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;

I seek no more than may suffice;

I press to bear no haughty sway;

Look, what I lack my mind supplies:

Lo, thus I triumph like a king,

Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;

I little have, and seek no more;

They are but poor, though much they have,

And I am rich with little store:

They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;

They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;

I grudge² not at another's pain;

No worldly waves my mind can toss;

My state at one doth still remain:

I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;

I loathe not life, nor dread my end,

¹ nature.

² grieve.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
 Their wisdom by their rage of will;
 Their treasure is their only trust;
 A cloaked craft their store of skill: 40
 But all the pleasure that I find
 Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
 My conscience clear my chief defence;
 I neither seek by bribes to please, 45
 Nor by deceit to breed offence:
 Thus do I live; thus will I die;
 Would all did so as well as I!

JOHN LYLY (1554?–1606)

John Lyly, dramatist and prose writer, was born about 1554 in Kent. He was educated at Oxford, and soon afterwards settled in London as a writer. His fame rests partly upon his positive achievement, but more upon the influence that his plays and his prose style exerted upon succeeding authors. Of his nine plays, *Campaspe*, 1581, *Sappho and Phao*, 1584, and *Endymion*, 1591, are the best. As their titles imply, they are on mythological subjects, loaded, however, with allegorical references to the court of Queen Elizabeth. This is particularly true of *Endymion*. These plays were not intended for an ordinary audience. They were usually performed at the court by the children of St. Paul's choir, or at night at the fashionable Blackfriars, the one theater within the city walls. Much of the charm of the plays is due to the songs. There are critics, however, who question Lyly's authorship of all the lyrics.

More popular and influential than the plays were his two prose romances, written during his first years in London: *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*, 1578, and *Euphues and his England*, 1580. The highly artificial style of *Euphues* immediately became the vogue, parodied by a few as by Shakespeare in parts of *Love's Labour's Lost*, but leaving, in the end, a definite mark upon Elizabethan style. Most striking among the characteristics of euphuism are the many references and veiled allusions to the classics and ancient history, elaborate alliteration, the extreme balance and cadence of sentences, puns, — in short, all species of "wit."

Lyly also had a hand in the Marprelate controversy, writing a pamphlet, *Pappe with an Hatchet*, 1589, in support of the Bishops. He was likewise a member of four Parliaments between 1589 and 1591; but at court he never rose as high as he hoped to. He died in 1606.

The complete works of Lyly have been edited with a life and notes, in three volumes, by R. W. Bond (Oxford University Press).

APELLES' SONG

(From *Campaspe*)

Cupid and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
 He stakes his quiver, bows and arrows,
 His mother's doves and team of sparrows; 5
 Loses them too. Then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple of his chin;
 All these did my Campaspe win. 10
 At last he set her both his eyes;
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love, has she done this to thee?
 What shall, alas! become of me?

SPRING'S WELCOME

(From *Campaspe*)

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
 O 'tis the ravished nightingale.
 "Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu," she cries,
 And still her woes at midnight rise.
 Brave prick-song! ¹ who is't now we hear? 5
 None but the lark so shrill and clear;
 Now at heaven's gates ² she claps her
 wings,
 The morn not waking till she sings.
 Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
 Poor robin redbreast tunes his note! 10
 Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,
 "Cuckoo," to welcome in the spring,
 "Cuckoo," to welcome in the spring!

GEORGE PEELE

(1558?–1598?)

The facts about Peele's life are scant. After graduating from Oxford in 1577, he went to London, where he earned a precarious living as an actor and a writer. He wrote much, gaining for himself a high position among the playwrights before Shakespeare, especially for his excellent blank verse, his genuine humor, and the realism that he introduced into the drama, even when the subject was romantic. Most of his lyrics exhibit the same exuberance that is found in his plays. Among the best of the latter are *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, *The Old Wives Tale*, 1595, and *David and Bethsabe*, 1599. (The dates are those of publication.)

Peele's collected works have been edited by A. H. Bullen in two volumes, 1888.

¹ song written in parts.

² Compare this with Shakespeare's song in *Cymbeline*.

SONG

(From *The Arraignment of Paris*)

Cenone. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

Paris. Fair and fair, and twice so fair, 5
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

Cen. My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May, 10
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse:
"They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!" 15

*Ambo simul.*¹ They that do change, etc.

Cen. My love can pipe, my love can sing,

My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelays, 20
Amen to Cupid's curse:
"They that do change," etc.

Ambo. They that do change, etc.

HARVESTMEN A-SINGING

(From *The Old Wives Tale*)²

All ye that lovely lovers be,
Pray you for me.
Lo, here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love;
In your sweet hearts well may it prove! 5

Lo, here we come a-reaping, a-reaping,
To reap our harvest-fruit!
And thus we pass the year so long,
And never be we mute.

FAREWELL TO ARMS

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing:
Beauty, strength, youth are flowers but fading seen; 5
Duty, faith, love are roots, and ever green.

¹ Both together.

² The first stanza is sung when the harvestmen enter; the second, at the end of their scene, when they make their exit.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And, lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are age his alms: 10
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song:
"Blessed be the hearts that wish my sovereign well, 15
Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong."
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

ROBERT GREENE

(1560?-1592)

Greene was a Cambridge man, who became a member of the madcap literary crew in London, leading a careless, tavern life, while turning out plays, miscellaneous prose works, and poems. Of his plays, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, a companion piece to, perhaps a parody of, Marlowe's *Faustus*, is the best. Among his prose works, most striking are *Pandosto* (the source of Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*), *Menaphon*, and his last pamphlet, *A Groat's-worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance*. His lyrics, introduced here and there in his prose writings, are among the best of the Elizabethan era.

SONG

(From *The Farewell to Folly*)

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss, 5
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
The mean that 'grees with country music best;

The sweet consort of mirth and music's
fare: 10
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

PHILOMELA'S ODE

Sitting by a river's side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things,
That the mind in quiet brings.
I 'gan think how some men deem 5
Gold their god; and some esteem
Honor is the chief content
That to man in life is lent.
And some others do contend,
Quiet none like to a friend. 10
Others hold there is no wealth
Compared to a perfect health.
Some man's mind in quiet stands,
When he is lord of many lands.
But I did sigh, and said all this 15
Was but a shade of perfect bliss;
And in my thoughts I did approve,¹
Nought so sweet as is true love.
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees, 20
With folded arms and lips meeting,
Each soul another sweetly greeting;
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
If love be so sweet a thing, 25
That such happy bliss doth bring,
Happy is love's sugared thrall,
But unhappy maidens all,
Who esteem your virgin blisses
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses. 30
No such quiet to the mind
As true Love with kisses kind;
But if a kiss prove unchaste,
Then is true love quite disgraced.
Though love be sweet, learn this of me, 35
No sweet love but honesty.

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD

(From *Menaphon*)

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for
thee.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see 5
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe,

¹ prove.

Fortune changed made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy. 10

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for
thee.

Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes, 15
That one another's¹ place supplies;
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy. 20

10 Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee;

When thou art old there's grief enough for
thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crowed, more he cried, 25
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bless,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy. 30

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for
thee.

MENAPHON'S SONG

(From *Menaphon*)

Some say Love,
Foolish Love,
Doth rule and govern all the gods:
I say Love,
Inconstant Love, 10
Sets men's senses far at odds.
Some swear Love,
Smooth-faced Love,
Is sweetest sweet that men can have:
I say Love, 10
Sour Love,
Makes virtue yield as beauty's slave.
A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all,
That forceth wisdom to be folly's thrall.

Love is sweet, 15
Wherein sweet?

In fading pleasures that do pain.
Beauty sweet: 5
Is that sweet

That yieldeth sorrow for a gain? 20

¹ Referring to tears.

If Love's sweet,
Herein sweet,

That minute's joys are monthly woes:
'Tis not sweet,
That is sweet

Nowhere but where repentance grows.²⁵
Then love who list, if beauty be so sour;
Labor for me, Love rest in prince's bower.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

(From *Menaphon*)

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;

And sweeter too:
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to
frown.⁵

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight;¹⁰
And merrier too:

For kings bethink then what the state re-
quire,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire.

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,¹⁵
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king his
meat;

And blither too:
For kings have often fears when they do
sup,²⁰
Where shepherds dread no poison in their
cup.

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,²⁵
As is a king in dalliance with a queen;

More wanton too:
For kings have many griefs affects¹ to move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief than
love.

Ah then, ah then,³⁰
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his bed of down;

¹ affections.

More sounder too:³⁵
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to
spill,¹

Where weary shepherds lie and snort² their
fill.

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as
blithe

As doth the king at every tide or sithe;³⁴¹
And blither too:

For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
Where shepherds laugh and love upon the
land.⁴⁵

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

ANONYMOUS

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH

(From *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599)

Crabbed Age and Youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of plesance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,⁵
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;¹⁰
Youth is nimble, Age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee;¹⁵
O, my Love, my Love is young!
Age, I do defy thee:
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee!
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

HEY NONNY NO!

Hey nonny no!
Men are fools that wish to die!
Is't not fine to dance and sing,
When the bells of death do ring?
Is't not fine to swim in wine,⁵
And turn upon the toe,
And sing hey nonny no,
When the winds blow and the seas flow?
Hey nonny no!

¹ kill.

² snore.

³ occasion.

BACK AND SIDE, GO BARE, GO BARE

(From *Gammer Gurton's Needle*)

Back and side, go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But, sure, I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side, go bare, go bare, etc.

I love no roast, but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab¹ laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if i[t] would,
I am so wrapt and thoroughly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side, go bare, go bare, etc.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she trowl² to me the bowl,
Even as malt-worm³ should,
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."

Back and side, go bare, go bare, etc.

Now let them drink till they nod and
wink,

Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scoured⁴
bowls,

Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their
wives,

Whether they be young or old.

Back and side, go bare, go bare, etc.

¹ apple. ² pass. ³ toper.
⁴ worn smooth.

SAMUEL DANIEL (1562-1619)

Daniel, a court poet, reached his highest achievement in his *Epistles* and his series of sonnets to *Delia*, in which he followed the tradition of Petrarch, Marot and the French *Pléiade* of writing a "sonnet-sequence" to his beloved. Some of his sonnets show unusual skill, but they fall short of the sequences written by Sidney, Spenser, and Shakespeare. His *History of the Civil Wars between York and Lancaster*, 1604, is a very long, matter-of-fact account of the Wars of the Roses. To the contemporary discussion about English versification Daniel contributed an essay, *A Defense of Rhyme*, 1603.

LOVE IS A SICKNESS

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries —
Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries —
Heigh ho!

TO THE LADY MARGARET, COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so
strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same,
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he
may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man
survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil!
Where all the storms of passion mainly beat
On flesh and blood; where honor, power,
renown
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet

As frailty doth, and only great doth seem 15
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding mars 20
The fairest and the best-faced enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees, (as if seduced) still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not
be ill.

He sees the face of right t' appear as mani-
fold 25
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colors, all attires,
To serve his ends and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires,
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet 31
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke of
wit.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of Power, that proudly sits on others'
crimes, 35
Charged with more crying sins than those he
checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him, that hath no side at all
But of himself, and knows the worst can
fall. 40

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget 45
Affliction upon imbecility;
Yet seeing thus the course of things must
run
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-
done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed; whilst as craft de-
ceives, 50
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack
man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: he looks thereon
As from the shore of peace, with unwet
eye, 55
And bears no venture in imniety.

SONNETS

(From *Delia*)

51

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars, 11
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

52

Let others sing of Knights and Paladins
In aged accents and untimely words;
Paint shadows in imaginary lines
Which well the reach of their high wits re-
cords:
But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes 5
Authentic shall my verse in time to come;
When yet th' unborn shall say, "Lo where
she lies
Whose beauty made him speak that else was
dumb."
These are the arcs, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age; 10
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark, and Time's consuming
rage.
Though the error of my youth in them
appear,
Suffice they show I lived and loved thee dear.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

(1563-1631)

Although Drayton collaborated with some of the dramatists of his day, his fame rests upon the large body of poetry that he produced. Chief among his many works are *England's Heroical Epistles*, 1598; *Poems, Lyric and Heroic*, 1606, in which some of his best ballads appeared; *Nymphidia*; *Idea*, a sonnet-sequence; and his masterpiece, *Polyolbion*, 1612-1622, a vigorous description of the topography and history of England.

Drayton was fired with love for England, and at his best expresses this ardor in genuine poetry, even when keeping severely to facts, as was his custom.

SONNETS

(From *Idea*)

TO THE READER OF THESE SONNETS

Into these loves, who but for passion looks,
At this first sight, here let him lay them
by,

And seek elsewhere in turning other books,
Which better may his labor satisfy.
No far-fetched sigh shall ever wound my
breast;

Love from mine eye a tear shall never
wring;

Nor in "Ah me's!" my whining sonnets
drest!

A libertine! fantastically I sing!

My verse is the true image of my mind,
Ever in motion, still desiring change;

And as thus, to variety inclined, 10
So in all humors sportively I range!

My Muse is rightly of the English strain,
That cannot long one fashion entertain.

24

I hear some say, "This man is not in love!"
"Who! can he love? a likely thing!" they
say.

"Read but his verse, and it will easily prove!"

O, judge not rashly, gentle Sir, I pray!
Because I loosely trifle in this sort, 5

As one that fain his sorrows would beguile,
You now suppose me, all this time, in sport,
And please yourself with this conceit the
while.

Ye shallow Censures! sometimes, see ye
not,

In greatest perils some men pleasant be? 10

Where Fame by death is only to be got,

They resolute! So stands the case with me.

Where other men in depth of passion cry,

I laugh at Fortune, as in jest to die!

44

Whilst thus my pen strives to eternize
thee,

Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,

Where, in the map of all my misery,

Is modeled out the world of my disgrace;

Whilst in despite of tyrannizing times, 5

Medea-like,¹ I make thee young again,

Proudly thou scorn'st my world-outwearing
rimes,

And murder'st Virtue with thy coy disdain!

And though in youth my youth untimely
perish

To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,

¹ Medea could restore a person's youth.

Ensuing ages yet my rimes shall cherish, 11
Where I entombed, my better part shall save;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name shall mount upon Eternity!

61

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and
part,—

Nay I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows, 5

And when we meet at any time again,

Be it not seen in either of our brows

That we one jot of former love retain!

Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,

When his pulse failing, Passion speechless
lies, 10

When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,

And Innocence is closing up his eyes,

— Now if thou would'st, when all have given
him over,

From death to life thou might'st him yet
recover!

ODE XI

This, and the succeeding ode, are from the
Ballad of Agincourt.

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

You brave heroic minds,

Worthy your country's name,

That honor still pursue;

Go and subdue!

Whilst loitering hinds 5

Lurk here at home with shame.

Britons, you stay too long;

Quickly aboard bestow you!

And with a merry gale

Swell your stretched sail, 10

With vows as strong

As the winds that blow you!

Your course securely steer,

West-and-by-south forth keep!

Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals, 15

When Eolus scowls,

You need not fear,

So absolute the deep.

And, cheerfully at sea,

Success you still entice, 20

To get the pearl and gold;

And ours to hold,

Virginia,

Earth's only Paradise.

Where Nature hath in store 25
Fowl, venison, and fish;
And the fruitful'st soil,
Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish. 30

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress pine, 35
And useful sassafras.

To whom, the Golden Age
Still Nature's laws doth give:
Nor other cares attend,
But them to defend 40
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flows, 45
The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell,
Approaching the dear strand.

In kenning ¹ of the shore
(Thanks to God first given!) 50
O you, the happiest men,
Be frolic then!
Let cannons roar,
Frightening the wide heaven!

And in regions far, 55
Such heroes bring ye forth
As those from whom we came!
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our North! 60

And as there plenty grows,
The laurel everywhere,
Apollo's sacred tree
You may it see
A poet's brows 65
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy Voyages attend,
Industrious Hakluyt! ²
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame; 70
And much commend
To after times thy wit.

ODE XII

TO THE CAMBRO-BRITONS ¹ AND THEIR HARP
HIS BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance;
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main, 5
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry. ²

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort, 10
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing, day by day,
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay 15
With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide,
To the King sending; 20
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men, 25
Quoth our brave Henry then:
"Though they to one be ten
Be not amazed!
Yet have we well begun;
Battles so bravely won 30
Have ever to the sun
By Fame been raised!

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest ³ shall be:
England ne'er mourn for me, 35
Nor more esteem me!
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me! 40

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell.
No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great, 45
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies."

¹ recognition.

² Richard Hakluyt (1553?-1616), a clergyman, whose thrilling collection of voyages inspired English explorers and men of letters.

¹ The Welsh.

² Henry V.

³ decision.

The Duke of York so dread
 The eager vanward led;
 With the main, Henry sped
 Amongst his henchmen,
 Exeter had the rear,
 A braver man not there!
 O Lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
 Armor on armor shone,
 Drum now to drum did groan;
 To hear, was wonder;
 That, with the cries they make,
 The very earth did shake;
 Trumpet to trumpet spake;
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
 O noble Erpingham,
 Which didst the signal aim
 To our hid forces!
 When from a meadow by,
 Like a storm suddenly,
 The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
 Arrows a cloth-yard long,
 That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather.
 None from his fellow starts;
 But, playing manly parts,
 And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
 And forth their bilboes¹ drew,
 And on the French they flew:
 Not one was tardy.
 Arms were from shoulders sent,
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,
 Down the French peasants went;
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
 His broad sword brandishing,
 Down the French host did ding,²
 As to o'erwhelm it;
 And many a deep wound lent,
 His arms with blood besprent,
 And many a cruel dent
 Bruised his helmet.

Gloucester, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood,

With his brave brother.
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another!

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford, the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up.
 Suffolk his axe did ply;
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers, and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
 Fought was this noble Fray;¹
 Which Fame did not delay
 To England to carry.
 O when shall English men
 With such acts fill a pen?
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593)

Marlowe, the greatest dramatist of his time, was born in Canterbury in 1564, the son of a shoemaker. He was educated at the King's School, Canterbury, and at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he held a scholarship from 1581 to 1587, receiving both the bachelor's and the master's degrees. When he went to London is not known, but by 1587 he had produced the first part of *Tamburlaine* and made himself a powerful influence in English drama. Then followed in quick succession the second part of *Tamburlaine*, *Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, and *Edward II*, Marlowe's four great plays. *The Massacre of Paris* and *The Tragedy of Dido*, the latter written with Nash, are below his standard. It is possible likewise that he had a hand in the second and third parts of Shakespeare's *Henry VI*, and a smaller share in *Titus Andronicus*. His non-dramatic works include translations of Ovid and Lucan, splendid miscellaneous poems, and the well-known *Hero and Leander*, completed by Chapman after Marlowe's death.

Little is known of Marlowe's life aside from his writings, which are biography enough. That he was a dissolute, social outcast is not to be believed. His association with Sir Walter Raleigh, Kyd, and other liberal and speculative minds gave him the reputation of being an atheist. In 1593, because of his views, a warrant was issued for his arrest. Marlowe

¹ swords.

² strike.

¹ October 25, 1415.

left London for Deptford where he was killed in a tavern quarrel by Ingram Frizer.

Dead at twenty-nine, he had greatly surpassed as a poet and playwright all his contemporaries, including Shakespeare, who was exactly his age. In his fluent handling of blank verse, which he established as the vehicle of expression in the drama, in his incisive character studies, his vivid imagination, and exuberant lyrical power, he was supreme. To-day he is second only to Shakespeare in the history of English drama.

Marlowe's best plays are printed in the Mermaid Series, edited by Havelock Ellis, with an introduction by J. A. Symonds.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

There is a version of this famous song in *The Passionate Pilgrim and other Sonnets*, 1599, ascribed to Shakespeare. The poem presented here appeared in *England's Helicon*, 1600, with Marlowe's name attached, seven years after his death.

Come live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks, 5
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses, 10
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold, 15
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
An if these pleasures may thee move, 20
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and
sing

For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THOMAS NASH (1567-1601)

Thomas Nash, a Cambridge graduate, had a restless, pleasure-loving nature, a keen mind and a keener tongue, and a gift for expression. The result was a Bohemian life in London; poverty; many enemies, because of his satires, among the Puritans and at court; imprisonment; but the friendship of men like Greene, and some splendid pages of prose and verse. His reputation to-day is based upon his poems and *The Unfortunate Traveller, or, The Life of Jack Wilton*, 1594, a realistic tale important in the history of the picaresque novel.

SPRING

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;

Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,

Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing.
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm ¹ and may ² make country houses gay, 5

Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,

And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,

Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit, 10

In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! the sweet Spring!

LITANY IN TIME OF PLAGUE

Adieu, farewell earth's bliss!
This world uncertain is;
Fond ³ are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from his darts can fly; 5
I am sick, I must die —
Lord, have mercy on us!

Rich-men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade; 10
All things to end are made;
The plague full swift goes by;
I am sick, I must die —
Lord, have mercy on us.

¹ the American pussy-willow.

² hawthorn.

³ foolish.

Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour;
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye;
I am sick, I must die —
Lord, have mercy on us!

15

Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave;
Swords may not fight with fate;
Earth still holds ope her gate;
"Come, come!" the bells do cry;
I am sick, I must die —
Lord, have mercy on us!

20

Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness;
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for her to hear
What vain art can reply;
I am sick, I must die —
Lord, have mercy on us!

30

Haste therefore each degree
To welcome destiny;
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage.
Mount we unto the sky;
I am sick, I must die —
Lord, have mercy on us!

40

Unless alarm came from the camp of love: 10
But fools do live, and waste their little
light,
And seek with pain their ever-during
night.

When timely death my life and fortune
ends,
Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning
friends;
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come 15
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy
tomb:
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crown with love my ever-during night.

WHEN TO HER LUTE CORINNA SINGS

When to her lute Corinna sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appear,
As any challenged echo clear;
But when she doth of mourning speak,
E'en with her sighs the strings do break.

35

And as her lute doth live or die,
Led by her passion, so must I!
For when of pleasure she doth sing,
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring; 10
But if she doth of sorrow speak,
Ev'n from my heart the strings do break.

THOMAS CAMPION (d. 1619)

Campion, a graduate of Cambridge University, showed marked ability as a student of the law, as a doctor of medicine, and as a musician. As a poet he is second to few as a writer of exquisite verses after the manner of Horace and Catullus.

MY SWEETEST LESBIA

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love;
And though the sager sort our deeds re-
prove,
Let us not weigh them: heaven's great lamps
do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive:
But soon as once set is our little light, 5
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like me,
Then bloody swords and armor should not
be;
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should
move,

WHETHER MEN DO LAUGH OR WEEP

Whether men do laugh or weep,
Whether they do wake or sleep,
Whether they die young or old,
Whether they feel heat or cold;
There is, underneath the sun,
Nothing in true earnest done. 5

All our pride is but a jest;
None are worst, and none are best;
Grief and joy, and hope and fear,
Play their pageants everywhere: 10
Vain opinion all doth sway,
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in clouds do sit,
Mocking our poor apish wit;
That so lamely, with such state, 15
Their high glory imitate:
No ill can be felt but pain,
And that happy men disdain.

VAIN MEN, WHOSE FOLLIES MAKE A GOD OF LOVE

Vain men, whose follies make a god of Love,
Whose blindness beauty doth immortal
deem;

Praise not what you desire but what you
prove,

Count those things good that are, not those
that seem:

I cannot call her true that's false to me, 5
Nor make of women more than women be.

How fair an entrance breaks the way to
love!

How rich of golden hope and gay delight!
What heart cannot a modest beauty move?
Who, seeing clear day once, will dream of
night? 10

She seemed a saint, that brake her faith with
me,

But proved a woman as all other be.

So bitter is their sweet that true content

Unhappy men in them may never find:

Ah! but without them none. Both must con-
sent, 15

Else uncouth¹ are the joys of either kind.

Let us then praise their good, forget their
ill!

Men must be men, and women women still.

NEVER LOVE UNLESS YOU CAN

Never love unless you can

Bear with all the faults of man:

Men sometimes will jealous be,

Though but little cause they see;

And hang the head, as discontent, 5

And speak what straight they will re-
pent.

Men that but one saint adore,

Make a show of love to more:

Beauty must be scorned in none,

Though but truly served in one: 10

For what is courtship, but disguise?

True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men when their affairs require,

Must a while themselves retire:

Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk, 15

And not ever sit and talk.

If these, and such like you can bear,

Then like, and love, and never fear!

CHERRY RIPE

There is a garden in her face,

Where roses and white lilies grow;

A heavenly paradise is that place,

Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.

There cherries grow, which none may buy 5
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose

Of orient pearl a double row;

Which when her lovely laughter shows,

They look like rosebuds filled with snow. 10

Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy

Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;

Her brows like bended bows do stand,

Threatening with piercing frowns to kill 15

All that attempt, with eye or hand,

Those sacred cherries to come nigh

Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

CHANCE AND CHANGE

What if a day, or a month, or a year,

Crown thy delights, with a thousand sweet
contentings?

Cannot a chance of a night, or an hour,
Cross thy desires, with as many sad torment-
ings?

Fortune, honor, beauty, youth, 5

Are but blossoms dying!

Wanton pleasure, doting love,

Are but shadows flying!

All our joys are but toys,

Idle thoughts deceiving; 10

None have power of an hour

In their life's bereaving.

Earth's but a point to the world; and a
man

Is but a point to the world's compared
center! 14

Shall, then, a point of a point be so
vain

As to triumph in a silly point's adventure?

All is hazard that we have!

There is nothing biding!

Days of pleasure are like streams,

Through fair meadows gliding! 20

Weal and woe, Time doth go!

Time is never turning!

Secret fates guide our states;

Both in mirth and mourning!

JOHN FLETCHER

(1579-1625)

Fletcher, the son of a clergyman, was a graduate of Cambridge. In London he became associated with Beaumont, living with him, according to tradition, "on the Bankside, not far from the Play-house." Here they turned out a long series of popular and able plays. After Beaumont's retirement Fletcher collaborated with other dramatists, especially Shakespeare, Jonson, and Massinger. He died during the plague of 1625.

Fletcher's rank as a playwright is high, both in comedy and in tragedy, as a collaborator and alone. With Beaumont, he introduced a new era in English drama, during which they enjoyed a vogue greater than Shakespeare himself. He is, besides, an individual poet, with a genuine lyric note.

MELANCHOLY

(From *The Nice Valour*)

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights

Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't, 5
But only melancholy;
O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground, 10
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!

A midnight bell, a parting groan, 16
These are the sounds we feed upon.
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy
valley;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melan-
choly.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP

(From *Valentinian*)

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud,
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; — easy, light, 5
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain

Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride! 10

ASPATIA'S SONG

(From *The Maid's Tragedy*)

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm 5
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

SONG TO BACCHUS

(From *Valentinian*)

God Lyæus¹ ever young,
Ever honored, ever sung;
Stained with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's² brim, 5
In the crimson liquor swim;
From thy plenteous hand divine
Let a river run with wine;
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear! 10

DRINK TO-DAY

(From *The Bloody Brother*)

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow;
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow:
Best, while you have it, use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit, 5
There is no cure 'gainst age but it:
It helps the headache, cough, and phthisic,
And is for all diseases physic.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health;
Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth. 10
And he that will to bed go sober
Falls with the leaf still in October.

AWAY, DELIGHTS!

(From *The Captain*)

Away, delights! go seek some other dwelling,
For I must die.
Farewell, false love! thy tongue is ever telling
Lie after lie.

¹ Bacchus. ² cup's.

Forever let me rest now from thy smarts; 5
 Alas, for pity go
 And fire their hearts
 That have been hard to thee! Mine was not
 so.

Never again deluding love shall know me,
 For I will die; 10
 And all those griefs that think to overgrow
 me
 Shall be as I.
 Forever will I sleep, while poor maids cry:
 "Alas, for pity stay,
 And let us die 15
 With thee! Men cannot mock us in the
 clay."

WEEP NO MORE

(From *The Queen of Corinth*)

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
 Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
 Violets plucked the sweetest rain
 Makes not fresh nor grow again;
 Trim thy locks, look cheerfully; 5
 Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see;
 Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
 Why should sadness longer last?
 Grief is but a wound to woe;
 Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo. 10

LOVE'S EMBLEMS

(From *Valentinian*)

Now the lusty spring is seen;
 Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
 Daintily invite the view;
 Everywhere on every green,
 Roses blushing as they blow; 5
 And enticing men to pull
 Lilies whiter than the snow,
 Woodbines of sweet honey full:
 All love's emblems, and all cry,
 "Ladies, if not plucked, we die." 10

Yet the lusty spring hath stayed;
 Blushing red and purest white
 Daintily to love invite
 Every woman, every maid.
 Cherries kissing as they grow, 15
 And inviting men to taste,
 Apples even ripe below,
 Winding gently to the waist:
 All love's emblems, and all cry,
 "Ladies, if not plucked, we die." 20

i bloom.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

(1584?-1616)

Beaumont, the son of a knight, was a student for a while at Oxford. He left the university upon his father's death and soon thereafter was admitted to the Inner Temple. After four or five years in London he entered upon the splendid collaboration with Fletcher, in which each seemed to supplement the other in fashioning effective poetic plays. This partnership lasted about eight years, when Beaumont retired from the theater, possibly because of his marriage. He died in 1616, at thirty-two, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Mortality, behold and fear!
 What a change of flesh is here!
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within this heap of stones;
 Here they lie had realms and lands, 5
 Who now want strength to stir their hands;
 Where from their pulpits sealed with dust
 They preach, "In greatness is no trust."
 Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest royal'st seed 10
 That the earth did e'er suck in,
 Since the first man died for sin;
 Here the bones of birth have cried,
 "Though gods they were, as men they died."
 Here are sands, ignoble things, 15
 Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
 Here's a world of pomp and state,
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

MASTER FRANCIS BEAUMONT'S LETTER TO BEN JONSON

The sun (which doth the greatest comfort
 bring
 To absent friends, because the selfsame
 thing
 They know they see, however absent) is
 Here our best haymaker! Forgive me this;
 It is our country's style! In this warm
 shine 5
 I lie and dream of your full Mermaid Wine!
 Oh, we have water mixed with claret lees,
 Drink apt to bring in drier heresies
 Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain,
 With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain; 10
 So mixed, that, given to the thirstiest one,
 'Twill not prove alms, unless he have the
 stone.

I think that with one draught man's inven-
tion fades,
Two cups had quite spoiled Homer's *Ilades*.
'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliff's wit, 15
Lie where he will, and make him write worse
yet.
Filled with such moisture, in most grievous
qualms,
Did Robert Wisdom write his singing psalms;
And so must I do this: And yet I think
It is a potion sent us down to drink, 20
By special Providence, keeps us from fights,
Makes us not laugh when we make legs¹ to
knights.
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our
states,
A medicine to obey our magistrates:
For we do live more free than you; no hate, 25
No envy at one another's happy state,
Moves us; we are all equal; every whit
Of land that God gives men here is their
wit,
If we consider fully; for our best
And gravest man will with his main house-
jest, 30
Scarce please you; we want subtlety to do
The city-tricks, lie, hate, and flatter too.
Here are none that can bear a painted show;
Strike when you wink, and then lament the
blow;
Who, like mills set the right way for to
grind, 35
Can make their gains alike with every wind:
Only some fellows, with the subtlest pate
Amongst us, may perchance equivocate
At selling of a horse, and that's the most.
Methinks the little wit I had is lost 40
Since I saw you! For wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters. What things have
we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have
been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame, 45
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life! Then, when there hath been
thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town 50
For three days past! Wit, that might war-
rant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled! And, when we
were gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies 55
¹ bow.

Right witty! though but downright fools,
more wise!

When I remember this; and see that now
The country gentlemen begin to allow
My wit for dry bobs;² then I needs must
cry,

"I see my days of ballading grow nigh!" 60

I can already riddle; and can sing
Catches, sell bargains; and I fear shall bring
Myself to speak the hardest words I find
Over as oft as any, with one wind,
That takes no medicines! But one thought
of thee 65

Makes me remember all these things to be
The wit of our young men, fellows that show
No part of good, yet utter all they know!
Who, like trees of the guard, have growing
souls.

Only strong Destiny, which all controls, 70
I hope hath left a better fate in store
For me, thy friend, than to live ever poor,
Banished unto this home! Fate, once again,
Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth
and plain

The way of knowledge for me; and then I, 75
Who have no good but in thy company,
Protest it will my greatest comfort be
To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee!

Ben, when these scenes are perfect, we'll
taste wine!

I'll drink thy Muse's health! thou shalt quaff
mine! 80

JOHN WEBSTER

(1580?–1625?)

Scarcely anything is known with certainty of Webster's life. The few plays that are definitely his, and his collaboration with other playwrights, give him a well-merited place among the great Elizabethan dramatists. His famous play, *The Duchess of Malfi*, published in 1623, is considered by many the greatest tragedy since Shakespeare. Assuredly it is a worthy successor, among blood-and-thunder plays, to *The Spanish Tragedy* and to *Hamlet*. Webster had genuine dramatic insight. He was also endowed with a rare gift for lyrical expression, which he used in his tragedies as well as in his poems.

VANITAS VANITATUM

All the flowers of the spring
Meet to perfume our burying;
These have but their growing prime,
And man does flourish but his time:

¹ Jests.

Survey our progress from our birth, — 5
We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.
Courts adieu, and all delights,
All bewitching appetites!
Sweetest breath and clearest eye
Like perfumes go out and die; 10

And consequently this is done
As shadows wait upon the sun.
Vain the ambition of kings
Who seek by trophies and dead things
To leave a living name behind, 15
And weave but nets to catch the wind.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

The known facts in Shakespeare's life may be briefly summarized. He was born in Stratford-on-Avon, and was baptized in the village church there, on April 26, 1564. The assumption is that he was born a few days before. It is assumed, too, that he attended the free grammar school in Stratford. The next fact is the record of the marriage license issued to the future dramatist and Anne Hathaway on November 28, 1582. Shakespeare was eighteen years old, Anne, twenty-six. Of the marriage there is no record. Their first child, Susanna, was baptized in May, 1583. In February, 1585, their only other children, Hamnet and Judith, twins, were baptized. During the next year, 1586, Shakespeare, it is assumed, went to London. What his first employment was is not known. From remarks by Greene in his *Groatsworth of Wit*, we know that by 1592 he had made a reputation as a dramatist. In 1593, *Venus and Adonis*, and in 1594, *Lucrece*, were entered at Stationers' Hall. By 1594, Shakespeare had won recognition as an actor. (Acting, it should be remembered, was more remunerative in Elizabethan times than playwriting.) In that year, as a member of the Lord Chamberlain's Company, he acted before the Queen. In 1596, his son Hamnet died. In 1597, he bought the largest place in Stratford. In 1598, he acted in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, along with Heminge, Condell, Kempe, and Burbage; and in the same year his first published plays, *Richard II* and *Love's Labour's Lost*, appeared in quarto editions. In 1599, he was granted a coat of arms by the College of Heralds. About this time he was made a shareholder in the Lord Chamberlain's Company. From now on, Shakespeare's name appears in numerous business agreements, dealing mainly with the acquisition of real estate in London. In 1609, his *Sonnets* were published; and in the same year he evidently gave up acting. About 1611, it seems, he retired to Stratford, disposing of his shares in the theater. With the exception of his probable collaboration with Fletcher in *Henry VIII* and in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, he wrote no more. He died on April 23, 1616, and was buried in the church at Stratford.

Such are the main facts, few enough, that we have concerning Shakespeare's life. More important, however, is the legacy of plays he has left us: the richest single contribution to any drama. The plays are of unequal value, but the best have never been surpassed. They may be roughly divided into four groups, or periods: his apprenticeship (1590-93); the comedies (1594-1600); the great tragedies (1600-09), and the period of his "dramatic romances" (1610-12). A table, based on that in Neilson and Thorndike's *The Facts about Shakespeare*, with the dates which are commonly accepted, follows:

COMEDIES	HISTORIES	TRAGEDIES
I. { <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> (1591) <i>Comedy of Errors</i> (1591) <i>Two Gentlemen of Verona</i> (1591-92)	*1 <i>Henry VI</i> (1590-91) *2 <i>Henry VI</i> (1590-92) *3 <i>Henry VI</i> (1590-92) <i>Richard III</i> (1593) <i>John</i> (1593)	* <i>Titus Andronicus</i> (1593-94)
II. { <i>Midsummer-Night's Dream</i> (1594-95) <i>Merchant of Venice</i> (1595-96) * <i>Taming of the Shrew</i> (1596-97) <i>Merry Wives of Windsor</i> (1598) <i>Much Ado about Nothing</i> (1599) <i>As You Like It</i> (1599-1600)	<i>Richard II</i> (1595) 1 <i>Henry IV</i> (1597) 2 <i>Henry IV</i> (1598) <i>Henry V</i> (1599)	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i> (1594-95)
III. { <i>Twelfth Night</i> (1601) <i>Troilus and Cressida</i> (1601-02) <i>All's Well that Ends Well</i> (1602) <i>Measure for Measure</i> (1603) * <i>Pericles</i> (1607-08)		<i>Julius Cæsar</i> (1599-1601) <i>Hamlet</i> (1602-03) <i>Othello</i> (1604) <i>King Lear</i> (1605-06) <i>Macbeth</i> (1606) * <i>Timon of Athens</i> (1607) <i>Antony and Cleopatra</i> (1607-08) <i>Coriolanus</i> (1609)
IV. { <i>Cymbeline</i> (1610) <i>The Winter's Tale</i> (1611) <i>The Tempest</i> (1611) * <i>The Two Noble Kinsmen</i> (1613)	* <i>Henry VIII</i> (1613)	

* Written (it is supposed) in collaboration with others.

The selections given below illustrate only Shakespeare the poet, the greatest lyric poet of his day.

The most convenient and trustworthy handbook about Shakespeare is Neilson and Thorndike's *The Facts about Shakespeare* (Macmillan). Among the many books about Shakespeare's life and art, the reader should consult those by G. P. Baker, A. C. Bradley, G. Brandes, E. Dowden, S. Lee, B. Matthews, and B. Wendell. Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Lamb wrote stimulating and appreciative essays on various phases of Shakespeare's plays. The most recent biography is by J. Quincy Adams (Houghton Mifflin Company).

SONNETS

Shakespeare's sonnets circulated in manuscript at least ten years before they were brought together for publication, probably without Shakespeare's consent, in 1609. To whom they were written has never been ascertained. They may have been addressed to no real person—a convention in sonnet-writing which was common in Elizabethan times. Some of them may have been written to a young man, some to a certain dark lady. How far the material in the sonnets is autobiographical or based on personal experience is also debatable. Note, in this connection, the obvious similarity between Sonnet 66 and Hamlet's well-known soliloquy. One thing is sure: they are worthy products of Shakespeare's genius, beautiful expressions of thought and feeling, whatever their source may be.

15

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth naught but
shows

Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;

When I perceive that men as plants increase,

Cheered and checked even by the self-same sky,

Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,

And wear their brave state out of memory;

Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth, before my
sight,

Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied
night;

And, all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft¹ you new.

18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

¹ inoculate.

And often is his gold complexion dimmed; 6
And every fair¹ from fair sometime declines,

By chance, or nature's changing course un-
trimmed;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest; 10
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his
shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

23

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much
rage,

Whose strength's abundance weakens his
own heart,

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say 5
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to
decay,

O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's
might.

O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking
breast,

Who plead for love and look for recompense, 10
More than that tongue that more hath more
expressed.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine
wit.

25

Let those who are in favor with their stars
Of public honor and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlooked for joy in that I honor most.

Great princes' favorites their fair leaves
spread

But as the marigold at the sun's eye, 5
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.

The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled, 10
Is from the book of honor razed quite,

¹ beauty.

And all the rest forgot for which he toiled:
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

29

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's
eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless
cries

And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, ⁵
Featured like him, like him with friends
possessed,

Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,

Haply I think on thee, — and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising ¹¹
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's
gate;

For thy sweet love remembered such wealth
brings

That then I scorn to change my state with
kings.

30

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow, ⁵
For precious friends hid in death's dateless ¹
night,

And weep afresh love's long since cancelled
woe,

And moan the expense ² of many a vanished
sight:

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er ¹⁰
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

32

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust
shall cover,

And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the
time, ⁵

And though they be outstripped by every
pen,

1 endless.

2 loss.

Reserve them for my love, not for their
rime,

Exceeded by the height of happier men;
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
"Had my friend's Muse grown with this
growing age, ¹⁰

A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:

But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his
love."

33

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride ⁵
With ugly rack ⁴ on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendor on my brow; ¹⁰
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath masked him from me
now.

Yet him for this my love no whit dis-
daineth;

Suns of the world may stain when heaven's
sun staineth.

54

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous
seem

By that sweet ornament which truth doth
give!

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.

The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye ⁵
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns; and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds

discloses;

But, for ² their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooded and unrespected fade, ¹⁰

Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors

made:

And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your
truth.

55

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime;
But you shall shine more bright in these
contents

1 framework.

2 since.

Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish
time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,¹ 5
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall
burn

The living record of your memory.

'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity

Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still
find room,¹⁰

Even in the eyes of all posterity

That wear this world out to the ending doom.

So, till the judgment that yourself arise,

You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

60

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled
shore,

So do our minutes hasten to their end;

Each changing place with that which goes
before,

In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light,⁵

Crawls to maturity, wherewith being
crowned,

Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,

And Time that gave doth now his gift con-
found.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth

And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,¹⁰

Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,

And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:

And yet to times in hope my verse shall
stand,

Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

64

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced

The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;

When sometime lofty towers I see down-
razed,

And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;

When I have seen the hungry ocean gain⁵

Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,

And the firm soil win of the watery main,

Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;

When I have seen such interchange of state,

Or state itself confounded to decay;¹⁰

Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat, —

That Time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot

choose

But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

65

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor bound-
less sea,

But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,

How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold
out⁵

Against the wrackful siege of battering days,

When rocks impregnable are not so stout,

Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?

O fearful meditation! where, alack,

Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie
hid?¹⁰

Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot
back?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O, none, unless this miracle have might,

That in black ink my love may still shine
bright.

66

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,

As, to behold desert a beggar born,

And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,

And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,

And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,

And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,

And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-tied by authority,

And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,¹⁰

And simple truth miscalled simplicity,

And captive good attending captain ill:

Tired with all these, from these would I

be gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

70

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,

For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;

The ornament of beauty is suspect,

A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.

So thou be good, slander doth but approve⁵

Thy worth the greater, being wooed of time;

For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,

And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.

Thou hast passed by the ambush of young

days,

Either not assailed, or victor being charged;¹⁰

Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,

To tie up envy evermore enlarged:

If some suspect of ill masked not thy show,

Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts

shouldst owe.

71

No longer mourn for me when I am dead

Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell

Give warning to the world that I am fled

I "Such things as the following: to see merit treated as
a beggar," etc.

From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay, 10
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your
moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.

73

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the
cold,

Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet
birds sang.

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day 5
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie, 10
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished
by.

This thou perceivest, which makes thy love
more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave
ere long.

90

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to
cross,

Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:

Ah, do not, when my heart hath scaped this
sorrow, 5

Come in the rearward of a conquered woe,
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.

If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their
spite, 10

But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem
woe,

Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

97

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!

What freezings have I felt, what dark days
seen!

What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's
time, 5

The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords'
decease:

Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit; 10
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;

Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the win-
ter's near.

98

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April dressed in all his trim
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with
him.

Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell 5
Of different flowers in odor and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where
they grew;

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose; 10
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

104

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters
cold

Have from the forests shook three summers'
pride,

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn
turned 5

In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes
burned

Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are
green.

Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure and no pace perceived; 10
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth
stand,

Hath motion and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age un-
bred:

Ere you were born was beauty's summer
dead.

106

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rime
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best, 5
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have expressed
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring; 10
 And, for they looked but with divining
 eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to
 sing:
 For we, which now behold these present
 days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to
 praise.

107

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to
 come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured, 5
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
 Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy
 time
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me sub-
 scribes, 10
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor
 rime,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless
 tribes:
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass
 are spent.

109

O, never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seemed my flame to qualify.
 As easy might I from myself depart
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth
 lie:
 That is my home of love: if I have ranged, 5
 Like him that travels I return again,
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reigned
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood, 10
 That it could so preposterously be stained,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

110

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
 And made myself a motley to the view,
 Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what
 is most dear,
 Made old offences of affections new;
 Most true it is that I have looked on truth 5
 Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
 These blenches¹ gave my heart another
 youth,
 And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
 Mine appetite I never more will grind 10
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A god in love, to whom I am confined.
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven
 the best,
 Even to thy pure and most most loving
 breast.

111

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide
 Than public means which public manners
 breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a
 brand, 5
 And almost thence my nature is subdued
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
 Pity me then and wish I were renewed;
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eisel² 'gainst my strong infec-
 tion; 10
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark 5
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height
 be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
 cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come; 10
 Love alters not with his brief hours and
 weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.
 1 side-looks. 2 vinegar.

119

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
 Distilled from limbeck's fowl as hell within,
 Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
 In the distraction of this madding fever!
 O benefit of ill! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better; 10
 And ruined love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I return rebuked to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damasked,¹ red and white, 5
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound; 10
 I grant I never saw a goddess go;
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare.

146

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,
 Thrall to these rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease, 5
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store; 10
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
¹ with mingled colors.

Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
 And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS

(From *Love's Labour's Lost*)

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipped and ways be foul, 5
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-who;
 Tu-whit, tu-who! — a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel¹ the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow, 10
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl, 15
 Tu-who;
 Tu-whit, tu-who! — a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

(From *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*)

Who is Silvia? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be. 5
 Is she kind as she is fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness;
 Love doth to her eyes repair
 To help him of his blindness,
 And, being helped, inhabits there. 10

Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling;
 To her let us garlands bring. 15

(From *The Merchant of Venice*)

Tell me, where is fancy² bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head?
 How begot, how nourished?
 Reply, reply.
 It is engendered in the eyes, 5
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.
¹ cool by skimming or stirring. ² love.

Let us all ring fancy's knell;
 I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.
 Ding, dong, bell. 10

(From *As You Like It*)

Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither! 5
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy 15
 But winter and rough weather.

(From *As You Like It*)

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude. 5

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
 folly.

Then, heigh ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly. 10

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot;
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp 15
 As friend remembered not.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! etc.

(From *As You Like It*)

It was a lover and his lass,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding; 5
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 These pretty country folks would lie,
 In the spring time, etc. 10

This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 How that a life was but a flower
 In the spring time, etc.

And therefore take the present time, 15
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 For love is crowned with the prime
 In the spring time, etc.

(From *Much Ado about Nothing*)

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!
 Men were deceivers ever,
 One foot in sea and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never:
 Then sigh not so, but let them go, 5
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into Hey nonny, nonny!

Sing no more ditties, sing no mœs
 Of dumps so dull and heavy! 10
 The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leavy:
 Then sigh not so, but let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe 15
 Into Hey nonny, nonny!

(From *Twelfth Night*)

O, mistress mine, where are you roaming?
 O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low.
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
 Journeys end in lovers meeting, 5
 Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
 Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure.
 In delay there lies no plenty; 10
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

(From *Twelfth Night*)

Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away, breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, 5
 O, prepare it!
 My part of death, no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown; 10
 Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where

Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there! 15

(From *Measure for Measure*)

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:

But my kisses bring again, 5
Bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain!

(From *Cymbeline*)

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;¹
And winking Mary-buds begin 5
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!

(From *Cymbeline*)

Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must, 5
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;

¹ A singular verb with a plural subject is not uncommon in Elizabethan poetry.

Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak: 10
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;¹
Fear not slander, censure rash; 15
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee! 20
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

(From *The Tempest*)

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes; 5
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange. 5
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Ding-dong!

Hark! now I hear them, — Ding-dong, bell!

(From *The Tempest*)

Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily. 5
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

¹ bolt.

BEN JONSON (1573-1637)

Jonson was born in poverty at Westminster in 1573. He was admitted to Westminster School through the liberality of its master, William Camden, the antiquary. He may have attended St. John's College, Cambridge. After an unhappy marriage, he served with the army in Flanders. Then he became an actor and playwright in London. In 1598 he was imprisoned for killing another actor in a duel, and during the same year he won instantaneous success with his *Every Man in his Humour*. He followed this with *Sejanus*, *Eastward Hol*, *Volpone*, *Epicæne*, *The Alchemist*, *Catiline*, *Bartholomew Fair*, among other plays; and in 1616 he published a collected edition of his works in folio.

In his plays, Jonson followed classical rules. In his poems, collected under the titles *Underwoods* and *The Forest*, he is graceful and delicate, the idol of younger poets who rejoiced in the name of "the sons of Ben." In his critical writings, *Timber*, or *Discoveries*, he shows himself a critic who, with all his rigid classicism, was liberal in his literary views.

The last few years of Jonson's life were unsuccessful. He died in 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey — in a vertical position, to save precious space.

Jonson's best plays may be found in the Mermaid Series. The completest and most recent study of Jonson is by C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson, 2 volumes (Oxford Press).

SONG TO CELIA¹

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise 5
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be.
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, 15
 Not of itself, but thee.

HYMN TO DIANA¹(From *Cynthia's Revels*)

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep:
 Hesperus² entreats thy light, 5
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close: 10
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal-shining quiver;
 Give unto the flying hart 15
 Space to breathe, how short soever:
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright.

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS

(From *Epicaene*)

The title, added later, is from Horace, Book I, Ode 5. It means "in simple elegance."

Still³ to be neat, still to be drest,
 As you were going to a feast;
 Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
 Lady, it is to be presumed,
 Though art's hid causes are not found, 5
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

¹ Here, the moon-goddess.² The character in *Cynthia's Revels* who sings this song.³ always.

Give me a look, give me a face
 That makes simplicity a grace;
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me 10
 Than all th' adulteries of art;
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY
BELOVED MASTER, WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
 Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
 While I confess thy writings to be such
 As neither man, nor muse, can praise too
 much.

'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these
 ways 5

Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
 For silliest ignorance on these may light,
 Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes
 right;

Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
 The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by
 chance; 10

Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
 And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
 These are, as¹ some infamous bawd or whore
 Should praise a matron. What could hurt
 her more?

But thou art proof against them, and, in-
 deed, 15

Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
 I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!
 The applause, delight, the wonder of our
 stage!

My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee
 by

Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie 20
 A little farther off, to make thee a room:
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,
 And art alive still while thy book doth live
 And we have wits to read and praise to
 give.

That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses, 25
 I mean with great, but disproportioned
 Muses;

For if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly out-
 shine,

Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty
 line. 30

And though thou hadst small Latin and less
 Greek,

From thence to honor thee, I would not seek

¹ as if.

For names; but call forth thundering
Æschylus,¹

Euripides, and Sophocles to us;
Pacuvius,² Accius,³ him of Cordova³ dead, 35
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were
on,

Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes
come. 40

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm 45
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit: 50
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,⁴
Neat Terence,⁵ witty Plautus, now not
please;

But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art, 55
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second
heat 60

Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's
face 65

Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly
shines

In his well turned, and true filed lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance. 70
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of
Thames,

That so did take Eliza,⁶ and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere 75

¹ Eldest of the three great Greek dramatists: Æschylus, 525-456 B.C., Sophocles, 496-406 B.C., Euripides, 480-406 B.C.

² Minor Roman tragic poets of the second century, B.C.

³ Seneca, the famous Roman philosopher and writer of tragedies, 4 B.C.-65 A.D., was born in Spain.

⁴ The greatest Greek comic dramatist, 448?-380? B.C.

⁵ Terence, 190?-159? B.C., and Plautus, 254?-184 B.C., the two foremost writers of Roman comedy.

⁶ Queen Elizabeth.

Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping
stage,

Which, since thy flight from hence, hath
mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's
light. 89

A PINDARIC ODE¹

ON THE DEATH OF SIR H. MORISON

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY AND FRIENDSHIP
OF THAT NOBLE PAIR, SIR LUCIUS CARY
AND SIR H. MORISON.

I

The Strophe, or Turn

Brave infant of Saguntum,² clear
Thy coming forth in that great year,
When the prodigious Hannibal did crown
His rage with razing your immortal town,
Thou looking then about;
Ere thou wert half got out,
Wise child, didst hastily return,
And mad'st thy mother's womb thine urn.
How summed³ a circle didst thou leave man-
kind
Of deepest lore, could we the center find! 10

The Antistrophe, or Counter-Turn

Did wiser nature draw thee back,
From out the horror of that sack;
Where shame, faith, honor, and regard of
right,
Lay trampled on? the deeds of death and night
Urged, hurried forth; and hurled 15
Upon the affrighted world;
Fire and famine with fell fury met,
And all on utmost ruin set:
As, could they but life's miseries foresee,
No doubt all infants would return like thee.

The Epode, or Stand

For what is life, if measured by the space, 21
Not by the act?
Or masked man, if valued by his face,
Above his fact?
Here's one outlived his peers 25

¹ The Greek ode, perfected by Pindar, 522-448? B.C., was written to be chanted by a chorus. It consisted of one or more sections, each composed of a strophe, an antistrophe, and an epode or after-song. The antistrophe had to be the exact counterpart of the strophe, in order to bring the chorus, which moved across the stage in rhythm with the music, back to its starting place.

² The incident mentioned here was supposed to have happened during the capture of Saguntum in Spain by Hannibal.

³ complete.

And told forth fourscore years:
 He vexed time, and busied the whole state;
 Troubled both foes and friends;
 But ever to no ends:
 What did this stirrer but die late? 30
 How well at twenty had he fallen or stood!
 For three of his four score he did no good.

2

The Strophe, or Turn

He entered well by virtuous parts,
 Got up, and thrived with honest arts,
 He purchased friends, and fame, and honors
 then, 35
 And had his noble name advanced with men;
 But weary of that flight,
 He stooped in all men's sight
 To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
 And sunk in that dead sea of life, 40
 So deep, as he did then death's waters sup,
 But that the cork of title buoyed him up.

The Antistrophe, or Counter-Turn

Alas! but Morison fell young!
 He never fell, — thou fall'st, my tongue.
 He stood a soldier to the last right end, 45
 A perfect patriot and a noble friend;
 But most, a virtuous son.
 All offices were done
 By him, so ample, full, and round,
 In weight, in measure, number, sound, 50
 As, though his age imperfect might appear,
 His life was of humanity the sphere.

The Epode, or Stand

Go now, and tell our days summed up with
 fears,
 And make them years;
 Produce thy mass of miseries on the stage, 55
 To swell thine age;
 Repeat of things a throng,
 To show thou hast been long,
 Not lived; for life doth her great actions
 spell,
 By what was done and wrought 60
 In season, and so brought
 To light: her measures are, how well
 Each syllable answered, and was formed, how
 fair;
 These make the lines of life, and that's her
 air!

3

The Strophe, or Turn

It is not growing like a tree 65
 In bulk, doth make men better be;

Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
 A lily of a day,
 Is fairer far, in May, 70
 Although it fall and die that night;
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

The Antistrophe, or Counter-Turn

Call, noble Lucius, then, for wine, 75
 And let thy looks with gladness shine;
 Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,
 And think, nay know, thy Morison's not dead.
 He leaped the present age,
 Possessed with holy rage, 80
 To see that bright eternal day;
 Of which we priests and poets say
 Such truths as we expect for happy men;
 And there he lives with memory, and Ben —

The Epode, or Stand

Jonson, who sung this of him, ere he went, 85
 Himself, to rest,
 Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
 To have expressed,
 In this bright asterism; 90
 Where it were friendship's schism,
 Were not his Lucius long with us to tarry,
 To separate these twi-
 Lights, the Dioscuri; 95
 And keep the one half from his Harry.
 But fate doth so alternate the design, 95
 Whilst that in heaven, this light on earth
 must shine, —

4

The Strophe, or Turn

And shine as you exalted are;
 Two names of friendship, but one star:
 Of hearts the union, and those not by chance
 Made, or indenture, or leased out t' ad-
 vance 100
 The profits for a time.
 No pleasures vain did chime,
 Of rhymes, or riots, at your feasts,
 Orgies of drink, or feigned protests;
 But simple love of greatness and of good, 105
 That knits brave minds and manners more
 than blood.

The Antistrophe, or Counter-Turn

This made you first to know the why
 You liked, then after, to apply

1 constellation.

2 The twins, Castor and Pollux, whom Zeus allowed to live on alternate days after their death.

That liking; and approach so one the t' other,
 Till either grew a portion of the other; 110
 Each styled by his end,
 The copy of his friend.
 You lived to be the great sir-names
 And titles by which all made claims
 Unto the Virtue: nothing perfect done, 115
 But as a Cary or a Morison.

The Epode, or Stand

And such a force the fair example had,
 As they that saw
 The good and durst not practise it, were glad
 That such a law 120
 Was left yet to mankind;
 Where they might read and find
 Friendship, indeed, was written not in
 words;
 And with the heart, not pen,
 Of two so early men, 125
 Whose lines her rolls were, and records;
 Who, ere the first down bloomed on the chin,
 Had sowed these fruits, and got the harvest in.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.

Would'st thou hear what man can say
 In a little? Reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die:
 Which in life did harbor give 5
 To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was Elizabeth,
 The other, let it sleep with death! 10
 Fitter, where it died, to tell,
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

A FAREWELL TO THE WORLD

False world, good night! since thou hast
 brought
 That hour upon my morn of age;

Henceforth I quit thee for my thought,
 My part is ended on thy stage.

Yes, threaten, do. Alas! I fear 5
 As little as I hope from thee:
 I know thou canst not show nor bear
 More hatred than thou hast to me.

My tender, first, and simple years
 Thou didst abuse and then betray; 10
 Since stirred'st up jealousies and fears,
 When all the causes were away.

Then in a soil hast planted me
 Where breathe the basest of thy fools;
 Where envious arts professed be, 15
 And pride and ignorance the schools;

Where nothing is examined, weighed,
 But as 'tis rumored, so believed;
 Where every freedom is betrayed,
 And every goodness taxed or grieved. 20

But what we're born for, we must
 bear:

Our frail condition it is such
 That what to all may happen here,
 If 't chance to me, I must not grutch.¹

Else I my state should much mistake 25
 To harbor a divided thought
 From all my kind — that, for my sake,
 There should a miracle be wrought.

No, I do know that I was born
 To age, misfortune, sickness, grief: 30
 But I will bear these with that scorn
 As shall not need thy false relief.

Nor for my peace will I go far,
 As wanderers do, that still do roam; 34
 But make my strengths, such as they
 are,
 Here in my bosom, and at home.

¹ murmur, complain.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

The seventeenth century is a many-sided period in the history of English literature. It is the century of Shakespeare's greatest plays, of the King James version of the Bible, of Bacon, Milton, and Dryden. It saw the colonization of America, the Civil War and the execution of Charles I, the Restoration of the Stuarts, and, toward its close, the introduction of genuine parliamentary government through the Declaration of Rights, with William of Orange as king. Ushered in when the imagination of the glorious Elizabethan age was at its height, it closed with reason and rules dominating literature.

The political life of the century may be briefly summarized. In 1603 Queen Elizabeth died. She was succeeded by the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, James VI of Scotland, who as James I of England began the line of English Stuarts. His reign was marked by the rise of the Puritans. In 1625 he was succeeded by his son Charles, who followed his father's belief in the divine right of kings. In 1628 Charles I was forced, as a result of his independent acts, to agree to the Petition of Right, which strengthened the power of Parliament and asserted the rights of the people. In spite of this, he continued to rule as he pleased and antagonized the Puritans to such a degree that many of them emigrated to America. In 1642 he refused to obey Parliament, and Civil War broke out. Under Cromwell Parliament was victorious in battle, and in 1649 King Charles I, declared guilty of treason, was beheaded. From 1649 to 1653 Parliament governed the country. This government was called the Commonwealth. In 1653 Parliament relinquished its power to Cromwell, who was made Lord Protector under the Protectorate. Upon his death in 1658, the power of the Puritans broke up, and in 1660 King Charles II was invited to return to his father's throne. During these years the Puritans were severe in banishing simple pleasures and making life less colorful, but it must not be forgotten that they were idealists who deserve endless credit for furthering the cause of religious toleration, freedom of speech and of the press, and justice in open court.

After 1660 English life and society changed with the return of the Royalists from exile. The sway of the Puritan yielded to that of the Cavalier. Somber London of the previous generation gave way to the "gala day of wit and pleasure, of gallantry and Charles II." Refinement, elegance, and wit became gods of the courtiers. Hazlitt's brilliant picture is probably not too far from the truth. "Happy, thoughtless age, when kings and nobles led purely ornamental lives; when the utmost stretch of a morning's study went no farther than the choice of a sword-knot, or the adjustment of a side-curl; when the soul spoke out in all the pleasing eloquence of dress; and beaux and belles, enamored of themselves in one another's follies, fluttered like gilded butterflies, in giddy mazes, through the walks of St. James's Park!"

In the drama, the century saw a rise and fall. At the beginning, Shakespeare was at his best. After 1611 he apparently retired from the stage, probably in favor of the great collaborators, Beaumont and Fletcher, who throughout the century were by far the most popular dramatists in England. Their plays were acted during the Restoration, says Dryden, twice as often as Shakespeare's. Among other playwrights up to 1642, Jonson, Chapman, Heywood, Middleton, Webster, Ford, Shirley, and Massinger are the best. Among their many plays stand several undoubted masterpieces, most prominent, Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*, and Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. In general, the theater was passing from the patronage of the common people to a more sophisticated audience composed largely of the court. Plots became more licentious, the desire to shock and to be shocked increased, with the result that Puritan antagonism grew rapidly. With the outbreak of the Civil War the theaters were officially closed by Parliament, and remained so until 1660. Theatrical performances, however, were given surreptitiously during this period. The old tradition carried on; but, when the theaters were reopened in 1660, a new type of play quickly developed, largely under the influence of the French stage with which the Royalists had become acquainted during their exile in France. This was the so-called "heroic drama." Its characteristics were the use of the heroic couplet instead of blank verse; the strict or partial observance of the three unities of time, place, and action; the employment (for the first time on the English stage) of women actors; the preference for gigantic themes involving love and honor, particularly in an Eastern setting; the elaborate use of scenery, music, and whatever else would heighten the spectacle — all in a large rectangular auditorium, which supplanted the much smaller, almost circular theater of Elizabethan days. In heroic tragedy Dryden was the prominent figure. A "minor" writer, Otway, however, produced the ablest tragedy, *Venice Preserved*, 1682, the best tragedy in verse since Webster, or possibly since Shakespeare. But it was in comedy that the Restoration made its great contribution to English drama. Early in the 1660's Etherege won the town with his sprightly, satirical comedies in prose, soon to be followed by the splendid prose plays of Wycherley, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, and Congreve, the four

supreme wits of Restoration comedy. Their spirit pervades the best of English comedy, through Fielding, Sheridan, and Goldsmith, down to Wilde and Shaw.

In poetry the century witnessed the change from the imaginative Elizabethan manner to the more artificial formalism of Dryden and Pope. Different in temper as these two poles seem to be, they have, nevertheless, a direct connection in the person of Ben Jonson. He of all the Elizabethans was most classical, most precise in workmanship. Around him gathered a number of rising poets, the "sons of Ben." Those who followed him directly or indirectly in his admiration for Anacreon, Catullus, and Horace, and composed variations on the theme of *carpe diem*, are the Cavalier poets, like Carew, Suckling, Lovelace, and particularly Herrick, most of whom were attached to the court. Those who developed still more intricately his use of "conceits," or far-fetched figures of speech, are the "metaphysical poets." Their leader was Donne, who was exactly the same age as Jonson. Donne, Herbert, Crashaw, and Vaughan produced some of the finest religious and mystical poetry in the language. Another group of writers, who also owed something to Jonson, developed the heroic couplet, the medium of poetic expression for the Restoration period that blank verse had been for the Elizabethan. Chief among them were Edmund Waller and Sir Charles Denham. Cowley, who also wrote couplets, did much to perfect the ode in English. The glory of the period was Milton, a majestic figure in English literature. In him are combined the vigorous imagination of the Elizabethan and the nobility, even the austerity, of the Puritan. In an age when poets were favoring the heroic couplet, he produced the greatest blank verse since Shakespeare. In an age which was becoming more and more rigidly neo-classic, his imagination conceived the sublime *Paradise Lost*.

The Elizabethan era was essentially the age of poetry. The seventeenth century is often called the "age of prose." During the century, especially in the latter half, reason supplanted imagination, and the language of reason is prose. The scientific speculation and philosophizing of Bacon were continued in Burton, Sir Thomas Browne, Thomas Hobbes, and Milton. Thomas Fuller, Richard Baxter, and Jeremy Taylor discussed religion. Izaak Walton wrote his inimitable descriptions of nature and the lives of the poets. The prose fashioned by these writers was worthy of the high standard set by the translators of the King James version of the Bible. It was direct and exact, yet not totally devoid of imagination, and, above all, it had beautiful cadence. Before the close of the century, Dryden, by many considered the father of modern English prose, wrote his critical essays and prefaces, Bunyan his *Pilgrim's Progress*, 1678, 1684, Pepys and Evelyn their diaries, Isaac Newton, *Principia*, 1687, and John Locke, *Essay Concerning the Human Understanding*, 1690. As the century turned, Defoe, Swift, Addison, and Steele were beginning their contributions to the history of English prose.

Good summaries of seventeenth-century literature may be found in J. H. B. Masterman, *The Age of Milton* (Bell), and R. Garnett, *The Age of Dryden* (Bell). For appreciative criticism, see B. Wendell, *The Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature* (Scribners), and E. Gosse, *Seventeenth-Century Studies* (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)

Francis Bacon was born at London January 22, 1561. He was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who occupied the position of Lord Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth. Francis entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1573, where he began his scientific studies. He went on to Gray's Inn, London, where he studied law, and was admitted as barrister. He sought long and earnestly for court patronage under Queen Elizabeth, but though he was supported by the Queen's favorite, the Earl of Essex, he failed of preferment. When the Earl of Essex fell out with the Queen and entered into treasonable designs against her, Bacon deserted him, and at his trial acted as one of the prosecutors. This began his career of court favor, which was continued under James I. He was a member of Parliament. He became Attorney-General in 1613, and five years later Lord Chancellor and Baron Verulam. In 1620, however, he was accused in Parliament of having taken presents from persons whose cases were pending before him, and confessed his guilt. He was sentenced to lose his offices, and pay a heavy fine, which was remitted by the king. He lived in retirement until his death in 1626.

Bacon was a literary man primarily because he used literature as a means to forward his attempt to bring about a new experimental attitude toward knowledge. To this end he wrote his chief work, the *Instauratio Magna*, in Latin, the language of the learned. Part of this forms the English work on *The Advancement of Learning*. Bacon's place in English literature belongs to him by his authorship of the Essays. These appeared in their first form as a "set of dispersed meditations" in 1597. They were only ten in number. They were expanded in style and increased in number to the final edition of fifty-eight in 1625. They are brief comments on life, couched in a style sometimes pithy and sententious, sometimes gorgeous and ornate. They represent the realistic

interest of the age in human life, and reflect its habit of distinction and originality in expression. Bacon's works are collected in the large edition of Ellis, Spedding, and Heath. The Essays have passed through many modern editions, among which those by E. A. Abbott and Miss Mary Augusta Scott may be mentioned. The standard life is by J. Spedding. A brief biography by R. W. Church appears in the English Men of Letters Series. See also Macaulay's essay.

ESSAYS OR COUNSELS CIVIL AND MORAL

I

OF TRUTH

What is truth? said jesting Pilate;¹ and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be² that delight in giddiness,³ and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free-will in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind⁴ be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing⁵ wits which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth; nor again that when it is found it imposeth upon men's thoughts; that doth bring lies in favor; but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school⁶ of the Grecians examineth the matter and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets, nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell; this same truth is a naked and open day-light, that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would,⁷ and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunk things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers,⁸ in great severity, called poesy *vinum dæmonum*,⁹ because it filleth the imagination; and yet it

is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it, that doth the hurt; such as we spake of before.

But howsoever¹ these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet² that beautified the sect³ that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well: *It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below: but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth* (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), *and to see the errors and wanderings and mists and tempests in the vale below; so*⁴ always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn⁵ upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business; it will be acknowledged even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent; which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious. And therefore Mon-

¹ John XVIII, 38.

² there are those.

³ i.e., of thought.

⁴ The skeptics, who believed that only relative truth was possible.

⁵ rambling.

⁶ Lucian, born about 120 A.D., who attacked with satire all the shams of his day.

⁷ wished.

⁸ St. Augustine, 354-430 A.D.

⁹ devil's wine.

¹ notwithstanding.

² Lucretius, 99-55 B.C.

³ The Epicureans

⁴ provided.

⁵ The terms are taken from Ptolemaic astronomy.

taigne¹ saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge. Saith he, *If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much to say, as that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men.* For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man. Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men; it being foretold² that when Christ cometh, *he shall not find faith upon the earth.*

2

OF DEATH

Men fear death, as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation of death, as the wages of sin and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious meditations there is sometimes mixture of vanity and of superstition. You shall read in some of the friars' books of mortification,³ that a man should think with himself what the pain is if he have but his finger's end pressed or tortured, and thereby imagine what the pains of death are, when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved; when many times death passeth with less pain than the torture of a limb; for the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense. And by him⁴ that spake only as a philosopher and natural man, it was well said, *Pompa mortis magis terret, quam mors ipsa.*⁵ Groans and convulsions, and a discolored face, and friends weeping, and blacks,⁶ and obsequies, and the like, show death terrible. It is worthy the observing, that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak, but it mates⁷ and masters the fear of death; and therefore death is no such terrible enemy when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear pre-occupateth⁸ it; nay, we read, after Otho the emperor⁹ had slain himself, pity (which is the tenderest of affec-

tions) provoked many to die, out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. Nay, Seneca adds niceness and satiety: *Cogita quamdiu eadem feceris; mori velle, non tantum fortis, aut miser, sed etiam fastidiosus potest.*¹ A man would die, though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over. It is no less worthy to observe, how little alteration in good spirits the approaches of death make; for they appear to be the same men till the last instant. Augustus Cæsar died in a compliment: *Livia, conjugii nostri memor, vive et vale.*² Tiberius in dissimulation; as Tacitus³ saith of him, *Jam Tiberium vires et corpus, non dissimulatio, deserebant.*⁴ Vespasian in a jest, sitting upon the stool; *Ut puto deus fio.*⁵ Galba with a sentence; *Feri, si ex re sit populi Romani;*⁶ holding forth his neck. Septimius Severus in despatch; *Adeste si quid mihi restat agendum.*⁷ And the like. Certainly the Stoics⁸ bestowed too much cost upon death, and by their great preparations made it appear more fearful. Better saith he,⁹ *qui finem vitæ extremum inter munera ponat naturæ.*¹⁰ It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit, is like one that is wounded in hot blood; who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolours of death. But, above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is, *Nunc dimittis;*¹¹ when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also; that it openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy. *Extinctus amabitur idem.*¹²

5

OF ADVERSITY

It was an high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), *that the good things*

¹ Think how long you have done the same things; a man may wish to die, not so much because he is brave or wretched, but because he is tired of living.

² Livia, remember our marriage, live on, and farewell.

³ The Roman historian, c. 54-C. 116 A.D.

⁴ Strength and vigor left Tiberius, but not his ability to dissimulate.

⁵ As I see it, I am becoming a god.

⁶ Strike, if it be for the good of the Roman people.

⁷ Be at hand, in case there is anything more for me to do.

⁸ The Stoics taught resignation.

⁹ Juvenal, the Roman satirist, of the first century, A.D.

¹⁰ Who considers the cessation of life as one of nature's blessings.

¹¹ St. Luke II, 29: Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.

¹² The same man who was hated when alive will be loved when he is dead.

¹ The great French essayist and skeptic, 1533-92.

² St. Luke XVIII, 8. ³ penance.

⁴ Seneca, Stoic philosopher and dramatist, 4-65 A.D., in his *Epistles*.

⁵ The surroundings of death are more terrifying than death itself.

⁶ black clothing. ⁷ overcomes. ⁸ anticipates.

⁹ Marcus Salvius Otho. Roman emperor, 32-69 A.D.

which belong to prosperity are to be wished; but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.¹ *Bona rerum secundarum optabilia; adversarum mirabilia.* Certainly if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen), *It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man; and the security of a God. Vere magnum habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei.* This would have done better in poesy, where transcendences are more allowed. And the poets indeed have been busy with it; for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery;² nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian; that *Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus* (by whom human nature is represented), *sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher;* lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean.³ The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude; which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New; which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp,⁴ you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-works and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

7

OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN

The joys of parents are secret; and so are their griefs and fears. They cannot utter the one; nor they will not utter the other. Chil-

dren sweeten labors; but they make misfortunes more bitter. They increase the cares of life; but they mitigate the remembrance of death. The perpetuity by generation is common to beasts; but memory, merit, and noble works are proper to men. And surely a man shall see the noblest works and foundations have proceeded from childless men; which have sought to express the images of their minds, where those of their bodies have failed. So the care of posterity is most in them that have no posterity. They that are the first raisers of their houses are most indulgent towards their children; beholding them as the continuance not only of their kind but of their work; and so both children and creatures.

The difference in affection of parents towards their several children is many times unequal; and sometimes unworthy; especially in the mother; as Solomon saith, *A wise son rejoiceth the father, but an ungracious son shames the mother.* A man shall see, where there is a house full of children, one or two of the eldest respected, and the youngest made wantons;¹ but in the midst some that are as it were forgotten, who many times nevertheless prove the best. The illiberality of parents in allowance towards their children is an harmful error; makes them base; acquaints them with shifts; makes them sort with mean company; and makes them surfeit more when they come to plenty. And therefore the proof is best, when men keep their authority towards their children, but not their purse. Men have a foolish manner (both parents and schoolmasters and servants) in creating and breeding an emulation between brothers during childhood, which many times sorteth to discord when they are men, and disturbeth families. The Italians make little difference between children and nephews or near kinsfolks; but so they be of the lump, they care not though they pass not through their own body. And, to say truth, in nature it is much a like matter; insomuch that we see a nephew sometimes resembleth an uncle or a kinsman more than his own parent; as the blood happens.² Let parents choose betimes the vocations and courses they mean their children should take; for then they are most flexible; and let them not too much apply themselves to the disposition of their children, as thinking they will take best to that which they have most

1 wondered at.
3 directly, simply.

2 underlying meaning.
4 The Psalms. 5 dark.

1 Proverbs, x, 1,
2 spoiled children; etymologically, *wanton* is the equivalent of modern German *ungezogen* (untrained).

mind to. It is true, that if the affection ¹ or aptness of the children be extraordinary, then it is good not to cross it; but generally the precept is good, *optimum elige, suave et facile illud faciet consuetudo*.² Younger brothers are commonly fortunate, but seldom or never where the elder are disinherited.

8

OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men; which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times; unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. Some there are, who though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences. Nay, there are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges. Nay more, there are some foolish rich covetous men, that take a pride in having no children, because they may be thought so much the richer. For perhaps they have heard some talk, *Such an one is a great rich man*, and another except to it, *Yea, but he hath a great charge of children*; as if it were an abatement to his riches. But the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty, especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous³ minds, which are so sensible of every restraint, as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants; but not always best subjects; for they are light to run away; and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen; for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and magistrates; for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly in their hortatives put men in mind of their wives and children; and I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base. Certainly wife and children are a kind

of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they may be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hardhearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands, as was said of Ulysses, *vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati*.¹ Chaste women are often proud and froward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds both of chastity and obedience in the wife, if she think her husband wise; which she will never do if she find him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle age; and old men's nurses. So as a man may have a quarrel² to marry when he will. But yet he³ was reputed one of the wise men, that made answer to the question, when a man should marry — *A young man not yet, an elder man not at all*. It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husband's kindness when it comes; or that the wives take a pride in their patience. But this never fails, if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent; for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

10

OF LOVE

The stage is more beholding to love, than the life of man. For as to the stage, love is ever matter of comedies, and now and then of tragedies; but in life it doth much mischief; sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury. You may observe that amongst all the great and worthy persons (whereof the memory remaineth, either ancient or recent) there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love: which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion. You must except nevertheless Marcus Antonius,⁴ the half partner of the empire of Rome, and Appius Claudius,⁵ the decemvir and lawgiver; whereof the former was indeed a voluptuous man, and inordinate; but the latter was an austere and wise man; and therefore it seems (though rarely) that love can find entrance not only into an open heart, but also into a heart well

¹ tendency.

² Choose the best; custom will make it pleasant and easy.

³ capricious.

¹ He preferred his aged wife to immortality.

² reason.

³ Thales, the Greek philosopher, 640–546 B.C.

⁴ The lover of Cleopatra.

⁵ Who was in love with Virginia, a plebeian.

fortified, if watch be not well kept. It is a poor saying of Epicurus,¹ *Satis magnum alteri theatrum sumus*;² as if man, made for the contemplation of heaven and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself a subject, though not of the mouth (as beasts are), yet of the eye; which was given him for higher purposes. It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion, and how it braves the nature and value of things, by this; that the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but in love. Neither is it merely in the phrase; for whereas it hath been well said that the arch-flatterer, with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self; certainly the lover is more. For there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved; and therefore it was well said, *That it is impossible to love and to be wise*. Neither doth this weakness appear to others only, and not to the party loved; but to the loved most of all, except the love be reciprocal.³ For it is a true rule, that love is ever rewarded either with the reciproque or with an inward and secret contempt. By how much the more men ought to beware of this passion, which loseth not only other things, but itself! As for the other losses, the poet's⁴ relation doth well figure them: that he that preferred Helena quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas. For whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection quitteth both riches and wisdom. This passion hath his floods in the very times of weakness; which are great prosperity and great adversity; though this latter hath been less observed: both which times kindle love, and make it more fervent, and therefore show it to be the child of folly. They do best, who if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter;⁵ and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life; for if it check⁶ once with business, it troubleth men's fortunes, and maketh men that they can no ways be true to their own ends. I know not how, but martial men are given to love: I think it is but as they are given to wine; for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures. There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards love of others, which if it be not spent upon some one or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many, and

maketh men become humane and charitable; as it is seen sometime in friars. Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly love perfecteth it; but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it.

II

OF GREAT PLACE

Men in great place are thrice servants: servants of the sovereign or state; servants of fame; and servants of business. So as they have no freedom; neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire, to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious; and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base; and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. *Cum non sis qui fueris, non esse cur velis vivere*.¹ Nay, retire men cannot when they would, neither will they when it were reason; but are impatient of privateness, even in age and sickness, which require the shadow; like old townsmen, that will be still sitting at their street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions, to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it: but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report; when perhaps they find the contrary within. For they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults. Certainly men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle of business they have no time to tend their health either of body or mind. *Illi mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi*.² In place there is license to do good and evil; whereof the latter is a curse: for in evil the best condition is not to will; the second, not to can.³ But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. For good thoughts (though God accept them) yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be

¹ The Greek philosopher, 342-270 B.C., who believed that the greatest good is pleasure.

² We are a big enough show to one another.

³ reciprocal.

⁴ Paris.

⁵ keep its place.

⁶ interfere.

¹ Since you are not what you were, there is no reason why you should desire to live.

² Death is a sad misfortune to him who dies too well known to everybody, but unknown to himself.

³ know, know how.

without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion; and conscience¹ of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest. For if a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest. *Et conversus Deus, ut aspiceret opera quæ fecerunt manus suæ, vidit quod omnia essent bona nimis;*² and then the sabbath. In the discharge of thy place set before thee the best examples; for imitation is a globe of precepts. And after a time set before thee thine own example; and examine thyself strictly whether thou didst not best at first. Neglect not also the examples of those that have carried themselves ill in the same place; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory, but to direct thyself what to avoid. Reform therefore, without bravery³ or scandal of former times and persons; but yet set it down to thyself as well to create good precedents as to follow them. Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein and how they have degenerate; but yet ask counsel of both times; of the ancient time, what is best; and of the latter time, what is fittest. Seek to make thy course regular, that men may know beforehand what they may expect; but be not too positive and peremptory; and express thyself well when thou digressest from thy rule. Preserve the right of thy place; but stir not questions of jurisdiction: and rather assume thy right in silence and *de facto*,⁴ than voice it with claims and challenges. Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places; and think it more honor to direct in chief than to be busy in all. Embrace and invite helps and advices touching the execution of thy place; and do not drive away such as bring thee information, as meddling; but accept of them in good part. The vices of authority are chiefly four: delays, corruption, roughness, and facility.⁵ For delays: give easy access; keep times appointed; go through with that which is in hand, and interlace not business but of necessity. For corruption: do not only bind thine own hands or thy servants' hands from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also from offering. For integrity used doth the one; but integrity professed, and with a manifest detestation of bribery, doth the other. And avoid not only the fault, but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable, and changeth

manifestly without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption. Therefore always when thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly, and declare it, together with the reasons that move thee to change; and do not think to steal¹ it. A servant or a favorite, if he be inward, and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a by-way to close² corruption. For roughness: it is a needless cause of discontent: severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting. As for facility: it is worse than bribery. For bribes come but now and then; but if importunity or idle respects lead a man, he shall never be without. As Solomon saith,³ *To respect persons is not good; for such a man will transgress for a piece of bread.* It is most true that was anciently spoken, *A place sheweth the man.* And it sheweth some to the better, and some to the worse. *Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset,*⁴ saith Tacitus of Galba; but of Vespasian he saith, *Solus imperantium, Vespasianus mutatus in melius;*⁵ though the one was meant of sufficiency,⁶ the other of manners and affection. It is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit, whom honor amends. For honor is, or should be, the place of virtue; and as in nature things move violently to their place and calmly in their place, so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly; for if thou dost not, it is a debt will sure be paid when thou art gone. If thou have colleagues, respect them, and rather call them when they look not for it, than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors; but let it rather be said, *When he sits in place he is another man.*

12

OF BOLDNESS

It is a trivial grammar-school text, but yet worthy a wise man's consideration.

1 hide.

2 secret.

3 Proverbs, xxviii, 21.

4 A man whom everybody would have considered as able to govern, if he had not been an emperor.

5 Vespasian was the only emperor who changed for the better.

6 capacity, ability.

1 consciousness.

2 And God turned to gaze upon the works which his hands had made, and he saw that they were all very good.

3 bravado.

4 as a matter of course.

5 softness, lack of backbone.

Question was asked of Demosthenes,¹ *what was the chief part of an orator?* he answered, *action*; what next? *action*; what next again? *action*. He said it that knew it best, and had by nature himself no advantage in that he commended. A strange thing, that that part of an orator which is but superficial, and rather the virtue of a player, should be placed so high, above those other noble parts of invention, elocution, and the rest; nay almost alone, as if it were all in all. But the reason is plain. There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise; and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken are most potent. Wonderful like is the case of boldness, in civil business; what first? boldness; what second and third? boldness. And yet boldness is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts. But nevertheless it doth fascinate and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part; yea and prevaleth with wise men at weak times. Therefore we see it hath done wonders in popular states; but with senates and princes less; and more ever upon the first entrance of bold persons into action than soon after; for boldness is an ill keeper of promise. Surely as there are mountebanks for the natural body, so are there mountebanks for the politic body; men that undertake great cures, and perhaps have been lucky in two or three experiments, but want the grounds of science, and therefore cannot hold out. Nay, you shall see a bold fellow many times do Mahomet's miracle. Mahomet made the people believe that he would call an hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled; Mahomet called the hill to come to him, again and again; and when the hill stood still, he was never a whit abashed, but said, *If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill*. So these men, when they have promised great matters and failed most shamefully, yet (if they have the perfection of boldness) they will but slight it over, and make a turn, and no more ado. Certainly to men of great judgment, bold persons are a sport to behold; nay and to the vulgar also, boldness has somewhat of the ridiculous. For if absurdity be the subject of laughter, doubt you not but great boldness is seldom without some absurdity. Especially it is a sport to see, when a bold fellow

is out of countenance; for that puts his face into a most shrunken and wooden posture; as needs it must; for in bashfulness the spirits do a little go and come; but with bold men, upon like occasion, they stand at a stay; like a stale² at chess, where it is no mate, but yet the game cannot stir. But this last were fitter for a satire than for a serious observation. This is well to be weighed; that boldness is ever blind; for it seeth not dangers and inconveniences. Therefore it is ill in counsel, good in execution; so that the right use of bold persons is, that they never command in chief, but be seconds, and under the direction of others. For in counsel it is good to see dangers; and in execution not to see them, except they be very great.

17

OF SUPERSTITION

It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him. For the one is unbelief, the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Plutarch³ saith well to that purpose: *Surely (saith he) I had rather a great deal men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch, than that they should say that there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born; as the poets speak of Saturn*. And as the contumely is greater towards God, so the danger is greater towards men. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation; all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men. Therefore atheism did never perturb states; for it makes men wary of themselves, as looking no further; and we see the times inclined to atheism (as the time of Augustus Cæsar) were civil⁴ times. But superstition hath been the confusion of many states, and bringeth in a new *primum mobile*,⁴ that ravisheth all the spheres of government. The master of superstition is the people; and in all superstition wise men follow fools; and arguments are fitted to practice, in a reversed order. It was gravely said by some of the prelates

¹ stalemate, a situation in chess where the king is unable to move without moving into check.

² Greek historian of the first century A.D., author of the famous *Lives* and the *Morals*, essays from which Bacon derived much.

³ peaceful.

⁴ In Ptolemaic astronomy, the outermost revolving sphere which enclosed the universe.

¹ The great Greek orator, 384-322 B.C.

in the Council of Trent,¹ where the doctrine of the Schoolmen bare great sway, *that the Schoolmen were like astronomers, which did feign eccentrics and epicycles, and such engines² of orbs, to save the phenomena;*³ *though they knew there were no such things;* and in like manner, that the Schoolmen had framed a number of subtle and intricate axioms and theorems, to save the practice of the church. The causes of superstition are: pleasing and sensual rites and ceremonies; excess of outward and pharisaical holiness; over-great reverence of traditions, which cannot but load the church; the stratagems of prelates for their own ambition and lucre; the favoring too much of good intentions, which openeth the gate to conceits and novelties; the taking an aim at divine matters by human, which cannot but breed mixture of imaginations: and, lastly, barbarous times, especially joined with calamities and disasters. Superstition, without a veil, is a deformed thing; for as it addeth deformity to an ape to be so like a man, so the similitude of superstition to religion makes it the more deformed. And as wholesome meat corrupteth to little worms, so good forms and orders corrupt into a number of petty observances. There is a superstition in avoiding superstition, when men think to do best if they go furthest from the superstition formerly received; therefore care would be had that (as it fareth in ill purgings) the good be not taken away with the bad; which commonly is done when the people is the reformer.

18

OF TRAVEL

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education, in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor, or grave servant, I allow⁴ well; so that he be such a one that hath the language, and hath been in the country before; whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go; what acquaintances they are to seek; what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth. For else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little.

¹ This council, 1545-63, decided against the reforms of the Protestants.

² devices.

³ That is, medieval philosophers simply invented theories to explain the causes of natural phenomena which they did not understand.

⁴ approve.

It is a strange thing, that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land-travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries therefore be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are: the courts of princes, specially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbors; antiquities and ruins; libraries; colleges, disputations, and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities; armories; arsenals; magazines; exchanges; burses; warehouses; exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go. After all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them; yet are they not to be neglected. If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do. First, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant or tutor as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card¹ or book describing the country where he travelleth; which will be a good key to his inquiry. Let him keep also a diary. Let him not stay long in one city or town; more or less as the place deserveth, but not long; nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another; which is a great adamant² of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him, upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth; that he may use his favor in those things he desireth to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel with much profit.

¹ chart.

² lodestone.

As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel; that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors: for so in travelling in one country he shall suck the experience of many. Let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds, which are of great name abroad; that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with the fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided. They are commonly for mistresses, healths,¹ place, and words. And let a man beware how he keepeth company with cholerick and quarrelsome persons; for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him; but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth. And let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers, than forwards to tell stories; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country.

23

OF WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF

An ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd² thing in an orchard or garden. And certainly men that are great lovers of themselves waste the public. Divide with reason between self-love and society; and be so true to thyself, as thou be not false to others; specially to thy king and country. It is a poor centre of a man's actions, *himself*. It is right earth. For that only stands fast upon his own centre;³ whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the centre of another, which they benefit. The referring of all to a man's self is more tolerable in a sovereign prince; because themselves are not only themselves, but their good and evil is at the peril of the public fortune. But it is a desperate evil in a servant to a prince, or a citizen in a republic. For whatsoever affairs pass such a man's hands, he crooketh them to his own ends; which must needs be often eccentric to the ends of his master or state. Therefore let princes, or states, choose such servants as

have not this mark; except they mean their service should be made but the accessory. That which maketh the effect more pernicious is that all proportion is lost. It were disproportion enough for the servant's good to be preferred before the master's; but yet it is a greater extreme, when a little good of the servant shall carry things against a great good of the master's. And yet that is the case of bad officers, treasurers, ambassadors, generals, and other false and corrupt servants; which set a bias¹ upon their bowl, of their own petty ends and envies, to the overthrow of their master's great and important affairs. And for the most part, the good such servants receive is after the model of their own fortune; but the hurt they sell for that good is after the model of their master's fortune. And certainly it is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set an house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs; and yet these men many times hold credit with their masters, because their study is but to please them and profit themselves; and for either respect they will abandon the good of their affairs.

Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall. It is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger, who digged and made room for him. It is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour. But that which is specially to be noted is, that those which (as Cicero says of Pompey) are *sui amantes, sine rivali*² are many times unfortunate. And whereas they have all their times sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end themselves sacrifices to the inconstancy of fortune, whose wings they thought by their self-wisdom to have pinioned.

27

OF FRIENDSHIP

It had been hard for him³ that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in few words, than in that speech, *Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god*. For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards⁴ society in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine na-

¹ drinking of healths.² injurious.³ Bacon follows the Ptolemaic system of astronomy: i.e., that the earth was the center of the universe.¹ Lead put in the side of a bowling ball to prevent its rolling true.² lovers of themselves, without a rival.³ Aristotle, in his *Politics*.⁴ aversion to.

ture; except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen; as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius¹ of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company; and faces are but a gallery of pictures; and talk but a tinkling cymbal,² where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little: *Magna civitas, magna solitudo*;³ because in a great town friends are scattered; so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighborhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly that it is a mere⁴ and miserable solitude to want true friends; without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which fashions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind; you may take sarza⁵ to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flowers of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart, but a true friend; to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak: so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of

favorites, or privadoes;¹ as if it were matter of grace, or conversation. But the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them *participes curarum*;² for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned; who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants; whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner; using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height; that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's over-match. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his, against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet; for that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting. With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Cæsar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill presages; and specially a dream of Calpurnia; this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his favor was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited *verbatim* in one of Cicero's Philippics, calleth him *venefica*, *witch*; as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa (though of mean birth) to that height, as when he consulted with Mæcenas³ about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenas took the liberty to tell him, *that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life; there was no third way, he had made him so great*. With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height, as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius in a letter to him saith, *Hæc pro amicitia nostrâ non occultavi*;⁴ and the whole senate dedicated an altar to Friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearth of friendship between them

¹ All of these ancient philosophers and poets professed to love solitude. Numa was the second king of Rome; for Empedocles, the Greek philosopher and poet of Sicily (490-430 B.C.), see Matthew Arnold's poem.

² 1 Corinthians, XIII, 1.

³ A great city is great solitude.

⁴ absolute. ⁵ sarsaparilla.

¹ confidants, comrades. ² partners in cares.

³ The Roman statesman of the first century B.C., immortal as the patron of Virgil and Horace.

⁴ On account of our friendship, I have not concealed these matters (from you).

two. The like or more was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus. For he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus; and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son; and did write also in a letter to the senate, by these words: *I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live¹ me.* Now if these princes had been as a Trajan or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as an half piece, except they mought have a friend to make it entire; and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Comineus² observeth of his first master, Duke Charles³ the Hardy; namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none; and least of all, those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on and saith that towards his latter time *that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding.* Surely Comineus mought have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Lewis the Eleventh,⁴ whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras⁵ is dark, but true; *Cor ne edito: Eat not the heart.* Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is in truth of operation upon a man's mind, of like virtue as the alchemists use to attribute to their stone⁶ for man's body; that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet without praying in aid of alchemists, there is a manifest image

of this in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action; and on the other side weakeneth and dulbeth any violent impression: and even so it is of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests; but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation.

It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, *That speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.*⁷ Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel; (they indeed are best;) but even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statua or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open and falleth within vulgar² observation; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus³ saith well in one of his enigmas, *Dry light is ever the best.* And certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment; which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer. For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self; and

¹ outlive.

² The French historian, Philippe de Comines, d. 1519.

³ Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, 1433-77.

⁴ King of France, 1461-83. (He appears in Scott's *Quentin Durward*.)

⁵ The Greek mathematician of the sixth century B.C.

⁶ The philosopher's stone.

¹ i.e., when the cloth is not spread out.

² common.

³ The Greek philosopher, c. 535-475 B.C.

there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts: the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine, sometime, too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead. Observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case. But the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit, for want of a friend to tell them of them; to the great damage both of their fame and fortune: for, as St. James saith,¹ they are as men *that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favor.* As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty² letters; or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond³ and high imaginations, to think himself all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces; asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man; it is well (that is to say, better perhaps than if he asked none at all); but he runneth two dangers: one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled; for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it. The other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy; even as if you would call a physician that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind; and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconven-

ience. And therefore rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead, than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment), followeth the last fruit; which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients, to say, *that a friend is another himself*; for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart; the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him. So that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are as it were granted to him and his deputy. For he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless; I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

28

OF EXPENSE

Riches are for spending, and spending for honor and good actions. Therefore extraordinary expense must be limited by the worth of the occasion; for voluntary undoing may be as well for a man's country as for the kingdom of heaven. But ordinary expense ought to be limited by a man's estate; and governed with such regard, as it be within his compass; and not subject to deceit and

¹ James, i, 23, 24.

² In Bacon's day I and V were used for J and U.

³ foolish.

abuse of servants; and ordered to the best show, that the bills may be less than the estimation abroad. Certainly, if a man will keep but of even hand,¹ his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts; and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part. It is no baseness for the greatest to descend and look into their own estate. Some forbear it, not upon negligence alone, but doubting² to bring themselves into melancholy, in respect they shall find it broken. But wounds cannot be cured without searching. He that cannot look into his own estate at all, had need both choose well those whom he employeth, and change them often; for new are more timorous and less subtle. He that can look into his estate but seldom, it behooveth him to turn all to certainties.³ A man had need, if he be plentiful in some kind of expense, to be as saving again in some other. As if he be plentiful in diet, to be saving in apparel; if he be plentiful in the hall, to be saving in the stable; and the like. For he that is plentiful in expenses of all kinds will hardly be preserved from decay. In clearing of a man's estate, he may as well hurt himself in being too sudden, as in letting it run on too long. For hasty selling is commonly as disadvantageable as interest. Besides, he that clears at once will relapse; for finding himself out of straits, he will revert to his customs: but he that cleareth by degrees induceth a habit of frugality, and gaineth as well upon his mind as upon his estate. Certainly, who hath a state to repair, may not despise small things; and commonly it is less dishonorable to abridge petty charges, than to stoop to petty gettings. A man ought warily to begin charges which once begun will continue; but in matters that return not he may be more magnificent.

32

OF DISCOURSE

Some in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment, in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain common places and themes wherein they are good, and want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honorablest part of talk is to give the occasion; and again to moderate

and pass to somewhat else; for then a man leads the dance. It is good, in discourse and speech of conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest: for it is a dull thing to tire, and, as we say now, to jade, any thing too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity. Yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant, and to the quick. That is a vein which would be bridled;

Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris.⁴

And generally, men ought to find the difference between saltiness and bitterness. Certainly, he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge. But let his questions not be troublesome; for that is fit for a poser.² And let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak. Nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and to bring others on; as musicians use to do with those that dance too long galliards.³ If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought another time to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, *He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself*: and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace; and that is in commending virtue in another; especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch⁴ towards others should be sparingly used; for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen, of the west part of England, wherof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house; the other would ask of those that had been at

¹ balance his accounts. ² fearing.
³ fixed incomes and expenditures.

¹ From Ovid: "spare the whip, boy, and hold the reins more tightly."
² examiner. ³ vigorous French dances.
⁴ personal remarks.

the other's table, *Tell truly, was there never a flout¹ or dry blow given?* To which the guest would answer, *Such and such a thing passed.* The lord would say, *I thought he would mar a good dinner.* Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words or in good order. A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocution, shows slowness: and a good reply or second speech, without a good settled speech, showeth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts, that those that are weakest in the course are yet nimblest in the turn; as it is betwixt the greyhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances² ere one come to the matter, is wearisome; to use none at all, is blunt.

39

OF CUSTOM AND EDUCATION

Men's thoughts are much according to their inclination; their discourse and speeches according to their learning and infused opinions; but their deeds are after as they have been accustomed. And therefore, as Machiavel³ well noteth (though in an evil-favored instance), there is no trusting to the force of nature nor to the bravery of words, except it be corroborate by custom. His instance is, that for the achieving of a desperate conspiracy, a man should not rest upon the fierceness of any man's nature, or his resolute undertakings; but take such an one as hath had his hands formerly in blood. But Machiavel knew not of a Friar Clement,⁴ nor a Ravillac,⁵ nor a Jaureguy,⁶ nor a Baltazar Gerard; yet his rule holdeth still that nature, nor the engagement of words, are not so forcible as custom. Only superstition is now so well advanced, that men of the first blood are as firm as butchers by occupation; and votary⁷ resolution is made equipollent⁸ to custom even in matter of blood. In other things the predominancy of custom is everywhere visible; insomuch as a man would wonder to hear men profess, protest, engage, give great words, and then do just as they have done before; as if they were dead images, and engines moved only by the wheels of custom.

We see also the reign or tyranny of custom, what it is. The Indians¹ (I mean the sect of their wise men) lay themselves quietly upon a stack of wood, and so sacrifice themselves by fire. Nay the wives strive to be burned with the corpses of their husbands. The lads of Sparta, of ancient time, were wont to be scourged upon the altar of Diana, without so much as queching.² I remember, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's time of England, an Irish rebel condemned, put up a petition to the deputy that he might be hanged in a withe, and not in an halter; because it had been so used with former rebels. There be monks in Russia, for penance, that will sit a whole night in a vessel of water, till they be engaged with hard ice. Many examples may be put of the force of custom, both upon mind and body. Therefore, since custom is the principal magistrate of man's life, let men by all means endeavor to obtain good customs. Certainly custom is most perfect when it beginneth in young years: this we call education; which is, in effect, but an early custom. So we see, in languages the tongue is more pliant to all expressions and sounds, the joints are more supple to all feats of activity and motions, in youth than afterwards. For it is true that late learners cannot so well take the ply;³ except it be in some minds that have not suffered themselves to fix, but have kept themselves open and prepared to receive continual amendment, which is exceeding rare. But if the force of custom simple and separate be great, the force of custom copulate and conjoined and collegiate is far greater. For there example teacheth, company comforteth, emulation quickeneth, glory raiseth: so as in such places the force of custom is in his exaltation.⁴ Certainly the great multiplication of virtues upon human nature resteth upon societies well ordained and disciplined. For commonwealths and good governments do nourish virtue grown, but do not much mend the seeds. But the misery is, that the most effectual means are now applied to the ends least to be desired.

42

OF YOUTH AND AGE

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second. For there is a youth in thoughts, as well as in

¹ insult.² details.³ Machiavelli, the celebrated Italian politician, 1469-1527, author of *The Prince and Discourses*.⁴ Jacques Clément assassinated Henry III of France.⁵ François Ravillac assassinated Henry IV of France in 1610.⁶ Jaureguy attempted to assassinate William the Silent, Prince of Orange; Gérard succeeded, in 1584.⁷ vowed.⁸ equivalent.¹ i.e., Hindus; ² flinching; ³ be directed, ⁴ Astrological term; here, "at its greatest power."

ages. And yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old; and imaginations stream into their minds better, and as it were more divinely. Natures that have much heat and great and violent desires and perturbations are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years; as it was with Julius Cæsar and Septimius Severus. Of the latter of whom it is said, *Juventutem egit erroribus, imo furoribus, plenam*.¹ And yet he was the ablest emperor, almost, of all the list. But reposed natures may do well in youth. As it is seen in Augustus Cæsar, Cosmus Duke of Florence, Gaston de Foix,² and others. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business. Young men are fitter to invent than to judge; fitter for execution than for counsel; and fitter for new projects than for settled business. For the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things, abuseth³ them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly; care not to innovate,⁴ which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first; and that which doubleth all errors will not acknowledge or retract them; like an unready horse, that will neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employments of both; for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors; and, lastly, good for extern⁵ accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favor and popularity youth. But for the moral part, perhaps youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic. A certain rabbin,⁶ upon the text, *Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall*

dream dreams,⁷ inferreth that young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream. And certainly, the more a man drinketh of the world, the more it intoxicateth; and age doth profit rather in the powers of understanding, than in the virtues of the will and affections. There be some have an over-early ripeness in their years, which fadeth betimes. These are, first, such as have brittle wits, the edge whereof is soon turned; such as was Hermogenes² the rhetorician, whose books are exceeding subtle; who afterwards waxed stupid. A second sort is of those that have some natural dispositions which have better grace in youth than in age; such as is a fluent and luxuriant speech; which becomes youth well, but not age: so Tully³ saith of Hortensius,⁴ *Idem manebat, neque idem decebat*.⁵ The third is of such as take too high a strain at the first, and are magnanimous more than tract of years can uphold. As was Scipio Africanus, of whom Livy⁶ saith in effect, *Ultima primis cedebant*.⁷

47

OF NEGOTIATING

It is generally better to deal by speech than by letter; and by the mediation of a third than by a man's self. Letters are good, when a man would draw an answer by letter back again; or when it may serve for a man's justification afterwards to produce his own letter; or where it may be danger to be interrupted, or heard by pieces. To deal in person is good, when a man's face breedeth regard, as commonly with inferiors; or in tender cases, where a man's eye upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh may give him a direction how far to go; and generally, where a man will reserve to himself liberty either to disavow or to expound. In choice of instruments, it is better to choose men of a plainer sort, that are like to do that is committed to them, and to report back again faithfully the success, than those that are cunning to contrive out of other men's business somewhat to grace themselves, and will help the matter in report for satisfaction's sake. Use also such persons as affect the business wherein they are em-

¹ He passed his entire youth in errors, or rather, mad acts.

² Duc de Nemours, an able French general, killed in battle at Ravenna in 1512.

³ misleads.

⁴ i.e., they are not careful how they innovate.

⁵ outside.

⁶ rabbi

¹ Joel, II, 28.

² A Greek prodigy of the second century A.D.

³ Cicero.

⁴ A Roman orator, Cicero's contemporary.

⁵ He remained the same, when the same was no longer becoming to him.

⁶ The excellent Roman historian, 59 B.C.—17 A.D.

⁷ His last acts were not up to his first.

ployed; for that quickeneth much; and such as are fit for the matter; as bold men for expostulation, fair-spoken men for persuasion, crafty men for inquiry and observation, forward and absurd ¹ men for business that doth not well bear out itself.² Use also such as have been lucky, and prevailed before in things wherein you have employed them; for that breeds confidence, and they will strive to maintain their prescription.³ It is better to sound a person with whom one deals afar off, than to fall upon the point at first; except you mean to surprise him by some short question. It is better dealing with men in appetite,⁴ than with those that are where they would be. If a man deal with another upon conditions, the start or first performance ⁵ is all; which a man cannot reasonably demand, except either the nature of the thing be such, which must go before; or else a man can persuade the other party that he shall still need him in some other thing; or else that he be counted the honestest man. All practice ⁶ is to discover, or to work. Men discover themselves in trust, in passion, at unawares, and of necessity, when they would have somewhat done and cannot find an apt pretext. If you would work any man, you must either know his nature and fashions, and so lead him; or his ends, and so persuade him; or his weakness and disadvantages, and so awe him; or those that have interest in him, and so govern him. In dealing with cunning persons, we must ever consider their ends, to interpret their speeches; and it is good to say little to them, and that which they least look for. In all negotiations of difficulty, a man may not look to sow and reap at once; but must prepare business, and so ripen it by degrees.

50

OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth;

to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need proyning,¹ by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously;² and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy³ things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit: and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that⁴ he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty;⁵ the mathematics subtile; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores.*⁶ Nay, there is no stond⁷ or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins;⁸ shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics: for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the Schoolmen; for they are *cymini sectores*.⁹ If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

¹ unreasonable. ² justify itself.

³ reputation, i.e., of being lucky.

⁴ eager, ambitious.

⁵ i.e., which of the two men shall carry out his agreement first.

⁶ dealing

¹ pruning, cultivating.

³ tasteless.

⁵ Poets make men witty, i.e., full of fancy, imaginative.

⁶ Studies develop into manners (Ovid).

⁷ obstruction.

⁸ kidneys.

⁹ hair-splitters.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LYRICS

GEORGE WITHER

(1588-1667)

Wither was a militant Puritan, but far from somber or bigoted. His steadily increasing reputation as a poet is based upon his keen satire, *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, 1613; his pastorals, *The Shepherd's Hunting*, 1615, and *Fair Virtue*, 1622; and his religious lyrics, published under the title of *Hallelujah* in 1641. As a poet he displays genuine lyrical feeling. The poems here given display his lighter mood.

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May! 5
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined,
'Cause I see a woman kind? 10
Or a well disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle dove, or pelican!
If she be not so to me, 15
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well deserving known,
Make me quite forget mine own? 20
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her, name of best!
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high, 25
Shall I play the fool, and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think "What, with them, they would do
That, without them, dare to woo!" 30
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair!
If she love me (this believe!) 35
I will die, ere she shall grieve!
If she slight me, when I woo,
I can scorn, and let her go!

For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be? 40

I LOVED A LASS

I loved a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen;
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba Queen.
But, fool as then I was, 5
I thought she loved me too;
But now, alas! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo!

Her hair like gold did glisten,
Each eye was like a star, 10
She did surpass her sister,
Which passed all others far.
She would me honey call,
She'd — O she'd kiss me too!
But now, alas! she's left me, 15
Falero, lero, loo!

Many a merry meeting
My love and I have had;
She was my only sweetening,
She made my heart full glad. 20
The tears stood in her eyes
Like to the morning dew:
But now, alas! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo!

Her cheeks were like the cherry, 25
Her skin was white as snow;
When she was blithe and merry
She angel-like did show;
Her waist exceeding small,
The fives did fit her shoe: 30
But now alas! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo!

In summer time or winter
She had her heart's desire;
I still did scorn to stint her 35
From sugar, sack, or fire;
The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew:
But now, alas! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo! 40

To maidens' vows and swearing
Henceforth no credit give;
You may give them the hearing,
But never them believe;
They are as false as fair, 45
Unconstant, frail, untrue:

For mine, alas! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo!

WILLIAM BROWNE

(1591-1643)

Aside from a few pure lyrics, Browne is remembered for his long poem, *Britannia's Pastorals*, 1613, which describes the natural beauties of England. His spirit and temper foreshadow James Thomson of *The Seasons* and *The Castile of Indolence*.

FOR HER GAIT, IF SHE BE WALKING

For her gait, if she be walking;
Be she sitting, I desire her
For her state's sake; and admire her
For her wit if she be talking;
Gait and state and wit approve her; 5
For which all and each I love her.

Be she sullen, I commend her
For a modest. Be she merry,
For a kind one her prefer I.
Briefly, everything doth lend her 10
So much grace, and so approve her,
That for everything I love her.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE¹

Underneath this sable hearse²
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair and learned and good as she, 5
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Marble piles let no man raise
To her name; for after days
Some kind woman, born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe³ 10
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

THOMAS CAREW

(1598?-1639?)

Among the Cavalier poets, who, like Herrick, sang melodiously of the less serious side of life,

¹ Sir Philip Sidney's sister, to whom he dedicated his *Arcadia*.

² tomb.

³ When Niobe was mourning the death of her children, Zeus changed her to stone.

Carew holds a deservedly high place. His lyrics are musical and delicately beautiful. Most of them were published in a collected edition after his death.

SONG

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient¹ deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray 5
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past; 10
For in your sweet dividing² throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night; 15
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phoenix³ builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies. 20

PERSUASIONS TO JOY: A SONG

If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish and anon must die;
If every sweet and every grace
Must fly from that forsaken face:
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys 5
Ere Time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade: 10
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What, still being gathered, still must
grow.

Thus either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

INGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED

Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown.

¹ bright. ² singing. ³ see footnote, p. 329.

Thou hadst in the forgotten crowd
 Of common beauties lived unknown,
 Had not my verse extolled thy name, 5
 And with it imp'd¹ the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine;
 I gave it to thy voice and eyes;
 Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
 Thou art my star, shinest in my skies; 10
 Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
 Lightning on him that fixed thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
 Lest what I made I uncreate;
 Let fools thy mystic form adore, 15
 I know thee in thy mortal state.
 Wise poets, that wrapt Truth in tales,
 Knew her themselves through all her veils.

THE UNFADING BEAUTY

He that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires:
 As old Time makes these decay, 5
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires. 10
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

EPITAPH

This little vault, this narrow room,
 Of love and beauty is the tomb;
 The dawning beam, that 'gan to clear
 Our clouded sky, lies darkened here,
 For ever set to us: by death 5
 Sent to enflame the world beneath.
 'Twas but a bud, yet did contain
 More sweetness than shall spring again;
 A budding star, that might have grown
 Into a sun when it had blown. 10
 This hopeful beauty did create
 New life in love's declining state;
 But now his empire ends, and we
 From fire and wounding darts are free.
 His brand, his bow, let no man fear: 15
 The flames, the arrows, all lie here.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT (1606-1668)

Davenant, who boasted that he was a son of Shakespeare, is chiefly important as a link between the theater of 1642 and the new theater of 1660, with its actresses, elaborate, movable scenery, music, heroic couplets, three unities, and gigantic themes of love and honor. While imprisoned in the Tower, he wrote his ponderous heroic poem, *Gondibert*, 1652, after the French manner. In 1656, before the theaters were legally opened, he produced *The Siege of Rhodes*, the first English opera. Thereafter he managed a theater, staging more than a score of his own plays among others; collaborating with Dryden in a new version of *The Tempest* (in which, to add to the spectacle, they had two islands); and guiding the fortunes of the new heroic drama generally. His lyrics alone have lasted, although in his life Davenant enjoyed great popularity as a writer.

SONG

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
 And climbing shakes his dewy wings,
 He takes this window for the East,
 And to implore your light he sings:
 Awake, awake! the morn will never rise 5
 Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
 The ploughman from the sun his season
 takes;
 But still the lover wonders what they are
 Who look for day before his mistress
 wakes. 10
 Awake, awake! break through your veils of
 lawn!
 Then draw your curtains, and begin the
 dawn!

TO A MISTRESS DYING

Lover. Your beauty, ripe and calm and
 fresh
 As eastern summers are,
 Must now, forsaking time and flesh,
 Add light to some small star.

Philosopher. Whilst she yet lives, were
 stars decayed, 5
 Their light by hers relief might find;
 But Death will lead her to a shade
 Where Love is cold and Beauty blind.

Lover. Lovers, whose priests all poets are,
 Think every mistress, when she dies,

¹ To imp, in falconry, was to mend a wing by fastening on additional feathers.

Is changed at least into a star:
And who dares doubt the poets wise?

Philosopher. But ask not bodies doomed to die

To what abode they go;
Since Knowledge is but Sorrow's spy, 15
It is not safe to know.

EDMUND WALLER

(1606-1687)

Waller has written some of the best artificial poems of the Restoration period, most of them addressed to "Sacharissa," his first love. They are notable for their wit and delicate fancy. Though of a prominent Royalist family, a graduate of Cambridge, Waller served Cromwell. Later he took the side of King Charles and was forced into exile in France. After 1660 he usually managed to keep a seat in Parliament or a position at court, frequently at the expense of turning against a friend or making himself abjectly servile.

GO, LOVELY ROSE!

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be. 5

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died. 10

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired. 15

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair! 20

ON A GIRDLE

That which her slender waist confined,
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere, 5
The pale which held that lovely deer;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair; 10
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round!

TO PHYLLIS

Phyllis, why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies, 5
And our youth before us dies;
Or would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time;
Change in love to heaven does climb; 10
Gods that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phyllis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two.
Let not you and I inquire 15
What has been our past desire;
On what shepherds you have smiled,
Or what nymphs I have beguiled;
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do; 20
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

OLD AGE

The seas are quiet when the winds give
o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to
boast

Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes 5
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and de-
cayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time
hath made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home. 10
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they
view

That stand upon the threshold of the new.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

(1609-1642)

Suckling, a knight and son of a knight, well-to-do, happy-go-lucky favorite of the king, author of four forgotten plays, lives in English literature for his carefree, witty, graceful songs.

A DOUBT OF MARTYRDOM

O for some honest lover's ghost,
Some kind unbodied post
Sent from the shades below!
I strangely long to know
Whether the noble chaplets wear, 5
Those that their mistress' scorn did bear
Or those that were used kindly.

For whatsoe'er they tell us here
To make those sufferings dear,
'Twill there, I fear, be found 10
That to the being crowned
T' have loved alone will not suffice,
Unless we also have been wise
And have our loves enjoyed.

What posture can we think him in 15
That, here unloved, again
Departs, and 's thither gone
Where each sits by his own?
Or how can that Elysium be
Where I my mistress still must see 20
Circled in other's arms?

For there the judges all are just,
And Sophonisba ¹ must
Be his whom she held dear,
Not his who loved her here. 25
The sweet Philoclea, ² since she died,
Lies by her Pirocles ² his side,
Not by Amphialus. ²

Some bays, perchance, or myrtle bough
For difference crowns the brow 30
Of those kind souls that were
The noble martyrs here;
And if that be the only odds
(As who can tell?), ye kinder gods,
Give me the woman here! 35

THE CONSTANT LOVER

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together!
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

¹ Of Carthage, who married Masinissa after the latter had defeated her husband, Syphax.

² Characters in Sidney's *Arcadia*.

Time shall moult away his wings, 5
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me: 10
Love with me had made no stays, ¹
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this 15
A dozen dozen in her place.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale? 5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute? 10

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her! 15

RICHARD CRASHAW

(1613?-1649)

A Puritan by birth and a graduate of Cambridge, Crashaw became a Catholic, living in France and Italy, and dying a priest of the Church. Crashaw was both a scholar and a poet. As a poet he was usually mystical. In his fondness for involved imagery, he is like Donne; in his religious poetry, which forms the greater part of his verse, he resembles Herbert. His most important volume is *Steps to the Temple*, 1646.

WISHES TO HIS SUPPOSED
MISTRESS

Whoe'er she be —
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me:

¹ stops.

- Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye 5
In shady leaves of destiny:
- Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth:
- Till that divine 10
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:
- Meet you her, my wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye called my absent kisses. 15
- I wish her beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glistening shoe-tie:
- Something more than
Taffeta or tissue can, 20
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.
- More than the spoil
Of shop, or silkworm's toil,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile.
- A face, that's best 25
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone commend the rest.
- A face, made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope. 30
- A cheek, where youth
And blood, with pen of truth,
Write what the reader sweetly ru'th.
- A cheek, where grows
More than a morning rose, 35
Which to no box his being owes.
- Lips, where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away:
- Looks, that oppress 40
Their richest tires, but dress
And clothe their simplest nakedness.
- Eyes, that displace
The neighbour diamond, and outface
That sunshine by their own sweet grace. 45
- Tresses, that wear
Jewels but to declare
How much themselves more precious are:
- Whose native ray
Can tame the wanton day 50
Of gems that in their bright shades play.
- Each ruby there,
Or pearl that dare appear,
Be its own blush, be its own tear.
- A well-tamed heart, 55
For whose more noble smart
Love may be long choosing a dart.
- Eyes, that bestow
Full quivers on love's bow,
Yet pay less arrows than they owe. 60
- Smiles, that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm,
That chastity shall take no harm.
- Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin, 65
Nor flames of aught too hot within.
- Joys, that confess
Virtue their mistress,
And have no other head to dress.
- Fears, fond¹ and flight² 70
As the coy bride's, when night
First does the longing lover right.
- Tears, quickly fled,
And vain, as those are shed
For a dying maidenhead. 75
- Days, that need borrow
No part of their good-morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.
- Days, that in spite
Of darkness, by the light 80
Of a clear mind, are day all night.
- Nights, sweet as they,
Made short by lovers' play,
Yet long by th' absence of the day.
- Life, that dares send 85
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, "Welcome, friend!"
- Sydneian³ showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers. 90

¹ foolish.² quickly disappearing.³ Sir Philip Sidney's.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns; shady bowers;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Whate'er delight
Can make Day's forehead bright, 95
Or give down to the wings of Night.

In her whole frame
Have nature all the name,
Art and ornament the shame.

Her flattery, 100
Picture and poesy;
Her counsel her own virtue be.

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish — no more. 105

Now, if Time knows
That her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her, whose just bays
My future hopes can raise, 110
A trophy to her present praise;

Her, that dares be
What these lines wish to see;
I seek no further, it is she.

'Tis she, and here, 115
Lo! I unclothe and clear
My wishes' cloudy character.

May she enjoy it
Whose merit dare apply it,
But modesty dares still deny it! 120

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye; 125
Be ye my fictions — but her story.

RICHARD LOVELACE

(1618–1658)

Lovelace, an ardent Royalist, an Oxford graduate, spent his fortune, and much time in prison, for King Charles. He is the type of cavalier pictured by Browning in *Cavalier Lyrics* and by Sir Walter Scott in *Here's a Health to King*

Charles. His best lyrics deal with loyalty in love and war.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase, 5
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou too shalt adore: 10
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair 5
And fettered to her eye,
The gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,¹ 10
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tinkle in the deep 15
Know no such liberty,

When, like committed² linnets, I
With shriller throat will sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king; 20
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make, 25
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free, 30
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

1 i.e., water. 2 caged.

ANDREW MARVELL

(1621-1678)

From the time of his graduation from Cambridge to his death Marvell gave his time mainly to politics: holding a seat in Parliament; assisting Milton when the latter was Latin Secretary; and writing articles, often bitter but always keen, in favor of representative government. It is a tribute to Marvell's integrity and sociability that in spite of his political opposition he remained a friend of Charles II, who offered him sinecures, which Marvell regularly refused. Marvell's prose far outweighs in bulk his verse, but good as it is, it does not approach in greatness the few poems that he wrote. The best of Marvell's lyrics are unsurpassed.

HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

The forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust, 5
And oil the unused armor's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease 10
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urged his active star;

And like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nursed,
Did through his own side 15
His fiery way divide;

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy;
And with such, to enclose 20
Is more than to oppose;

Then burning through the air he went
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame 25
The face of angry heaven's flame;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reserved and austere, 30

(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,¹)

Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old 35
Into another mould;

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain —
But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak; 40

Nature, that hateth emptiness,²
Allows of penetration³ less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war 45
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton⁴ shows what part
He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope 50
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case,

That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn:
While round the armed bands 55
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try; 60

Nor called the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

— This was that memorable hour 65
Which first assured the forced power:⁵
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,⁶

A bleeding head,⁷ where they begun, •
Did fright the architects to run; 70
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate!

1 A kind of pear-tree. 2 a vacuum.

3 penetrability of matter.

4 Hampton Court, the royal residence near Richmond, outside London, from which Charles fled to Carisbrooke Castle.

5 The Commonwealth. 6 Foundations of Rome.

7 Found, according to tradition, during the digging.

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
So much one man can do 75
That does both act and know.

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain 120
A power, must it maintain.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confessed
How good he is, how just 80
And fit for highest trust.

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand —
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey!

He to the Commons' feet presents 85
A kingdom ¹ for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame, to make it theirs:

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the public's skirt. 90
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure, 95
The falconer has her sure.

— What may not then our isle presume
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year? 100 4

As Cæsar he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric ² be.

The Pict ³ no shelter now shall find 105
Within his parti-colored ⁴ mind,
But from this valor sad
Shrink underneath the plaid —

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake, ⁵ 110
Nor lay ⁶ his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and Fortune's son,
March indefatigably on;
And for the last effect 115
Still keep the sword erect.

Had we but world ¹ enough, and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side 5
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse 10
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast, 15
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, Lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate. 20

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found, 25
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long preserved virginity,
And your quaint honor turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust: 30
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires 35
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapped ² 40
power.

Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life:
Thus, though we cannot make our sun 45
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

¹ Ireland. ² dangerous, decisive. ³ Scot.
⁴ Variegated, as his plaid.
⁵ miss. ⁶ lay in = send in.

¹ i.e., space.

² slowly crushing.

THE GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze,¹
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
 And their incessant labors see
 Crowned from some single herb or tree,
 Whose short and narrow-verged² shade 5
 Does prudently their toils upbraid,
 While all the flowers and trees do close
 To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
 And Innocence, thy sister dear? 10
 Mistaken long, I sought you then
 In busy companies of men.
 Your sacred plants, if here below,
 Only among the plants will grow;
 Society is all but rude. 15
 To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
 So amorous³ as this lovely green.
 Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
 Cut in these trees their mistress' name. 20
 Little, alas! they know or heed
 How far these beauties hers exceed!
 Fair trees! wheres'e'r your barks I wound,
 No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat, 25
 Love hither makes his best retreat.
 The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
 Still in a tree did end their race;
 Apollo hunted Daphne so,
 Only that she might laurel grow; 30
 And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
 Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
 Ripe apples drop about my head;
 The luscious clusters of the vine 35
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
 The nectarine and curious⁴ peach
 Into my hands themselves do reach;
 Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
 Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass. 40

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
 Withdraws into its happiness;
 The mind, that ocean where each kind
 Does straight its own resemblance find;
 Yet it creates, transcending these, 45
 Far other worlds, and other seas,
 Annihilating all that's made
 To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
 Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root, 50
 Casting the body's vest⁵ aside,
 My soul into the boughs does glide;
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
 Then whets and combs its silver wings,
 And, till prepared for longer flight, 55
 Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
 While man there walked without a mate;
 After a place so pure and sweet,
 What other help could yet be meet! 60
 But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
 To wander solitary there:
 Two paradises 'twere in one,
 To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew, 65
 Of flowers and herbs this dial² new!
 Where, from above, the milder sun
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
 And, as it works, the industrious bee
 Computes its time as well as we! 70
 How could such sweet and wholesome
 hours
 Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers!

AN EPITAPH

Enough; and leave the rest to Fame!
 'Tis to commend her, but to name.
 Courtship which, living, she declined,
 When dead, to offer were unkind;
 Nor can the truest wit, or friend, 5
 Without detracting, her commend.

To say — she lived a virgin chaste
 In this age loose and all unlaced;
 Nor was, when vice is so allowed,
 Of virtue or ashamed or proud; 10
 That her soul was on Heaven so bent,
 No minute but it came and went;
 That, ready her last debt to pay,
 She summed her life up every day;
 Modest as morn, as mid-day bright, 15
 Gentle as evening, cool as night:
 — 'Tis true; but all too weakly said.
 'Twas more significant, she's dead.

HENRY VAUGHAN

(1622-1695)

Vaughan is a follower of Herbert as a writer
 of religious lyrics, but with an imagination and

1 perplex, worry.
 3 beautiful.

2 of a narrow margin
 4 delicious.

1 vestment, covering.
 2 i.e., a clock made of flowers.

lyrical power that is all his own. Little is known of his life. He attended Oxford, and later settled down at Newton-by-Usk. He called himself "the Silurist," after the old name of the place in Wales where he was born. His best work is contained in *Silex Scintillans* (Sparkling Flint), 1650, and *Olor Iscanus* (The Swan of Usk), 1651. The best known of his poems is *The Retreat*, partly because of the marked similarity between it and Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*.

THE RETREAT

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,¹
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense,
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O, how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlightened spirit sees
That shady city² of palm trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

THE WORLD

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days,
years,
Driv'n by the spheres,

¹ existence.

² Paradise.

Like a vast shadow moved, in which the
world
And all her train were hurled.
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain;
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his
flights,
Wit's four delights,
With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of
pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure,
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights
and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there so
slow,
He did not stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts, like sad eclipses,
scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digged the mole, and, lest his ways be
found,
Worked under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey; but one did
see
That policy;
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rained about him blood and tears, but he
Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sat pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece above, but
lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
And hugged each one his pelf;
The downright epicure placed heaven in
sense.
And scorned pretence;
While others, slipt into a wide excess,
Said little less:
The weaker sort, slight, trivial wares en-
slave,
Who think them brave;
And poor, despised Truth sat counting by
Their victory.
Yet some, who all this while did weep and
sing,
And sing and weep, soared up into the
ring:

But most would use no wing.
 O fools, said I, thus to prefer dark night
 Before true light! 50
 To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
 Because it shows the way,
 The way, which from this dead and dark
 abode
 Leads up to God;
 A way there you might tread the sun, and
 be 55
 More bright than he!
 But, as I did their madness so discuss,
 One whispered thus:
 "This ring the Bridegroom did for none pro-
 vide,
 But for his bride." 60

DEPARTED FRIENDS

They are all gone into the world of light!
 And I alone sit lingering here;
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast, 5
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is
 drest,
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days; 10
 My days, which are at best but dull and
 hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility,
 High as the heavens above!

These are your walks, and you have showed
 them me, 15
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death! the jewel of the just,
 Shining nowhere, but in the dark,
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man outlook that mark! 20

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest
 may know
 At first sight if the bird be flown;
 But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams 25
 Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
 So some strange thoughts transcend our
 wonted themes,
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
 The captive flames must needs burn
 there; 30
 But when the hand that locked her up gives
 room,
 She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under Thee,
 Resume Thy spirit from this world of
 thrall 35
 Into true liberty!

Either disperse these mists, which blot and
 fill
 My perspective still as they pass;
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
 Where I shall need no glass. 40

JOHN DONNE (1573-1631)

John Donne became famous both as a vigorous, influential poet and as a stirring preacher. He was born a Roman Catholic. He studied at Oxford and Cambridge, and later read law at Lincoln's Inn. After a careful, analytical study of religious questions, he joined the Church of England. In 1610 he took orders, and in 1621 he was appointed Dean of St. Paul's in London. Here his sermons, which are still good reading, brought him a great reputation. The best of his poems appeared in *The Progress of the Soul*, 1601, *An Anatomy of the World*, 1611, *Epithalamium*, 1613, and *Divine Poems*. These were reprinted in numerous collected editions after his death.

Donne is a difficult, but interesting and original poet, who delighted in the use of "conceits" or intricate figures of speech. This practice, strong among the Elizabethan poets, he carried on to highly artificial, often ludicrous, conclusions. In his intellectuality, directness, and, at times, grotesqueness, Donne is much like Browning. Because of his definite accomplishment and wide influence he towers above British minor poets.

The definitive edition of Donne's poems is H. J. C. Grierson's, in two volumes (Oxford University Press).

SONG

Go and catch a fa'lling star,
 Get with child a mandrake ¹ root,
 Tell me where all times past are,
 Or who cleft the Devil's foot;
 Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
 Or to keep off envy's stinging,
 And find
 What wind

Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
 Things invisible go see,
 Ride ten thousand days and nights
 Till age snow white hairs on thee;
 Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
 All strange wonders that befell thee,
 And swear
 No where

Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one let me know,
 Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
 Yet do not, I would not go,
 Though at next door we might meet;
 Though she were true when you met her,
 And last till you write your letter,
 Yet she
 Will be

False, ere I come, to two or three.

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING
MOURNING

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
 And whisper to their souls to go,
 Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
 "Now his breath goes," and some say "No";

So let us meet and make no noise,
 No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
 'Twere profanation of our joys,
 To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' Earth brings harm and fears,
 Men reckon what it did and meant;
 But trepidation of the spheres,
 Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love,
 (Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
 Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
 The thing which elemented ² it.

¹ The mandragora, a root to which many superstitions were attached.
² formed, caused.

But we by a love so far refined,
 That ourselves know not what it is,
 Inter-assured of the mind,
 Careless eyes, lips, and hands, to miss; 20

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
 Though I must go, endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so 25
 As stiff twin compasses are two,
 Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
 Yet when the other far doth roam, 30
 It leans and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
 Like th' other foot, obliquely run,
 Thy firmness makes my circle just, 35
 And makes me end where I begun.

THE INDIFFERENT

I can love both fair and brown;
 Her whom abundance melts, and her whom
 want betrays;
 Her who loves loneliness best, and her who
 masks and plays;
 Her whom the country formed, and whom
 the town;
 Her who believes, and her who tries; 5
 Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
 And her who is dry cork and never cries.
 I can love her, and her, and you, and you;
 I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you? 10
 Will it not serve your turn to do as did your
 mothers?
 Or have you all old vices spent and now
 would find out others?

Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?
 O we are not, be not you so;
 Let me — and do you — twenty know; 15
 Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.
 Must I, who came to travel thorough you,
 Grow your fixed subject, because you are
 true?

Venus heard me sigh this song;
 And by love's sweetest part, variety, she
 swore, 20
 She heard not this till now; it should be so no
 more.

She went, examined, and returned ere long,
 And said, "Alas! some two or three
 Poor heretics in love there be,
 Which think to stablsh dangerous con-
 stancy. 25
 But I have told them, 'Since you will be
 true,
 You shall be true to them, who're false to
 you.'"

SONG

Sweetest love, I do not go
 For weariness of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter love for me;
 But since that I 5
 At the last must part, 'tis best
 Thus to use myself in jest,
 By feigned deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
 And yet is here to-day; 10
 He hath no desire nor sense,
 Nor half so short a way;
 Then fear not me,
 But believe that I shall make
 Speedier journeys, since I take 15
 More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
 That, if good fortune fall,
 Cannot add another hour,
 Nor a last hour recall; 20
 But come bad chance,
 And we join to it our strength,
 And we teach it art and length,
 Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not
 wind, 25
 But sigh'st my soul away;
 When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
 My life's blood doth decay:
 It cannot be
 That thou lovest me as thou say'st, 30
 If in thine my life thou waste,
 That art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
 Forethink me any ill;
 Destiny may take thy part
 And may thy fears fulfil.
 But think that we
 Are but turned aside to sleep:
 They who one another keep
 Alive, ne'er parted be.

DEATH

Death, be not proud, though some have
 called thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
 For those whom thou think'st thou dost
 overthrow
 Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill
 me.
 From Rest and Sleep, which but thy pictures
 be,
 Much pleasure, then from thee much more
 must flow;
 And soonest our best men with thee do go,
 Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!
 Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and
 desperate men,
 And dost with poison, war, and sickness
 dwell; 10
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as
 well
 And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st
 thou then?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And Death shall be no more: Death, thou
 shalt die!

THE FUNERAL

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
 Nor question much
 That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm;
 The mystery, the sign you must not touch,
 For 'tis my outward soul,
 Viceroy to that which, unto heav'n being
 gone,
 Will leave this to control
 And keep these limbs, her provinces, from
 dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
 Through every part 10
 Can tie those parts, and make me one of all;
 Those hairs, which upward grew, and
 strength and art
 Have from a better brain,
 Can better do't: except she meant that I
 By this should know my pain, 15
 As prisoners then are manacled, when they're
 condemned to die.

35 Whate'er she meant by't, bury it with me,
 For since I am
 Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
 If into others' hands these reliques came. 20
 As 'twas humility
 40 T' afford to it all that a soul can do,

So 'tis some bravery
That, since you would have none of me, I
bury some of you.

THE CANONIZATION

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me
love;

Or chide my palsy, or my gout;
My five gray hairs, or ruined fortune flout;
With wealth your state, your mind with arts
improve;

Take you a course, get you a place, 5
Observe his Honor, or his Grace;
Or the king's real, or his stamped face
Contemplate; what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas! alas! who's injured by my love? 10
What merchant's ships have my sighs
drowned?

Who says my tears have overflowed his
ground?

When did my colds a forward spring remove?

When did the heats which my veins fill
Add one more to the plaguy bill? 15

Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call 's what you will, we are made such by
love;

Call her one, me another fly; 20
We're tapers too, and at our own cost die,
And we in us find th' eagle and the dove.

The phoenix¹ riddle hath more wit
By us; we two being one, are it;

So, to one neutral thing both sexes fit. 25
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tomb or hearse,

Our legend be, it will be fit for verse; 30
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;

As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,

And by these hymns all shall approve 35
Us canonized for love;

And thus invoke us: "You, whom reverend
love

Made one another's hermitage;

You, to whom love was peace, that now is
rage;

Who did the whole world's soul contract, and
drove 40

Into the glasses of your eyes;

So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize,

Countries, towns, courts, beg from above.
A pattern of your love." 45

LOVE'S DEITY

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost.

Who died before the god of love was born.

I cannot think that he who then loved most

Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn.

But since this god produced a destiny, 5

And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be,

I must love her that loves not me.

Sure they which made him god, meant not so
much,

Nor he in his young godhead practised it.

But when an even flame two hearts did
touch, 10

His office was indulgently to fit

Actives to passives. Correspondency

Only his subject was; it cannot be

Love, till I love her who loves me.

But every modern god will now extend 15

His vast prerogative as far as Jove.

To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,

All is the purlieu of the god of love.

O, were we wakened by this tyranny

To ungod this child again, it could not be 20

I should love her who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I,
As though I felt the worst that love could
do?

Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me
too: 25

Which, since she loves before, I'm loth to see.

Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must
be,

If she whom I love, should love me.

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,

Which was my sin, though it were done
before?

Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I
run,

And do run still, though still I do deplore?

¹ The Phoenix, symbol of immortality, was supposed, after living centuries, to burn itself in a nest of spices, and then to rise from the ashes.

When thou hast done, thou hast not done; 5
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sins their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score? 10
When thou hast done, thou hast not done;
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the
shore;
But swear by thyself that at my death thy
son 15
Shall shine as he shines now and heretofore;
And having done that, thou hast done;
I fear no more.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674)

The life of Herrick, foremost of the so-called "sons of Ben," is a series of apparently antithetical sequences. Born in Cheapside, London, in August, 1591, the son of a goldsmith, he was apprenticed at sixteen to his uncle, Sir William Herrick, who was likewise a goldsmith. At twenty-one he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, taking his B.A. in 1616. A dozen years later, after a convivial, or at least carefree, life in London with Ben Jonson and other poets, he took orders and received from King Charles the parish of Dean Prior in Devonshire. With the coming of the Commonwealth in 1647 he lost this living and returned to London. In this year he published his first book of verse, *Noble Numbers, or Pious Pieces*. In 1648 there followed immediately *Hesperides, or Works both Human and Divine*, and a one-volume edition of both books. With the Restoration in 1660, Herrick was given Dean Prior again, where he spent the rest of his life. He died in 1674, and was buried in his church.

Herrick is a direct descendant in literature of Anacreon, Horace, and Catullus, and of their follower in verse, Ben Jonson. He treats light subjects with consummate lyrical skill and an originality that is inimitable.

An excellent edition of the *Hesperides*, edited by H. P. Horne, with a biography of Herrick by Ernest Rhys, may be found in The Canterbury Poets series, Walter Scott Publishing Company. The complete poems may be found in the Muses Library, two volumes, edited by A. Pollard, with a preface by Swinburne.

THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and
bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts,¹ wassails,²
wakes,³
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal
cakes.
I write of Youth, of Love, and have access 5
By these, to sing of cleanly wantonness;
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris;
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white; 10
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the Fairy King.
I write of Hell; I sing and ever shall,
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

WHEN HE WOULD HAVE HIS VERSES READ

In sober mornings do not thou rehearse
The holy incantation of a verse;

¹ The last cart loaded at harvest time.
² drinking-bouts. ³ parish holidays.

But when that men have both well drunk and
fed,
Let my enchantments then be sung or read.
When laurel spirits i' th' fire, and when the
hearth 5
Smiles to itself and gilds the roof with mirth;
When up the thyrses¹ is raised, and when the
sound
Of sacred orgies flies, "a round, a round;"²
When the rose reigns, and locks with oint-
ments shine,
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine. 10

UPON THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESSES

I have lost, and lately, these
Many dainty mistresses:
Stately Julia, prime of all;
Sapho next, a principal;
Smooth Anthea, for a skin 5
White and heaven-like crystalline;
Sweet Electra, and the choice
Myrha, for the lute and voice.
Next, Corinna, for her wit,
And the graceful use of it; 10

¹ A staff twined with ivy, — a symbol of Bacchus.
² i.e., "let's dance."

With Perilla: all are gone,
Only Herrick's left alone,
For to number sorrow by
Their departures hence, and die.

CHERRY-RIPE

Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow? I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land, or cherry isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year, where cherries grow.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming
morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept and bowed toward the
east
Above an hour since; yet you not dressed;
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis
sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in
May.
Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh
and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair:
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come,¹ some orient pearls un-
wept;
Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan² on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in
praying:
Few beads³ are best, when once we go
a-Maying.

¹ for your arrival. ² The sun. ³ prayers.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming
mark
How each field turns a street,¹ each street a
park
Made green and trimmed with trees; see
how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch: each porch, each door, ere
this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn, neatly inter-
wove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields and we not see 't?
Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by
staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.
There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden
home.
Some have despatched their cakes and
cream
Before that we have left² to dream;
And some have wept, and wooed, and
plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off
sloth:
Many a green-gown³ has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked, yet we're
not a-Maying.
Come, let us go while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time!
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And, as a vapor or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again.
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but
decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying

¹ i.e., is crowded.

² ceased.

³ i.e., many a maid has been thrown upon the grass.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun, 5
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer; 10
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For, having lost but once your prime, 15
You may forever tarry.

TO ANTHERA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant¹ to be:
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind, 5
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honor thy decree: 10
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see:
And having none, yet will I keep 15
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare 20
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

HIS REQUEST TO JULIA

Julia, if I chance to die
Ere I print my poetry,
I most humbly thee desire
To commit it to the fire:
Better 'twere my book were dead, 5
Than to live not perfected.

A LYRIC TO MIRTH

While the milder fates consent,
Let's enjoy our merriment;
Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play,
Kiss our dollies¹ night and day;
Crowned with clusters of the vine, 5
Let us sit and quaff our wine;
Call on Bacchus, chant his praise,
Shake the thyrses and bite the bays;
Rouse Anacreon from the dead,
And return him drunk to bed; 10
Sing o'er Horace; for ere long
Death will come and mar the song:
Then shall Wilson and Gotiere²
Never sing or play more here.

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.
Next, when I cast mine eyes, and see
That brave vibration, each way free, 5
O, how that glittering taketh me!

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE

Fill me a mighty bowl
Up to the brim;
That I may drink
Unto my Jonson's soul.

Crown it again, again; 5
And thrice repeat
That happy heat,
To drink to thee, my Ben.

Well I can quaff, I see,
To th' number five, 10
Or nine, but thrive
In frenzy ne'er like thee.

¹ confirmed admirer.

¹ sweethearts.

² Composers living in Herrick's day.

TO SILVIA

Pardon my trespass, Silvia; I confess
 My kiss outwent the bounds of shamefaced-
 ness:
 None is discreet at all times; no, not Jove
 Himself, at one time, can be wise and love.

TO LIVE MERRILY, AND TO
TRUST TO GOOD VERSES

Now is the time for mirth,
 Nor cheek or tongue be dumb;
 For with the flow'ry earth,
 The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come; 5
 For now each tree does wear,
 Made of her pap and gum,
 Rich beads of amber here.

Now reigns the Rose, and now
 Th' Arabian dew besmears 10
 My uncontrolled brow,
 And my retorted¹ hairs.

Homer,² this health to thee,
 In sack of such a kind,
 That it would make thee see, 15
 Though thou wert ne'er so blind.

Next, Virgil I'll call forth,
 To pledge this second health
 In wine whose each cup's worth
 An Indian commonwealth. 20

A goblet next I'll drink
 To Ovid; and suppose
 Made he the pledge, he'd think
 The world had all *one nose*.³

Then this immensive cup 25
 Of aromatic wine,
 Catullus, I quaff up
 To that terse muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat;
 O Bacchus, cool thy rays! 30
 Or frantic I shall eat
 Thy thyrses, and bite the bays.

Round, round, the roof does run;
 And being ravished thus,

Come, I will drink a tun
 To my Propertius. 35

Now to Tibullus next,
 This flood I drink to thee:
 But stay, I see a text,
 That this presents to me. 40

Behold! Tibullus lies
 Here burnt, whose small return
 Of ashes scarce suffice
 To fill a little urn.

Trust to good verses then; 45
 They only will aspire,
 When pyramids, as men,
 Are lost i' th' funeral fire;

And when all bodies meet
 In Lethe, to be drowned; 50
 Then only numbers sweet
 With endless life are crowned.

UPON MISTRESS SUSANNA
SOUTHWELL HER FEET

Her pretty feet
 Like snails did creep
 A little out, and then,
 As if they played at bo-peep,
 Did soon draw in again. 5

TO ELECTRA

I dare not ask a kiss;
 I dare not beg a smile;
 Lest having that or this,
 I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share 5
 Of my desire shall be
 Only to kiss that air
 That lately kissed thee.

TO MUSIC, TO BECALM HIS
FEVER

Charm me asleep, and melt me so
 With thy delicious numbers,
 That being ravished, hence I go
 Away in easy slumbers.
 Ease my sick head,
 And make my bed,

¹ disheveled.

² This poem gives a good idea of Herrick's favorite classical poets. To the list should be added Anacreon and Horace.

³ A reference to Ovid's name, Naso.

Thou power that canst sever
 From me this ill,
 And quickly still,
 Though thou not kill 15
 My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
 From a consuming fire
 Into a gentle-licking flame,
 And make it thus expire; 15
 Then make me weep
 My pains asleep,
 And give me such repose,
 That I, poor I,
 May think, thereby, 20
 I live and die
 'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
 Or like those maiden showers
 Which, by the peep of day, do strew 25
 A bapti'm o'er the flowers.
 Melt, melt my pains,
 With thy soft strains,
 That having ease me given,
 With full delight 30
 I leave this light,
 And take my flight
 For Heaven.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

A sweet disorder in the dress
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
 A lawn about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distraction;
 An erring lace, which here and there 5
 Enthralls the crimson stomacher;
 A cuff neglectful, and thereby
 Ribbons to flow confusedly;
 A winning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestuous petticoat; 10
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
 I see a wild civility;¹
 Do more bewitch me, than when art
 Is too precise in every part.

THE BRACELET TO JULIA

Why I tie about thy wrist,
 Julia, this my silken twist;
 For what other reason is't,
 But to show thee how in part
 Thou my pretty captive art?
 But thy bond-slave is my heart.

¹ good breeding.

'Tis but silk that bindeth thee,
 Knap the thread and thou art free:
 But 'tis otherwise with me;
 I am bound, and fast bound so, 10
 That from thee I cannot go;
 If I could, I would not so.

THE PRIMROSE

Ask me why I send you here
 This sweet Infanta of the year?
 Ask me why I send to you
 This Primrose, thus bepearled with dew?
 I will whisper to your ears, 5
 The sweets of love are mixed with tears.

Ask me why this flower does show
 So yellow-green, and sickly too?
 Ask me why the stalk is weak,
 And bending, yet it doth not break? 10
 I will answer, these discover
 What fainting hopes are in a lover.

HIS TEARS TO THAMESIS

I send, I send here my supremest kiss
 To thee, my silver-footed Thamesis.¹
 No more shall I reiterate² thy strand,
 Whereon so many stately structures stand,
 Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go 5
 To bathe in thee, as thousand others do:
 No more shall I along thy crystal glide
 In barge, with boughs and rushes beautified,
 With soft, smooth virgins for our chaste dis-
 port,
 To Richmond, Kingston, and to Hampton
 Court:³ 10
 Never again shall I with finny oar
 Put from or draw unto the faithful shore;
 And landing here, or safely landing there,
 Make way to my beloved Westminster,⁴
 Or to the golden Cheapside,⁵ where the
 earth 15
 Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
 May all clean nymphs and curious water
 dames
 With swan-like state, float up and down thy
 streams:
 No drought upon thy wanton waters fall,
 To make them lean and languishing at all: 20
 No ruffling winds come hither to disease⁶
 Thy pure and silver-wristed Naiades.

¹ The Thames.

² walk again. (Note the root: Lat. *iter* = road, journey.)

³ These are places on the Thames, not far from London.

⁴ The school that Herrick probably attended.

⁵ An old section of London.

⁶ make uncomfortable.

Keep up your state, ye streams, and as ye
 spring,
 Never make sick your banks by surfeiting.
 Grow young with tides, and though I see ye
 never, 25
 Receive this vow; so fare ye well for ever.

TO DAFFODILS

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song;
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or anything.
 We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

A GRACE FOR A CHILD

Here a little child I stand,
 Heaving up my either hand;
 Cold as paddocks¹ though they be.
 Here I lift them up to Thee,
 For a benison to fall
 On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

THE COUNTRY LIFE

TO THE HONORED MR. ENDYMION PORTER,
 GROOM OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO HIS
 MAJESTY

Sweet country life, to such unknown
 Whose lives are others', not their own!
 But, serving courts and cities, be
 Less happy, less enjoying thee.
 Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam 5
 To seek and bring rough pepper home;
 Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
 To bring from thence the scorched clove;
 Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
 Bring'st home the ingot from the West. 10

¹ frogs.

No, thy ambition's masterpiece
 Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
 Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
 All scores, and so to end the year:
 But walk'st about thine own dear bounds, 15
 Not envying others' larger grounds,
 For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
 Of land makes life, but sweet content.
 When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
 Calls forth the lily-wristed morn, 20
 Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
 Which, though well soiled,² yet thou dost
 know

That the best compost for the lands
 Is the wise master's feet and hands.
 There at the plough thou find'st thy team 25
 With a hind whistling there to them,
 And cheer'st them up by singing how
 The kingdom's portion is the plough.
 This done, then to th' enamelled meads 30
 Thou go'st; and as thy foot there treads,
 Thou seest a present Godlike power
 Imprinted in each herb and flower,
 And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
 Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
 Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat³ 35
 Unto the dewlaps⁴ up in meat;
 And as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
 The heifer, cow, and ox draw near,
 To make a pleasing pastime there.
 These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks 40
 Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
 And find'st their bellies there as full
 Of short sweet grass as backs with wool,
 And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
 A shepherd piping on a hill. 45
 For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
 Thou hast thy eves and holidays,
 On which the young men and maids meet
 To exercise their dancing feet,
 Tripping the comely country round, 50
 With daffodils and daisies crowned.
 Thy wakes, thy quintals,⁴ here thou hast,
 Thy Maypoles too with garlands graced;
 Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,
 Thy shearing-feast, which never fail; 55
 Thy harvest home,⁵ thy wassail bowl,
 That's tossed up after fox i' th' hole;⁶
 Thy mummeries, thy Twelfthtide kings
 And queens, thy Christmas revellings;
 Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit, 60
 And no man pays too dear for it.
 To these thou hast thy times to go
 And trace the hare i' th' treacherous snow:

¹ fertilized.

² oxen.

³ Folds of skin under an ox's neck.

⁴ tilting games.

⁵ Celebration at the end of harvest.

⁶ An old game.

Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
 The lark into the trammel net: 65
 Thou hast thy cockrood¹ and thy glade
 To take the precious pheasant made;
 Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls then,
 To catch the pilf'ring birds, not men.
 O happy life! if that their good 70
 The husbandmen but understood,
 Who all the day themselves do please,
 And younglings, with such sports as these,
 And, lying down, have nought t' affright
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the
 night. 75

*Cætera desunt*²

HIS PRAYER TO BEN JONSON

When I a verse shall make,
 Know I have prayed thee
 For old religion's sake,
 Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me,
 When I, thy Herrick,
 Honoring thee, on my knee
 Offer my Lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,
 And a new altar; 10
 And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
 Writ in my psalter.

UPON A CHILD

Here a pretty baby lies
 Sung asleep with lullabies:
 Pray be silent, and not stir
 Th' easy earth that covers her.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG

Good morrow to the day so fair;
 Good morning, sir, to you;
 Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
 Bedabbled with the dew.

Good morning to this primrose too; 15
 Good morrow to each maid
 That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
 Wherein my love is laid.

Ah! woe is me, woe, woe is me,
 Alack, and well-a-day! 20
 For pity, sir, find out that bee
 Which bore my love away.

¹ A net stretched across a glade, or artificially made clearing, to catch woodcock and similar birds.

² "The rest is lacking." Herrick never finished the poem.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave;
 I'll seek him in your eyes;
 Nay, now I think they've made his grave 15
 I'th' bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there; I know, ere this,
 The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
 But I will go, or send a kiss
 By you, sir, to awake him. 20

Pray hurt him not; though he be dead,
 He knows well who do love him;
 And who with green turfs rear his head,
 And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed, 25
 With bands of cowslips bind him,
 And bring him home; but 'tis decreed,
 That I shall never find him.

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
 The shooting stars attend thee;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow,
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee. 5

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,
 Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
 But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
 Since ghost there's none to affright thee. 10

Let not the dark thee cumber;
 What though the moon does slumber?
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
 Like tapers clear, without number. 15

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
 Thus, thus to come unto me;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silv'ry feet,
 My soul I'll pour into thee. 20

THE HOCK CART; OR, HARVEST HOME

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE MILDMAY, EARL OF
 WESTMORLAND

Come, sons of summer, by whose toil,
 We are the lords of wine and oil;
 By whose tough labors and rough hands,
 We rip up first, then reap our lands.
 Crowned with the ears of corn, now come, 5
 And to the pipe sing harvest home.

Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
 Dressed up with all the country art.
 See, here a malkin,¹ there a sheet,
 As spotless pure as it is sweet; 10
 The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
 Clad all in linen white as lilies.
 The harvest swains and wenches bound
 For joy, to see the hock cart crowned.
 About the cart, hear how the rout 15
 Of rural younglings raise the shout,
 Pressing before, some coming after,
 Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
 Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
 Some prank them up with oaken leaves; 20
 Some cross the fill-horse,² some with great
 Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat;
 While other rustics, less attent
 To prayers than to merriment,
 Run after with their breeches rent. 25
 Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
 Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your mirth,
 Ye shall see first the large and chief
 Foundation of your feast, fat beef;
 With upper stories, mutton, veal, 30
 And bacon, which makes full the meal,
 With sev'ral dishes standing by,
 As, here a custard, there a pie,
 And here all-tempting frumenty.³
 And for to make the merry cheer, 35
 If smirking wine be wanting here,
 There's that which drowns all care, stout
 beer,
 Which freely drink to your lord's health,
 Then to the plough (the commonwealth),
 Next to your flails, your fans, your vats; 40
 Then to the maids with wheaten hats;
 To the rough sickle, and the crook'd scythe,
 Drink, frolic boys, till all be blithe.
 Feed and grow fat; and as ye eat,
 Be mindful that the lab'ring neat, 45
 As you, may have their fill of meat.
 And know, besides, ye must revoke⁴
 The patient ox unto the yoke,
 And all go back unto the plough 49
 And harrow, though they're hanged up now.
 And, you must know, your lord's word's true,
 Feed him ye must, whose food fills you.
 And that this pleasure is like rain,
 Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
 But for to make it spring again. 55

TO BLOSSOMS

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past,

¹ a cloth on a pole.
³ boiled wheat.

² draught-horse.
⁴ recall.

But you may stay yet here a while,
 To blush and gently smile, 5
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night?
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth, 10
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave; 15
 And after they have shown their pride
 Like you a while, they glide
 Into the grave.

UPON BEN JONSON

Here lies Jonson with the rest
 Of the poets, but the best.
 Reader, wouldst thou more have known?
 Ask his story, not this stone;
 That will speak what this can't tell 5
 Of his glory. So farewell.

AN ODE FOR HIM

Ah, Ben!
 Say how or when
 Shall we, thy guests,
 Meet at those lyric feasts
 Made at the Sun, 5
 The Dog, the Triple Tun?
 Where we such clusters¹ had
 As made us nobly wild, not mad;
 And yet each verse of thine
 Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine. 10

My Ben,
 Or come again,
 Or send to us
 Thy wit's great overplus;
 But teach us yet 15
 Wisely to husband it,
 Lest we that talent spend,
 And having once brought to an end
 That precious stock, the store 19
 Of such a wit the world should have no more.

DISSUASIONS FROM IDLENESS

Cynthius² pluck ye by the ear,
 That ye may good doctrine hear.
 Play not with the maiden hair,
 For each ringlet there's a snare.

¹ of grapes; i.e., wine. ² Apollo.

Cheek and eye, and lip and chin,
 These are traps to take fools in;
 Arms and hands, and all parts else,
 Are but toils, or manacles,
 Set on purpose to enthrall
 Men, but slothfuls most of all.
 Live employed, and so live free
 From these fetters, like to me,
 Who have found, and still can prove
 The lazy man the most doth love.

THE HAG

The hag is astride
 This night for to ride;
 The devil and she together:
 Through thick and through thin,
 Now out and then in,
 Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
 She takes for a spur;
 With a lash of a bramble she rides now,
 Through brakes and through briars, 10
 O'er ditches and mires,
 She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast, for his food,
 Dares now range the wood,
 But hushed in his lair he lies lurking; 15
 While mischiefs by these,
 On land and on seas,
 At noon of night are a-working.

The storm will arise
 And trouble the skies 20
 This night; and, more for the wonder,
 The ghost from the tomb
 Affrighted shall come,
 Called out by the clap of the thunder.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell;
 A little house, whose humble roof
 Is weatherproof,
 Under the spars of which I lie 5
 Both soft and dry;
 Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
 Hast set a guard
 Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep 10
 Me while I sleep.
 Low is my porch, as is my fate,
 Both void of state;
 And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by th' poor,

Who thither come and freely get 15
 Good words or meat.
 Like as my parlor, so my hall
 And kitchen's small:
 A little buttery, and therein 20
 A little bin,
 Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipped, unflead;¹
 Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
 Make me a fire, 25
 Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.
 Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
 The pulse is Thine,
 And all those other bits that be
 There placed by Thee; 30
 The worts,² the purslane,³ and the mess
 Of water-cress,
 Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent;
 And my content
 Makes those, and my beloved beet, 35
 To be more sweet.
 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth,
 And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink. 40
 Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
 That soils my land,
 And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
 Twice ten for one:
 Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay 45
 Her egg each day;
 Besides my healthful ewes to bear
 Me twins each year;
 The while the conduits of my kine
 Run cream, for wine. 50
 All these, and better Thou dost send
 Me, to this end,
 That I should render, for my part,
 A thankful heart,
 Which, fired with incense, I resign, 55
 As wholly Thine;
 But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ, by Thee.

HIS WINDING-SHEET

Come thou, who art the wine and wit
 Of all I've writ;
 The grace, the glory, and the best
 Piece of the rest.
 Thou art of what I did intend 5
 The all and end;
 And what was made, was made to meet
 Thee, thee my sheet;

¹ unflayed. ² cabbages.
³ A vegetable used for salads.

Come then, and be to my chaste side
 Both bed and bride. 10
 We two, as relics left, will have
 One rest, one grave;
 And, hugging close, we will not fear
 Lust ent'ring here,
 Where all desires are dead or cold, 15
 As is the mould;
 And all affections are forgot,
 Or trouble not.
 Here, here the slaves and pris'ners be
 From shackles free, 20
 And weeping widows, long oppressed,
 Do here find rest.
 The wronged client ends his laws
 Here, and his cause.
 Here those long suits of Chancery lie 25
 Quiet, or die;
 And all Star Chamber bills do cease,
 Or hold their peace.
 Here needs no Court for our Request,
 Where all are best, 30
 All wise, all equal, and all just
 Alike i' th' dust.
 Nor need we here to fear the frown
 Of court or crown,
 Where Fortune bears no sway o'er things, 35
 There all are kings.
 In this securer place we'll keep,
 As lulled asleep;
 Or for a little time we'll lie,
 As robes laid by, 40
 To be another day re-worn,
 Turned, but not torn,
 Or like old testaments engrossed,
 Locked up, not lost;
 And for a while lie here concealed, 45
 To be revealed
 Next, at that great Platonic Year,¹
 And then meet here.

HIS LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

In the hour of my distress,
 When temptations me oppress,
 And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed, 5
 Sick in heart and sick in head,
 And with doubts discomfited,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
 And the world is drowned in sleep, 10

¹ The revolution of thousands of years which would bring all things back to the state in which they once were.

Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless ¹ doctor sees
 No one hope, but of his fees,
 And his skill runs on the lees, 15
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
 His, or none, or little skill,
 Meet for nothing but to kill, 20
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
 And the furies in a shoal
 Come to fright a parting soul,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue, 25
 And the comforters are few,
 And that number more than true,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
 And I nod to what is said, 30
 'Cause my speech is now decayed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tossed about,
 Either with despair or doubt,
 Yet, before the glass be out, 35
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
 With the sins of all my youth,
 And half damns me with untruth, 40
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
 Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
 And all terrors me surprise,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is revealed, 45
 And that opened which was sealed,
 When to thee I have appealed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

HIS RETURN TO LONDON

From the dull confines of the drooping West,¹
 To see the day spring from the pregnant
 East,
 Ravished in spirit I come, nay more, I fly
 To thee, blessed place of my nativity!

¹ unskilful.

² i.e., Devonshire.

Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the
ground
With thousand blessings by thy fortune
crowned.
O fruitful genius! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty year by year;
O place! O people! manners, framed to
please
All nations, customs, kindreds, languages! 10
I am a free-born Roman; suffer then
That I amongst you live a citizen.
London my home is, though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment;
Yet since called back, henceforward let me
be,
O native country! repossessed by thee;
For, rather than I'll to the West return,
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time
fall,
Give thou my sacred relics burial. 20

ON HIMSELF

I will no longer kiss,
I can no longer stay;
The way of all flesh is,
That I must go this day.
Since longer I can't live;
My frolic youths, adieu;
My lamp to you I'll give,
And all my troubles too.

TO HIS BOOK

Go thou forth, my book, though late,
Yet be timely fortunate.
It may chance good luck may send
Thee a kinsman or a friend,
That may harbor thee, when I
With my fates neglected lie.
If thou know'st not where to dwell,
See, the fire's by. Farewell.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633)

Herbert, the best writer of religious poetry in English literature, was a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, for a while a pensioner at court, and during the last few years of his life the diligent, scholarly rector of a small country parish. While a follower of the style made popular by his friend Donne, Herbert has an originality and a very high degree of technical skill that is all his own. He wrote some prose, but is best in his religious lyrics, collected under the title *The Temple* and published the year after his death. Izaak Walton wrote an appreciative life of Herbert in 1670. The standard edition of his works is by Professor George Herbert Palmer (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

VIRTUE

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave, 5
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and
roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie, 10
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to
coal,
Then chiefly lives. 15

LOVE

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew
back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow
slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning, 5
If I lacked anything.

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be
here:"
Love said, "You shall be he."
"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my
dear,
I cannot look on Thee!" 10
Love took my hand and smiling did reply,
"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord; but I have marred them; let
my shame
Go where it doth deserve."

"And know you not," says Love, "who bore
the blame?" 15
"My dear, then I will serve."
"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste
my meat."
So I did sit and eat.

THE PULLEY

As the title implies, the poem deals with
"God's means of drawing us to himself"
(Palmer).

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
"Let us," said he, "pour on him all we can.
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span." 5

So Strength first made a way;
Then Beauty flowed; then Wisdom, Honor,
Pleasure.

When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay. 10

"For if I should," said he,
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;
So both should losers be." 15

"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast." 20

THE COLLAR¹

I struck the board, and cried, "No more;
I will abroad!
What! shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store."² 5
Shall I be still in suit?³
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine 10
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it,
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted, 15
All wasted?

¹ i.e., restraint. ² abundance.
³ i.e., always petitioning.

Not so, my heart, but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dis-
pute 20
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made; and made
to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law, 25
While thou didst wink and wouldst not
see.
Away! take heed!
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there, tie up thy
fears.
He that forbears 30
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load."
But as I raved, and grew more fierce and
wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, "Child";
And I replied, "My Lord." 36

THE QUIP

The merry World did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.
First Beauty crept into a rose, 5
Which when I plucked not, "Sir," said she,
"Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?"¹
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.
Then Money came, and chinking still,
"What tune is this, poor man?" said he; 10
"I heard in Music you had skill."
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.
Then came brave Glory puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he!
He scarce allowed me half an eye. 15
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.
Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration.
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me. 20
Yet when the hour of thy design
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large; say, "I am thine,"
And then they have their answer home.
¹ i.e., why don't you use your hands?

THE WORLD

Love¹ built a stately house,² where Fortune came;

And spinning fancies, she was heard to say
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
Whereas they were supported by the same.

But Wisdom quickly swept them all away. 5

Then Pleasure came, who, liking not the fashion,

Began to make balconies, terraces,
Till she had weakened all by alteration;
But reverend laws, and many a proclamation,
Reformed all at length with menaces. 10

1 i.e., divine love.

2 i.e., the world.

Then entered Sin, and with that sycamore
Whose leaves first sheltered man from
drought and dew,

Working and winding slyly evermore,
The inward walls and summers¹ cleft and
tore;

But Grace shored these, and cut that as it grew. 15

Then Sin combined with Death in a firm band

To raze the building to the very floor;
Which they effected, none could them with-
stand.

But Love and Grace took Glory by the hand,
And built a braver palace than before. 20

1 beams.

IZAACK WALTON (1593-1683)

Izaak Walton was born in Stratford, August 9, 1593. He settled in London as an ironmonger, but retired from business after the defeat of the royalists at Marston Moor, and lived in the country, cultivating the tastes which were most markedly his, for clergymen of the Established Church, and for fish. His *Lives* of such eminent divines as John Donne, George Herbert, and Richard Hooker are excellent examples of biography and portraiture. His most famous work, *The Compleat Angler*, is a study of his favorite pastime and of his own gentle and amusing character. It was first published in 1653, and was expanded through many subsequent editions until his death in 1683, when it was continued by his friend, Charles Cotton. Walton's style is simple and homely compared with the splendors of Browne and Taylor; but it served as a vehicle for one of the best known masterpieces in the English tongue. An edition of *The Compleat Angler* by Andrew Lang appeared in 1896. It is found in Everyman's Library.

FROM THE COMPLETE ANGLER

THE THIRD DAY — *continued*

ON THE NATURE AND BREEDING OF THE
TROUT, AND HOW TO FISH FOR HIM

CHAPTER IV

PISCATOR,¹ VENATOR,² MILK-WOMAN,
MAUDLIN, HOSTESS

PISCATOR. The Trout is a fish highly 10
valued, both in this and foreign nations. He
may be justly said, as the old poet said of
wine, and we English say of venison, to be a
generous fish: a fish that is so like the buck,
that he also has his seasons; for it is observed, 15
that he comes in and goes out of season with
the stag and buck. Gesner³ says, his name
is of a German offspring; and says he is a fish
that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest
streams, and on the hardest gravel; and that 20
he may justly contend with all fresh water
fish, as the Mullet may with all sea fish, for
precedency and daintiness of taste; and that

1 angler.

2 huntsman.

3 Conrad Gesner, 1516-65, a lovable naturalist, called the "Pliny of Germany." Walton refers to him often.

being in right season, the most dainty palates
have allowed precedency to him.

And before I go farther in my discourse,
let me tell you, that you are to observe, 5
as there be some barren does that are good
in summer, so there be some barren Trouts
that are good in winter; but there are not
many that are so; for usually they be in their
perfection in the month of May, and decline
with the buck. Now you are to take notice,
that in several countries, as in Germany, and
in other parts, compared to ours, fish do differ
much in their bigness, and shape, and other
ways; and so do Trouts. It is well known
that in the Lake Lemman, the Lake of Geneva,
there are Trouts taken of three cubits long;
as is affirmed by Gesner, a writer of good
credit: and Mercator¹ says, the Trouts that
are taken in the Lake of Geneva are a great
part of the merchandize of that famous city.
And you are further to know, that there be
certain waters that breed Trouts remarkable,
both for their number and smallness. I

1 Gerard Mercator (d. 1594), a Flemish mathematician and map-maker.

know a little brook in Kent, that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour, but none greater than about the size of a Gudgeon. There are also, in divers rivers, especially that relate to, or be near to the sea, as Winchester, or the Thames about Windsor, a little Trout called a Samlet, or Skegger Trout, in both which places I have caught twenty or forty at a standing, that will bite as fast and as freely as Minnows: these be by some taken to be young Salmons; but in those waters they never grow to be bigger than a Herring.

There is also in Kent, near to Canterbury, a Trout called there a Fordidge Trout, a Trout that bears the name of the town where it is usually caught, that is accounted the rarest of fish; many of them near the bigness of a Salmon, but known by their different colour; and in their best season they cut very white: and none of these have been known to be caught with an angle, unless it were one that was caught by Sir George Hastings, an excellent angler, and now with God: and he hath told me he thought that Trout bit not for hunger but wantonness; and it is the rather to be believed, because both he, then, and many others before him, have been curious to search into their bellies, what the food was by which they lived; and have found out nothing by which they might satisfy their curiosity.

Concerning which you are to take notice, that it is reported by good authors, that grasshoppers and some fish have no mouths, but are nourished and take breath by the porousness of their gills, man knows not how: and this may be believed, if we consider that when the raven hath hatched her eggs, she takes no further care, but leaves her young ones to the care of the God of nature, who is said, in the Psalms, "to feed the young ravens that call upon him." And they be kept alive and fed by a dew; or worms that breed in their nests; or some other ways that we mortals know not. And this may be believed of the Fordidge Trout, which, as it is said of the stork, that he knows his season, so he knows his times, I think almost his day of coming into that river out of the sea; where he lives, and, it is like, feeds, nine months of the year, and fasts three in the river of Fordidge. And you are to note, that those townsmen are very punctual in observing the time of beginning to fish for them; and boast much, that their river affords a Trout that exceeds all others. And just so does Sussex boast of

several fish; as, namely, a Shelsey Cockle, a Chichester Lobster, an Arundel Mullet, and an Amerly Trout.

And, now, for some confirmation of the Fordidge Trout: you are to know that this Trout is thought to eat nothing in the fresh water; and it may be the better believed, because it is well known, that swallows, and bats, and wagtails, which are called half-year birds, and not seen to fly in England for six months in the year, but about Michaelmas leave us for a hotter climate, yet some of them that have been left behind their fellows, have been found, many thousands at a time, in hollow trees, or clay caves, where they have been observed to live, and sleep out the whole winter, without meat. And so Albertus¹ observes, That there is one kind of frog that hath her mouth naturally shut up about the end of August, and that she lives so all the winter: and though it be strange to some, yet it is known to too many among us to be doubted.

And so much for these Fordidge Trouts, which never afford an angler sport, but either live their time of being in the fresh water, by their meat formerly gotten in the sea, not unlike the swallow or frog, or, by the virtue of the fresh water only; or, as the birds of Paradise and the cameleon are said to live, by the sun and the air.

There is also in Northumberland a Trout called a Bull-trout, of a much greater length and bigness than any in these southern parts; and there are, in many rivers that relate to the sea, Salmon-trouts, as much different from others, both in shape and in their spots, as we see sheep in some countries differ one from another in their shape and bigness, and in the fineness of the wool: and, certainly, as some pastures breed larger sheep, so do some rivers, by reason of the ground over which they run, breed larger Trouts.

Now the next thing that I will commend to your consideration is, that the Trout is of a more sudden growth than other fish. Concerning which, you are also to take notice, that he lives not so long as the Pearch, and divers other fishes do, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his History of Life and Death.

And next you are to take notice, that he is not like the Crocodile, which if he lives never so long, yet always thrives till his death: but 'tis not so with the Trout; for after he is come to his full growth, he declines in his body, and

¹ Albertus Magnus, 1193-1280, a German scholastic philosopher.

keeps his bigness, or thrives only in his head till his death. And you are to know, that he will, about, especially before, the time of his spawning, get, almost miraculously, through weirs and flood-gates, against the stream; even through such high and swift places as is almost incredible. Next, that the Trout usually spawns about October or November, but in some rivers a little sooner or later; which is the more observable, because most other fish spawn in the spring or summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and made it fit for generation. And you are to note, that he continues many months out of season; for it may be observed of the Trout, that he is like the Buck or the Ox, that will not be fat in many months, though he go in the very same pastures that horses do, which will be fat in one month: and so you may observe, That most other fishes recover strength, and grow sooner fat and in season than the Trout doth.

And next you are to note, That till the sun gets to such a height as to warm the earth and the water, the Trout is sick, and lean, and lousy, and unwholesome; for you shall, in winter, find him to have a big head, and, then, to be lank and thin and lean; at which time many of them have sticking on them Sugs, or Trout-lice; which is a kind of a worm, in shape like a clove, or pin with a big head, and sticks close to him, and sucks his moisture; those, I think, the Trout breeds himself: and never thrives till he free himself from them, which is when warm weather comes; and, then, as he grows stronger, he gets from the dead still water into the sharp streams and the gravel, and, there, rubs off these worms or lice; and then, as he grows stronger, so he gets him into swifter and swifter streams, and there lies at the watch for any fly or minnow that comes near to him; and he especially loves the May-fly, which is bred of the cod-worm, or cadis; and these make the Trout bold and lusty, and he is usually fatter and better meat at the end of that month than at any time of the year.

Now you are to know that it is observed, that usually the best Trouts are either red or yellow; though some, as the Fordidge Trout, be white and yet good; but that is not usual: and it is a note observable, that the female Trout hath usually a less head, and a deeper body than the male Trout, and is usually the better meat. And note, that a hog back and a little head, to either Trout, Salmon or any other fish, is a sign that that fish is in season.

But yet you are to note, that as you see some willows or palm-trees bud and blossom sooner than others do, so some Trouts be, in rivers, sooner in season: and as some hollies, or oaks, are longer before they cast their leaves, so are some Trouts, in rivers, longer before they go out of season.

And you are to note, that there are several kinds of Trouts: but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men; for they go under the general name of Trouts; just as pigeons do, in most places; though it is certain, there are tame and wild pigeons; and of the tame, there be helmits and runts, and carriers and coppers, and indeed too many to name. Nay, the Royal Society have found and published lately, that there be thirty and three kinds of spiders; and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of spider. And it is so with many kinds of fish, and of Trouts especially; which differ in their bigness, and shape, and spots, and colour. The great Kentish hens may be an instance, compared to other hens: and, doubtless, there is a kind of small Trout, which will never thrive to be big; that breeds very many more than others do, that be of a larger size: which you may rather believe, if you consider that the little wren and titmouse will have twenty young ones at a time, when, usually, the noble hawk, or the musical thrassel or black-bird, exceed not four or five.

And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a Trout; and at my next walking, either this evening or to-morrow morning, I will give you direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

VENATOR. Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a Trout than a Chub; for I have put on patience, and followed you these two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

PISCATOR. Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? there is a Trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him; and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him: reach me that landing-net. So, Sir, now he is mine own: what say you now, is not this worth all my labour and your patience?

VENATOR. On my word, master, this is a gallant Trout; what shall we do with him?

PISCATOR. Marry, e'en eat him to supper: we'll go to my hostess from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that

my brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best: we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offence to God or man.

VENATOR. A match, good master, let's go to that house, for the linen looks white, and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

PISCATOR. Nay, stay a little, good scholar. I caught my last Trout with a worm; now I will put on a minnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another; and, so, walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all. Have with you, Sir: o' my word I have hold of him. Oh! it is a great logger-headed Chub; come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar! toward yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing; and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose-hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possess my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily exprest it,

I was for that time lifted above earth;
And possess joys not promised in my birth.

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 'twas a handsome milk-maid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often

do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale. Her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his younger days. They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word, yonder, they both be a-milking again. I will give her the Chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a-fishing; and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed; and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

MILK-WOMAN. Marry! God requite you, Sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully. And if you come this way a-fishing two months hence, a grace of God! I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice,¹ in a new-made hay-cock, for it. And my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men. In the meantime will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

PISCATOR. No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt: it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

MILK-WOMAN. What song was it, I pray? Was it, "Come, Shepherds, deck your herds"? or, "As at noon Dulcina rested"? or, "Phillida flouts me"? or, "Chevy Chase"? or, "Johnny Armstrong"? or, "Troy Town"?²

PISCATOR. No, it is none of those; it is a Song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

MILK-WOMAN. O, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me; but you shall, God willing, hear them both; and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come Maudlin, sing the first part

¹ fruit-juice.

² Old English songs, most of which can be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

to the gentlemen, with a merry heart; and
I'll sing the second when you have done.

THE MILK-MAID'S SONG ¹

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hills, or fields,
Or woods, and steepy mountains yields;

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses;
And, then, a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers, lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes, for thy meat,
As precious as the Gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivy table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

VENATOR. Trust me, master, it is a choice
song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin.
I now see it was not without cause that our
good queen Elizabeth did so often wish her-
self a milk-maid all the month of May, be-
cause they are not troubled with fears and
cares, but sing sweetly all the day, and sleep
securely all the night: and without doubt, 40
honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so.
I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's ² milk-
maid's wish upon her, "that she may die in
the Spring; and, being dead, may have good
store of flowers stuck round about her 45
winding-sheet."

THE MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER.³

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold;
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
Then Philomel becometh dumb;
And age complains of cares to come.

5 The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring but sorrow's fall.

10 Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

15 Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

20 What should we talk of dainties, then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain: that's only good
Which God hath blessed, and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

25 MOTHER. Well! I have done my song.
But stay, honest anglers; for I will make
Maudlin sing you one short song more.
Maudlin! sing that song that you sung last
night, when young Coridon the shepherd
30 played so purely on his oaten pipe to you
and your cousin Betty.

MAUDLIN. I will, mother.

I married a wife of late,
The more's my unhappy fate:
I married her for love,
As my fancy did me move,
And not for a worldly estate:

But oh! the green sickness
Soon changed her likeness;
And all her beauty did fail.
But 'tis not so
With those that go
Thro' frost and snow,
As all men know,
And carry the milking-pail.

PISCATOR. Well sung, good woman; I
thank you. I'll give you another dish of fish
one of these days; and then beg another song
of you. Come, scholar! let Maudlin alone:
50 do not you offer to spoil her voice. Look!
yonder comes mine hostess, to call us to
supper. How now! is my brother Peter come?

HOSTESS. Yes, and a friend with him.
They are both glad to hear that you are in
these parts; and long to see you; and long to
be at supper, for they be very hungry.

¹ See the note on Marlowe, p. 276.

² Overbury, 1581-1613, remembered for his *Characters*,
essayistic descriptions of men and women.

³ Like Marlowe's song, taken from *England's Helicon*,
1600. In some copies the poem is signed S.W.R.; in
others, the initials are covered by a slip marked *Ignoto*.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605-1682)

Thomas Browne, distinguished both as writer and physician, was born October 19, 1605. He was sent to Winchester School and Pembroke College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1626. He studied medicine, and spent some time in travel. After his return he settled in Norwich, where he continued to live quietly as physician and scholar, until his death in 1682. He was knighted by King Charles II in 1671.

Browne's most famous work, the *Religio Medici*, written as "a private exercise directed to myself," was printed without his consent in 1642. This forced him to issue an authorized and corrected edition in 1643. It is a long meditation upon his own character and experience, revealing a fascinating and baffling personality. As a physician and man of science Browne was endlessly curious and skeptical, but he was also a mystic. His other works are marked by the same mixture of curiosity and enthusiasm. The longest of them, the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* or *Vulgar Errors* is a survey of folk superstitions; *Urn Burial* is an essay on burial customs inspired by the discovery of sepulchral urns in Norfolk; *A Letter to a Friend* is a minute account of the phenomena exhibited in the death of a young man, his patient.

In Sir Thomas Browne's writings the rich, elaborate, prose style for which the seventeenth century was noted reached its height. In gorgeous vocabulary and sustained rhythm it employed the resources of poetry, and became a model for later writers of poetic or imaginative prose.

Sir Thomas Browne's works are published in collected editions by Simon Wilkin in Bohn's Library and by Charles Sayle in the English Library. The *Religio Medici* is included in the Golden Treasury Series, and in Everyman's Library. There are essays on Browne by Thomas De Quincey and Walter Pater, both of whom were influenced by him in their art of prose writing.

From RELIGIO MEDICI

The essay consists of seventy-five sections, the first eighteen of which appear below.

For my religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world I have none at all, as the general scandal of my profession, the natural course of my studies, the indifferency of my behavior and discourse in matters of religion, neither violently defending one, nor with that common ardor and contention opposing another; yet in despite hereof, I dare, without usurpation, assume the honorable style of a Christian. Not that I merely owe this title to the font, my education, or clime wherein I was born, as being bred up either to confirm those principles my parents instilled into my understanding, or by a general consent proceed in the religion of my country: but having in my riper years and confirmed judgment, seen and examined all, I find myself obliged by the principles of grace, and the law of mine own reason, to embrace no other name but this: neither doth herein my zeal so far make me forget the general charity I owe unto humanity, as rather to hate than pity Turks, infidels, and (what is worse) Jews; rather contenting myself to enjoy that happy style, than maligning those who refuse so glorious a title.

SECT. 2.—But, because the name of a Christian is become too general to express our faith, there being a geography of religion as well as lands, and every clime distinguished not only by their laws and limits, but circum-

scribed by their doctrines and rules of faith; to be particular, I am of that reformed new-cast religion,¹ wherein I dislike nothing but the name; of the same belief our Savior taught, the apostles disseminated, the fathers authorized, and the martyrs confirmed, but by the sinister ends of princes, the ambition and avarice of prelates, and the fatal corruption of times, so decayed, impaired, and fallen from its native beauty, that it required the careful and charitable hands of these times to restore it to its primitive integrity. Now the accidental occasion whereupon, the slender means whereby, the low and abject condition of the person² by whom so good a work was set on foot, which in our adversaries beget contempt and scorn, fills me with wonder, and is the very same objection the insolent pagans first cast at Christ and his disciples.

Yet have I not so shaken hands with those desperate resolutions,³ who had rather venture at large their decayed bottom,⁴ than bring her in to be new trimmed in the dock; who had rather promiscuously retain all, than abridge any, and obstinately be what they are, than what they have been, as to stand in diameter and swords point with them. We have reformed from them, not against them; for omitting those impropriations,⁵ and terms of scurrility betwixt us, which only difference our affections, and not our cause, there is between us one common name and

¹ Protestant.

² Lutier.

³ i.e. men of desperate resolutions.

⁴ ship.

⁵ insults.

appellation, one faith and necessary body of principles common to us both. And therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them, or for them. I could never perceive any rational consequence from those many texts which prohibit the Children of Israel to pollute themselves with the temples of the heathens; we being all Christians, and not divided by such detested impieties as might profane our prayers, or the place wherein we make them; or that a resolved conscience may not adore her Creator anywhere, especially in places devoted to his service; where if their devotions offend him, mine may please him; if theirs profane it, mine may hallow it; holy-water and crucifix (dangerous to the common people) deceive not my judgment, nor abuse my devotion at all. I am, I confess, naturally inclined to that which misguided zeal terms superstition: my common conversation I do acknowledge austere, my behavior full of rigor, sometimes not without morosity; yet at my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions which may express or promote any invisible devotion. I should violate my own arm rather than a church, nor willingly deface the name of saint or martyr. At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Savior: I cannot laugh at, but rather pity the fruitless journeys of pilgrims, or condemn the miserable condition of friars; for though misplaced in circumstances, there is something in it of devotion. I could never hear the Ave-Mary bell ¹ without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt. Whilst therefore they direct their devotions to her, I offer mine to God, and rectify the errors of their prayers, by rightly ordering mine own. At a solemn procession I have wept abundantly, while my consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an excess of scorn and laughter. There are questionless, both in Greek, Roman, and African churches, solemnities and ceremonies, whereof the wiser zeals do make a Christian use, and stand condemned by us, not as evil in themselves, but as allurements and baits of superstition

to those vulgar heads that look askint on the face of truth, and those unstable judgments that cannot resist in the narrow point and center of virtue without a reel or stagger to the circumference.

As there were many reformers, so likewise many reformatations; every country proceeding in a particular way and method, according as their national interest, together with their constitution and clime inclined them; some angrily, and with extremity; others calmly, and with mediocrity, not rending but easily dividing the community, and leaving an honest possibility of a reconciliation; which though peaceable spirits do desire, and may conceive that revolution of time and the mercies of God may effect, yet that judgment that shall consider the present antipathies between the two extremes, their contrarieties in condition, affection and opinion, may with the same hopes expect a union in the poles of heaven.

But to difference myself nearer, ¹ and draw into a lesser circle: there is no church, whose every part so squares unto my conscience; whose articles, constitutions, and customs seem so consonant unto reason, and as it were framed to my particular devotion, as this whereof I hold my belief, the Church of England, to whose faith I am a sworn subject, and therefore, in a double obligation, subscribe unto her articles, and endeavor to observe her constitutions: whatsoever is beyond, as points indifferent, I observe, according to the rules of my private reason, or the humor and fashion of my devotion; neither believing this because Luther affirmed it, nor disapproving that because Calvin hath disavouched it. I condemn not all things in the council of Trent, ² nor approve all in the synod of Dort. ³ In brief, where the Scripture is silent, the church is my text; where that speaks, 'tis but my comment; where there is a joint silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my religion from Rome or Geneva, but from the dictates of my own reason. It is an unjust scandal of our adversaries, and a gross error in ourselves, to compute the nativity of our religion from Henry the Eighth; who, though he rejected the Pope, refused not the faith of Rome, and effected no more than what his own predecessors desired and essayed in ages

¹ To define more closely.

² This council, held at Trent in the Tyrol, 1545-63, decided against the ideas of the Reformation.

³ The meeting, held at Dort in the Netherlands, 1618-19, condemned the doctrines of Arminius, the Leyden remonstrant.

¹ "A church bell that tolls every day at six and twelve of the clock; at the hearing whereof, every one in what place soever, either of house or street, betakes himself to his prayer, which is commonly directed to the Virgin." — (Browne's note).

past, and it was conceived the state of Venice would have attempted in our days.¹ It is as uncharitable a point in us to fall upon those popular scurrilities and opprobrious scoffs of the Bishop of Rome, to whom, as a temporal prince, we owe the duty of good language. I confess there is a cause of passion² between us: by his sentence I stand excommunicated; heretic is the best language he affords me: yet can no ear witness I ever returned to him the name of antichrist, man of sin, or whore of Babylon. It is the method of charity to suffer without reaction: those usual satires and invectives of the pulpit may perchance produce a good effect on the vulgar, whose ears are opener to rhetoric than logic; yet do they, in no wise, confirm the faith of wiser believers, who know that a good cause needs not be patroned by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute.

SECT. 6. — I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which, perhaps, within a few days, I should dissent myself. I have no genius to disputes in religion: and have often thought it wisdom to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weakness of my patronage. Where we desire to be informed, 'tis good to contest with men above ourselves; but, to confirm and establish our opinions, 'tis best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons may settle in ourselves an esteem and confirmed opinion of our own. Every man is not a proper champion for truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity; many, from the ignorance of these maxims, and an inconsiderate zeal unto truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error and remain as trophies unto the enemies of truth. A man may be in as just possession of truth as of a city, and yet be forced to surrender; 'tis therefore far better to enjoy her with peace than to hazard her on a battle. If, therefore, there rise any doubts in my way, I do forget them, or at least defer them, till my better settled judgment and more manly reason be able to resolve them; for I perceive every man's own reason is his best (Edipus,³ and will upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds wherewith the subtleties of error have enchained our more flexible and

tender judgments. In philosophy, where truth seems doublefaced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself: but in divinity I love to keep the road; and, though not in an implicit, yet an humble faith, follow the great wheel of the church, by which I move; not reserving any proper poles, or motion from the epicycle¹ of my own brain. By this means I leave no gap for heresy, schisms or errors, of which at present, I hope I shall not injure truth to say, I have no taint or tincture. I must confess my greener studies have been polluted with two or three; not any begotten in the latter centuries, but old and obsolete, such as could never have been revived but by such extravagant and irregular heads as mine. For, indeed, heresies perish not with their authors; but, like the river Arethusa,² though they lose their currents in one place, they rise up again in another. One general council is not able to extirpate one single heresy: it may be cancelled for the present; but revolution of time, and the like aspects from heaven, will restore it, when it will flourish till it be condemned again. For, as though there were a metempsychosis, and the soul of one man passed into another, opinions do find, after certain revolutions, men and minds like those that first begat them. To see ourselves again, we need not look for Plato's year:³ every man is not only himself; there have been many Diogeneses, and as many Timons, though but few of that name; men are lived over again; the world is now as it was in ages past; there was none then, but there hath been some one since, that parallels him, and is, as it were, his revived self.

SECT. 7. — Now, the first of mine⁴ was that of the Arabians, that the souls of men perished with their bodies, but should yet be raised again at the last day: not that I did absolutely conceive a mortality of the soul, but, if that were (which faith, not philosophy, hath yet thoroughly disproved), and that both entered the grave together, yet I held the same conceit thereof that we all do of the body, that it should rise again. Surely it is but the merits of our unworthy natures, if we sleep in darkness until the last alarm. A serious reflex upon my own unworthiness did make me backward from challenging this prerogative of my soul: so that I might enjoy

¹ i.e., figures taken from Ptolemaic astronomy.

² Supposed to flow from Greece to Sicily, under the sea.

³ "A revolution of certain thousand years, when all things should return unto their former estate, and he be teaching again in his school, as when he delivered this opinion." — (Browne's note).

⁴ i.e., heresies.

¹ Referring to a quarrel between the Pope and Venice in 1606.

² anger.

³ solver of perplexities.

my¹ Savior at the last, I could with patience be nothing almost unto eternity. The second was that of Origen;² that God would not persist in his vengeance for ever, but, after a definite time of his wrath, would release the damned souls from torture; which error I fell into upon a serious contemplation of the great attribute of God, his mercy; and did a little cherish it in myself, because I found therein no malice, and a ready weight to sway me from the other extreme of despair whereunto melancholy and contemplative natures are too easily disposed. A third there is, which I did never positively maintain or practise, but have often wished it had been consonant to truth, and not offensive to my religion; and that is, the prayer for the dead; whereunto I was inclined from some charitable inducements, whereby I could scarce contain my prayers for a friend at the ringing of a bell, or behold his corpse without an orison for his soul. 'Twas a good way, methought, to be remembered by posterity, and far more noble than a history. These opinions I never maintained with pertinacity, or endeavored to inveigle any man's belief unto mine, nor so much as ever revealed, or disputed them with my dearest friends; by which means I neither propagated them in others, nor confirmed them in myself: but, suffering them to flame upon their own substance, without addition of new fuel, they went out insensibly of themselves; therefore these opinions, though condemned by lawful councils, were not heresies in me, but bare errors, and single lapses of my understanding, without a joint depravity of my will. Those have not only depraved understandings, but diseased affections, which cannot enjoy a singularity without a heresy, or be the author of an opinion without they be of a sect also. This was the villany of the first schism of Lucifer; who was not content to err alone, but drew into his faction many legions of spirits; and upon this experience he tempted only Eve, well understanding the communicable nature of sin, and that to deceive but one was tacitly and upon consequence to delude them both.

SECT. 8. — That heresies should arise, we have the prophecy of Christ; but, that old ones should be abolished, we hold no prediction. That there must be heresies, is true, not only in our church, but also in any other: even in the doctrines heretical there will be superheresies; and Arians, not only divided from the church, but also among themselves:

1 One of the early church fathers, third century A.D.

for heads that are disposed unto schism, and complexionally propense to innovation, are naturally indisposed for a community; nor will be ever confined unto the order or economy of one body; and therefore, when they separate from others, they knit but loosely among themselves; nor contented with a general breach or dichotomy³ with their church, do subdivide and mince themselves almost into atoms. 'Tis true, that men of singular parts and humors have not been free from singular opinions and conceits in all ages; retaining something, not only beside the opinion of their own church, or any other, but also any particular author; which, notwithstanding, a sober judgment may do without offence or heresy; for there are yet, after all the decrees of councils, and the niceties of the schools, many things, untouched, unimagined, wherein the liberty of an honest reason may play and expatiate with security, and far without the circle of a heresy.

SECT. 9. — As for those wingy mysteries in divinity, and airy subtleties in religion, which have unhinged the brains of better heads, they never stretched the *pia mater*⁴ of mine. Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith: the deepest mysteries ours contains have not only been illustrated, but maintained, by syllogism and the rule of reason. I love to lose myself in a mystery; to pursue my reason to an *O altitudo!*⁵ 'Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the Trinity — incarnation and resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan and my rebellious reason with that odd resolution I learned of Tertullian,⁴ *Certum est quia impossibile est.*⁵ I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point; for, to credit ordinary and visible objects is not faith, but persuasion. Some believe the better for seeing Christ's sepulchre; and, when they have seen the Red Sea, doubt not of the miracle. Now, contrarily, I bless myself, and am thankful, that I lived not in the days of miracles; that I never saw Christ nor his disciples. I would not have been one of those Israelites that passed the Red Sea; nor one of Christ's patients, on whom he wrought his wonders: then had my faith been thrust upon me; nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all that be-

1 division.

2 The inner membrane covering the brain.

3 "What a height;" i.e., the point beyond which human reason cannot go.

4 Early church father.

5 It is true, because it is impossible.

lieve and saw not. 'Tis an easy and necessary belief, to credit what our eye and sense hath examined. I believe he was dead, and buried, and rose again; and desire to see him in his glory, rather than to contemplate him in his cenotaph or sepulchre. Nor is this much to believe; as we have reason, we owe this faith unto history: they only had the advantage of a bold and noble faith, who lived before his coming, who, upon obscure prophesies and mystical types, could raise a belief, and expect apparent impossibilities.

SECT. 10. — 'Tis true, there is an edge in all firm belief, and with an easy metaphor we may say, the sword of faith; but in these obscurities I rather use it in the adjunct the apostle gives it, a buckler; under which I conceive a wary combatant may lie invulnerable. Since I was of understanding to know that we know nothing, my reason hath been more pliable to the will of faith: I am now content to understand a mystery, without a rigid definition, in an easy and Platonic description. That allegorical description of Hermes¹ pleaseth me beyond all the metaphysical definitions of divines. Where I cannot satisfy my reason, I love to humor my fancy: I had as lieve you tell me that *anima est angelus hominis, est corpus Dei*,² as *ἐντελέχεια*;³ — *lux est umbra Dei*,⁴ as *actus perspicui*.⁵ Where there is an obscurity too deep for our reason, 'tis good to sit down with a description, periphrasis, or adumbration; for, by acquainting our reason how unable it is to display the visible and obvious effects of nature, it becomes more humble and submissive unto the subtleties of faith: and thus I teach my haggard and unreclaimed reason to stoop unto the lure of faith. I believe there was already a tree, whose fruit our unhappy parents tasted, though, in the same chapter where God forbids it, 'tis positively said, the plants of the field were not yet grown; for God had not caused it to rain upon the earth. I believe that the serpent (if we shall literally understand it), from his proper form and figure, made his motion on his belly, before the curse. I find the trial of the pucelage⁶ and virginity of women, which God ordained the Jews, is very fallible.

Experience and history informs me that, not only many particular women, but likewise whole nations, have escaped the curse of childbirth, which God seems to pronounce upon the whole sex; yet do I believe that all this is true, which, indeed, my reason would persuade me to be false: and this, I think, is no vulgar part of faith, to believe a thing not only above, but contrary to, reason, and against the arguments of our proper senses.

SECT. 11. — In my solitary and retired imagination (*neque enim cum porticus aut me lectulus accepit, desum mihi*),¹ I remember I am not alone; and therefore forget not to contemplate him and his attributes, who is ever with me, especially those two mighty ones, his wisdom and eternity. With the one I recreate, with the other I confound, my understanding: for who can speak of eternity without a solecism, or think thereof without an ecstasy? Time we may comprehend; 'tis but five days older than ourselves, and hath the same horoscope with the world; but, to retire so far back as to apprehend a beginning, — to give such an infinite start forwards as to conceive an end, — in an essence that we affirm hath neither the one nor the other, it puts my reason to St. Paul's sanctuary:² my philosophy dares not say the angels can do it. God hath not made a creature that can comprehend him; 'tis a privilege of his own nature: "I am that I am" was his own definition unto Moses; and 'twas a short one to confound mortality, that durst question God, or ask him what he was. Indeed, he only is; all others have and shall be; but, in eternity, there is no distinction of tenses; and therefore that terrible term, predestination, which hath troubled so many weak heads to conceive, and the wisest to explain, is in respect to God no prescious determination of our estates to come, but a definite blast of his will already fulfilled, and at the instant that he first decreed it; for, to his eternity, which is indivisible, and altogether, the last trump is already sounded, the reprobates in the flame, and the blessed in Abraham's bosom. St. Peter speaks modestly, when he saith, "a thousand years to God are but as one day;" for, to speak like a philosopher, those continued instances of time, which flow into a thousand years, make not to him one moment. What to us is to come, to his eternity is present; his whole duration being

¹ "Sphæra cujus centrum ubique, circumferentia nullibi." — (Browne's note).

(A sphere whose center is everywhere and circumference nowhere.) Hermes Trismegistus, a writer of the fourth century A.D., is the supposed father of alchemy.

² The soul is the angel of man; it is the body of God.

³ "the actual being," Aristotle's term for the soul.

⁴ Light is the shadow of God.

⁵ "transparent phenomena," Aristotle's definition of light.

⁶ virginity.

¹ For even when my porch or couch receives me, I remember myself.

² i.e., I go to the Apostle for comfort.

but one permanent point, without succession, parts, flux, or division.

SECT. 12. — There is no attribute that adds more difficulty to the mystery of the Trinity, where, though in a relative way of Father and Son, we must deny a priority. I wonder how Aristotle could conceive the world eternal, or how he could make good two eternities. His similitude, of a triangle comprehended in a square, doth somewhat illustrate the trinity of our souls, and that the triple unity of God; for there is in us not three, but a trinity of, souls; because there is in us, if not three distinct souls, yet differing faculties, that can and do subsist apart in different subjects, and yet in us are thus united as to make but one soul and substance. If one soul were so perfect as to inform three distinct bodies, that were a petty trinity. Conceive the distinct number of three, not divided nor separated by the intellect, but actually comprehended in its unity, and that is a perfect trinity. I have often admired the mystical way of Pythagoras, and the secret magic of numbers. "Beware of philosophy," is a precept not to be received in too large a sense: for, in this mass of nature, there is a set of things that carry in their front, though not in capital letters, yet in stenography and short characters, something of divinity; which, to wiser reasons, serve as luminaries in the abyss of knowledge, and, to judicious beliefs, as scales and runnels¹ to mount the pinnacles and highest pieces of divinity. The severe schools shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein, as in a portrait, things are not truly, but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some real substance in that invisible fabric.

SECT. 13. — That other attribute, wherewith I recreate my devotion, is his wisdom, in which I am happy; and for the contemplation of this only do not repent me that I was bred in the way of study. The advantage I have of the vulgar, with the content and happiness I conceive therein, is an ample recompense for all my endeavors, in what part of knowledge soever. Wisdom is his most beauteous attribute: no man can attain unto it: yet Solomon pleased God when he desired it. He is wise, because he knows all things; and he knoweth all things, because he made them all: but his greatest knowledge is in comprehending that he made not, that is, himself. And this is also the greatest

¹ ladders.

knowledge in man. For this do I honor my own profession, and embrace the counsel even of the devil himself: had he read such a lecture in Paradise as he did at Delphos,² we had better known ourselves; nor had we stood in fear to know him. I know God is wise in all; wonderful in what we conceive, but far more in what we comprehend not: for we behold him but asquint, upon reflex or shadow; our understanding is dimmer than Moses's eye; we are ignorant of the back parts or lower side of his divinity; therefore, to pry into the maze of his counsels, is not only folly in man, but presumption even in angels. Like us, they are his servants, not his senators; he holds no counsel, but that mystical one of the Trinity, wherein, though there be three persons, there is but one mind that decrees without contradiction. Nor needs he any; his actions are not begot with deliberation; his wisdom naturally knows what's best: his intellect stands ready fraught with the superlative and purest ideas of goodness: consultation and election, which are two motions in us, make but one in him: his actions springing from his power at the first touch of his will. These are contemplations metaphysical: my humble speculations have another method, and are content to trace and discover those expressions he hath left in his creatures, and the obvious effects of nature. There is no danger to profound³ these mysteries, no *sanctum sanctorum*³ in philosophy. The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man: 'tis the debt of⁴ our reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts. Without this, the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives small honor from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works. Those highly magnify him, whose judicious enquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration. Therefore,

Search while thou wilt; and let thy reason go,
To ransom truth, e'en to th' abyss below;
Rally the scattered causes; and that line
Which nature twists be able to untwine.
It is thy Maker's will; for unto none
But unto reason can he e'er be known.

¹ Γνωθὶ σεαυτὸν. Nosce teipsum. — (Browne's note.)
(Know thyself.)

² to sound, investigate. ³ holy of holies. ⁴ for.

The devils do know thee; but those damned meteors

Build not thy glory, but confound thy creatures.
Teach my endeavors so thy works to read,
That learning them in thee I may proceed.
Give thou my reason that instructive flight,
Whose weary wings may on thy hands still light.

Teach me to soar aloft, yet ever so,
When near the sun, to stoop again below.
Thus shall my humble feathers safely hover,
And, though near earth, more than the heav'ns discover.

And then at last, when homeward I shall drive,
Rich with the spoils of nature, to my hive,
There will I sit, like that industrious fly,
Buzzing thy praises; which shall never die
Till death abrupts them, and succeeding glory
Bid me go on in a more lasting story.

And this is almost all wherein an humble creature may endeavor to requite, and some way to retribute unto his Creator: for, if not he that saith, Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of the Father, shall be saved, certainly our wills must be our performances, and our intents make out our actions; otherwise our pious labors shall find anxiety in our graves, and our best endeavors not hope, but fear, a resurrection.

SECT. 14. — There is but one first cause, and four second causes of all things. Some are without efficient, as God; others without matter, as angels; some without form, as the first matter: but every essence, created or uncreated, hath its final cause, and some positive end both of its essence and operation. This is the cause I grope after in the works of nature; on this hangs the providence of God. To raise so beauteous a structure as the world and the creatures thereof was but his art; but their sundry and divided operations, with their predestinated ends, are from the treasury of his wisdom. In the causes, nature, and affections, of the eclipses of the sun and moon, there is most excellent speculation; but, to profound farther, and to contemplate a reason why his providence hath so disposed and ordered their motions in that vast circle, as to conjoin and obscure each other, is a sweeter piece of reason, and a diviner point of philosophy. Therefore, sometimes, and in some things, there appears to me as much divinity in Galen¹ his books, *De Usu Partium*,² as in Suarez's³ Metaphysics. Had Aristotle been as curious in the enquiry of this cause as he was of the

other, he had not left behind him an imperfect piece of philosophy, but an absolute tract of divinity.

SECT. 15. — *Natura nihil agit frustra*,¹ is the only indisputable axiom in philosophy. There are no grotesques in nature; not any thing framed to fill up empty cantons, and unnecessary spaces. In the most imperfect creatures, and such as were not preserved in the ark, but, having their seeds and principles in the womb of nature, are every where, where the power of the sun is, — in these is the wisdom of his hand discovered. Out of this rank Solomon chose the object of his admiration; indeed, what reason may not go to school to the wisdom of bees, ants, and spiders? What wise hand teacheth them to do what reason cannot teach us? Ruder heads stand amazed at those prodigious pieces of nature, whales, elephants, dromedaries, and camels; these, I confess, are the colossuses and majestic pieces of her hand; but in these narrow engines there is more curious mathematics; and the civility of these little citizens more neatly sets forth the wisdom of their Maker. Who admires not Regio Montanus² his fly beyond his eagle; or wonders not more at the operation of two souls in those little bodies than but one in the trunk of a cedar? I could never content my contemplation with those general pieces of wonder, the flux and reflux of the sea, the increase of Nile, the conversion of the needle to the north; and have studied to match and parallel those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of nature which, without farther travel, I can do in the cosmography of myself. We carry with us the wonders we seek without us: there is all Africa and her prodigies in us. We are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that studies wisely learns, in a compendium, what others labor at in a divided piece and endless volume.

SECT. 16. — Thus there are two books from whence I collect my divinity: besides that written one of God, another of his servant, nature, that universal and public manuscript, that lies expanded unto the eyes of all. Those that never saw him in the one have discovered him in the other: this was the scripture and theology of the heathens; the natural motion of the sun made them more admire him than its supernatural station did the children of Israel. The ordinary effects of nature wrought more admiration in

¹ Mediæval writer on medicine.

² On the use of parts.

³ A Jesuit religious philosopher.

¹ Nature does nothing in vain.

² A German of Königsberg, 1436–75, who constructed a mechanical fly and an eagle which could soar.

them than, in the other, all his miracles. Surely the heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature. Nor do I so forget God as to adore the name of nature; which I define not, with the schools, to be the principle of motion and rest, but that straight and regular line, that settled and constant course the wisdom of God hath ordained the actions of his creatures, according to their several kinds. To make a revolution every day is the nature of the sun, because of that necessary course which God hath ordained it, from which it cannot swerve but by a faculty from that voice which first did give it motion. Now this course of nature God seldom alters or perverts; but, like an excellent artist, hath so contrived his work, that, with the self-same instrument, without a new creation, he may effect his obscurest designs. Thus he sweeteneth the water with a word, preserveth the creatures in the ark, which the blast of his mouth might have as easily created;—for God is like a skilful geometrician, who, when more easily, and with one stroke of his compass, he might describe or divide a right line, had yet rather do this in a circle or longer way, according to the constituted and forelaid principles of his art: yet this rule of his he doth sometimes pervert, to acquaint the world with his prerogative, lest the arrogance of our reason should question his power, and conclude he could not. And thus I call the effects of nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is; and therefore, to ascribe his actions unto her is to devolve the honor of the principal agent upon the instrument; which if with reason we may do, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honor of our writings. I hold there is a general beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind of species or creature whatsoever. I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an elephant ugly; they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express the actions of their inward forms; and having passed that general visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good, that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty. There is no deformity but in monstrosity; wherein, notwithstanding, there is a kind of beauty; nature so ingeniously contriving the

irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never any thing ugly or mis-shapen, but the chaos; wherein, notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no form; nor was it yet impregnate by the voice of God. Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.

SECT. 17. — This is the ordinary and open way of his providence, which art and industry have in good part discovered; whose effects we may foretell without an oracle. To foreshow these is not prophecy, but prognostication. There is another way, full of meanders and labyrinths, whereof the devil and spirits have no exact ephemerides:¹ and that is a more particular and obscure method of his providence; directing the operation of individual and single essences: this we call fortune; that serpentine and crooked line, whereby he draws those actions his wisdom intends in a more unknown and secret way; this cryptic and involved method of his providence have I ever admired; nor can I relate the history of my life, the occurrences of my days, the escapes, or dangers, and hits of chance, with a *bezo las manos*² to Fortune, or a bare gramercy³ to my good stars. Abraham might have thought the ram in the thicket came thither by accident: human reason would have said, that mere chance conveyed Moses in the ark to the sight of Pharaoh's daughter. What a labyrinth is there in the story of Joseph! able to convert a stoic. Surely there are in every man's life certain rubs, doublings, and wrenches, which pass a while under the effects of chance; but at the last, well examined, prove the mere hand of God. 'Twas not dumb chance that, to discover the fougade, or powder plot, contrived a miscarriage in the letter. I like the victory of '88⁴ the better for that one occurrence which our enemies imputed to our dishonor, and the partiality of fortune; to wit, the tempests and contrariety of winds King Philip did not detract from the nation, when he said, he sent his armada to fight with men, and not to combat with the winds.

¹ almanacs.

² I kiss your hands.

³ many (lit. great) thanks.

⁴ The defeat of the Spanish Armada.

Where there is a manifest disproportion between the powers and forces of two several agents, upon a maxim of reason we may promise the victory to the superior: but when unexpected accidents slip in, and unthought-of occurrences intervene, these must proceed from a power that owes no obedience to those axioms; where, as in the writing upon the wall, we may behold the hand, but see not the spring that moves it. The success of that petty province of Holland (of which the Grand Seignior¹ proudly said, if they should trouble him, as they did the Spaniard, he would send his men with shovels and pick-axes, and throw it into the sea) I cannot altogether ascribe to the ingenuity and industry of the people, but the mercy of God, that hath disposed them to such a thriving genius; and to the will of his providence, that dispenseth his favor to each country in their preordained season. All cannot be happy at once; for, because the glory of one state depends upon the ruin of another, there is a revolution and vicissitude of their greatness, and must obey the swing of that wheel, not moved by intelligences, but by the hand of God, whereby all estates rise to their zenith and vertical points, according to their predestinated periods. For the lives not only of men, but of commonwealths and the whole world, run not upon a helix² that still enlargeth; but on a circle, where, arriving to their meridian, they decline in obscurity, and fall under the horizon again.

SECT. 18. — These must not therefore be named the effects of fortune but in a relative way, and as we term the works of nature. It was the ignorance of man's reason that begat this very name, and by a careless term mis-called the providence of God: for there is no liberty for causes to operate in a loose and straggling way; nor any effect whatsoever but hath its warrant from some universal or superior cause. 'Tis not a ridiculous devotion to say a prayer before a game at tables; for, even in sortileges³ and matters of greatest uncertainty, there is a settled and pre-ordered course of effects. It is we that are blind, not fortune. Because our eye is too dim to discover the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind, and hoodwink the providence of the Almighty. I cannot justify that contemptible proverb, that "fools only are fortunate;" or that insolent paradox, that "a wise man is out of the reach of fortune;" much less those opprobrious epithets of poets,

— whore, bawd, and strumpet. 'Tis, I confess, the common fate of men of singular gifts of mind, to be destitute of those of fortune; which doth not any way deject the spirit of wiser judgments who thoroughly understand the justice of this proceeding; and, being enriched with higher donatives, cast a more careless eye on these vulgar parts of felicity. It is a most unjust ambition, to desire to engross the mercies of the Almighty, not to be content with the goods of mind, without a possession of those of body or fortune: and it is an error, worse than heresy, to adore these complimentary and circumstantial pieces of felicity, and undervalue those perfections and essential points of happiness, wherein we resemble our Maker. To wiser desires it is satisfaction enough to deserve, though not to enjoy, the favors of fortune. Let providence provide for fools: 'tis not partiality, but equity, in God, who deals with us but as our natural parents. Those that are of able body and mind he leaves to their deserts; to those of weaker merits he imparts a larger portion; and pieces out the defect of one by the excess of the other. Thus have we no just quarrel with nature for leaving us naked; or to envy the horns, hoofs, skins, and furs of other creatures; being provided with reason, that can supply them all. We need not labor, with so many arguments, to confute judicial astrology; for, if there be a truth therein, it doth not injure divinity. If to be born under Mercury disposeth us to be witty; under Jupiter to be wealthy; I do not owe a knee unto these, but unto that merciful hand that hath ordered my indifferent and uncertain nativity into such benevolous aspects. Those that hold, that all things are governed by fortune, had not erred, had they not persisted there. The Romans, that erected a temple to Fortune, acknowledged therein, though in a blinder way, somewhat of divinity; for, in a wise supputation,¹ all things begin and end in the Almighty. There is a nearer way to heaven than Homer's chain; an easy logic may conjoin a heaven and earth in one argument, and, with less than a sorites,² resolve all things to God. For though we christen effects by their most sensible and nearest causes, yet is God the true and infallible cause of all; whose course, though it be general, yet doth it subdivide itself into the particular actions of every thing, and is that spirit, by which each singular essence not only subsists, but performs its operation.

¹ The Sultan. ² spiral.
³ prophecies by drawing lots.

¹ accounting.

² syllogism.

THOMAS FULLER (1608-1661)

Thomas Fuller was the son of a clergyman, born in 1608. He attended Queen's College, Cambridge, entered the church, and held various livings. He adhered to the king's party in the Civil War, and joined the royal army at Oxford. After the defeat of the King he lived largely by his writings. He died shortly after the restoration of Charles II.

Fuller's writings are voluminous and miscellaneous. He was a favorite preacher, being much reputed for his pithy proverbial expressions and his wit. He compiled a volume of practical ethics called *The Holy State and the Profane State* (1642) and *The History of the Worthies of England*, which appeared after his death. This is a sort of dictionary of national biography, a survey of England by counties, with brief sketches of the most distinguished representatives of the various professions. Fuller was a great favorite with the critics of the early nineteenth century, Coleridge and Lamb, for his quaintness, his curious turns of mind and style, in which he showed something of the spirit of the "metaphysical poets."

THE LIFE OF SIR FRANCIS
DRAKE

From THE HOLY STATE, BK. II, CH. XXII

Francis Drake was born nigh South Tavistock in Devonshire, and brought up in Kent; God dividing the honor betwixt two counties, that the one might have his birth, and the other his education. His father, being a minister, fled into Kent, for fear of the Six Articles, wherein the sting of Popery still remained in England, though the teeth thereof were knocked out, and the Pope's supremacy abolished. Coming into Kent, he bound his son Francis apprentice to the master of a small bark, which traded into France and Zealand, where he underwent a hard service; and pains, with patience in his youth, did knit the joints of his soul, and made them more solid and compacted. His master, dying unmarried, in reward of his industry, bequeathed his bark unto him for a legacy.

For some time he continued his master's profession; but the narrow seas were a prison for so large a spirit, born for greater undertakings. He soon grew weary of his bark; which would scarce go alone, but as it crept along by the shore; wherefore, selling it, he unfortunately ventured most of his estate with Captain John Hawkins into the West Indies, in 1567; whose goods were taken by the Spaniards at St. John de Ulva, and he himself scarce escaped with life: the king of Spain being so tender in those parts, that the least touch doth wound him; and so jealous of the West Indies, his wife, that willingly he would have none look upon her: he therefore used them with the greater severity.

Drake was persuaded by the minister of his ship, that he might lawfully recover in value of the king of Spain, and repair his losses upon him anywhere else. The case

was clear in sea-divinity; and few are such infidels, as not to believe doctrines which make for their own profit. Whereupon Drake, though a poor private man, hereafter undertook to revenge himself on so mighty a monarch; who, as not contented that the sun riseth and setteth in his dominions, may seem to desire to make all his own where he shineth. And now let us see how a dwarf, standing on the mount of God's providence, may prove an overmatch for a giant.

After two or three several voyages to gain intelligence in the West Indies, and some prizes taken, at last he effectually set forward from Plymouth with two ships, the one of seventy, the other twenty-five tons, and seventy-three men and boys in both. He made with all speed and secrecy to Nombre de Dios, as loath to put the town to too much charge (which he knew they would willingly bestow) in providing beforehand for his entertainment; which city was then the granary of the West Indies, wherein the golden harvest brought from Panama was hoarded up till it could be conveyed into Spain. They came hard aboard the shore, and lay quiet all night, intending to attempt the town in the dawning of the day.

But he was forced to alter his resolution, and assault it sooner; for he heard his men muttering amongst themselves of the strength and greatness of the town: and when men's heads are once fly-blown with buzzes of suspicion, the vermin multiply instantly, and one jealousy begets another. Wherefore, he raised them from their nest before they had hatched their fears; and, to put away those conceits, he persuaded them it was day-dawning when the moon rose, and instantly set on the town, and won it, being unvalled. In the market-place the Spaniards saluted them with a volley of shot; Drake returned their greeting with a flight of arrows, the best and ancient English compliment, which

drave their enemies away. Here Drake received a dangerous wound, though he valiantly concealed it a long time; knowing if his heart stooped, his men's would fall, and loath to leave off the action, wherein if so bright an opportunity once setteth, it seldom riseth again. But at length his men forced him to return to his ship, that his wound might be dressed; and this unhappy accident defeated the whole design. Thus victory sometimes slips through their fingers who have caught it in their hands.

But his valor would not let him give over the project as long as there was either life or warmth in it; and therefore, having received intelligence from the negroes called Symérons of many mules'-lading of gold and silver, which was to be brought from Panama, he, leaving competent numbers to man his ships, went on land with the rest, and bestowed himself in the woods by the way as they were to pass, and so intercepted and carried away an infinite mass of gold. As for the silver, which was not portable over the mountains, they digged holes in the ground and hid it therein.

There want not those who love to beat down the price of every honorable action, though they themselves never mean to be chapmen.¹ These cry up Drake's fortune herein to cry down his valor; as if this his performance were nothing, wherein a golden opportunity ran his head, with his long forelock, into Drake's hands beyond expectation. But, certainly, his resolution and unconquerable patience deserved much praise, to adventure on such a design, which had in it just no more probability than what was enough to keep it from being impossible. Yet I admire not so much at all the treasure he took, as at the rich and deep mine of God's providence.

Having now full freighted himself with wealth, and burnt at the House of Crosses above two hundred thousand pounds' worth of Spanish merchandise, he returned with honor and safety into England, and, some years after (December 13th, 1577) undertook that his famous voyage about the world, most accurately described by our English authors: and yet a word or two thereof will not be amiss.

Setting forward from Plymouth, he bore up for Cabo-verd,² where, near to the island of St. Jago, he took prisoner Nuno de Silva, an experienced Spanish pilot, whose direction he used in the coasts of Brazil and Magellan

Straits, and afterwards safely landed him at Guatulco in New Spain. Hence they took their course to the Island of Brava; and hereabouts they met with those tempestuous winds whose only praise is, that they continue not an hour, in which time they change all the points of the compass. Here they had great plenty of rain, poured (not, as in other places, as it were out of sieves, but) as out of spouts, so that a butt of water falls down in a place; which, notwithstanding, is but a courteous injury in that hot climate far from land, and where otherwise fresh water cannot be provided. Then cutting the Line, they saw the face of that heaven which earth hideth from us, but therein only three stars of the first greatness, the rest few and small compared to our hemisphere; as if God, on purpose, had set up the best and biggest candles in that room wherein his civilest guests are entertained.

Sailing the south of Brazil, he afterwards passed the Magellan Straits (August 20th, 1578) and then entered *Mare Pacificum*, came to the southernmost land at the height of 55½ latitudes; thence directing his course northward, he pillaged many Spanish towns, and took rich prizes of high value in the kingdoms of Chili, Peru, and New Spain. Then, bending eastwards, he coasted China, and the Moluccas, where, by the king of Ternate, a true gentleman Pagan, he was most honorably entertained. The king told them, they and he were all of one religion in this respect, — that they believed not in gods made of stocks and stones, as did the Portugals. He furnished them also with all necessities that they wanted.

On January 9th following (1579), his ship, having a large wind and a smooth sea, ran aground on a dangerous shoal, and struck twice on it; knocking twice at the door of death, which, no doubt, had opened the third time. Here they stuck, from eight o'clock at night till four the next afternoon, having ground too much, and yet too little to land on; and water too much, and yet too little to sail in. Had God (who, as the wise man saith, "holdeth the winds in his fist," Prov. xxx. 4) but opened his little finger, and let out the smallest blast, they had undoubtedly been cast away; but there blew not any wind all the while. Then they, conceiving aright that the best way to lighten the ship was, first, to ease it of the burden of their sins by true repentance, humbled themselves, by fasting, under the hand of God. Afterwards they received the communion,

¹ merchants

² Cape Verde.

dining on Christ in the sacrament, expecting no other than to sup with him in heaven. Then they cast out of their ship six great pieces of ordnance, threw overboard as much wealth as would break the heart of a miser to think on it, with much sugar, and packs of spices, making a caudle¹ of the sea round about. Then they betook themselves to their prayers, the best lever at such a dead lift indeed; and it pleased God, that the wind, formerly their mortal enemy, became their friend; which, changing from the starboard to the larboard of the ship, and rising by degrees, cleared them off to the sea again, — for which they returned unfeigned thanks to Almighty God.

By the Cape of Good Hope and west of Africa, he returned safe into England, and (November 3rd, 1580) landed at Plymouth (being almost the first of those that made a thorough light through the world), having, in his whole voyage, though a curious searcher after the time, lost one day through the variation of several climates. He feasted the queen in his ship at Dartford, who knighted him for his service. Yet it grieved him not a little, that some prime courtiers refused the gold he offered them, as gotten by piracy. Some of them would have been loath to have been told, that they had *aurum Tholosanum*² in their own purses. Some think, that they did it to show that their envious pride was above their covetousness, who of set purpose did blur the fair copy of his performance, because they would not take pains to write after it.

I pass by his next West-Indian voyage (1585), wherein he took the cities of St. Jago, St. Domingo, Carthagená, and St. Augustine in Florida; as also his service performed in 1588, wherein he, with many others, helped to the waning of that half-moon,³ which sought to govern all the motion of our sea. I haste to his last voyage.

Queen Elizabeth, in 1595, perceiving that the only way to make the Spaniard a cripple forever, was to cut his sinews of war in the West Indies, furnished Sir Francis Drake, and Sir John Hawkins, with six of her own ships, besides twenty-one ships and barks of their own providing, containing in all two thousand five hundred men and boys, for some service on America. But, alas! this voyage was marred before begun. For, so great preparations being too big for a cover, the king of Spain knew of it, and sent a

caraval of *adviso*¹ to the West Indies; so that they had intelligence three weeks before the fleet set forth of England, either to fortify or remove their treasure; whereas, in other of Drake's voyages, not two of his own men knew whither he went; and managing such a design is like carrying a mine in war, — if it hath any vent, all is spoiled. Besides, Drake and Hawkins, being in joint commission, hindered each other. The latter took himself to be inferior rather in success than skill; and the action was unlike to prosper when neither would follow, and both could not handsomely go abreast. It vexed old Hawkins, that his counsel was not followed, in present sailing to America, but that they spent time in vain in assaulting the Canaries; and the grief that his advice was slighted, say some, was the cause of his death. Others impute it to the sorrow he took for the taking of his bark called "the Francis," which five Spanish frigates had intercepted. But when the same heart hath two mortal wounds given it together, it is hard to say which of them killeth.

Drake continued his course for Porto Rico; and, riding within the road, a shot from the Castle entered the steerage of the ship, took away the stool from under him as he sat at supper, wounded Sir Nicholas Clifford, and Brute Brown to death. "Ah, dear Brute!" said Drake, "I could grieve for thee, but now is no time for me to let down my spirits." And, indeed, a soldier's most proper bemoaning a friend's death in war, is in revenging it. And, sure, as if grief had made the English furious, they soon after fired five Spanish ships of two hundred tons apiece, in despite of the Castle.

America is not unfitly resembled to an hourglass, which hath a narrow neck of land (suppose it the hole where the sand passeth), betwixt the parts thereof, — Mexicana and Peruana. Now, the English had a design to march by land over this Isthmus, from Porto Rico to Panama, where the Spanish treasure was laid up. Sir Thomas Baskerville, general of the land-forces, undertook the service with seven hundred and fifty armed men. They marched through deep ways, the Spaniards much annoying them with shot out of the woods. One fort in the passage they assaulted in vain, and heard two others were built to stop them, besides Panama itself. They had so much of this breakfast, they thought they should surfeit of a dinner and supper of the same. No hope of conquest,

¹ a warm mixed drink.

² Spanish gold; here, bribes.

³ Spain.

¹ messengership.

except with cloying the jaws of death, and thrusting men on the mouth of the cannon. Wherefore, fearing to find the proverb true, that "gold may be bought too dear," they returned to their ships. Drake afterwards fired *Nombre de Dios*, and many other petty towns (whose treasure the Spaniards had conveyed away), burning the empty casks, when their precious liquor was run out before, and then prepared for their returning home.

Great was the difference betwixt the Indian cities now, from what they were when Drake first haunted these coasts. At first, the Spaniards here were safe and secure, counting their treasure sufficient to defend itself, the remoteness thereof being the greatest (almost only) resistance, and the fetching of it more than the fighting for it. Whilst the king of Spain guarded the head and heart of his dominions in Europe, he left his long legs in America open to blows; till, finding them to smart, being beaten black and blue by the English, he learned to arm them at last, fortifying the most important of them to make them impregnable.

Now began Sir Francis's discontent to feed upon him. He conceived that expectation, a merciless usurer, computing each day since his departure, exacted all interest and return of honor and profit proportionable to his great preparations, and transcending his former achievements. He saw that all the good which he had done in this voyage consisted in the evil he had done to the Spaniards afar off, whereof he could present but small visible fruits in England. These ap-

prehensions, accompanying, if not causing, the disease of the flux, wrought his sudden death, January 28th, 1595. And sickness did not so much untie his clothes, as sorrow did rend at once the robe of his mortality asunder. He lived by the sea, died on it, and was buried in it. Thus an extempore performance (scarce heard to be begun before we hear it is ended!) comes off with better applause, or miscarries with less disgrace, than a long-studied and openly-premeditated action. Besides, we see how great spirits, having mounted to the highest pitch of performance, afterwards strain and break their credits in striving to go beyond it. Lastly, God oftentimes leaves the brightest men in an eclipse, to show that they do but borrow their luster from his reflexion. We will not justify all the actions of any man, though of a tamer profession than a sea-captain, in whom civility is often counted preciseness. For the main, we say that this our captain was a religious man towards God and his houses (generally sparing churches where he came), chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word, and merciful to those that were under him, hating nothing so much as idleness: and therefore, lest his soul should rust in peace, at spare hours he brought fresh water to Plymouth. Careful he was for posterity (though men of his profession have as well an ebb of riot, as a float of fortune), and providently raised a worshipful family of his kindred. In a word: should those that speak against him fast till they fetch their bread where he did his, they would have a good stomach to eat it.

JEREMY TAYLOR (1613-1667)

Taylor became a preacher shortly after his graduation from Cambridge; was soon appointed chaplain to King Charles I; and after the Restoration was made a bishop. As a clergyman he was noted for his unswerving faith, his gentleness and diligence, and his eloquence. He wrote much prose. Best known of his writings are *Holy Living*, 1650, and *Holy Dying*, 1651.

Taylor is one of the prose stylists of the seventeenth century. His prose is clear and vigorous, scholarly in its references, emotional in its allusions and figures of speech, and always beautiful in cadence.

OF THE SLAVERY AND PAINS ETERNAL¹

The slavery of the damned in hell is such, that all their senses, and powers of soul and body, are subject unto eternal pains and torments; with their touch, they are to serve the burning and never-consuming fire; with

their taste, hunger and thirst; with their smell, stink; with their sight, those horrid and monstrous shapes which the devils shall assume; with their hearing, scorns and affronts; with their imagination, horror; with their will, loathsomeness and detestation; with their memory, despair; with their understanding, confusion; with such a multitude of other punishments, as they shall want eyes to weep for them.

¹ From *Contemplations of the State of Man*, Book II, chapter 7.

Aelian¹ writes of Trizus, the tyrant, that he commanded his subjects not to speak together, and when they used signs, instead of words, he also forbade those; whereupon the afflicted people met in the market-place to at least weep for their misfortunes, but neither was that permitted: greater shall be the rigor in hell, where they shall neither be suffered to speak a word of comfort, nor move hand or foot, nor ease their hearts with weeping. Jeremias the prophet lamented with floods of tears, that Jerusalem, which was the queen of nations, should be made a slave and tributary: what tears are sufficient to lament the damnation of a poor soul who, from an heir and prince of the kingdom of heaven, hath made himself a slave to the devil, and those eternal punishments in hell, unto which he is to pay as many tributes as he hath senses, powers, and members.

As the slaves of the earth are whipped and punished by their masters, so the slaves of hell are tormented by the devils, who have power and dominion over them: children, as slaves, are whipped and chastised by their masters, so the tormentors, making the damned as their slaves, lay upon them a thousand afflictions, griefs, and miseries: every member of their body shall suffer greater pain and torment, than if it were torn from the body. If one cannot tell how to suffer a toothache, headache, or the pain of the cholic, what will it be when there shall not be any joint, or the least part of the body, which shall not cause him an intolerable pain? Not only the head, or teeth, but also the breasts, sides, shoulders, the back, the heart, and all the parts of the body, even to the very bones and marrow. Who can express the number and greatness of their torments, since all their powers and senses, soul and body, are to suffer in a most violent manner? Besides this, every sense from his particular object shall receive a particular punishment.

The eye shall not only be grieved with a scorching heat, but shall be tormented with monstrous and horrible figures: many are affrighted very much, passing through a churchyard, only for fear of seeing a fantasm; in what a fright will be a miserable damned soul, which shall see so many, and of so horrid shapes? Their sight also shall be tormented with beholding the punishment of their friends and kindred. Hegesippus² writes,

that Alexander, the son of Hyrcannus, resolving to punish certain persons with exemplary rigor, caused eight hundred to be crucified; and whilst they were yet alive, caused their wives and children to be murdered before their eyes; that so they might die not once, but many deaths. This rigor shall not be wanting in hell, where fathers shall see their sons, and brothers their brothers, tormented. The torment of the eyes shall be also very great, in regard that those which have given other scandal, and made others fall into sin, shall see themselves, and those others, in that abyss of torments. To the sight of those dreadful apparitions shall be added the horror and fearful darkness of the place.

The darkness of Egypt was said to be horrible, because there the Egyptians beheld fearful figures and fantasm which terrified them. In the like manner, in that infernal darkness, the eyes shall be tormented with the monstrous figures of the wicked spirits, which shall appear much more dreadful, by reason of the obscurity and sadness of that eternal night.

The hearing shall not only be afflicted by an intolerable pain, caused by that ever burning and penetrating fire, but also with the fearful and amazing noises of thunders, howlings, clamors, groans, curses, and blasphemies. Sylla,¹ being dictator, caused six thousand persons to be enclosed in the circus; and then appointing the senate to meet in a temple close by, where he intended to speak unto them about his own affairs, to strike the greater terror into them, and make them know he was their master, he gave order, that, so soon as he began his oration, the soldiers should kill this multitude of people, which was effected: upon which were heard such lamentations, outcries, groans, clashing of armor, and blows of those merciless homicides, that the senators could not hear a word, but stood amazed with terror of so horrid a fact. What shall be the harmony of hell, where the ears shall be deafened with the cries and complaints of the damned? What confusion and horror shall it breed, to hear all lament, all complain, all curse and blaspheme, through the bitterness of the torments which they suffer?

But the damned shall principally be affrighted, and shall quake to hear the thunder-clap of the wrath of God, which shall continually resound in their ears! "Whereas the just," saith the royal prophet, "shall be

¹ Sulla, dictator of Rome in 82 B.C.

¹ A Roman writer of anecdotes, second century A.D.
² Early historian of the Christian Church, second century A.D.

in the eternal memory of God, and shall not fear the dreadful crack of his wrath."

The smell shall also be tormented with a most pestilential stink. Horrible was that torment used by Mezentius,¹ to tie a living body to a dead, and there to leave them, until the infection and putrefied exhalations of the dead had killed the living. What can be more abominable, than for a living man to have his mouth laid close to that of a dead one, full of grubs and worms, where the living must receive all those pestilential vapors, breathed forth from a corrupt carcass, and suffer such loathsomeness and abominable stink? But what is this in respect of hell, when each body of the damned is more loathsome and unsavory than a million of dead dogs, and all those pressed and crowded together in so strait a compass? Bonaventure² goes so far as to say, that if one only of the damned were brought into this world, it were sufficient to infect the whole earth. Neither shall the devils send forth a better smell; for although they are spirits, yet those fiery bodies, unto which they are fastened and confined, shall be of a more pestilential savor.

Hell is the world's sink, and the receptacle of all the filth in this great frame, and withal a deep dungeon, where the air hath no access. How great must the stink and infection needs be of so many corruptions heaped one upon another! and how insufferable the smell of that infernal brimstone, mixed with so many corrupted matters! O gulf of horror! O infernal grave! without vent or breathing place! Eternal grave of such as die continually and cannot die, with what abominable filth art thou not filled!

What shall I then say of the tongue, which is the instrument of so many ways of sinning, flattery, lying, murmuring, and calumniating, gluttony, and drunkenness. Who can express that bitterness, which the damned shall suffer, greater than that of aloes or wormwood? The Scripture tells us, the gall of dragons shall be their wine; and they shall taste the poison of asps for all eternity, unto which shall be joined an intolerable thirst, and doglike hunger: conformable to which David said, "they shall suffer hunger, as dogs." Famine is the most pressing of all necessities, and most deformed of all evils; plagues and wars are happinesses in respect of it. If, then, a famine of eight days be the

worst of temporal evils, what shall that famine be which is eternal? Let our epicures hear what the Son of God prophesies: "Wo unto you who are full;" for you shall be a hungered, and with such a hunger as shall be eternal. Hunger in this life doth bring men to such extremity, that not only they come to desire to eat dogs, cats, rats, and mice, but also mothers come to eat their own children, and men the flesh of their own arms, as it fell out to Zeno¹ the emperor. If hunger be so terrible a mischief in this life, how will it afflict the damned in the other! Without all doubt, the damned would rather tear themselves in pieces than suffer it; all the most horrible famines, that Scripture histories propose unto us, are but weak pictures to that which the damned suffer in this unfortunate residence of eternal miseries; neither shall thirst torment them less.

The sense of touching, as it is the most extended sense of all the rest, so it shall be the most tormented in that burning fire; all the torments which the Scripture doth exhibit to us, as prepared for the reprobate, seem to fall upon this only sense: "They shall pass," saith Job, "from extremity of cold to intolerable heats," whole floods of fire and brimstone, which shower down upon those unfortunate wretches; all this belongs unto the sense of touching. We are amazed to think of the inhumanity of Phalaris,² who roasted men alive in his brazen bull: this was a joy in respect of that fire of hell, which penetrates the very entrails of the body without consuming them. The burning of a finger only does cause so great a torment, that it is insufferable; but far greater were it to burn the whole arm; and far greater were it, besides the arms, to burn the legs; and far more violent torment would it be to burn the whole body. This torment is so great that it cannot be expressed, since it comprises as many torments as the body of man hath joints, sinews, arteries, etc., and especially being caused by that penetrating and real fire, of which this temporal fire is but a painted fire in respect of that in hell.

Amongst all the torments which human justice hath invented for the punishment of crimes, there is none held more rigorous than that of fire, by reason of the great activity of that element. What shall the heat of that fire be, which shall be the executioner of the justice of the God of vengeance! whose zeal

¹ A mythical Etruscan king, whose cruelties were proverbial.

² Noted Italian theologian, 1221-74, who was later canonized.

¹ Emperor of the East, fifth century A.D.

² A cruel tyrant of Sicily in the sixth century B.C., the supposed author of the "epistles of Phalaris," which were shown by Bentley in 1697 to be spurious.

shall be inflamed against the wicked, and shall kindle the fire, which shall eternally burn in the extremities of hell! Such are the torments and miseries of hell, that if all the trees in the world were put in one heap, and set on fire, I would rather burn there till the day of judgment, than suffer, only for the space of one hour, that fire of hell. What a miserable unhappiness will it be to burn in those flames of hell, not only for an hour, but till the day of judgment! yea, even for all eternity, and world without end! Who would not esteem it a hideous torment, if he were to be burnt alive a hundred times, and his torment was to last every time for the space of an hour, with what compassionate eyes would all the world look upon such a miserable wretch! Nevertheless, without all doubt, any of the damned in hell would receive this as a great happiness to end his torments with those hundred times burning: for what comparison is there betwixt a hundred hours burning, with some space of time betwixt every hour, and to burn a hundred years of continual torment! And what comparison will there be betwixt burning for a hundred years' space, and to be burning without interruption, as long as God is God!

Who can express the strange and horrible confusion which shall inhabit the appetite of these wretched creatures? If all the disorders of man's life spring from his passions, what disorder must those miserable souls needs feel in that part, what convulsions, what rage, what fury? Alas! that noble passion, love, the queen of all the rest, the sun of life, that passion which might have made them happy for ever, if they had turned it towards God; that amiable object being razed out of them, the perpetual aversion they have to love shall eternally afflict them, the passion of hatred shall be outrageous in the damned, whence shall proceed their continual blasphemies against God, and the perpetual curses and imprecations which they shall make against the creatures; and if they have any desires, they shall be desirous to see all the world partaker of their pains; their

aversion from all good shall be as much tormenting, as in itself it is execrable: of joy there must no mention be made in that place of dolor; but contrariwise of incredible sadness, which shall oppress them without any consolation. The heat of anger shall redouble the heat of their flames; hope banished from their hearts shall leave the place void to despair, which shall be one of their fiercest tormentors. And though their bodies be within hell's bosom, yet shall they bear about them another hell in their own bosoms.

Consider, now, my soul, whether thou art able to live in this devouring fire, whether thou wilt make choice of thy habitation in eternal flames. This fire is prepared for the devil and his angels; consider whether thou wilt enter in to this cursed crew, and take part of the dregs of their chalice. There is no medium; either thou must forsake thy sins, or else thou must be given up a prey to this eternal torment. I doubt not, thou wilt make a happy choice; and, to escape so dangerous a gulf, cast thy self into the arms of Divine mercy, which only admits the penitent, and say thus: O great God, who art a consuming fire, and makest the fire of thy Divine justice issue from amongst the thorns, to burn the tallest cedars in Lebanon; let the fire, which walks before thee as executioner of justice, never depart from our memory; may it be unto us a pillar of light in the darkness of our errors, a lamp unto our feet, and a lantern to our ways, whereby we may discover this infernal gulf, which is ready to swallow us up. Thou, O Lord, who didst deliver the three children out of the Babylonian furnace, preserve us from those eternal flames, and exempt us from the burning ones of thy wrath; place us in the light and bright one of thy love, where, like Pyratides¹ and sacred Salamanders,² we shall live happy, without pain and torment, singing honor, praise, and benediction unto thee, our God, for ever and ever. Amen.

¹ children of fire.

² The Salamander was supposed, erroneously, to be able to live in fire. In certain mediæval cults a soul that could endure fire was called a Salamander.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667)

Cowley is remembered for his Pindaric odes, his light lyrics, especially those after the manner of the Greek poet Anacreon, and his prose essays. Shortly after his graduation from Cambridge, he joined the Royalist side in the Civil War, spending a dozen years in France during the Commonwealth in the employ of the Queen. At the Restoration he received as a reward a small country estate, where he spent the remainder of his life. Although an avowed disciple of Spenser, much of Cowley's verse is typical of the century in its metaphysical character, — often sparkling, but

sometimes forced. During his life he enjoyed a high reputation as a writer and as a scholar. Among his honors was the presidency of the Royal Society. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near his master, Spenser.

OF MYSELF

It is a hard and nice ¹ subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise for him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays, and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercises out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now — which, I confess, I wonder at myself — may appear at the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish; but of this part which I here set down, if a very little were corrected, I should hardly now be much ashamed.

9

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honor I would have,

¹ delicate.

Not from great deeds, but good alone.
Th' unknown are better than ill-known.
Rumor can ope the grave;
Acquaintance I would have; but when 't
depends

⁵ Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

10

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.

My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures
yield,

¹⁵ Horace might envy in his Sabine ¹ field.

II

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, that happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the poets, (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace); and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, the characters in me. They were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which, with the tree, still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early is a hard question. I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there; for I remember when I began to read, and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlor — I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion — but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there — though my understanding had little to do with all this — and by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme, and dance of the numbers; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was

¹ The country place of the Roman poet Horace, given to him, about 33 B.C., by his patron Mæcenas.

thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university, but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm¹ which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars, to me, the hyssop.² Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one³ of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses⁴ of the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant — for that was the state then of the English and the French courts — yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honorable trust, though I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition, in banishment and public distresses, yet I could not abstain from renewing my old school-boy's wish in a copy of verses to the same effect:

Well then. I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, etc.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some mod-

¹ The civil war of 1642.

² A small plant; the comparison here between the cedar and the hyssop is from 1 Kings iv, 33.

³ William Hervey, whose brother John (later Earl of St. Albans) was the confidant of Charles I's queen, Henrietta Maria. On the death of William Hervey, Cowley wrote a sincere elegy, which may be found in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*.

⁴ Queen Henrietta Maria, whose secretary Cowley was after her flight to France.

erately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, who, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. But I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it:

Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
Nor at the Exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar;
Content thyself with the small barren praise
Which thy neglected verse does raise, etc.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it a *corpus perditum*,¹ without making capitulations, or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at a man who says to his soul, Take thy ease. I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness — a new misfortune to me — as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine. Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course: *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum*.² Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married, though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.

— *Nec vos dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique, sylvæque, anima remanente relinquam.*

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You of all names the sweetest and the best,
You muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
You gardens, fields, and woods forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.³

ANACREONTICS

I. DRINKING

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.

¹ lost body. ² I have not sworn a false oath.

³ Cowley concludes the essay with two translations from Martial.

The busy Sun (and one would guess
 By's drunken fiery face no less) 10
 Drinks up the sea, and when he's done,
 The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun:
 They drink and dance by their own light,
 They drink and revel all the night:
 Nothing in Nature's sober found, 15
 But an eternal health goes round.
 Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
 Fill all the glasses there — for why
 Should every creature drink but I?
 Why, man of morals, tell me why? 20

2. THE EPICURE

Underneath this myrtle shade,
 On flowery beds supinely laid,
 With odorous oils my head o'erflowing,
 And around it roses growing,
 What should I do but drink away 5
 The heat and troubles of the day?
 In this more than kingly state
 Love himself on me shall wait.
 Fill to me, Love! nay, fill it up!
 And mingled cast into the cup 10
 Wit and mirth and noble fires,
 Vigorous health and gay desires.
 The wheel of life no less will stay
 In a smooth than rugged way:
 Since it equally doth flee, 15
 Let the motion pleasant be.
 Why do we precious ointments shower? —
 Nobler wines why do we pour? —
 Beauteous flowers why do we spread
 Upon the monuments of the dead? 20
 Nothing they but dust can show,
 Of bones that hasten to be so.
 Crown me with roses while I live,
 Now your wines and ointments give;
 After death I nothing crave, 25
 Let me alive my pleasures have:
 All are Stoics in the grave.

THE WISH

Well then! I now do plainly see
 This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.¹
 The very honey of all earthly joy
 Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
 And they, methinks, deserve my pity 5
 Who for it can endure the stings,
 The crowd and buzz and murmurings,
 Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave
 May I a small house and large garden
 have; 10

¹ Cf. Cowley's essay, *Of Myself*.

And a few friends, and many books, both
 true,
 Both wise, and both delightful too!
 And since love ne'er will from me flee,
 A Mistress moderately fair,
 And good as guardian angels are, 15
 Only beloved and loving me.

O fountains! when in you shall I
 Myself eased of unpeaceful thoughts espy?
 O fields! O woods! when, when shall I be
 made
 The happy tenant of your shade? 20
 Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's
 flood;
 Here's wealthy Nature's treasury,
 Where all the riches lie that she
 Has coined and stamped for good.

Pride and ambition here 25
 Only in far-fetched metaphors appear;
 Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs
 scatter,
 And nought but Echo flatter.
 The gods, when they descended, hither
 From heaven did always choose their way; 30
 And therefore we may boldly say
 That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I
 And one dear She live, and embracing die!
 She who is all the world, and can exclude 35
 In deserts solitude.

I should have then this only fear:
 Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
 Should hither throng to live like me,
 And so make a city here. 40

THE THIEF

Thou robbest my days of business and de-
 lights,
 Of sleep thou robbest my nights;
 Ah, lovely thief, what wilt thou do?
 What, rob me of Heaven too?
 Thou even my prayers dost steal from 5
 me,
 And I, with wild idolatry,
 Begin to God, and end them all to thee.

Is it a sin to love, that it should thus
 Like an ill conscience, torture us?
 Whate'er I do, where e'er I go, 10
 (None guiltless e'er was haunted so)
 Still, still, methinks thy face I view,
 And still thy shape does me pursue,
 As if not you me, but I had murdered you.

From books I strive some remedy to take, 15
 But thy name all the letters make;
 Whate'er 'tis writ, I find that there,
 Like points and commas everywhere.
 Me blest for this let no man hold;
 For I, as Midas did of old, 20
 Perish by turning everything to gold.

What do I seek, alas, or why do I
 Attempt in vain from thee to fly?
 For making thee my deity
 I give thee then ubiquity. 25
 My pains resemble hell in this:
 The divine presence there too is,
 But to torment men, not to give them bliss.

A SUPPLICATION

Awake, awake, my Lyre!
 And tell thy silent master's humble tale
 In sounds that may prevail;
 Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:
 Though so exalted she 5
 And I so lowly be
 Tell her, such different notes make all thy
 harmony.

Hark, how the strings awake!
 And, though the moving hand approach not
 near,
 Themselves with awful fear 10
 A kind of numerous¹ trembling make.
 Now all thy forces try;
 Now all thy charms apply;
 Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure 15
 Is useless here, since thou art only found
 To cure, but not to wound,
 And she to wound, but not to cure.
 Too weak too, wilt thou prove
 My passion to remove; 20
 Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to
 Love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
 For thou canst never tell my humble tale
 In sounds that will prevail,
 Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire; 25
 All thy vain mirth lay by,
 Bid thy strings silent lie,
 Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy
 master die.

¹ metrical.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)

John Milton was born in London December 9, 1608. His father was a scrivener, or drawer of legal documents, who had broken off relations with his family, which was Roman Catholic, in order to follow the Puritan faith. He was a man of culture, and a musician of some note. John Milton was sent to Saint Paul's School and later to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he made his mark as a scholar, though he found the academic routine distasteful. His father had purchased a small estate in the country, at Horton, where Milton spent some five years after his departure from Cambridge, 1632 to 1637, reading the classics and writing poetry. In 1638 he went to Italy. The Italian poetry of the early Renaissance which had been such an inspiration to Chaucer had become conventional and stereotyped, practiced by poets who associated themselves in circles or academies, for purposes of literary competition. Milton enjoyed the elegance and culture which he found in Italy, but he recognized the lack of freedom of thought under the tyranny of Spain and the Church. When he learned that his own countrymen were engaged in a struggle to preserve their own liberties against Charles I, he "thought it shame" to be absent, and returned to England in 1639.

For the next eighteen years Milton was absorbed in the political movements of the time. He was a zealous opponent of the Established Church and the King. He became Latin Secretary to the Council of State and wrote much in defense of the revolution and execution of the King. It was in consequence of these labors that his eyesight, which had always been weak, failed totally. Before this, in 1643, Milton had married Mary Powell, daughter of a Cavalier family. She left him shortly after the marriage, but returned to him in 1645, and bore him three daughters. After her death he married Katharine Woodcock in 1656, who died a year later. His third wife was Elizabeth Minshull. After the restoration of Charles II, Milton was in some personal danger and had to go into hiding, but he was relieved by the act of oblivion and resumed work on his greater poems, which occupied him until shortly before his death in 1674.

Milton was born when the mood of appreciation of the experience of the present world which was characteristic of the Renaissance was yielding to that interest in the other world which was the essence of Puritanism. Nevertheless, the London which he knew as a boy was the London of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. The letters and elegies which he wrote in Latin contain ample evidence of his delight in music, the stage, and in the beauty of women. Yet this urge of the Renaissance was restrained by a Puritan sense of the meaning of life. He early felt himself called to

be a poet, "to leave something so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die." How seriously he took this vocation is shown by his sonnet *On Reaching the Age of Twenty-Three*. His first considerable poem was the *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity* (1629). There followed the two poems, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, inspired by his early residence at Horton. While there, at the instance of his friend Henry Lawes, the chief musical composer of the day, he wrote the pastoral play, *Comus*, and just before his departure for Italy, the elegy on the death of a college friend, which he called *Lycidas*. When Milton returned from Italy, he found Parliament entering on the long contest with Charles I which culminated in the Civil War. The first phase of the struggle which interested him was the issue of freedom of worship from the authority of the Established Church. Later he became concerned with the problem of individual liberty in relation to the necessary control of the State. His desertion by his first wife led him to write several pamphlets on the right of divorce, and the magnificent plea for freedom of speech called *Areopagitica*. In opposition to the doctrine of divine right, he defended the right of the people to put to death a king who oppressed them, in his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*; and against the hostile criticism of scholars and publicists on the Continent he wrote in Latin his *First Defense of the People of England*, followed by the *Second Defense*. All this, however, was apart from the serious vocation as poet. This he resumed when his blindness gave him some release from the cares of office. *Paradise Lost* was published in 1667. A kindred theme, the story of Christ's temptation, he dealt with in *Paradise Regained*. His last poem was a tragedy on the Greek model, *Samson Agonistes*, based on the story of Samson's destruction of the Philistine temple of Dagon.

Milton's poetry is edited by David Masson in three volumes. A single-volume edition is that edited by W. V. Moody (Cambridge Poets). Milton's prose works are collected in the Bohn Library. Annotated editions of the *Areopagitica* are those by J. W. Hales (Clarendon Press) and Laura E. Lockwood in the Riverside Literature Series.

The chief life of Milton is that by David Masson in seven volumes. Single-volume lives are those by Mark Pattison in the English Men of Letters Series and by Richard Garnett in the Great Writers Series. The famous Essay on Milton by Lord Macaulay appears on page 1002 of the present work. Other essays are those by W. Bagehot, J. R. Lowell, G. E. Woodbury, etc. An important study is Denis Saurat's *Milton, Man and Thinker*. James Holly Hanford's *A Milton Handbook* is useful.

L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO

1631-1633

These poems were written at Horton, either during a vacation in 1631, or after Milton had taken up his residence there in July, 1632. They are companion pieces, *The Joyous Man* and *The Thoughtful Man*, written to emphasize two attitudes toward life, the cheerful and social, and the thoughtful and solitary. It is certain that Milton in his own experience comprehended both the frank delight in the sensations of the present, which was of the Renaissance; and the serious contemplation of man's place in the world, which was enforced by Puritanism. The poems are examples of Milton's classic sense of form, the central theme in each case strictly controlling the detail abundantly offered in its illustration. They are classic in another respect, in the choice of language fitted to the thought with a perfection that is beyond praise.

L'ALLEGRO

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth ² cell, 5
1 unknown.

Where brooding Darkness spreads his
jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;

There under ebon shades, and low-browed
rocks,

As ragged ¹ as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ² ever dwell. 10

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,

In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,

And by men, heart-easing Mirth,

Whom lovely Venus at a birth

With two sister Graces more 15

To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;

Or whether (as some sager sing)

The frolic Wind that breathes the spring,

Zephyr with Aurora playing,

As he met her once a-Maying, 20

There on beds of violets blue,

And fresh-blown roses washed in dew.

Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,

So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee 25

Jest and youthful Jollity,

Quips, and Cranks,³ and wanton Wiles,

Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,

And love to live in dimple sleek; 30

¹ rugged.

² Known to the Homeric Greeks as a land of mist and darkness.

³ windings.

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as ye go,
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee 35
 The mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And, if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved¹ pleasures free; 40
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,² 45
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine;
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of Darkness thin; 50
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,
 From the side of some hoar³ hill, 55
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Sometime walking, not unseen,
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state,⁴ 60
 Robed in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale⁵
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landscape round it measures: 70
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied; 75
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
 The Cynosure⁶ of neighboring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,

Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of herbs and other country messes, 85
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tanned haycock in the mead. 90
 Sometimes with secure¹ delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks² sound
 To many a youth and many a maid 95
 Dancing in the chequered shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail:
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fairy Mab³ the junkets eat:
 She was pinched and pulled, she said;
 And he, by Friar's⁴ lantern led,
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat 105
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
 That ten day-laborers could not end;
 Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,⁵ 110
 And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, 115
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
 Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons
 bold, 120
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
 With store of Ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear 125
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful Poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream. 130
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock⁶ be on,

¹ carefree. ² early type of fiddle.

³ The fairy Mab concerned herself with servant girls either as their benevolent patroness or evil genius.

⁴ Friar Rush, sometimes called Jack-a-lantern, and Robin Good-fellow performed similar offices toward farm-laborers.

⁵ Lob-lie-by-the-fire.

⁶ Implying comedy. Comic actors wore the *soccus*, a low slipper. Tragic actors wore the *cothurnus*, a high boot, or buskin.

¹ innocent.

² in order to spite sorrow.

³ white with frost in autumn, the hunting season.

⁴ royal progress.

⁵ counts his flock.

⁶ In astronomy, the constellation of the Lesser Bear, containing the Pole Star, by which the Tyrian sailors steered their course.

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever, against eating cares, 135
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout¹
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out. 140
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head 145
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice. 150
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENNEROSO

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred!
 How little you bested,²
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!
 Dwell in some idle brain, 5
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-
 beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners³ of Morpheus'
 train. 10
 But, hail! thou Goddess sage and holy!
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view 15
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,⁴
 Or that starred Ethiop Queen⁵ that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above 20
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended:
 Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she; in Saturn's reign 25
 Such mixture was not held a stain.

Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's¹ inmost grove,
 Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypress lawn 35
 Over thy decent² shoulders drawn.
 Come; but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 40
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad³ leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet, 45
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
 And add to these retirèd Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure; 50
 But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist along,⁴ 55
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke⁵
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak. 60
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, Chauntress, oft the woods among
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen⁶ 65
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering Moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way, 70
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-watered shore, 75
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;
 Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still removèd place will fit,

¹ turn, or involution. ² benefit.

³ Queen Elizabeth's body guards, noblemen picked for their wealth and personal beauty, were known as her "pensioners."

⁴ Prince Memnon was of traditional beauty. The suggestion is that this is also an attribute of his sister, although no such person exists in legend.

⁵ Cassiopeia.

¹ Mount Ida, in Crete, the home of the Muses, where the infant Jove was nurtured.

² comely. ³ sober.

⁴ bring along with finger on lip, saying hist!

⁵ Mythology attributes the dragon team not to the moon but to Ceres.

⁶ Supposedly, the nightingale does not sing after the grass is mown; hence, "missing thee."

Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the Bellman's drowsy charm
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour, 85
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,¹
 With thrice-great Hermes,² or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold 90
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,
 Whose power hath a true consent 95
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,³
 Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskined⁴ stage.
 But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
 Might raise Musæus⁵ from his bower;
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek;
 Or call up him that left half-told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,⁶ 110
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife.
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That owned the virtuous⁷ ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass
 On which the Tartar King did ride; 115
 And if aught else great Bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited⁸ Morn appear,
 Not tricked and frownc'd, as she was wont
 With the Attic boy⁹ to hunt,
 But kerchieft in a comely cloud, 125
 While rocking winds are piping loud,

¹ Watch until dawn, as the constellation of the Bear does not set.

² Hermes Trismegistus, a mythical philosopher and magician. During the middle ages his name was used as a signature to various books on mysticism and magic.

³ The *Seven against Thebes*, of Æschylus, the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and *Antigone* of Sophocles, the *Electra*, and the *Iphigenia* of Euripides, deal with these subjects.

⁴ Cf. *L'Allegro*, line 132.

⁵ Like Orpheus, a mythical Greek poet.

⁶ Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*, in which Camball, Algarsife, and Canace are personages.

⁷ with magic power.

⁸ soberly dressed.

⁹ Cephalus.

Or ushered with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute-drops from off the eaves. 130
 And, when the sun begins to fling
 His flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To archèd walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan¹ loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak, 135
 Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
 There, in close covert, by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140
 Hide me from Day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honeyed thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such consort as they keep, 145
 Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings, in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture displayed,
 Softly on my eyelids laid. 150
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail 155
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,²
 And love the high embowèd roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light. 160
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full voiced Quire below,
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies, 165
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell 170
 Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give, 175
 And I with thee will choose to live.

LYCIDAS

1637

L'Allegro and *Il Penseroso* mark the beginning of the period of quiet enjoyment and study which made up Milton's life at Horton. *Lyci-*

¹ Sylvanus, the god of woods.

² enclosure.

das represents the deepening seriousness of its close. The occasion of the poem was the death of Edward King, a fellow student of Milton's at Cambridge, by drowning in the Irish Sea. It was a contribution to a memorial volume made up by his friends in 1637. It is in a form which was much in fashion among poets of the Renaissance — that of the pastoral elegy. Historically this form goes back to Theocritus and the Greek poets of Alexandria, who made the rude songs of shepherds and goatherds, sung in competition for a prize, in lamentation for disappointment in love or as a dirge over a dead comrade, the conventional basis for more artificial compositions. Spenser had given examples of various kinds of pastoral poetry in his *Shepherd's Calendar*. Now Milton adopted the elegy as the expression of grief for a young and promising friend, who as a clergyman might not unfittingly be described as a shepherd. Like Spenser, Milton introduced into his poem certain reflections on matters of current interest, particularly the arrogance of the Established church which was soon to lead to civil war between Parliament and the King. Although *Lycidas* follows a model inherited from classical literature, it is much less classical in style than the preceding poems — less restrained and chiselled, more emotional, decorated, eloquent, approaching the sublime. Especially in lines 155–163 in which he makes use of the romantic appeal of remote places he anticipates the rhetorical splendor of the great passages in *Paradise Lost*.

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,

Ye Myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well¹ 15
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth
spring;

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse²

¹ The nine muses of Greek mythology, to whom the fountain of Aganippe, on Mt. Helicon, where there was also an altar dedicated to Jove, was sacred. Making the source of the spring from beneath the altar was original with Milton.

² poet.

With lucky¹ words favour my destined
urn,

And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

For we were nursed upon the self-same
hill,

Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and
rill;

Together both, ere the high lawns ap-
peared

Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry
horn,

Battering our flocks with the fresh dews of
night,

Oft till the star that rose at evening bright³ 30
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his
westerling wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;
Tempered² to the oaten flute

Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven
heel

From the glad sound would not be absent
long;

And old Damœtas³ loved to hear our song.

But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art
gone,

Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert
caves,

With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'er-
grown,

And all their echoes, mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,

Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that
graze,

Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe
wear,

When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the re-
morseless deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep⁴

Where your old Bards, the famous Druids,
lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

¹ auspicious. ² in tune with.

³ Perhaps a reference to William Chappell, Milton's tutor at Cambridge.

⁴ Possibly the Druid sepulchres at Kerig y Druidion in Denbighshire, a possible haunt of the Muses. *Mona*, the island of Anglesey, is now treeless, but was evidently wooded in Milton's time. *Deva*, or the Dee, is a "wizard stream," because of a tradition that the shifting of its channel portended good fortune for the side toward which it tended.

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard
stream. 55

Ay me! I fondly dream
"Had ye been there,"...for what could
that have done?

What could the Muse¹ herself that Orpheus
bore,

The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament, 60
When, by the rout that made the hideous
roar,

His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, Shepherd's
trade, 65

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear² spirit doth
raise 70

(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury³ with the abhorred
shears, 75

And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the
praise,"

Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling
ears:

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal
soil,

Nor in the glistering foil⁴

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor
lies, 80

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure
eyes

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy
meed."

O fountain Arethuse,⁵ and thou honored
flood, 85

Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal
reeds,

That strain I heard was of a higher mood.

But now my oat proceeds,

And listens to the Herald of the Sea,⁶

That came in Neptune's plea. 90

He asked the waves, and asked the felon
winds,

What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle
swain?

And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promon-
tory.

They knew not of his story; 95
And sage Hippotades¹ their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon
strayed:

The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope² with all her sisters played.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark, 100
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses
dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next, Camus,³ reverend Sire, went footing
slow,

His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the
edge 105

Like to that sanguine flower⁴ inscribed with
woe.

"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest
pledge?"

Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;⁵

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain 110
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).

He shook his mitred locks, and stern be-
spoke:—

"How well could I have spared for thee,
young swain,

Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the
fold! 115

Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,

And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know
how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the
least 120

That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they?

They are sped;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy⁶
songs

Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched
straw;

¹ Calliope, mother of Orpheus.

² untainted.

³ Atropos, one of the Fates, usually represented as blind.

⁴ Referring to the use of gold or silver leaf to set off a jewel.

⁵ The Fountain Arethuse, in Sicily, represents pastoral poetry, as does the River Mincius, from the association with Virgil's *Eclogues*.

⁶ Triton.

¹ Æolus, son of Hippotes, the god of winds.

² One of the daughters of Nereus.

³ Many of the Cambridge poets have thus personified the river Cam.

⁴ The hyacinth sprung from the blood of Hyacinthus, *ai, ai*, the Greek exclamation of lament, inscribed thereon.

⁵ Saint Peter, who holds keys to the Kingdom of Heaven.

⁶ vapid. Songs may be taken to mean discourses.

The hungry sheep look up, and are not
fed, 125
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they
draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim Wolf¹ with privy
paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine² at the door 130
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no
more."

Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian
Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither
cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand
hues. 135
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers
use³
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing
brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely
looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed
showers, 140
And purple all the ground with vernal
flowers.
Bring the rathe⁴ primrose that forsaken
dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with
jet,
The glowing violet, 145
The musk-rose, and the well-attired wood-
bine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive
head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid
lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false sur-
mise.
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding
seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are
hurled; 155
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming
tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;

¹ The Roman Catholic Church.
² This obscurity is susceptible of many explanations;
perhaps, the two houses of Parliament.
³ frequent, visit. 4 early.

Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus¹ old, 160
Where the great Vision of the guarded
mount²
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.³
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with
ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no
more, 165
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery
floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled
ore 170
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked
the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams
along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
And hears the unexpressive⁴ nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and
love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies, 179
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the Shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the
shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth⁵ Swain to the oaks
and rills,
While the still Morn went out with sandals
grey:
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric
lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the
hills, 190
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched⁶ his mantle
blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures
new.

¹ Fabled Bellerium, the Latin name for Land's End
in Cornwall.

² The legend that the Archangel Michael appeared at
a craggy seat looking out over the sea, near the ruins of
an old Norman stronghold on St. Michael's Mount, op-
posite Penzance.

³ Both on the seacoast of Spain.

⁴ inexpressible.

⁵ unknown, for in 1637 Milton was still an "unknown"
poet.

⁶ gathered about him.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

This sonnet was written at Cambridge, in 1631, shortly before Milton took his Master's degree.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

1631

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS IN- TENDED TO THE CITY

Written in November, 1642, when the forces of Charles I threatened the capture of London. Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms, Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honor did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower;
The great Emathian¹ conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's Poet² had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

1642

¹ Alexander the Great.
² Euripides, to whose fame as a dramatist was attributed the leniency of the Spartans toward Athens.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT
THE COMMITTEE FOR PROPAGATION OF
THE GOSPEL

The ministers referred to were the Presbyterian clergy who threatened to impose their ecclesiastical system in place of the Episcopal. Milton as an Independent demanded absolute freedom of conscience and worship. He looked to Cromwell to secure this.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen¹ stream, with blood of Scots inbrued,
And Dunbar² field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's³ laureate wreath: yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

1652

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONTE

The Waldenses, a reformed sect dwelling among the mountains of Piedmont, were persecuted by the Duke of Savoy. Cromwell addressed a stern remonstrance to that ruler.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered Saints,
whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,

¹ The battle of Preston, August 17, 1648.

² The battle of Dunbar against the Scots, September 3, 1650.

³ The battle of Worcester by which Cromwell suppressed the rising in favor of Charles II, September 3, 1651.

When all our fathers worshiped stocks and
stones,¹
Forget not: in thy book record their groans 5
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient
fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that
rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their
moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and
ashes sow 10
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth
sway
The triple Tyrant;² that from these may
grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy
way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.³
1655

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days⁴ in this dark world and
wide,
And that one Talent⁵ which is death to
hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul
more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
My true account, lest He returning
chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light de-
nied?"
I fondly⁶ ask. But Patience, to pre-
vent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not
need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who
best 10
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best.
His state
Is kingly: thousands⁷ at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without
rest;
They also serve who only stand and
wait."

1655

¹ When, before the Reformation, England was a Catholic country.

² The Pope, so called from his tiara surrounded by three crowns.

³ The woe which will be visited upon Babylon (interpreted as the Church of Rome) on the day of Judgment. Cf. Rev. xviii.

⁴ Milton was forty-four when his blindness became total.

⁵ For the parable of the talents, see Matt. xxv, 14-30.

⁶ foolishly.

⁷ of heavenly messengers.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE

This sonnet refers to Milton's second wife, Katharine Woodcock, who died in 1657.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the
grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad hus-
band gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale
and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-
bed taint 5
Purification in the Old Law did save,¹
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without re-
straint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied
sight 10
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person
shined
So clear as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back
my night.

1658

PARADISE LOST

1658-1665

Milton's poetry was not the result of casual interest or occasional inspiration. With the seriousness which governed his entire life, he early devoted himself to preparation for his mission of giving to England a poem of the same greatness as Homer had given to Greece in the *Iliad*, or Virgil to Rome in the *Aeneid*. In choice of subject he wavered between legendary British history, which was the material suggested by the examples of Homer and Virgil, and a Biblical theme. Since the Puritans had come to think of themselves as God's Chosen People, in succession to the Hebrews, and the Biblical narratives as the supreme illustrations of God's dealings with men, it was natural for him to choose the latter. A list in Milton's handwriting of more than a hundred subjects from the Old and New Testaments shows how systematically he explored the possibilities of the field. In all Biblical history, two events stand out as of the highest importance, the Fall of Man from his original state of holiness and his Redemption by Christ. The former was a subject of much theological controversy in Milton's day, the view taken of it marking the difference between the Calvinists, who held that all events, including the Fall of Adam,

¹ The reference is to the ceremonies of purification after childbirth, enjoined by Mosaic law. See Leviticus xii.

and the fate of every one of his sinful descendants, were immutably fixed in God's thought, and the Arminians, of whom Milton was one, who believed that God's decision in regard to the sinner was not irrevocable, but might through His grace be altered by repentance and faith in Christ. In view of its importance, both in the history of God's relation with man and in contemporary thought, Milton was constrained to choose the subject of the Fall.

Similarly Milton had a choice between two forms, both having classical authority, the epic and the tragedy. Certain of his subjects suggested the latter, notably the story of Samson which he later treated after the manner of Sophocles, but the Fall of Man was clearly epic in scope. Milton followed the account which had been elaborated by Christian fathers and rabbinical scholars upon the version given in Genesis. Vague allusions elsewhere in the Bible to Satan or Lucifer as an adversary of God, and to war in heaven, gave the suggestion for the revolt of part of the heavenly host under Lucifer's leadership. According to the practice of the epic, the poem begins in the thick of events after Lucifer and his rebel angels have been thrown from the battlements of heaven to the hell beneath. There follows their encouragement by their leader and their summons to a council, from which issues the plan to attack God's omnipotence by seducing into sin the man and woman whom He had created, to take with their descendants the places left vacant in heaven by the expulsion of the fallen angels. The first division of the poem closes with Lucifer's arrival on the earth and sight of the Garden of Eden. The second division of four books goes back over preceding events, the revolt of the angels, the creation of the universe and of man. The last four books deal with the temptation itself and the expulsion from paradise followed by Adam's prophetic view of the fortunes of his descendants in later history.

For his poetic form, Milton chose the pentameter blank verse which had been introduced by Surrey, and given currency by Marlowe and the dramatists. Milton's verse was, however, more stately and sustained than theirs. In his hands it became the equivalent in dignity and elevation of the dactylic hexameter of the classical epic poets. As in his earlier poetry Milton showed his power of using romantic suggestion and imagery in that strict subordination to the central theme which is the chief quality of classical art. The first two books of *Paradise Lost* afford magnificent illustration of this characteristic.

Milton had the material and form of *Paradise Lost* in mind for many years, but was prevented from beginning his work by his political writing, to which he was drawn by the situation of the time, and later by his Latin Secretaryship. Only in 1658 was he able to begin work in earnest and by this time he was totally blind. He composed largely at night, commit-

ting the verses to memory and dictating them later. The poem was finished in 1665. On account of the Great Fire in 1666 its publication was postponed until 1667, when Milton made an agreement to sell the copyright for £5 down, with two equal sums payable after successive sales of 1300 copies. *Paradise Lost* has come to be recognized as the greatest English epic, the poem which sets forth the traditional and historic faith of the English people in their God, and his dealings with the human race. It likewise embodies a complete philosophical survey of the universe. It is a monument of the time when men thought it still possible to achieve this sort of completeness and authority, a period of which Milton was the last great figure.

BOOK I

THE ARGUMENT

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject — Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed; then touches the prime cause of his fall — the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great Deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastes into the midst of things; presenting Satan, with his Angels, now fallen into Hell — described here not in the Centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fittest called Chaos. Here Satan, with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion; calls up him who, next in order and dignity, lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise: their numbers; array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech; comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven; but tells them, lastly, of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in Heaven — for that Angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse,¹ that, on the secret top
Of Oreb,² or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd³ who first taught the chosen
seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook⁴ that
flowed

¹ The power that inspired Moses, and David, as opposed to the nine muses of Greek mythology.

² The range of which Sinai was one mountain.

³ Moses.

⁴ At the foot of Mt. Moriah, on which stood the temple of Jerusalem.

Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above the Aonian mount,¹ while it pursues 15
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
 And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all temples the upright heart and
 pure,
 Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from
 the first
 Wast present, and, with mighty wings out-
 spread, 20
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,²
 And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support;
 That, to the highth of this great argument,³
 I may assert⁴ Eternal Providence, 25
 And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first — for Heaven hides nothing from
 thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of Hell — say first what
 cause
 Moved our grand⁵ Parents, in that happy
 state,
 Favored of Heaven so highly, to fall off 30
 From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the World besides.
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
 The infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,
 Stirred up with envy and revenge, de-
 ceived 35
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his
 host

Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equalled the Most
 High, 40
 If he opposed, and, with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,
 Raised impious war in Heaven and battle
 proud,

With vain attempt. Him the Almighty
 Power
 Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal
 sky, 45
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamant chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day
 and night 50
 To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,

Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded, though immortal. But his
 doom

Reserved him to more wrath; for now the
 thought

Both of lost happiness and lasting pain 55
 Torments him: round he throws his baleful
 eyes,

That witnessed¹ huge affliction and dismay,
 Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast
 hate.

At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
 The dismal situation waste and wild. 60
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
 As one great furnace flamed; yet from those
 flames

No light; but rather darkness visible
 Served only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where
 peace 65

And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all, but torture without end
 Still urges,² and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepared 70
 For those rebellious; here their prison or-
 dained

In utter³ darkness, and their portion set,
 As far removed from God and light of
 Heaven

As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.⁴
 Oh how unlike the place from whence they
 fell! 75

There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous
 fire,

He soon discerns; and, weltering by his
 side,

One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in Palestine, and named 80
 BEELZEBUB. To whom the Arch-Enemy,⁵
 And thence in Heaven called SATAN, with
 bold words

Breaking the horrid silence, thus began: —
 "If thou beest he — but Oh how fallen!
 how changed

From him! — who, in the happy realms of
 light, 85

Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst
 outshine

Myriads, though bright — if he whom mu-
 tual league,

¹ gave evidence of.

² afflicts.

³ outer, the usual significance of utter in the seven-teenth century.

⁴ Milton thought of the earth as surrounded by ten con-centric spheres and hung from the threshold of heaven. The terrestrial poles projected outward through the in-tervening spheres to the outermost one.

⁵ Satan, in Hebrew, means "adversary."

¹ theme, subject.

⁴ vindicate.

⁵ first, original.

United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
 Joined with me once, now misery hath
 joined 90
 In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest
 From what highth fallen: so much the
 stronger proved
 He with his thunder: and till then who knew
 The force of those dire arms? Yet not for
 those,
 Nor what the potent Victor in his rage 95
 Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
 Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed
 mind,
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
 That with the Mightiest raised me to con-
 tend,
 And to the fierce contention brought
 along 100
 Innumerable force of Spirits armed,
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me prefer-
 ring,
 His utmost power with adverse power op-
 posed
 In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
 And shook his throne. What though the
 field be lost? 105
 All is not lost — the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield:
 And what is else not to be overcome;
 That glory never shall his wrath or might 110
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power
 Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
 Doubted his empire — that were low indeed;
 That were an ignominy and shame be-
 neath 115
 This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of
 Gods,
 And this empyreal substance, cannot fail;
 Since, through experience of this great event,
 In arms not worse, in foresight much ad-
 vanced,
 We may with more successful hope re-
 solve 120
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven.”
 So spake the apostate Angel, though in
 pain, 125
 Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep de-
 spair;
 And him thus answered soon his bold Com-
 peer: —
 “O Prince, O Chief of many thronèd
 Powers

That led the embattled Seraphim to war
 Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
 Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual
 King, 131
 And put to proof his high supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or
 fate!
 Too well I see and rue the dire event
 That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat, 135
 Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty
 host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as Gods and Heavenly Essences
 Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigor soon returns, 140
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy
 state
 Here swallowed up in endless misery.
 But what if He our Conqueror (whom I
 now
 Of force ¹ believe almighty, since no less
 Than such could have o'erpowered such force
 as ours) 145
 Have left us this our spirit and strength
 entire,
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice ² his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls
 By right of war, whate'er his business be, 150
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
 Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep? ³
 What can it then avail though yet we feel
 Strength undiminished, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment?” 155
 Whereto with speedy words the Arch-
 Fiend replied: —
 “Fallen Cherub,⁴ to be weak is miserable,
 Doing or suffering: but of this be sure —
 To do aught good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160
 As being the contrary to His high will
 Whom we resist. If then his providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labor must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil; 165
 Which oftentimes may succeed so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail ⁵ not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
 But see! the angry Victor hath recalled
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170
 Back to the gates of Heaven: the sulphurous
 hail,
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
 The fiery surge that from the precipice
 Of Heaven received us falling; and the
 thunder,

1 perforce.

2 satisfy.

3 Chaos.

4 See note on line 737.

5 mistake.

Winged with red lightning and impetuous
rage, 175
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless
Deep.

Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and
wild, 180

The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid
flames

Cast pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbor there; 185
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from
hope, 190

If not what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest Mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and
large, 195

Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
Briareos or Typhon,¹ whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held,² or that sea-
beast 200

Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.
Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered³
skiff,

Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell, 205
With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays.
So stretched out huge in length the Arch-
Fiend lay,

Chained on the burning lake; nor ever
thence 210
Had risen, or heaved his head, but that the
will

And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he
sought 215

¹ Briareos, one of the Titans; Typhon, one of the giants. Both "earth-born," as the offspring of Uranus and Ge (Earth).

² An elaboration of a line of Æschylus, in which Typhon is described as living in a "Cilician den." Tarsus was the capital of Cilicia.

³ brought to a stand by the coming on of night.

Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn
On Man by him seduced, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance
poured. 220

Forthwith upright he rears from off the
pool

His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driven backward slope their pointing spires,
and, rolled

In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his
flight 225

Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights — if it were land that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,
And such appeared in hue as when the
force 230

Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuelled entrails, thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed¹ with mineral fury, aid the
winds, 235

And leave a singèd bottom all involved
With stench and smoke. Such resting found
the sole

Of unblest feet. Him followed his next
Mate;

Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian
flood

As gods, and by their own recovered
strength, 240
Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for Heaven? — this
mournful gloom

For that celestial light? Be it so, since
He 245

Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from Him is
best,

Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made
supreme

Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors!
hail, 250

Infernal World! and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor — one who
brings

A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of
Heaven. 255

¹ changed from a solid to a vapor by the action of heat.

What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than ¹ he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at
least

We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence: ²⁶⁰
Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and co-partners of our
loss, ²⁶⁵

Lie thus astonished ² on the oblivious ³ pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in
Hell? ²⁷⁰

So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub
Thus answered: — "Leader of those armies
bright
Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have
foiled!

If once they hear that voice, their liveliest
pledge

Of hope in fears and dangers — heard so
oft ²⁷⁵

In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle, when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal — they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lie
Grovvelling and prostrate on yon lake of
fire, ²⁸⁰

As we erewhile, astounded and amazed;
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious highth!"

He scarce had ceased when the superior
Fiend

Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous
shield,

Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round, ²⁸⁵
Behind him cast. The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose
orb

Through optic glass the Tuscan artist ⁴ views
At evening, from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, ⁵ to descry new lands, ²⁹⁰
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear — to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great Ammiral, ⁶ were but a wand —
He walked with, to support uneasy steps ²⁹⁵
Over the burning marle, not like those steps

¹ only less than, or, all but equal to.

² thunderstruck.

³ Oblivious is used in the now unusual causative sense of inducing forgetfulness.

⁴ Galileo, whom Milton had met at Florence.

⁵ valley of the river Arno, in which Florence lies.

⁶ Admiral, here transferred to the ship in which he sails, the flag-ship.

On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless ¹ he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called ³⁰⁰
His legions — Angel Forms, who lay en-
tranced

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the
brooks

In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over-arched embower; or scattered
sedge ²

Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion ³
armed ³⁰⁵

Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves
o'erthrew

Busiris ⁴ and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses ³¹⁰
And broken chariot-wheels. So thick be-
strewn,

Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.

He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded: — "Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the Flower of Heaven — once
yours; now lost, ³¹⁶

If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal Spirits! Or have ye chosen this
place

After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find ³²⁰

To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn

To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood ³²⁴

With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and, descending, tread us
down

Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf? —

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!" ³³⁰

They heard, and were abashed, and up
they sprung

Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch,
On duty sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight ³³⁵
In which they were, or the fierce pains not
feel;

Yet to their General's voice they soon obeyed
Innumerable. As when the potent rod

¹ nevertheless.

² The Hebrew name for the Red Sea signifies Sea of Sedge.

³ The great hunter of classic myth.

⁴ Busiris was really an earlier king than the Pharaoh of Moses.

Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up-called a pitchy
cloud 340

Of locusts, warping¹ on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like Night, and darkened all the land of
Nile;²

So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell, 345
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the
plain: 350

A multitude like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins to pass
Rhene³ or the Danaw,⁴ when her barbarous
sons

Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands. 355
Forthwith, from every squadron and each
band,

The heads and leaders thither haste where
stood

Their great Commander — godlike Shapes,
and Forms

Excelling human; princely Dignities;
And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on
thrones, 360

Though of their names in Heavenly records
now

Be no memorial, blotted out and rased
By their rebellion from the Books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till, wandering o'er
the earth, 365

Through God's high sufferance for the trial
of man,

By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of Him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorned 371
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:

Then were they known to men by various
names,

And various idols through the heathen world.

Say, Muse, their names then known, who
first, who last, 376

Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
At their great Emperor's call, as next in
worth

Came singly where he stood on the bare
strand,

While the promiscuous crowd stood yet
aloof. 380

The chief were those who, from the pit of
Hell

Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst
fix

Their seats, long after, next the seat of
God,

Their altars by His altar, gods adored 384

Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed
Within His sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursèd things

His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned, 390
And with their darkness durst affront His
light.

First, *Moloch*,¹ horrid King, besmeared with
blood

Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels
loud,

Their children's cries unheard that passed
through fire 395

To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite

Worshipped in Rabba² and her watery plain
In Argob² and in Basan,² to the stream

Of utmost Arnon.² Nor content with such
Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build 401

His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet
thence

And black Gehenna called, the type of
Hell. 405

Next *Chemos*, the obscene dread of Moab's
sons,

From Aroar³ to Nebo and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon

And Horonaim, Seon's⁴ realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with

vines, 410

And Elealè to the Asphaltic Pool:

Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Sittim,⁵ on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them
woe.

¹ A nature-god, typifying the destructive power of the sun, called in Scripture the "abomination of the children of Ammon."

² Rabba, capital city of the Ammonites; Argob, district of the mountain range of Bashan, here called Basan; Arnon, a boundary river to the east of Jordan. Here, as throughout the following two hundred lines, Milton uses proper names for their grandiloquent sound and rich but vague suggestion, rather than for the purpose of conveying information.

³ The towns and mountains mentioned in lines 407-411 all lie on or near the Dead Sea, called the Asphaltic Pool from the bitumen or asphaltum it contains.

⁴ King of the Ammonites. ⁵ See Numbers xxv.

¹ Moving in curves. ² See Exodus vi, 16-20.

³ Rhine.

⁴ Danube.

Yet thence his lustful orgies¹ he enlarged 415
 Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
 Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate,
 Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
 With these came they who, from the border-
 ing flood
 Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general
 names
 Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth* — those male,
 These feminine. For Spirits, when they
 please,
 Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
 And uncompounded is their essence pure, 425
 Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
 Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they
 choose,
 Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
 Can execute their aery purposes, 430
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook
 Their Living Strength, and unfrequented left
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
 To bestial gods; for which their heads, as
 low 435
 Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop
 Came *Astoreth*, whom the Phœnicians called
 Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent
 horns; 439
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood
 Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
 By that uxorious king² whose heart, though
 large,
 Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell 445
 To idols foul. *Thammuz*³ came next be-
 hind,
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day, 449
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock
 Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
 Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led, 455
 His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one

Who mourned in earnest, when the captive
 Ark
 Maimed his brute image, head and hands
 lopt off,
 In his own temple, on the grunsel-edge,⁴ 460
 Where he fell flat and shamed his worshipers:
*Dagon*⁵ his name, sea-monster, upward man
 And downward fish; yet had his temple high
 Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
 Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon, 465
 And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
 Him followed *Rimmon*, whose delightful seat
 Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
 Of Abbana and Pharpar, lucid streams.
 He also against the house of God was
 bold: 470
 A leper once he lost, and gained a king⁶ —
 Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
 God's altar to disparage and displace
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
 His odious offerings, and adore the gods 475
 Whom he had vanquished. After these ap-
 peared
 A crew who, under names of old renown —
Osiris, *Isis*, *Orus*, and their train —
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
 Fanatic Egypt and her priests to seek 480
 Their wandering gods disguised in brutish
 forms
 Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape
 The infection, when their borrowed gold
 composed
 The calf in Oreb;⁴ and the rebel king⁵
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan, 485
 Likening his Maker to the grazèd ox —
 Jehovah, who, in one night, when he passed
 From Egypt marching, equalled⁶ with one
 stroke
 Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last; than whom a Spirit more
 lewd 490
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for itself. To him no temple stood
 Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
 In temples and at altars, when the priest
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons,⁷ who filled 495
 With lust and violence the house of God?
 In courts and palaces he also reigns,
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,

1 ground-sill or threshold.

2 A sea-god, the national deity of the Philistines, who dwelt along the seashore. See 1 Samuel vi.

3 See 2 Kings v and xvi. 4 See 1 Kings xii, 28.

5 Jeroboam, who rebelled against Rehoboam. He made two calves of gold, setting one in Bethel and the other in Dan.

6 leveled, struck down. The reference is to the tenth plague, the smiting of "all the first-born of the land of Egypt . . . and all the first-born of the cattle."

7 See 1 Samuel ii, 12-17.

1 Used in the classic sense of rites, observances.

2 Solomon.

3 An important figure in Phœnician mythology, slain by a boar, but reviving again each spring, his death and resuscitation symbolizing the characteristics of winter and spring. When the river Adonis became reddened by the mud brought down from Lebanon by the spring torrents, it was believed to be the flowing afresh of Thammuz's wounds which caused the change of color.

And injury and outrage; and, when night ⁵⁰⁰
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the
 sons
 Of Belial, flown ¹ with insolence and wine.
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
 In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
 Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.² ⁵⁰⁵
 These were the prime in order and in
 might:
 The rest were long to tell; though far re-
 nowned
 The Ionian gods — of Javan's issue held
 Gods,³ yet confessed later than Heaven and
 Earth,
 Their boasted parents; — *Titan*, Heaven's
 first-born, ⁵¹⁰
 With his enormous brood, and birthright
 seized
 By younger *Saturn*: he from mightier Jove,
 His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
 So *Jove* usurping reigned. These, first in
 Crete
 And *Ida* known, thence on the snowy top ⁵¹⁵
 Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
 Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian
 cliff,⁴
 Or in *Dodona*,⁵ and through all the bounds
 Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
 Fled over *Adria* to the *Hesperian* fields, ⁵²⁰
 And o'er the Celtic⁶ roamed the utmost Isles.
 All these and more came flocking; but with
 looks
 Downcast and damp;⁷ yet such wherein ap-
 peared
 Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found
 their Chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not
 lost ⁵²⁵
 In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
 Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting,⁸ with high words, that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently
 raised
 Their fainting courage, and dispelled their
 fears; ⁵³⁰
 Then straight commands that, at the warlike
 sound
 Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
 His mighty standard. That proud honor
 claimed

¹ flushed.

² For the allusions, see *Genesis* xix, *Judges* xix.

³ *Uranus* (Heaven) and *Ge* (earth) had as offspring the *Titans*. One of these, *Cronos* (*Saturn* in Roman mythology) dethroned his father, and was in turn dethroned by his son *Zeus*, whose mother was *Rhea*.

⁴ A part of *Mt. Parnassus*, the seat of the famous oracle of *Apollo*.

⁵ In *Epirus*, where there was an oracle of *Zeus*.

⁶ i.e. Celtic land — a Greek idiom.

⁷ depressed.

⁸ re-collecting.

Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff un-
 furled ⁵³⁵
 The imperial ensign; which, full high ad-
 vanced,
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: ⁵⁴⁰
 At which the universal host up-sent
 A shout that tore *Hell's* concave, and beyond
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air, ⁵⁴⁵
 With orient ¹ colors waving: with them rose
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
 Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
 In perfect phalanx to the *Dorian* mood ² ⁵⁵⁰
 Of flutes and soft recorders ³ — such as raised
 To highth of noblest temper heroes old
 Arming to battle, and instead of rage
 Deliberate valor breathed, firm, and un-
 moved
 With dread of death to flight or foul re-
 treat; ⁵⁵⁵
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and
 chase
 Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and
 pain
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus
 they,
 Breathing united force with fixèd thought,
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes that
 charmed ⁵⁶¹
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil. And
 now
 Advanced in view they stand — a horrid
 front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in
 guise
 Of warriors old, with ordered spear and
 shield, ⁵⁶⁵
 Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
 Had to impose. He through the armed files
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon tra-
 verse ⁴
 The whole battalion views — their order due,
 Their visages and stature as of Gods; ⁵⁷⁰
 Their number last he sums. And now his
 heart
 Distends with pride, and, hardening in his
 strength,
 Glories: for never, since created Man,

¹ bright, lustrous.

² grave and stern, in contrast with the softer *Lydian* mode.

³ flageolets.

⁴ across.

Met such embodied force as, named with
these,
Could merit more than that small in-
fantry ¹ *the pygmies of Ethiopia* 575
Warred on by cranes ² — though all the giant
brood
Of Phlegra ³ with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each
side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son, ⁴ *in Provençe* 580
Begirt with British and Armoric knights; ⁵
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, ⁶ or Montalban,
Damasco, ⁶ or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore ⁷ 585
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread Commander. He, above the
rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent, ⁸ 590
Stood like a tower. His form had yet not
lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-
risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air ⁹ 595
Shorn of his beams; or, from behind the
moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet
shone
Above them all the Archangel: but his
face ¹⁰ *was not like a face* 600
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and
care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate ¹¹ pride
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse ¹² and passion, ¹³ to behold ¹⁴ 605
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain —
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors
flung ¹⁵ *the pygmies of Ethiopia* 610

¹ The pygmies of Ethiopia were said to fight with the cranes who invaded their country.

² The wars of the giants and the gods were fought at Phlegra in Macedonia.

³ King Arthur.

⁴ Armoric knights are knights of Brittany.

⁵ Aspramont, in Provence; Montalban, in Languedoc; Trebisonde, in Cappadocia; are all famous in the annals of chivalry.

⁶ Damascus, the scene of many combats during the Crusades.

⁷ thoughtful. ⁸ pity.

⁹ strong feeling, not anger.

For his revolt — yet faithful how they stood, ¹
Their glory withered; as, when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain
pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though
bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now pre-
pared ² *to speak* 615
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they
bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him
round
With all his peers: Attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of
scorn,
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth: at
last ³ *he spoke* 620
Words interwove with sighs found out their
way: —

“O myriads of immortal Spirits! O
Powers

Matchless, but with the Almighty! — and
that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was
dire, ⁴ *the event was dire* 624
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter. But what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have
feared

How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know re-
pulse? ⁵ *the event was dire* 630

For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to reascend,
Self-raised, and re-possess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven, ⁶ 635
If counsels different, or danger shunned
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who
reigns

Monarch in Heaven till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom, and his regal state ⁷ 640
Put forth at full, but still his strength con-
cealed —

Which tempted our attempt, and wrought
our fall.

Henceforth his might we know, and know our
own,

So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war provoked: our better part re-
mains ⁸ *the event was dire* 645

To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not; that he no less
At length from us may find, Who overcomes

¹ “To behold,” from line 605 is understood in this construction.

By force hath overcome but half his foe.
 Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so
 rife *the world is full of* 650
 There went a fame in Heaven that He ere
 long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation whom his choice regard
 Should favor equal to the Sons of Heaven.
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps 655
 Our first eruption — thither, or elsewhere;
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these
 thoughts
 Full counsel must mature. Peace is de-
 spaired; *the world is full of* 660
 For who can think submission? War, then,
 war
 Open or understood, must be resolved.”
 He spake; and, to confirm his words, out-
 flew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the
 thighs
 Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze 665
 Far round illumined Hell. Highly they
 raged
 Against the Highest and fierce with grasped
 arms
 Clashed on their sounding shields the din of
 war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.
 There stood a hill not far, whose grisly
 top *was like a hill of* 670
 Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest
 entire
 Shone with a glossy scurf — undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
 The work of sulphur.¹ Thither, winged with
 speed,
 A numerous brigad hastened: as when
 bands 675
 Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on —
 Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
 From Heaven; for even in Heaven his looks
 and thoughts 680
 Were always downward bent, admiring more
 The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden
 gold,
 Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
 In vision beatific. By him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught, 685
 Ransacked the Centre,² and with impious
 hands

Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
 Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
 And digged out ribs of gold. Let none ad-
 mire *the world is full of* 690
 That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let
 those
 Who boast in mortal things, and wondering
 tell
 Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings;³
 Learn how their greatest monuments of
 fame, *the world is full of* 695
 And strength, and art, are easily outdone
 By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 What in an age they, with incessant toil
 And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
 Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared, 700
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
 With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
 Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion-
 dross.
 A third as soon had formed within the
 ground *the world is full of* 705
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells
 By strange conveyance filled each hollow
 nook;
 As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board
 breathes.
 Anon out of the earth a fabric huge : 710
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet —
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave; nor did there
 want *the world is full of* 715
 Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures
 graven:
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
 Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
 Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat 720
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
 Stood fixed her stately highth; and straight
 the doors,
 Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
 Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth 725
 And level pavement: from the archèd roof,
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730
 Admiring entered; and the work some
 praise,

¹ In the seventeenth century and earlier, sulphur was believed to be the formative element of metals.

² Here, as elsewhere, the earth, the center of the universe, according to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy.

³ The Pyramids.

And some the Architect. His hand was
known
In Heaven by many a towered structure
high,
Where sceptred Angels held their residence,
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme
King 735
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the Orders ¹ bright.
Nor was his name ² unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell 740
From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry
Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from
morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day, and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star, 745
On Lemnos, the Ægæan isle. Thus they
relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught availed him now
To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did
he scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent, 750
With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.
Meanwhile the wingèd Haralds, by com-
mand
Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host
proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held 755
At Pandæmonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers. Their summons
called
From every band and squarèd regiment
By place or choice the worthiest: they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping
came 760
Attended. All access was thronged; the
gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious
hall
(Though like a covered field, where cham-
pions bold
Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Panim chivalry 765
To mortal combat, or career with lance),
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in
the air,
Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As
bees

In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus
rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the
hive 770
In clusters; they among fresh dew and
flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubbed with balm, expatiate, and confer
Their state-affairs: so thick the aerie
crowd 775
Swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal
given,
Behold a wonder! They but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow
room
Throng numberless — like that pygmean
race 780
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth 785
Wheels her pale course: they, on their mirth
and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at
large, 790
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess ¹ and secret conclave sat, 795
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent ² and full. After short silence
then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

BOOK II

THE ARGUMENT

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan — to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search; Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage; is honored and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell-gates; finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven. With what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.

¹ The mediæval division of all celestial beings into three Hierarchies, each comprising three Orders, or Choirs, made the lowest Hierarchy include Angels, Archangels, Principalities; the next higher, Powers, Virtues, and Dominions; the highest included Thrones, Cherubim, and Seraphim.

² Vulcan

¹ retirement.

² crowded.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus¹ and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and
gold,

Satan exalted sat, by merit raised 5
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success²
untaught,

His proud imaginations thus displayed: — 10
“Powers and Dominions, Deities of
Heaven! —

For, since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppressed and
fallen,

I give not Heaven for lost: from this descent
Celestial Virtues rising will appear 15
More glorious and more dread than from no
fall,

And trust themselves to fear no second
fate! —

Me though just right, and the fixed laws of
Heaven,

Did first create your leader — next, free
choice,

With what besides in council or in fight 20
Hath been achieved of merit — yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Established in a safe, unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier
state

In Heaven, which follows dignity, might
draw 25

Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's
aim

Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest
share

Of endless pain? Where there is, then, no
good 30

For which to strive, no strife can grow up
there

From faction: for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence; none whose portion is so small
Of present pain that with ambitious mind
Will covet more! With this advantage,
then, 35

To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best
way, 40

Whether of open war or covert guile,

1 An island in the Persian Gulf.

2 outcome.

We now debate. Who can advise may
speak.”

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred
king,

Stood up — the strongest and the fiercest
Spirit

That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by
despair. 45

His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,
He recked not, and these words thereafter
spake: — 50

“My sentence is for open war. Of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need; not
now.

For, while they sit contriving, shall the
rest —

Millions that stand in arms, and longing
wait 55

The signal to ascend — sit lingering here,
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-
place

Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of His tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No! let us rather choose, 60
Armed with Hell-flames and fury, all at
once

O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless
way,

Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when, to meet the
noise

Of his almighty engine, he shall hear 65
Infernal thunder, and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels, and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange
fire,

His own invented torments. But perhaps 70
The way seems difficult, and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe!
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend 75

Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse.¹ Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the Deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy, then;
The event is feared! Should we again pro-
voke

1 Refers to the mediæval conception that angels are
not subject to natural laws, such as that of gravitation.
Their tendency is upward, not downward.

Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may
find
To our destruction, if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroyed! What can be
worse 85
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss,
condemned
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than
thus,
We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the highth en-
raged, 95
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential — happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being! —
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge." 105
He ended frowning, and his look de-
nounced¹
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up
rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane.
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seemed 110
For dignity composed, and high exploit.
But all was false and hollow; though his
tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse
appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were
low 115
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful. Yet he pleased the
ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began: —
"I should be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged 120
Main reason to persuade immediate war
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels 125
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.

¹ threatened.

First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven
are filled
With armed watch, that render all access 130
Impregnable: oft on the bordering Deep
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,
Scorning surprise. Or, could we break our
way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should
rise 135
With blackest insurrection to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolled, and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel 140
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage;
And that must end us; that must be our
cure — 145
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would
lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eter-
nity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated Night, 150
Devoid of sense and motion? And who
knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? ¹ How he can
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.
Will He, so wise, let loose at once his ire, 155
Belike through impotence or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger whom his anger saves
To punish endless? 'Wherefore cease we,
then?'
Say they who counsel war; 'we are de-
creed, 160
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?' Is this, then,
worst —
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursued and
strook 165
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and be-
sought
The Deep to shelter us? This Hell then
seemed
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? That sure
was worse.

¹ The meaning here is "even granted that death is to be desired, who knows whether God has the power or the will to destroy angelic substances?"

What if the breath that kindled those grim
fires, 170
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold
rage,
And plunge us in the flames; or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firma-
ment 175
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled, 180
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and
prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved, 185
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War, therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or
guile
With Him, or who deceive His mind, whose
eye
Views all things at one view? He from
Heaven's highth 190
All these our motions vain sees and derides,
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we, then, live thus vile — the race of
Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer
here 195
Chains and these torments? Better these
than worse,
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust 200
That so ordains. This was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh when those who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink, and
fear 205
What yet they know must follow — to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror. This is
now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supreme Foe in time may much re-
mit 210
His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished; whence these raging
fires

Will slacken, if his breath stir not their
flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome 215
Their noxious vapor; or, inured, not feel;
Or, changed at length, and to the place con-
formed
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat; and, void of pain,
This horror will grow mild, this darkness
light; 220
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what
change
Worth waiting — since our present lot ap-
pears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe." 225
Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's
garb,
Counselled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,
Not peace; and after him thus Mammon
spake: —
"Either to disenthroned the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain 230
Our own right lost. Him to unthroned we
then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter; for what place can be for us. 235
Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's
Lord Supreme
We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead
sing
Forced Halleluiahs, while he lordly sits
Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers, 245
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heaven, this our delight. How wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue,
By force impossible, by leave obtained 250
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our
own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free and to none accountable, preferring 255
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous when great things of
small,

Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place soe'er 260
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labor and endurance. This deep
world

Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-
ruling Sire

Choose to reside, his glory unobscured, 265
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne, from whence deep thun-
ders roar,

Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles
Hell!

As He our darkness, cannot we His light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil 270
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heaven shew
more?

Our torments also may, in length of time,
Become our elements, these piercing fires 275
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible¹ of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may 280
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I ad-
vise."

He scarce had finished, when such murmur
filled

The assembly as when hollow rocks re-
tain 285

The sound of blustering winds, which all
night long

Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence
lull

Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by
chance,

Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest. Such applause was
heard 290

As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace: for such another field²

They dreaded worse than Hell; so much the
fear

Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them; and no less de-
sire 295

To found this nether empire, which might
rise,

By policy and long process' of time,
In emulation opposite to Heaven.

Which when Beëlzebub perceived — than
whom,

Satan except, none higher sat — with
grave 300

Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state. Deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;

And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood, 305
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear

The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he
spake: —

"Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring
of Heaven, 310

Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be
called

Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines — here to continue, and build up
here

A growing empire; doubtless! while we
dream, 315

And know not that the King of Heaven hath
doomed

This place our dungeon — not our safe re-
treat

Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new
league

Banded against his throne, but to remain 320
In strictest bondage, though thus far re-
moved,

Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude. For He, be sure,
In highth or depth, still first and last will
reign

Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part 325
By our revolt, but over Hell extend

His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.

What¹ sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd² us and foiled with
loss 330

Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be
given

To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return, 335

But, to our power, hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though
slow;

Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340

Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade

¹ sense. ² battle.

¹ to what end, why. ² undone, made an end of.

Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or
 siege,
 Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find
 Some easier enterprise? There is a place ³⁴⁵
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
 Err not) — another World, the happy seat
 Of some new race, called Man, about this
 time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favored
 more ³⁵⁰
 Of Him who rules above; so was His will
 Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath
 That shook Heaven's whole circumference
 confirmed.
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what
 mould ³⁵⁵
 Or substance, how endued, and what their
 power
 And where their weakness: how attempted
 best,
 By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be
 shut,
 And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may lie ex-
 posed, ³⁶⁰
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it: here, perhaps,
 Some advantageous act may be achieved
 By sudden onset — either with Hell-fire
 To waste his whole creation, or possess ³⁶⁵
 All as our own, and drive, as we are driven,
 The puny habitants; or, if not drive,
 Seduce them to our party, that their God
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works. This would sur-
 pass ³⁷⁰
 Common revenge, and interrupt His joy
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise
 In His disturbance; when his darling sons,
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall
 curse
 Their frail original, and faded bliss — ³⁷⁵
 Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub
 Pleaded his devilish counsel — first devised
 By Satan, and in part proposed: for
 whence, ³⁸⁰
 But from the author of all ill, could spring
 So deep a malice, to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great Creator? But their spite still
 serves ³⁸⁵
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those Infernal States, and joy

Sparkled in all their eyes: with full assent
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus re-
 news: —
 "Well have ye judged, well ended long
 debate, ³⁹⁰
 Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,
 Great things resolved, which from the lowest
 deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
 Nearer our ancient Seat — perhaps in view
 Of those bright confines, whence, with neigh-
 boring arms, ³⁹⁵
 And opportune excursion, we may chance
 Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone
 Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,
 Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
 Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious
 air, ⁴⁰⁰
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
 Shall breathe her balm. But, first, whom
 shall we send
 In search of this new World? whom shall we
 find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering
 feet
 The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss, ⁴⁰⁵
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight,
 Upborne with indefatigable wings
 Over the vast Abrupt,¹ ere he arrive
 The happy Isle? What strength, what art,
 can then ⁴¹⁰
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict senteries and stations
 thick
 Of Angels watching round? Here he had
 need
 All circumspection: and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we
 send ⁴¹⁵
 The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."
 This said, he sat; and expectation held
 His look suspense, awaiting who appeared
 To second, or oppose, or undertake
 The perilous attempt. But all sat mute, ⁴²⁰
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts;
 and each
 In other's countenance read his own dismay,
 Astonished. None among the choice and
 prime
 Of those Heaven-warring champions could be
 found
 So hardy as to proffer or accept, ⁴²⁵
 Alone, the dreadful voyage; till, at last,
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised

¹ That portion of chaos separating earth from Hell, which space is apparently conceived as a sort of chasm or gulf.

Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
 Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus
 spake: —

“O Progeny of Heaven! Empyrean
 Thrones! 430

With reason hath deep silence and demur
 Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the
 way

And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light.
 Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round 435
 Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
 Barred over us, prohibit all egress.

These passed, if any pass, the void profound
 Of unessential Night¹ receives him next,
 Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being 440
 Threatens him, plunged in that abortive
 gulf.

If thence he scape, into whatever world,
 Or unknown region, what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
 But I should ill become this throne, O
 Peers, 445

And this imperial sovrantry, adorned
 With splendor, armed with power, if aught
 proposed

And judged of public moment in the shape
 Of difficulty or danger, could deter
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I as-
 sume 450

These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
 Refusing to accept as great a share
 Of hazard as of honor, due alike
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due
 Of hazard more as he above the rest 455
 High honored sits? Go, therefore, mighty
 Powers,

Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend² at
 home,

While here shall be our home, what best may
 ease

The present misery, and render Hell
 More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 460
 To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
 Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
 Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction
 seek

Deliverance for us all. This enterprise 465
 None shall partake with me.” Thus saying,
 rose

The Monarch, and prevented all reply;
 Prudent lest, from his resolution raised,³
 Others among the chief might offer now,
 Certain to be refused, what erst they
 feared, 470

And, so refused, might in opinion stand
 His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
 Which he through hazard huge must earn.
 But they

Dreaded not more the adventure than his
 voice

Forbidding; and at once with him they
 rose. 475

Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of thunder heard remote. Towards him
 they bend

With awful reverence prone, and as a God
 Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.
 Nor failed they to express how much they
 praised 480

That for the general safety he despised
 His own: for neither do the Spirits damned
 Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should
 boast

Their specious deeds on earth, which glory
 excites,

Or close ambition varnished o'er with
 zeal. 485

Thus they their doubtful consultations
 dark

Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief:
 As, when from mountain-tops the dusky
 clouds

Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps,
 o'erspread

Heaven's cheerful face, the loursing ele-
 ment 490

Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow or
 shower,

If chance the radiant sun, with farewell
 sweet,

Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating
 herds

Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings. 495
 O shame to men! Devil with devil damned

Firm concord holds; men only disagree
 Of creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heavenly grace, and, God proclaiming
 peace,

Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars

Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
 As if (which might induce us to accord)

Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
 That day and night for his destruction
 wait! 505

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and
 forth

In order came the grand Infernal Peers:
 Midst came their mighty Paramount,¹ and
 seemed

1 lord, chief.

¹ having no real essence, or being.

² consider.

³ encouraged by his resolute spirit.

Alone the Antagonist of Heaven, nor less
Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp
supreme, 510

And god-like imitated state: him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclosed
With bright emblazonry, and horrent ¹ arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpet's regal sound the great re-
sult: 515
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
By harald's voice explained; ² the hollow
Abyss

Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafening shout returned them loud
acclaim. 520

Thence more at ease their minds, and some-
what raised

By false presumptuous hope, the rangèd
Powers

Disband; and, wandering, each his several
way

Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplexed, where he may likeliest
find 525

Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian
fields; 530

Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form:
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds; before each van 535
Prick forth the aerie knights, and couch their
spears,

Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan ³ rage, more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the
air 540

In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild
uproar: —

As when Alcides, from Æchalia crowned
With conquest, felt the envenomed robe, and
tore

Through pain up by the roots Thessalian
pines,

And Lichas from the top of Æta threw. 545
Into the Euboic sea. Others, more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing

With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
By doom of battle, and complain that
Fate 550

¹ bristling.

² filled.

³ See Book I, l. 199.

Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or
Chance.

Their song was partial; but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal
sing?)

Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more
sweet 555
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the
Sense)

Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and
Fate —

Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge abso-
lute 560

And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame:
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy! 565
Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdurèd ¹ breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.

Another part, in squadrons and gross
bands, 570

On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge 575
Into the burning lake their baleful streams —
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlege-
ton, 580

Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with
rage.

Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being for-
gets — 585

Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual
storms

Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm
land

Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin
seems 590

Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian ² bog

¹ hardened.

² Lake Serbonis, between Damiata and Mount Casius, was sometimes so covered with sand that armies advanced upon it as upon solid ground.

Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching
air

Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of
fire. 595

Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,
At certain revolutions all the damned
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter
change

Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more
fierce,

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to
pine

Immovable, infixed, and frozen round
Periods of time, — thence hurried back to
fire.

They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, 605
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to
lose

In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But Fate withstands, and, to oppose the
attempt, 610

Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, the adventrous
bands, 615

With shuddering horror pale, and eyes
aghast,

Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary
vale

They passed, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and
shades of death —

A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good;
Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature
breeds,

Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious
things, 625

Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned or fear con-
ceived.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.
Meanwhile the Adversary of God and
Man,

Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest de-
sign, 630

Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of
Hell

Explores his solitary flight: sometimes

He scours the right hand coast, sometimes
the left;

Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then
soars

Up to the fiery concave towering high. 635

As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants
bring

Their spicy drugs; they on the trading
flood, 640

Through the wide Ethiopian ¹ to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so
seemed

Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof.
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds
were brass, 645

Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable Shape.

The one seemed woman to the waist, and
fair, 650

But evil foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast — a serpent armed
With mortal sting. About her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds never-ceasing barked
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and
rung 655

A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would
creep,

If aught disturbed their noise, into her
womb,

And kennel there; yet there still barked and
howled

Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these
Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that
parts 660

Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland ² witches, while the laboring
moon 665

Eclipses at their charms. The other Shape —
If shape it might be called that shape had
none.

Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called that shadow
seemed.

For each seemed either — black it stood as
Night. 670

Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,

¹ Ethiopian Sea, or the Indian Ocean.

² Lapland was long held to be the home and especial
meeting-place of witches.

And shook a dreadful dart: what seemed his head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The monster moving onward came as fast 675
 With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.
 The undaunted Fiend what this might be admired —
 Admired, not feared (God and his Son except,
 Created thing naught valued he nor shunned),
 And with disdainful look thus first began: — 680
 “Whence and what art thou, execrable Shape,
 That dar’st, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
 That be assured, without leave asked of thee. 685
 Retire; or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
 Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven.”
 To whom the Goblin,¹ full of wrath, replied: —
 “Art thou that Traitor-Angel, art thou he,
 Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith, till then 690
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
 Drew after him the third part of Heaven’s sons,
 Conjured² against the Highest — for which both thou
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain? 695
 And reckon’st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven,
 Hell-doomed, and breath’st defiance here and scorn,
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment, 699
 False fugitive; and to thy speed add wings,
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.”
 So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
 So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold 705
 More dreadful and deform. On the other side,

Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
 Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus¹ huge
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair 710
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
 Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend; and such a frown
 Each cast at the other as when two black clouds,
 With heaven’s artillery fraught, come rattling on 715
 Over the Caspian, — then stand front to front
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid-air.
 So frowned the mighty combatants that Hell
 Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood; 720
 For never but once more was either like
 To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds
 Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
 Had not the snaky Sorceress, that sat
 Fast by Hell-gate and kept the fatal key, 725
 Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.
 “O father, what intends thy hand,” she cried,
 “Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
 Against thy father’s head? And know’st for whom? 730
 For Him who sits above, and laughs the while
 At thee, ordained his drudge to execute
 Whate’er his wrath, which He calls justice, bids —
 His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both!”
 She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest 735
 Forbore: then these to her Satan returned: —
 “So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
 Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends, till first I know of thee 740
 What thing thou art, thus double-formed, and why,
 In this infernal vale first met, thou call’st
 Me father, and that phantasm call’st my son.
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
 Sight more detestable than him and thee.” 745
 To whom thus the Portress of Hell-gate replied: —
 “Hast thou forgot me, then; and do I seem

¹ Used in the generic sense of demon or fiend.

² bound by oath.

¹ A large constellation of the northern hemisphere.

Now in thine eye so foul? — once deemed so fair
 In Heaven; when at the assembly, and in sight
 Of all the Seraphim with thee combined 750
 In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King,
 All on a sudden miserable pain
 Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
 Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide; 755
 Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
 Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed,
 Out of thy head I sprung. Amazement seized
 All the host of Heaven; back they recoiled afraid
 At first, and called me *Sin*, and for a sign 760
 Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,
 I pleased, and with attractive graces won
 The most averse — thee chiefly, who, full oft
 Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,
 Becam'st enamored; and such joy thou took'st 765
 With me in secret that my womb conceived
 A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
 And fields were fought in Heaven: wherein remained
 (For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe
 Clear victory; to our part loss and rout 770
 Through all the Empyrean. Down they fell,
 Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven,
 down
 Into this Deep; and in the general fall
 I also: at which time this powerful Key
 Into my hands was given, with charge to keep 775
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
 Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
 Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
 Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transformed: but he my inbred enemy 785
 Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,
 Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out
Death!
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and
 sighed

From all her caves, and back resounded
Death!
 I fled; but he pursued (though more; it seems, 790
 Inflamed with lust than rage), and, swifter far,
 Me overtook, his mother, all dismayed,
 And, in embraces forcible and foul
 Engendering with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry 795
 Surround me, as thou saw'st — hourly conceived
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me: for, when they list, into the womb
 That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw
 My bowels, their repast; then, bursting forth 800
 Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find.
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,
 And me, his parent, would full soon devour 805
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involved, and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
 Whenever that shall be: so Fate pronounced.
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun 810
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
 Though tempered heavenly; for that mortal dint,
 Save He who reigns above, none can resist."
 She finished; and the subtle Fiend his lore 815
 Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth: —
 "Dear daughter — since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change 820
 Befallen us unforeseen, unthought-of — know,
 I come no enemy, but to set free
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain
 Both him and thee, and all the Heavenly host
 Of Spirits that, in our just pretences armed, 825
 Fell with us from on high. From them I go
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread

The unfounded Deep, and through the void
immense
To search, with wandering quest, a place
foretold 830
Should be — and, by concurring signs, ere
now
Created vast and round — a place of bliss
In the purlieues of Heaven; and therein
placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more re-
moved, 835
Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent multi-
tude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or
aught
Than this more secret, now designed, I haste
To know; and, this once known, shall soon
return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and
Death 840
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom,¹ air, imbalm'd
With odors. There ye shall be fed and
filled
Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey."
He ceased; for both seemed highly pleased,
and Death 845
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled, and blessed his
maw
Destined to that good hour. No less re-
joiced
His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire:—
"The key of this infernal Pit, by due 850
And by command of Heaven's all-powerful
King,
I keep, by Him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatched by living
might. 855
But what owe I to His commands above,
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me
down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confined,
Inhabitant of Heaven and heavenly-born
Here in perpetual agony and pain, 861
With terrors and with clamors compassed
round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey 865
But thee? whom follow? Thou wilt bring
me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among

¹ bending, or yielding.

The gods who live at ease, where I shall
reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without
end." 870
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, toward the gate rolling her bestial
train,
Forthwith the huge porcullis high up-drew,
Which, but herself, not all the Stygian
Powers 875
Could once have moved; then in the keyhole
turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound, 880
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She opened; but to shut
Excelled her power: the gates wide open
stood,
That with extended wings a bann'd
host, 885
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass
through
With horse and chariots ranked in loose
array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth
Cast forth redounding¹ smoke and ruddy
flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890
The secrets of the hoary Deep — a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension; where length, breadth,
and highth,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest
Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold 895
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four cham-
pions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms: they around the
flag 900
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift,
or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's² torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and
poise 905
Their lighter wings. To whom these most
adhere
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,

¹ rolling in billows.

² Cities of northern Africa.

And by decision more imbroils the fray
 By which he reigns: next him, high arbiter,
 Chance governs all. Into this wild
 Abyss, 910
 The womb of Nature, and perhaps her
 grave,
 Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
 But all these in their pregnant causes mixed
 Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain 915
 His dark materials to create more worlds —
 Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend
 Stood on the brink of Hell and looked a
 while,
 Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
 He had to cross. Nor was his ear less
 pealed 920
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
 Great things with small) than when Bellona
 storms
 With all her battering engines, bent to rase
 Some capital city; or less than if this frame
 Of heaven were falling, and these ele-
 ments 925
 In mutiny had from her axle torn
 The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad
 vans¹
 He spreads for flight, and, in the surging
 smoke
 Uplifted, spurns the ground; thence many a
 league,
 As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930
 Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
 A vast vacuity. All unawares,
 Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb-down he
 drops
 Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
 Down had been falling, had not, by ill
 chance, 935
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
 Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
 As many miles aloft. That fury stayed —
 Quenched in a boggy Syrtis,² neither sea,
 Nor good dry land — nigh foundered, on he
 fares, 940
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
 Half flying; behoves him now both oar and
 sail.
 As when a gryphon through the wilderness
 With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
 Pursues the Arimaspians,³ who by stealth 945
 Had from his wakeful custody purloined
 The guarded gold; so eagerly the Fiend

O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough,
 dense, or rare,
 With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his
 way,
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps,
 or flies. 950
 At length a universal hubbub wild
 Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
 Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his
 ear
 With loudest vehemence. Thither he plies
 Undaunted, to meet there whatever
 Power 955
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
 Bordering on light; when straight behold
 the throne
 Of *Chaos*, and his dark pavilion spread 960
 Wide on the wasteful Deep! With him en-
 throned
 Sat sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,
 The consort of his reign; and by them stood
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name 964
 Of Demogorgon; Rumor next, and Chance,
 And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroiled,
 And Discord with a thousand various
 mouths.
 To whom Satan, turning boldly, thus: —
 "Ye Powers
 And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
 Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy 970
 With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint
 Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
 Lies through your spacious empire up to
 light,
 Alone and without guide, half lost, I seek, 975
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy
 bounds
 Confine with Heaven; or, if some other place,
 From your dominion won, the Ethereal King
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound. Direct my course: 980
 Directed, no mean recompense it brings
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,
 All usurpation thence expelled, reduce
 To her original darkness and your sway
 (Which is my present journey), and once
 more 985
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night.
 Yours be the advantage all, mine the re-
 venge!"

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
 With faltering speech and visage incomposed,
 Answered: — "I know thee, stranger, who
 thou art — 990
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late

¹ wings.

² Sandbanks and quick-sands off the Mediterranean coast of Africa.

³ The Arimaspians were a one-eyed people of Scythia, according to legend, who fought constantly with griffins for the gold guarded by these monsters.

Made head against Heaven's King, though
 overthrown.
 I saw and heard; for such a numerous host
 Fled not in silence through the frightened Deep,
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-
 gates
 Poured out by millions her victorious bands,
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve
 That little which is left so to defend, 1000
 Encroached on still through our intestine
 broils
 Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first,
 Hell,
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide be-
 neath;
 Now lately Heaven and Earth, another
 world
 Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden
 chain 1005
 To that side Heaven from whence your le-
 gions fell!
 'f that way be your walk, you have not
 far;
 So much the nearer danger. Go, and speed;
 Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."
 He ceased; and Satan staid not to reply, 1010
 But, glad that now his sea should find a
 shore,
 With fresh alacrity and force renewed
 Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round 1015
 Environed, wins his way; harder beset
 And more endangered than when Argo
 passed ¹
 Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks,²
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned
 Charybdis, and by the other Whirlpool
 steered. 1020
 So he with difficulty and labor hard
 Moved on. With difficulty and labor he;
 But, he once passed, soon after, when Man
 fell,
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain,
 Following his track (such was the will of
 Heaven) 1025
 Paved after him a broad and beaten way
 Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf
 Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
 From Hell continued, reaching the utmost
 Orb ³

¹ An allusion to Jason and his search in the Argo for the golden fleece.

² The Sympleglades, which moved together to crush boats sailing between.

³ The outermost of the ten concentric spheres surrounding the earth.

Of this frail World; by which the Spirits
 perverse 1030
 With easy intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good Angels guard by special grace.
 But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of
 Heaven 1035
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
 A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first
 begins
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
 As from her outmost works, a broken foe,
 With tumult less and with less hostile
 din; 1040
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
 And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds ¹
 Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle
 torn;
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air, 1045
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
 Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
 In circuit, undetermined square or round,
 With opal towers and battlements adorned
 Of living sapphire, once his native seat, 1050
 And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
 This pendent World, in bigness as a star
 Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.
 Thither, full fraught with mischievous re-
 venge,
 Accurst, and in a cursèd hour, he hies. 1055

AREOPAGITICA

1644

Milton turned to pamphleteering in the service of his countrymen on his return from Italy. Recognizing as he says that there were three forms of liberty, ecclesiastical, domestic, and civil, he directed his efforts toward securing the first through the reform of the Church. Then occurred his unfortunate marriage, which brought to his mind strongly the necessity of the second. He published a series of pamphlets on the subject of divorce in which he discussed the relation of the individual and the State, arguing for large freedom of the former in matters concerning his own welfare and happiness. On account of the disturbed condition of the times the control of the press by the authorities had lapsed. In August, 1644, however, Parliament ordered that a new ordinance providing for the censorship of the press by the Stationers' Company should be prepared and directed that search should be made for the author and publisher of the divorce tracts. Upon this Milton published on November 24, 1644, his famous *Areopagitica*. It is in the form of an oration

¹ makes for.

such as might have been delivered by one of the orators of Athens to the Areopagus, a representative assembly. In it Milton puts forth the arguments for individual freedom of opinion and expression, which are the basis of the liberal faith and the democratic theory of government. It will be noticed that Milton shows great and implicit faith in the individual, a faith which was stimulated by the example of his fellow citizens of London during the early, trying days of the Civil War, when the capture of the city was threatened by the royal forces. Later experience with the difficulties of government led Milton to modify his views of democracy and individual liberty. The *Areopagitica*, however, is a splendid monument to the English nation at a great moment of its history, and to Milton's own genius. The intellectual power of the argument and the sonorous style, formed on the model of the classical writers, mark it as one of the greatest examples of English prose.

The *Areopagitica* is edited by J. W. Hales, published by the Clarendon Press. Another edition by Laura E. Lockwood is published in the Riverside College Classics by Houghton Mifflin Company.

A SPEECH FOR THE LIBERTY OF UNLICENSED PRINTING, TO THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND

This is true liberty, when free-born men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free,
Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise;
Who neither can nor will, may hold his peace;
What can be juster in a State than this?

EURIPIDES, *The Suppliants*.

They who to states and governors of the Commonwealth direct their speech, High Court of Parliament, or, wanting such access in a private condition, write that which they foresee may advance the public good; I suppose them, as at the beginning of no mean endeavor, not a little altered¹ and moved inwardly in their minds: some with doubt of what will be the success;² others with fear of what will be the censure;³ some with hope, others with confidence of what they have to speak. And me perhaps each of these dispositions, as the subject was whereon I entered, may have at other times variously affected; and likely might in these foremost expressions now also disclose which of them swayed most, but that the very attempt of this address thus made, and the thought of whom it hath recourse to, hath got the power within me to a passion, far more welcome than incidental to a preface.

Which though I stay not⁴ to confess, ere any ask, I shall be blameless, if it be no other than the joy and gratulation which it brings to all who wish and promote their

country's liberty; whereof this whole discourse proposed will be a certain testimony, if not a trophy. For this is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the Commonwealth⁵ that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained, that wise men look for. To which, if I now manifest by the very sound of this which I shall utter, that we are already in good part arrived, and yet from such a steep disadvantage of tyranny and superstition grounded into our principles as was beyond the manhood of a Roman recovery;¹ it will be attributed first, as is most due, to the strong assistance of God our deliverer, next to your faithful guidance and undaunted wisdom, Lords and Commons of England.

Neither is it, in God's esteem, the diminution of his glory, when honorable things are spoken of good men and worthy magistrates; which if I now first should begin to do, after so fair a progress of your laudable deeds, and such a long obligation upon the whole realm to² your indefatigable virtues, I might be justly reckoned among the tardiest and the unwillingest of them that praise ye.

Nevertheless, there being three principal things, without which all praising is but courtship and flattery: first, when that only is praised which is solidly worth praise; next, when greatest likelihoods are brought that such things are truly and really in those persons to whom they are ascribed; the other, when he who praises, by showing that such his actual persuasion is of whom he writes, can demonstrate that he flatters not; the former two of these I have heretofore endeavored, rescuing the employment from him³ who went about to impair your merits with a trivial and malignant encomium; the latter, as belonging chiefly to mine own acquittal, that whom I so extolled I did not flatter, hath been reserved opportunely to this occasion. For he who freely magnifies what hath been nobly done, and fears not to declare as freely what might be done better, gives ye the best covenant of his fidelity; and that his loyalest affection and his hope waits on your proceedings. His highest praising is not flattery, and his plainest advice is a kind

¹ Rome failed to recover from conditions under the Emperors no worse than those under the Stuarts from which the English had just recovered.

² for.

³ Joseph Hall (1574-1656), Bishop of Exeter and later of Norwich, a loyal Churchman, who wrote, at the request of Laud, in 1640, *Episcopacy by Divine Right Asserted*.

¹ disturbed.

² outcome.

³ opinion.

⁴ hasten.

of praising; for though I should affirm and hold by argument, that it would fare better with truth, with learning, and the Commonwealth, if one of your published orders, which I should name, were called in; yet at the same time it could not but much redound to the lustre of your mild and equal government, whenas private persons are hereby animated to think ye better pleased with public advice, than other statists¹ have been delighted heretofore with public flattery. And men will then see what difference there is between the magnanimity of a triennial² Parliament, and that jealous haughtiness of prelates and Cabin Counsellors³ that usurped of late, whenas they shall observe ye in the midst of your victories and successes more gently brooking written exceptions against a voted order than other courts, which had produced nothing worth memory but the weak ostentation of wealth, would have endured the least signified dislike at any sudden proclamation.

If I should thus far presume upon the meek demeanor of your civil and gentle greatness, Lords and Commons, as what your published order hath directly said, that to gainsay, I might defend myself with ease, if any should accuse me of being new or insolent, did they but know how much better I find ye esteem it to imitate the old and elegant humanity of Greece, than the barbaric pride of a Hunnish and Norwegian stateliness. And out of those ages, to whose polite wisdom and letters we owe that we are not yet Goths and Jutlanders, I could name him⁴ who from his private house wrote that discourse to the Parliament of Athens, that persuades them to change the form of democracy which was then established. Such honor was done in those days to men who professed the study of wisdom and eloquence, not only in their own country, but in other lands, that cities and seignories heard them gladly, and with great respect, if they had aught in public to admonish the state. Thus did Dion⁵ Prusæus, a stranger and a private orator, counsel the Rhodians against a former edict; and I abound with other like examples, which to set here would be superfluous. But if from the industry of a life wholly dedicated to studious labors, and those natural endowments haply not the worst for two and fifty

degrees of northern latitude,¹ so much must be derogated, as to count me not equal to any of those who had this privilege, I would obtain to be thought not so inferior, as yourselves are superior to the most of them who received their counsel: and how far you excel them, be assured, Lords and Commons, there can no greater testimony appear, than when your prudent spirit acknowledges and obeys the voice of reason from what quarter soever it be heard speaking; and renders ye as willing to repeal any act of your own setting forth, as any set forth by your predecessors.

If ye be thus resolved, as it were injury to think ye were not, I know not what should withhold me from presenting ye with a fit instance wherein to show both that love of truth which ye eminently profess, and that uprightness of your judgment which is not wont to be partial to yourselves; by judging over again that Order which ye have ordained "to regulate Printing: that no book, pamphlet, or paper shall be henceforth printed, unless the same be first approved and licensed by such," or at least one of such as shall be thereto appointed. For that part which preserves justly every man's copy² to himself, or provides for the poor, I touch not, only wish they be not made pretences to abuse and persecute honest and painful³ men, who offend not in either of these particulars. But that other clause of Licensing Books, which we thought had died with his⁴ brother quadragesimal⁵ and matrimonial⁶ when the prelates expired,⁷ I shall now attend with such a homily, as shall lay before ye, first the inventors of it, to be those whom ye will be loth to own; next what is to be thought in general of reading, whatever sort the books be; and that this Order avails nothing to the suppressing of scandalous, seditious, and libellous books, which were mainly intended to be suppressed. Last, that it will be primely to the discouragement of all learning, and the stop of truth, not only by the disexercising and blunting our abilities in what we know already, but by hindering and cropping the discovery that might be yet further made both in religious and civil wisdom.

¹ Milton's opinion was that a cold climate is unfavorable to literary production.

² copyright.

³ painstaking.

⁴ its.

⁵ Lenten; referring to the observance of fast days during Lent.

⁶ Milton considered marriage a civil contract, entirely outside the church's jurisdiction.

⁷ The bill for the Exclusion of Bishops from Parliament, passed February 5, 1642.

¹ statesmen.

² An act providing that Parliament should meet at least once every three years was passed February 15, 1641.

³ A group of the King's favorites known, at that time, as the Cabinet Council.

⁴ Isocrates.

⁵ Called Chrysostomus (the golden-tongued) because of his eloquence; born at Prusa in Bithynia about 56 B.C.

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors. For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence,¹ the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. But lest I should be condemned of introducing licence, while I oppose licensing, I refuse not the pains to be so much historical, as will serve to show what hath been done by ancient and famous commonwealths against this disorder, till the very time that this project of licensing crept out of the Inquisition,² was caught up by our prelates, and hath caught some of our presbyters.³

In Athens, where books and wits were ever busier than in any other part of Greece, I find but only two sorts of writings which the

magistrate cared to take notice of; those either blasphemous and atheistical, or libellous. Thus the books of Protagoras¹ were by the judges of Areopagus commanded to be burnt, and himself banished the territory for a discourse begun with his confessing not to know "whether there were gods, or whether not." And against defaming, it was agreed that none should be traduced by name, as was the manner of *Vetus Comœdia*,² whereby we may guess how they censured libelling; and this course was quick³ enough, as Cicero writes,⁴ to quell both the desperate wits of other atheists, and the open way of defaming, as the event showed. Of other sects and opinions, though tending to voluptuousness, and the denying of divine Providence, they took no heed. Therefore we do not read that either Epicurus, or that libertine school of Cyrene,⁵ or what the Cynic impudence⁶ uttered, was ever questioned by the laws. Neither is it recorded that the writings of those old comedians were suppressed, though the acting of them were forbid; and that Plato commended the reading of Aristophanes, the loosest of them all, to his royal scholar Dionysius,⁷ is commonly known, and may be excused, if holy Chrysostom,⁸ as is reported, nightly studied so much the same author, and had the art to cleanse a scurrilous vehemence into the style of a rousing sermon.

That other leading city of Greece, Lacedæmon, considering that Lycurgus their lawgiver was so addicted to elegant learning, as to have been the first that brought out of Ionia the scattered works of Homer, and sent the poet Thales⁹ from Crete to prepare and mollify the Spartan surliness with his smooth songs and odes, the better to plant among them law and civility, it is to be wondered how museless and unbookish they were, minding nought but the feats of war. There needed no licensing of books among them, for they disliked all but their own

¹ Protagoras (c. 490 B.C.) of Thrace, one of the first sophists and teachers of rhetoric.

² Classic Greek comedy, in which at first the comedians were licensed by law to make personal attacks.

³ powerful.

⁴ In *De Natura Deorum*, I, 23.

⁵ Aristippus (435?-399? B.C.) founded a school of philosophy at Cyrene which taught that pleasure was the highest good.

⁶ Antisthenes (b. 444 B.C.) founded the Cynic school at Athens which held that virtue, which consisted in a return to a state of nature, was the highest good.

⁷ Dionysius the elder (430?-367 B.C.), Tyrant of Syracuse.

⁸ John (347-407 A.D.), called Chrysostom (golden-tongued) on account of his eloquence, was Archbishop of Constantinople.

⁹ Thales, native of Crete, founded the second of the musical schools of Sparta.

¹ To the four elements known to the senses, Earth, Flood, Air, Fire, Aristotle added a fifth, ether, extending from the heaven of fixed stars to the moon.

² From its early history, the Church of Rome encouraged a close supervision of all activities. At the Council of Toulouse in 1229 the Inquisition was organized.

³ Presbyterian elders, now in power, who were sponsoring this act.

laconic apothegms, and took a slight occasion to chase Archilochus¹ out of their city, perhaps for composing in a higher strain than their own soldierly ballads and roundels could reach to; or if it were for his broad verses, they were not therein so cautious, but they were as dissolute in their promiscuous conversing;² whence Euripides affirms, in *Andromache*, that their women were all unchaste. Thus much may give us light after³ what sort of books were prohibited among the Greeks.

The Romans also, for many ages trained up only to a military roughness, resembling most of the Lacedæmonian guise, knew of learning little but what their Twelve Tables,⁴ and the Pontific College with their augurs and flamens⁵ taught them in religion and law; so unacquainted with other learning, that when Carneades and Critolaus,⁶ with the Stoic Diogenes coming ambassadors to Rome, took thereby occasion to give the city a taste of their philosophy, they were suspected for seducers by no less a man than Cato the Censor, who moved it in the Senate to dismiss them speedily, and to banish all such Attic babblers out of Italy. But Scipio and others of the noblest senators withstood him and his old Sabine austerity; honored and admired the men; and the censor himself at last, in his old age, fell to the study of that whereof before he was so scrupulous. And yet at the same time, Nævius and Plautus, the first Latin comedians, had filled the city with all the borrowed scenes of Menander and Philemon.

Then began to be considered there also what was to be done to libellous books and authors; for Nævius was quickly cast into prison for his unbridled pen, and released by the tribunes upon his recantation; we read also that libels were burnt, and the makers punished by Augustus. The like severity, no doubt, was used, if aught were impiously written against their esteemed gods. Except in these two points, how the world went in books, the magistrate kept no reckoning. And therefore Lucretius⁷ without impeachment verifies his Epicurism to Memmius,

¹ Archilochus (c. 714–676 B.C.) one of the earliest lyric poets of Ionia.

² conviviality. ³ as to.

⁴ Laws of Rome, engraved on bronze about 450 B.C., and studied in the schools until the time of Cicero.

⁵ Under the direction of the Pontific College, the principal college of priests in Rome, were the flamens, priests devoted to the service of some particular deity, and the augurs, priests who foretold future events.

⁶ To protest against a fine imposed on the Athenians for the destruction of Oropus.

⁷ In *De Rerum Natura*, a poem exalting Epicureanism and freedom from superstition.

and had the honor to be set forth the second time by Cicero, so great a father of the commonwealth; although himself disputes¹ against that opinion in his own writings. Nor was the satirical sharpness or naked plainness of Lucilius, or Catullus, or Flaccus, by any order prohibited.

And for matters of state, the story² of Titus Livius, though it extolled that part which Pompey held, was not therefore suppressed by Octavius Cæsar of the other faction. But that Naso³ was by him banished in his old age, for the wanton poems of his youth, was but a mere covert of state over some secret cause: and besides, the books were neither banished nor called in. From hence we shall meet with little else but tyranny in the Roman empire, that we may not marvel, if not so often bad as good books were silenced. I shall therefore deem to have been large enough, in producing what among the ancients was punishable to write, save only which, all other arguments were free to treat on.

By this time the emperors were become Christians,⁴ whose discipline in this point I do not find to have been more severe than what was formerly in practice. The books of those whom they took to be grand heretics were examined, refuted, and condemned in the general councils; and not till then were prohibited, or burnt, by authority of the emperor. As for the writings of heathen authors, unless they were plain invectives against Christianity, as those of Porphyrius⁵ and Proclus,⁶ they met with no interdict that can be cited, till about the year 400, in a Carthaginian Council, wherein bishops themselves were forbid to read the books of Gentiles, but heresies they might read: while others long before them, on the contrary, scrupled more the books of heretics than of Gentiles. And that the primitive councils and bishops were wont only to declare what books were not commendable, passing no further, but leaving it to each one's conscience to read or to lay by, till after the year 800, is observed already by Padre Paolo,⁷ the

¹ In *De Natura Deorum*.

² history.

³ Publius Ovidius Naso (43 B.C.–18 A.D.), the poet, known as Ovid, exiled from Rome in 8 A.D. for secret cause.

⁴ With Constantine, who issued the edict of toleration in 313.

⁵ *Against the Christians* by Porphyrius (233?–304?) was burned by order of the Emperor Theodosius in 435.

⁶ Proclus (411–495), like Porphyrius, one of the Neo-Platonists.

⁷ Padre Paolo (1552–1623), the name taken as a Servite monk by Pietro Sarpi. His *History of the Council of Trent* was published by Nathaniel Brent in London, 1620.

great unmasker of the Trentine Council.¹ After which time the Popes of Rome, engrossing what they pleased of political rule into their own hands, extended their dominion over men's eyes, as they had before over their judgments, burning and prohibiting to be read what they fancied not; yet sparing in their censures, and the books not many which they so dealt with; till Martin V.,² by his bull, not only prohibited, but was the first that excommunicated the reading of heretical books; for about that time Wyclif and Huss growing terrible, were they who first drove the Papal Court to a stricter policy of prohibiting. Which course Leo X. and his successors followed, until the Council of Trent and the Spanish Inquisition, engendering together, brought forth, or perfected those catalogues, and expurgating indexes, that rake through the entrails of many an old good author, with a violation worse than any could be offered to his tomb.

Nor did they stay in matters heretical, but any subject that was not to their palate, they either condemned in a Prohibition,³ or had it straight into the new Purgatory of an Index.⁴ To fill up the measure of encroachment, their last invention was to ordain that no book, pamphlet, or paper should be printed (as if St. Peter had bequeathed them the keys of the press also out of Paradise) unless it were approved and licensed under the hands of two or three glutton friars. For example:

Let the Chancellor Cini be pleased to see if in this present work be contained aught that may withstand the printing.

Vincent Rabbatta, Vicar of Florence.

I have seen this present work, and find nothing athwart the Catholic faith and good manners: in witness whereof I have given, &c.

Nicolo Cini, Chancellor of Florence.

Attending the precedent relation, it is allowed that this present work⁵ of Dayan-zati may be printed.

Vincent Rabatta, &c.

It may be printed, July 15.

Friar Simon Mompei d'Amelia,

Chancellor of the Holy Office in Florence.

Sure they have a conceit, if he of the bottomless pit had not long since broke prison, that this quadruple exorcism would bar him

down. I fear their next design will be to get into their custody the licensing of that which they say Claudius intended, but went not through with. Vouchsafe to see another of their forms, the Roman stamp:

Imprimatur,¹ If it seem good to the reverend Master of the Holy Palace,
Belcastro, Vicegerent.

Imprimatur,

Friar Nicolo Rodolphi,
Master of the Holy Palace.

Sometimes five Imprimaturs are seen together, dialoguewise, in the piazza of one title-page, complimenting and ducking each to other with their shaven reverences, whether the author, who stands by in perplexity at the foot of his epistle, shall to the press or to the sponge. These are the pretty responsories, these are the dear antiphonies, that so bewitched of late our prelates and their chaplains, with the goodly echo they made; and besotted us to the gay imitation of a lordly Imprimatur, one from Lambeth House,² another from the west end of Paul's;³ so apishly Romanising, that the word of command still was set down in Latin; as if the learned grammatical pen that wrote it would cast no ink without Latin; or perhaps, as they thought, because no vulgar⁴ tongue was worthy to express the pure conceit⁵ of an Imprimatur; but rather, as I hope, for that our English, the language of men, ever famous and foremost in the achievements of liberty, will not easily find servile letters enow to spell such a dictatory presumption English.

And thus ye have the inventors and the original of book-licensing ripped up and drawn as lineally as any pedigree. We have it not, that can be heard of, from any ancient state, or polity, or church, nor by any statute left us by our ancestors elder or later; nor from the modern custom of any reformed city or church abroad; but from the most anti-christian council and the most tyrannous inquisition that ever inquired.

Till then books were ever as freely admitted into the world as any other birth; the issue of the brain was no more stifled than the issue of the womb; no envious Juno⁶ sat

¹ "Let it be printed." The official licenser's mark.

² The London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

³ The palace of the Bishop of London, near St. Paul's Church.

⁴ other than Latin, the language of the learned.

⁵ idea, thought.

⁶ Alcmena was about to give birth to Heracles, son of Zeus, when jealous Hera attempted to hinder the birth for seven days, so that Eurystheus might be born first and win the powers that Jove had promised to the first descendant of Perseus.

¹ The Council of Trent (1545-63).

² Martin V. was Pope from 1417 to 1431.

³ The *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, the list of books a Roman Catholic is forbidden to read.

⁴ The *Index Expurgatorius*, containing passages to be expurgated from books otherwise permitted to be read.

⁵ This was *Dello Scismo d'Inghilterra*, a history of the Church in England from 1501 to the death of Henry VIII.

cross-legged over the nativity of any man's intellectual offspring; but if it proved a monster, who denies but that it was justly burnt, or sunk into the sea. But that a book, in worse condition than a peccant soul, should be to stand before a jury ere it be born to the world, and undergo yet in darkness the judgment of Radamanth¹ and his colleagues, ere it can pass the ferry backward into light, was never heard before, till that mysterious iniquity,² provoked and troubled at the first entrance of reformation, sought out new limbos and new hells wherein they might include our books also within the number of their damned. And this was the rare morsel so officiously snatched up, and so ill-favoredly imitated by our inquisiturient³ bishops, and the attendant minorities,⁴ their chaplains. That ye like not now these most certain authors of this licensing order, and that all sinister intention was far distant from your thoughts, when ye were importuned the passing it, all men who know the integrity of your actions, and how ye honor truth, will clear ye readily.

But some will say, what though the inventors were bad, the thing for all that may be good. It may so; yet if that thing be no such deep invention, but obvious and easy for any man to light on, and yet best and wisest commonwealths through all ages and occasions have forborne to use it, and falsest seducers and oppressors of men were the first who took it up, and to no other purpose but to obstruct and hinder the first approach of reformation; I am of those who believe, it will be a harder alchymy than Lullius⁵ ever knew, to sublimate any good use out of such an invention. Yet this only is what I request to gain from this reason, that it may be held a dangerous and suspicious fruit, as certainly it deserves, for the tree that bore it, until I can dissect one by one the properties it has. But I have first to finish, as was propounded, what is to be thought in general of reading books, whatever sort they be, and whether be more the benefit or the harm that thence proceeds?

Not to insist upon the examples of Moses, Daniel, and Paul, who were skilful in all the

learning of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Greeks, which could not probably be without reading their books of all sorts; in Paul especially, who thought it no defilement to insert into Holy Scripture the sentences of three Greek poets, and one of them a tragedian; the question was notwithstanding sometimes controverted among the primitive doctors, but with great odds on that side which affirmed it both lawful and profitable, as was then evidently perceived, when Julian the Apostate and subtlest enemy to our faith, made a decree forbidding Christians the study of heathen learning; for, said he, they wound us with our own weapons, and with our own arts and sciences they overcome us. And, indeed, the Christians were put so to their shifts by this crafty means, and so much in danger to decline into all ignorance, that the two Apollinarii were fain, as a man may say, to coin all the seven liberal sciences¹ out of the Bible, reducing it into divers forms of orations, poems, dialogues, even to the calculating of a new Christian grammar. But, saith the historian Socrates,² the providence of God provided better than the industry of Apollinarius and his son, by taking away that illiterate law with the life of him who devised it.

So great an injury they then held it to be deprived of Hellenic learning; and thought it a persecution more undermining, and secretly decaying the Church, than the open cruelty of Decius or Diocletian. And perhaps it was the same politic drift that the devil whipped St. Jerome in a Lenten dream, for reading Cicero; or else it was a phantasm bred by the fever which had then seized him. For had an angel been his discipliner, unless it were for dwelling too much upon Ciceronianisms, and had chastised the reading, not the vanity, it had been plainly partial; first to correct him for grave Cicero, and not for scurril Plautus, whom he confesses to have been reading, not long before; next to correct him only, and let so many more ancient fathers wax old in those pleasant and florid studies without the lash of such a tutoring apparition; insomuch that Basil³ teaches how some good use may be made of Margites, a sportful poem, not now extant, writ by Homer; and why not then of Morgante,⁴ an

¹ Son of Zeus and Europa, one of the judges of the lower world.

² The woman of Revelations xvii, identified with the Papacy by sixteenth century Church reformers.

³ Of an inquisitorial tendency.

⁴ Friars Minor, or Franciscans. The position of the chaplains Milton makes analogous to that of the Minorities in the Inquisition.

⁵ Raymond Lully (1235?-1315), inventor of a mechanical system of logic by which an answer to any question could be obtained.

¹ These, the requirements of a liberal education, were then the Trivium: Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric; and the Quadrivium: Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy, Music.

² Socrates Scholasticus (385?-440?), whose *History* embraces the period from 306 to 439.

³ Bishop of Caesarea in Cappadocia, 370-79.

⁴ *Morgante Maggiore*, by Luigi Pulci (1431-87) a satirical romance, burlesquing romantic poetry.

Italian romance much to the same purpose?

But if it be agreed we shall be tried by visions, there is a vision recorded by Eusebius,¹ far ancients than this tale of Jerome to the nun Eustochium, and, besides, has nothing of a fever in it. Dionysius² Alexandrinus was, about the year 240, a person of great name in the church for piety and learning, who had wont to avail himself much against heretics by being conversant in their books; until a certain presbyter laid it scrupulously to his conscience, how he durst venture himself among those defiling volumes. The worthy man, loth to give offence,³ fell into a new debate with himself what was to be thought; when suddenly a vision sent from God (it is his own epistle that so avers it) confirmed him in these words: "Read any books whatever come to thy hands, for thou art sufficient both to judge aright, and to examine each matter." To this revelation he assented the sooner, as he confesses, because it was answerable to that of the Apostle to the Thessalonians: "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

And he might have added another remarkable saying of the same author: "To the pure, all things are pure"; not only meats and drinks, but all kind of knowledge whether of good or evil; the knowledge cannot defile, nor consequently the books, if the will and conscience be not defiled. For books are as meats and viands are; some of good, some of evil substance; and yet God in that unapocryphal vision, said without exception, "Rise, Peter, kill and eat,"⁴ leaving the choice to each man's discretion. Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from unwholesome; and best books to a naughty mind are not unapplicable to occasions of evil. Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction;⁵ but herein the difference is of bad books, that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate.

Whereof what better witness can ye expect I should produce, than one of your own now sitting in Parliament, the chief of learned men reputed in this land, Mr. Selden;⁶ whose volume of natural and national laws proves, not only by great authorities brought together, but by exquisite reasons and theorems

¹ Bishop of Cæsarea, 314-340, sometimes called the *Father of Ecclesiastical History*.

² Bishop of Alexandria, 247-265.

³ be the cause of sin.

⁴ Acts x, 9-16.

⁵ digestion.

⁶ *John Selden* (1584-1654), lawyer and member of Parliament.

almost mathematically demonstrative, that all opinions, yea errors, known, read, and collated, are of main service and assistance toward the speedy attainment of what is truest.

I conceive, therefore, that when God did enlarge the universal diet of man's body, saving ever the rules of temperance, he then also, as before, left arbitrary the dieting and repasting of our minds; as wherein every mature man might have to exercise his own leading capacity. How great a virtue is temperance, how much of moment through the whole life of man! Yet God commits the managing so great a trust, without particular law or prescription, wholly to the demeanor¹ of every grown man. And, therefore, when he himself tabled the Jews from heaven, that omer,² which was every man's daily portion of manna, is computed to have been more than might have well sufficed the heartiest feeder thrice as many meals. For those actions which enter into a man, rather than issue out of him, and therefore defile not, God uses not to captivate under a perpetual childhood of prescription, but trusts him with the gift of reason to be his own chooser; there were but little work left for preaching, if law and compulsion should grow so fast upon those things which heretofore were governed only by exhortation. Solomon informs us, that much reading is a weariness to the flesh; but neither he nor other inspired author tells us that such or such reading is unlawful, yet certainly had God thought good to limit us herein, it had been much more expedient to have told us what was unlawful, than what was wearisome.

As for the burning of those Ephesian books by St. Paul's converts; 'tis replied the books were magic, the Syriac so renders them. It was a private act, a voluntary act, and leaves us to a voluntary imitation: the men in remorse burnt those books which were their own; the magistrate by this example is not appointed;³ these men practised the books, another might perhaps have read them in some sort usefully.

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant

¹ management.
³ determined.

² Cf. Exodus xvi, 16-36.

labor to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil.

As, therefore, the state of man now is; what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world; we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental¹ whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus² or Aquinas, describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon,³ and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain:

Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractates and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read.

But of the harm that may result hence, three kinds are usually reckoned. First, is feared the infection that may spread; but then all human learning and controversy in religious points must remove out of the world, yea the Bible itself; for that oftentimes

¹ superficial. Hair, mustaches, finger nails, were referred to in this period as excrement.

² John Duns Scotus (1265?-1308), a Franciscan, and Thomas Aquinas (1225?-74), famous teachers and theologians, and founders of the opposing schools of Scotists and Thomists.

³ Cf. Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, II, vii.

relates blasphemy not nicely, it describes the carnal sense of wicked men not unelegantly, it brings in holiest men passionately murmuring against Providence through all the arguments of Epicurus; in other great disputes it answers dubiously and darkly to the common reader; and asks a Talmudist what ails the modesty of his marginal Keri,¹ that Moses and all the prophets cannot persuade him to pronounce the textual Chetiv.² For these causes we all know the Bible itself put by the Papist into the first rank of prohibited books. The ancientest fathers must be next removed, as Clement of Alexandria,³ and that Eusebian book of Evangelic preparation⁴ transmitting our ears through a hoard of heathenist obscenities to receive the Gospel. Who finds not that Irenæus, Epiphanius,⁵ Jerome, and others discover more heresies than they well confute, and that oft for heresy which is the truer opinion?

Nor boots it to say for these, and all the heathen writers of greatest infection, if it must be thought so, with whom is bound up the life of human learning, that they writ in an unknown tongue, so long as we are sure those languages are known as well to the worst of men, who are both most able and most diligent to instil the poison they suck, first into the courts of princes, acquainting them with the choicest delights, and criticisms⁶ of sin. As perhaps did that Petronius whom Nero called his Arbiter, the master of his revels; and the notorious ribald of Arezzo,⁷ dreaded and yet dear to the Italian courtiers. I name not him for posterity's sake, whom Henry VIII named in merriment his Vicar of hell.⁸ By which compendious way all the contagion that foreign books can infuse, will find a passage to the people far easier and shorter than an Indian voyage, though it could be sailed either by the north of Cathay eastward, or of Canada westward, while our Spanish licensing gags the English press never so severely.

¹ That which is read.

² That which is written. In the Talmud, if a passage seemed unfit to read, a gloss (Keri) was written in the margin.

³ Clement of Alexandria (about 200 A.D.), in order to convert the Greeks, described in his *Hortatory Address to the Greeks* the obscenity of many of their religious practices.

⁴ The *Preparatio Evangelica*, a collection of quotations from pagan philosophers.

⁵ Irenæus (140?-202?), Bishop of Lyons, and Epiphanius (315-403), Bishop of Constantia, both wrote works describing and confuting heresies.

⁶ subtle points.

⁷ Pietro Aretino (1492-1557), banished from Arezzo and later from Rome for his satires.

⁸ The allusion here is uncertain, possibly to Wolsey or to Thomas Cromwell.

But, on the other side, that infection which is from books of controversy in religion, is more doubtful and dangerous to the learned than to the ignorant; and yet those books must be permitted untouched by the licenser. It will be hard to instance where any ignorant man hath been ever seduced by papistical book in English, unless it were commended and expounded to him by some of that clergy; and indeed all such tractates, whether false or true, are as the prophecy of Isaiah was to the eunuch,¹ "not to be understood without a guide." But of our priests and doctors how many have been corrupted by studying the comments of Jesuits and Sorbonists,² and how fast they could transfuse that corruption into the people, our experience is both late and sad. It is not forgot, since the acute and distinct Arminius³ was perverted merely by the perusing of a nameless⁴ discourse written at Delft, which at first he took in hand to confute.

Seeing, therefore, that those books, and those in great abundance, which are likeliest to taint both life and doctrine, cannot be suppressed without the fall of learning, and of all ability in disputation; and that these books of either sort are most and soonest catching to the learned, from whom to the common people whatever is heretical or dissolute may quickly be conveyed; and that evil manners are as perfectly learned without books a thousand other ways which cannot be stopped; and evil doctrine not with books can propagate, except a teacher guide, which he might also do without writing, and so beyond prohibiting: I am not able to unfold, how this cautelous⁵ enterprise of licensing can be exempted from the number of vain and impossible attempts. And he who were pleasantly disposed, could not well avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man, who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate.

Besides another inconvenience, if learned men be the first receivers out of books and dispreaders both of vice and error, how shall the licensers themselves be confided in, unless we can confer upon them, or they assume to themselves above all others in the land, the grace of infallibility and uncorruptedness? And again, if it be true, that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the

drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea or without book, there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which being restrained will be no hindrance to his folly. For if there should be so much exactness always used to keep that from him which is unfit for his reading, we should, in the judgment of Aristotle not only, but of Solomon and of our Saviour, not vouchsafe him good precepts, and by consequence not willingly admit him to good books; as being certain that a wise man will make better use of an idle pamphlet, than a fool will do of sacred Scripture.

'Tis next alleged we must not expose ourselves to temptations without necessity, and, next to that, not employ our time in vain things. To both these objections one answer will serve, out of the grounds already laid; that to all men such books are not temptations nor vanities, but useful drugs and materials wherewith to temper, and compose effective and strong medicines, which man's life cannot want.¹ The rest, as children and childish men, who have not the art to qualify² and prepare these working minerals, well may be exhorted to forbear, but hindered forcibly they cannot be by all the licensing that sainted Inquisition could ever yet contrive. Which is what I promised to deliver next: that this order of licensing conduces nothing to the end for which it was framed; and hath almost prevented me by being clear already, while thus much hath been explaining. See the ingenuity³ of Truth, who, when she gets a free and willing hand, opens herself faster than the pace of method and discourse⁴ can overtake her.

It was the task which I began with, to show that no nation, or well instituted state, if they valued books at all, did ever use this way of licensing; and it might be answered, that this is a piece of prudence lately discovered. To which I return, that as it was a thing slight and obvious to think on, so if it had been difficult to find out, there wanted not among them long since who suggested such a course; which they not following, leave us a pattern of their judgment that it was not the not knowing, but the not approving, which was the cause of their not using it.

Plato, a man of high authority indeed, but least of all for his commonwealth, in the book

¹ Acts viii, 28-35.

² Students at the school founded in 1252 by Robert de Sorbon especially for poor students.

³ Arminius (1560-1609), a Dutch theologian, who, during his studies to defend the doctrine of predestination, lost his own conviction, and finally rejected it.

⁴ anonymous.

⁵ deceitful.

¹ be without.

³ ingenuousness.

² moderate the strength of.

⁴ reasoning.

of his laws, which no city ever yet received, fed his fancy with making many edicts to his airy burgomasters, which they who otherwise admire him, wish had been rather buried and excused in the genial cups of an Academic¹ night sitting. By which laws² he seems to tolerate no kind of learning, but by unalterable decree, consisting most of practical traditions, to the attainment whereof a library of smaller bulk than his own dialogues³ would be abundant. And there also enacts, that no poet should so much as read to any private man what he had written, until the judges and law-keepers had seen it, and allowed it; but that Plato meant this law peculiarly to that commonwealth which he had imagined, and to no other, is evident. Why was he not else a lawgiver to himself, but a transgressor, and to be expelled by his own magistrates; both for the wanton epigrams⁴ and dialogues which he made, and his perpetual reading of Sophron⁵ Mimus, and Aristophanes, books of grossest infamy; and also for commending the latter of them, though he were the malicious libeller of his chief friends, to be read by the tyrant Dionysius, who had little need of such trash to spend his time on? But that he knew this licensing of poems had reference and dependence to many other provisos there set down in his fancied republic, which in this world could have no place; and so neither he himself, nor any magistrate, or city ever imitated that course, which, taken apart from those other collateral injunctions, must needs⁵ be vain and fruitless.

For if they fell upon⁴ one kind of strictness, unless their care were equal to regulate all other things of like aptness to corrupt the mind, that single endeavor they knew would be but a fond labor; to shut and fortify one gate against corruption, and be necessitated to leave others round about wide open. If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric.⁵ There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught⁵⁰ our youth, but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; for such Plato was pro-

vided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also, and the balconies must be thought on; these are shrewd¹ books, with dangerous frontispieces, set to sale; who shall prohibit them, shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors² to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads even to the ballatry,³ and the gamut of every municipal fiddler, for these are the countryman's Arcadias,⁴ and his Monte Mayors.⁵

Next, what more national corruption, for which England hears ill⁶ abroad, than household gluttony? Who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting? And what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harbored? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober workmasters, to see them cut into a less wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation⁷ of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country? Who shall still appoint what shall be discouraged, what presumed, and no further? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort,⁸ all evil company? These things will be, and must be; but how they shall be least hurtful, how least enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a state.

To sequester out of the world into Atlantic⁹ and Utopian¹⁰ politics, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably. Nor is it Plato's licensing of books will do this, which necessarily pulls along with it so many other kinds of licensing, as will make us all both ridiculous and weary, and yet frustrate; but those unwritten, or at least unconstraining, laws of virtuous education, religious and civil nurture.

¹ mischievous.

² An odious word in England since Laud's visitors were sent out to oversee the morals of the people.

³ ballad poetry.

⁴ Sidney's *Arcadia*, published 1590.

⁵ Jorge de Montemayor (1520?-61), whose *Diana Enamorada* started the vogue of the prose pastoral romance.

⁶ is reputed ill.

⁷ conviviality.

⁸ those frequenting a certain place.

⁹ Bacon's *New Atlantis*, the story of an ideal commonwealth.

¹⁰ Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*.

¹ Plato founded the famous Academy at Athens in 387 B.C.

² Plato: *Laws*, vii, 808-12.

³ Of Syracuse (5th century B.C.), whose *Mimes*, or mimic dialogues, are supposed to have been very coarse and lively, and were studied by Plato to give animation to his own dialogues.

⁴ decided on.

⁵ severe.

which Plato there mentions¹ as the bonds and ligaments of the commonwealth, the pillars and the sustainers of every written statute; these they be which will bear chief sway in such matters as these, when all licensing will be easily eluded. Impunity and remissness, for certain, are the bane of a commonwealth; but here the great art lies, to discern in what the law is to bid restraint and punishment, and in what things persuasion only is to work. If every action which is good or evil in man at ripe years, were to be under pittance and prescription and compulsion, what were virtue but a name, what praise could be then due to well-doing, what
15 gramercy² to be sober, just, or continent?

Many there be that complain of divine Providence for suffering Adam to transgress. Foolish tongues! when God gave him reason, he gave him freedom to choose, for reason is
20 but choosing; he had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions.³ We ourselves esteem not of that obedience, or love, or gift, which is of force; God, therefore, left him free, set before him
25 a provoking⁴ object, ever almost in his eyes; herein consisted his merit, herein the right of his reward, the praise of his abstinence. Wherefore did he create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these
30 rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue? They are not skilful considerers of human things, who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin; for, besides that it is a huge heap increasing under the very
35 act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from some persons, it cannot from all, in such a universal thing as books are; and when this is done, yet the sin remains entire. Though ye take from
40 a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left, ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness. Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercised in any hermitage, ye
45 cannot make them chaste, that came not thither so: such great care and wisdom is required to the right managing of this point.

Suppose we could expel sin by this means; look how much we thus expel of sin, so much
50 we expel of virtue: for the matter of them both is the same; remove that, and ye remove them both alike. This justifies the high providence of God, who, though he commands us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us, even to a pro-

fuseness, all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety. Why should we then affect a rigor contrary to the manner of God and of nature,
5 by abridging or scanting those means, which books freely permitted are, both to the trial of virtue, and the exercise of truth?

It would be better done, to learn that the law must needs be frivolous,¹ which goes to restrain things, uncertainly and yet equally working to good and to evil. And were I the chooser, a dram of well doing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evil doing. For God sure esteems the growth and completing of one vir-
tuous person, more than the restraint of ten vicious. And albeit whatever thing we hear or see, sitting, walking, travelling, or con-
versing, may be fitly called our book, and is of the same effect that writings are; yet grant the thing to be prohibited were only books, it appears that this order hitherto is far insuffi-
cient to the end which it intends. Do we not see, not once or oftener, but weekly that con-
tinued court-libel² against the Parliament and City, printed, as the wet sheets can wit-
ness, and dispersed among us, for all that licensing can do? Yet this is the prime serv-
ice a man would think, wherein this Order should give proof of itself. If it were exe-
cuted, you'll say. But certain, if execution be remiss or blindfold now, and in this par-
ticular, what will it be hereafter and in other books?

If then the Order shall not be vain and frustrate, behold a new labor, Lords and Commons; ye must repeal and proscribe all scandalous and unlicensed books already printed and divulged;³ after ye have drawn them up into a list, that all may know which are condemned, and which not; and ordain that no foreign books be delivered out of custody, till they have been read over. This office will require the whole time of not a few
overseers, and those no vulgar men. There be also books which are partly useful and ex-
cellent, partly culpable and pernicious; this work will ask as many more officials, to make expurgations and expunctions, that the
commonwealth of learning be not damnified.⁴ In fine, when the multitude of books increase upon their hands, ye must be fain to cata-
logue all those printers who are found fre-

¹ unimportant.

² Refers to the *Mercurius Aulicus*, a weekly newspaper published by Sir John Birkenhead (1616-79) virulently Royalist in policy, and attacking Parliament in every possible way.

³ published.

⁴ injured.

¹ Plato, *Republic*, IV, 424; *Laws*, I, 643.

² thanks.

³ puppet shows.

⁴ provocative.

quently offending, and forbid the importation of their whole suspected typography. In a word, that this your Order may be exact, and not deficient, ye must reform it perfectly according to the model of Trent and Seville, which I know ye abhor to do.

Yet, though ye should condescend¹ to this, which God forbid, the Order still would be but fruitless and defective to that end whereto ye meant it. If to prevent sects and schisms, who is so unread or so uncatechized in story, that hath not heard of many sects refusing books as a hindrance, and preserving their doctrine unmixed for many ages, only by unwritten traditions? The Christian faith, for that was once a schism, is not unknown to have spread all over Asia, ere any Gospel or Epistle was seen in writing. If the amendment of manners be aimed at, look into Italy and Spain, whether those places be one scruple the better, the honester, the wiser, the chaster, since all the inquisitional rigor that hath been executed upon books.

Another reason, whereby to make it plain that this Order will miss the end it seeks, consider by the quality which ought to be in every licenser. It cannot be denied but that he who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books, whether they may be wafted into this world or not, had need to be a man above the common measure, both studious, learned, and judicious; there may be else no mean mistakes in the censure of what is passable or not; which is also no mean injury. If he be of such worth as behoves him, there cannot be a more tedious and unpleasing journey-work,² a greater loss of time levied upon his head, than to be made the perpetual reader of unchosen books and pamphlets, oftentimes huge volumes. There is no book that is acceptable unless at certain seasons; but to be enjoined the reading of that at all times, and in a hand scarce legible, whereof three pages would not down at any time in the fairest print, is an imposition which I cannot believe how he that values time and his own studies, or is but of a sensible³ nostril, should be able to endure.

In this one thing I crave leave of the present licensers to be pardoned for so thinking; who doubtless took this office up, looking on it through their obedience to the Parliament, whose command perhaps made all things seem easy and unlaborious to them; but that this short trial hath wearied them out already, their own expressions and excuses to

them who make so many journeys to solicit their license, are testimony enough. Seeing, therefore, those who now possess the employment, by all evident signs wish themselves well rid of it, and that no man of worth, none that is not a plain unthrift of his own hours is ever likely to succeed them, except he mean to put himself to the salary of a press corrector, we may easily foresee what kind of licensers we are to expect hereafter, either ignorant, imperious, and remiss, or basely pecuniary. This is what I had to show, wherein this Order cannot conduce to that end, whereof it bears the intention.

I lastly proceed from the no good it can do, to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men.

It was the complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities, and distribute more equally church revenues, that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy; nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If, therefore, ye be loth to dishearten heartily and discontent, not the mercenary crew of false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study, and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end, but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labors advance the good of mankind; then know, that so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind, without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism, or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him.

What advantage is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferula to come under the fescue¹ of an Imprimatur; if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar-lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a

¹ agree.

³ sensitive.

² work of a journeyman.

¹ A twig; it came to mean the pointer used in pointing out letters to children learning to read.

temporizing and extemporizing licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to ¹ the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed, in the commonwealth wherein he was born, for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely ¹⁰ consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him; if in this the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no ¹⁵ years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate ² diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, ³ to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labor of book-writing; and if he be not repulsed, or ²⁵ slighted, must appear in print like a puny ⁴ with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety, that he is no idiot, or seducer; it cannot be but a dishonor and derogation to the author, ³⁰ to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

And what if the author shall be one so copious of fancy, as to have many things well worth the adding, come into his mind after ³⁵ licensing, while the book is yet under the press, which not seldom happens to the best and diligentest writers; and that perhaps a dozen times in one book. The printer dares not go beyond his licensed copy; so often then ⁴⁰ must the author trudge to his leave-giver, that those his new insertions may be viewed; and many a jaunt will be made, ere that licenser, for it must be the same man, can either be found, or found at leisure; mean- ⁴⁵ while, either the press must stand still, which is no small damage, or the author lose his accuratest thoughts, and send the book forth worse than he had made it, which to a diligent writer is the greatest melancholy ⁵⁰ and vexation that can befall.

And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching, how can he be a

doctor in his book as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, whenas all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition, under the correction of his patriarchal licenser to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hide-bound humor which he calls his judgment? When every acute reader upon the first sight of a pedantic license, will be ready with these like words to ding ¹ the book a quoit's distance from him; "I hate a pupil teacher, I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an over-seeing fist." ² I know nothing of the licenser, but that I have his own hand here for his arrogance; who shall warrant me his judgment?"

"The State, sir," replies the stationer, ³ but has a quick return: "The State shall be my governors, but not my critics; they may be mistaken in the choice of a licenser, as easily as this licenser may be mistaken in an author; this ⁴ is some common stuff"; and he might add from Sir Francis Bacon, "That such authorized books are but the language of the times." For though a licenser should happen to be judicious more than ordinary, which will be a great jeopardy of the next succession, ⁵ yet his very office, and his commission enjoins him to let pass nothing but what is vulgarly ⁶ received already.

Nay, which is more lamentable, if the work of any deceased author, though never so famous in his lifetime, and even to this day, come to their hands for licence to be printed, or reprinted; if there be found in his book one sentence of a venturous edge, uttered in the height of zeal, and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit, yet not suiting with every low, decrepit humor of their own, though it were Knox himself, the reformer of a kingdom, that spake it, they will not pardon him their dash; ⁷ the sense of that great man shall to all posterity be lost, for the fearfulness, or the presumptuous rashness, of a perfunctory licenser. And to what an author this violence hath been lately done, and in what book of greatest consequence to be faithfully published, I could now instance, but shall forbear till a more convenient season.

Yet if these things be not resented seriously and timely by them who have the remedy in their power, but that such iron

¹ taking the chance of.

² careful.

³ Pallas, to whom the olive was sacred, taught mortals the means of extracting the oil. The phrase implies wisdom in both words, since Pallas was the goddess of wisdom, and oil the light by which men read.

⁴ a minor.

⁵ humiliation.

¹ Not an English word; probably, to throw.

² handwriting.

³ publisher, bookseller.

⁴ "particular book" implied.

⁵ Implying that if one licenser is very good the ⁸ succeeding one will appear very bad in comparison.

⁶ commonly, generally.

⁷ line drawn through censored material.

moulds¹ as these shall have authority to gnaw out the choicest periods of exquisite books, and to commit such a treacherous fraud against the orphan remainders of worthiest men after death, the more sorrow will belong to that hapless race of men, whose misfortune it is to have understanding. Henceforth, let no man care to learn, or care to be more than worldly wise; for certainly in higher matters to be ignorant and slothful, to be a common steadfast dunce, will be the only pleasant life, and only in request.

And as it is a particular disesteem of every knowing person alive, and most injurious to the written labors and monuments of the dead, so to me it seems an undervaluing and vilifying of the whole nation. I cannot set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgment which is in England, as that it can be comprehended in any twenty capacities how good soever; much less that it should not pass except their superintendence be over it, except it be sifted and strained with their strainers; that it should be uncurrent without their manual stamp. Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolised and traded in by tickets² and statutes and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to mark and license it like our broadcloth and our woolpacks. What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines,³ not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and coulter⁴, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges.

Had any one written and divulged erroneous things and scandalous to honest life, misusing and forfeiting the esteem had of his reason among men; if, after conviction, this only censure were adjudged him, that he should never henceforth write, but what were first examined by an appointed officer, whose hand should be annexed to pass his credit for him, that now he might be safely read; it could not be apprehended less than a disgraceful punishment.

Whence, to include the whole nation, and those that never yet thus offended, under such a diffident⁵ and suspectful prohibition, may plainly be understood what a disparagement it is. So much the more, whenas debtors and delinquents may walk abroad without a keeper, but unoffensive books

must not stir forth without a visible jailor in their title. Nor is it to the common people less than a reproach; for if we be so jealous¹ over them, as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people; in such a sick and weak state of faith and discretion, as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe² of a licenser. That this is care or love of them, we cannot pretend, whenas in those popish places where the laity are most hated and despised, the same strictness is used over them. Wisdom we cannot call it, because it stops but one breach of licence, nor that neither; whenas those corruptions which it seeks to prevent, break in faster at other doors which cannot be shut.

And in conclusion, it reflects to the disrepute of our ministers also, of whose labors we should hope better, and of the proficiency which their flock reaps by them, than that after all this light of the Gospel which is, and is to be, and all this continual preaching, they should be still frequented with such an unprincipled, unedified, and laic rabble, as that the whiff of every new pamphlet should stagger them out of their catechism and Christian walking. This may have much reason to discourage the ministers, when such a low conceit³ is had of all their exhortations, and the benefiting of their hearers, as that they are not thought fit to be turned loose to three sheets of paper without a licenser; that all the sermons, all the lectures preached, printed, vented in such numbers, and such volumes, as have now well-nigh made all other books unsaleable, should not be armor enough against one single enchiridion, without the castle of St. Angelo of an Imprimatur.⁴

And lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your Order are mere flourishes, and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannises; when I have sat among their learned men, for that honor I had, and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom, as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that

¹ suspicious.

² tube for swallowing medicine.

³ conception, idea.

⁴ The phrase means: without the protection of a Papal license. The Castle of Saint Angelo, built in 136 A.D. by Hadrian, was used until 217 as the tomb of the Emperors. From 1389 to 1404 it was held by the Popes as a stronghold; in Milton's time it was the Papal prison.

¹ rust. ² special permissions.

³ See I Sam XIII, 19-22.

⁴ plowshares.

⁵ distrustful.

this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo,¹ grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England then² was groaning loudest under the prelatial yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness, that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty.

Yet was it beyond my hope that those worthies were then breathing in her air, who should be her leaders to such a deliverance, as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish. When that was once begun, it was as little in my fear, that what words of complaint I heard among learned men of other parts uttered against the Inquisition, the same I should hear by as learned men at home uttered in time of Parliament against an order of licensing; and that so generally, that when I had disclosed myself a companion of their discontent, I might say, if without envy,³ that he whom an honest quæstorship had endeared to the Sicilians, was not more by them importuned against Verres,⁴ than the favorable opinion which I had among many who honor ye, and are known and respected by ye, loaded me with entreaties and persuasions, that I would not despair to lay together that which just reason should bring into my mind, toward the removal of an undeserved thralldom upon learning.

That this is not, therefore, the disburdening of a particular fancy, but the common grievance of all those who had prepared their minds and studies above the vulgar pitch to advance truth in others, and from others to entertain it, thus much may satisfy. And in their name I shall for neither friend nor foe conceal what the general murmur is; that if it come to inquisitioning again and licensing, and that we are so timorous of ourselves, and so suspicious of all men, as to fear each book, and the shaking of every leaf, before we know what the contents are; if some who

but of late were little better than silenced from preaching, shall come now to silence us from reading, except what they please, it cannot be guessed what is intended by some but a second tyranny over learning; and will soon put it out of controversy, that bishops and presbyters are the same to us both name and thing.

That those evils of prelaty which before from five or six and twenty sees were distributively charged upon the whole people, will now light wholly upon learning, is not obscure to us; whenas now the pastor of a small unlearned parish, on the sudden, shall be exalted archbishop over a large diocese of books, and yet not remove, but keep his other cure too, a mystical¹ pluralist. He who but of late cried down the sole ordination of every novice bachelor of art, and denied sole jurisdiction over the simplest parishioner, shall now at home in his private chair assume both these over worthiest and excellentest books, and ablest authors that write them. This is not, ye covenants and protestations² that we have made! This is not to put down prelaty; this is but to chop³ an episcopacy; this is but to translate the palace metropolitan from one kind of dominion into another; this is but an old canonical sleight of commuting our penance.⁴ To startle thus betimes at a mere unlicensed pamphlet will after a while be afraid of every conventicle,⁵ and a while after will make a conventicle of every Christian meeting.

But I am certain that a state governed by the rules of justice and fortitude, or a church built and founded upon the rock of faith and true knowledge, cannot be so pusillanimous. While things are yet not constituted⁶ in religion, that freedom of writing should be restrained by a discipline imitated from the prelates, and learnt by them from the Inquisition, to shut us up all again into the breast of a licenser, must needs give cause of doubt and discouragement to all learned and religious men. Who cannot but discern the fineness of this politic drift, and who are

¹ mysterious, or, perhaps, inexplicable.

² Including the National Covenant, signed in Scotland in 1638, for the purpose of recovering the purity and liberty of the Gospel; the Solemn League and Covenant, between the English and Scottish nations, of 1643-44; the Protestation of the House of Commons in 1641, in which it was vowed "to maintain . . . the true Reformed Protestant Religion . . . against all Popery and Popish innovations."

³ exchange one episcopacy for another.

⁴ exchanging one penance for another, permitted by the Canon Law.

⁵ In Milton's time the significance of this word had been narrowed down from "meeting" to a meeting prohibited by law, of Nonconformists or Dissenters.

⁶ settled.

¹ Galileo (1564-1642). 'Milton saw Galileo when he was living in retirement after 1632, when he had published his *Dialogo dei due Massimi Sistemi del Mondo* in defiance of an edict by which he was distrained from writing anything in accordance with the Copernican theory, as a result of which he was forced to recant before the Inquisition.

² In 1638, under the domination of Laud.

³ without exciting malice.

⁴ C. Cornelius Verres, against whose bad government in Sicily Cicero directed his seven famous orations.

the contrivers; that while bishops were to be baited down,¹ then all the presses might be open; it was the people's birthright and privilege in time of Parliament, it was the breaking forth of light?

But now, the bishops abrogated and voided out of the Church, as if our reformation sought no more, but to make room for others into their seats under another name, the episcopal arts begin to bud again;² the cruse of truth must run no more oil;³ liberty of printing must be enthralled again under a prelatial commission of twenty,⁴ the privilege of the people nullified; and, which is worse, the freedom of learning must groan¹⁵ again, and to her old fetters: all this the Parliament yet sitting. Although their own late arguments and defences against the prelates might remember⁵ them, that this obstructing violence meets for the most part with an event utterly opposite to the end which it drives at; instead of suppressing sects and schisms, it raises them and invests them with a reputation: "The punishing of wits enhances their authority," saith the Viscount²⁵ St. Albans; "and a forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth that flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out."⁶

This Order, therefore, may prove a nursing mother to sects, but I shall easily show how it will be a stepdame to Truth; and first by disenabling us to⁷ the maintenance of what is known already.

Well knows he who uses to consider, that³⁵ our faith and knowledge thrives by exercise, as well as our limbs and complexion.⁸ Truth is compared in Scripture to a steaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sicken into a muddy pool⁴⁰ of conformity and tradition. A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the Assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy. There is not any burden that some would gladlier post off to another, than the charge and care of their religion. There be, who knows not that there be, of Protestants and professors⁴⁵ ⁵⁰

who live and die in as arrant an implicit faith,¹ as any lay Papist of Loreto.²

A wealthy man addicted to his pleasure and to his profits, finds religion to be a traffic⁵ so entangled, and of so many piddling accounts, that of all mysteries³ he cannot skill to keep a stock going upon that trade. What should he do? Fain he would have the name to be religious; fain he would bear up with his neighbors in that. What does he, therefore, but resolves to give over toiling, and to find himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs; some Divine of note and estimation that must be. To him he adheres, resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys into his custody; and indeed makes the very person of that man his religion; esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety. So that a man may say his religion is now no more within himself, but is become a divid-¹⁰ ual⁴ movable, and goes and comes near him, according as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him; his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid to sleep, rises, is saluted, and after the malmsey, or some well-spiced brewage, and better breakfasted than he whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem, his religion walks abroad at eight, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop trad-³⁰ ing all day without his religion.

Another sort there be, who, when they hear that all things shall be ordered, all things regulated and settled, nothing written but what passes through the custom-house of certain publicans⁵ that have the tonnage and poundage⁶ of all free-spoken truth, will straight give themselves up into your hands, make 'em and cut 'em out what religion ye please; there be delights, there be recreations and jolly pastimes that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream. What need they torture their heads with that which others have taken so strictly, and so unalterably into their own purveying? These are the fruits which a dull ease and cessation

¹ An expression taken from the sport of bear-baiting, popular in Elizabeth's time.

² See Num. xvii, 6-8.

³ See I Kings xvii, 9-15.

⁴ Under the decree of the Star Chamber 1637, the number of printers in London was limited to twenty.

⁵ remind.

⁶ From *An Advertisement touching the Controversies of the Church of England*.

⁷ in regard to.

⁸ state of physical health.

⁹ Protestants, or those who then professed religion openly, as opposed to Roman Catholics.

¹ A faith resting on the authority of another, as opposed to a revealed belief.

² The *Casa Santa* or Holy House, believed to be the birthplace of the Virgin Mary, carried by angels to Loreto.

³ arts, occupations.

⁴ that may be separated from him.

⁵ tax collectors.

⁶ the laying of duties on exports and imports.

of our knowledge will bring forth among the people. How goodly, and how to be wished, were such an obedient unanimity as this, what a fine conformity would it starch us all into! Doubtless a staunch and solid piece of framework, as any January could freeze together.

Nor much better will be the consequence even among the clergy themselves; it is no new thing never heard of before, for a parochial minister, who has his reward, and is at his Hercules pillars¹ in a warm benefice, to be easily inclinable, if he have nothing else that may rouse up his studies, to finish his circuit² in an English concordance and a topic folio,³ the gatherings and savings of a sober graduateship,⁴ a harmony⁵ and a catena,⁶ treading the constant round of certain common doctrinal heads, attended with their uses, motives, marks, and means; out of which, as out of an alphabet or sol-fa,⁷ by forming and transforming, joining and disjoining variously a little bookcraft, and two hours' meditation, might furnish him unspeakably to the performance of more than a weekly charge of sermoning; not to reckon up the infinite helps of interlinearies, breviaries, synopses, and other loitering gear.⁸

But as for the multitude of sermons ready printed and piled up, on every text that is not difficult, our London trading Saint Thomas⁹ in his vestry,¹⁰ and add to boot Saint Martin and Saint Hugh, have not within their hallowed limits more vendible ware of all sorts ready made; so that penury he never need fear of pulpit provision, having where so plenteously to refresh his magazine. But if his rear and flanks be not impaled,¹¹ if his back door be not secured by the rigid licenser, but that a bold book may now and then issue forth, and give the assault to some of his old collections in their trenches; it will concern him then to keep waking, to stand in watch, to set good guards and sentinels about his received opinions, to walk the round and counter-round with his fellow inspectors, fearing lest any of his flock be seduced, who also then would be better instructed, better

exercised and disciplined. And God fend that the fear of this diligence, which must then be used, do not make us affect the laziness of a licensing church.

For if we be sure we are in the right, and do not hold the truth guiltily, which becomes not, if we ourselves condemn not our own weak and frivolous teaching, and the people for an untaught and irreligious, gadding rout, what can be more fair, than when a man judicious, learned, and of a conscience, for aught we know, as good as theirs that taught us what we know, shall not privily from house to house, which is more dangerous, but openly by writing, publish to the world what his opinion is, what his reasons, and wherefore that which is now thought cannot be sound? Christ urged it as where-with to justify himself, that he preached in public;¹ yet writing is more public than preaching; and more easy to refutation, if need be, there being so many whose business and profession merely it is, to be the champions of truth; which if they neglect, what can be imputed but their sloth, or inability?

Thus much we are hindered and disinured by this course of licensing toward the true knowledge of what we seem to know. For how much it hurts and hinders the licensers themselves in the calling of their ministry, more than any secular employment, if they will discharge that office as they ought, so that of necessity they must neglect either the one duty or the other, I insist not, because it is a particular,² but leave it to their own conscience, how they will decide it there.

There is yet behind of what I purposed to lay open, the incredible loss and detriment that this plot of licensing puts us to. More than if some enemy at sea should stop up all our havens, and ports, and creeks, it hinders and retards the importation of our richest merchandise, truth; nay, it was first established and put in practice by Antichristian malice and mystery,³ on set purpose to extinguish, if it were possible, the light of reformation, and to settle⁴ falsehood; little differing from that policy wherewith the Turk upholds his Alcoran, by the prohibition of printing. 'Tis not denied, but gladly confessed, we are to send our thanks and vows to Heaven, louder than most of nations, for that great measure of truth which we enjoy,

1 The rocks on either side of the Strait of Gibraltar, i.e., the far limits of the ancient world, came to signify the highest ambition or desire.

2 the course of his studies.

3 a notebook.

4 course at the University.

5 A work showing how the four gospels agree in their accounts of the life of Christ.

6 A series of extracts from the writings of the Fathers, arranged in the form of a commentary on the Scriptures.

7 scale, gamut.

8 help to idleness.

9 Saint Thomas, Saint Martin, and Saint Hugh refer to shopping districts of London.

10 clothes-press.

11 fenced in with stakes.

1 See John XVIII, 19-21.

2 personal matter or concern.

3 underhand practices.

4 establish.

especially in those main points between us and the Pope, with his appurtenances the prelates; but he who thinks we are to pitch our tent here, and have attained the utmost prospect of reformation, that the mortal glass wherein we contemplate can show us, till we come to beatific vision,¹ that man by this very opinion declares, that he is yet far short of truth.

Truth indeed came once into the world with her divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on; but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon² with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful³ search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature⁴ of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity, forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking, that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred saint.

We boast our light; but if we look not wisely on the sun itself, it smites us into darkness. Who can discern those planets that are oft combust,⁵ and those stars of brightest magnitude that rise and set with the sun, until the opposite motion of their orbs bring them to such a place in the firmament, where they may be seen evening or morning. The light which we have gained, was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge. It is not the unfrocking of a

¹ the face of God.

² Typhon, the god of Evil; Osiris, the god of Good. While Osiris was on a journey round the earth, Typhon had a beautiful chest made to the measurements of Osiris, and on the latter's return, offered to present it to the person who could lie down in it. It fitted nobody but Osiris, and when he was in it, Typhon and his conspirators locked him in, and threw the chest into the river. Isis, the sister and wife of Osiris, sought for the chest, and after finding it, did it reverence. But Typhon managed to seize it in her absence, and tore the body into fourteen pieces and scattered them abroad.

³ anxious. ⁴ form, shape.

⁵ When within 8° 30' of the sun, a planet is said to be combust, or its influence destroyed. Venus, Mercury, and Vulcan are those most often combust.

priest, the unmitring of a bishop, and the removing him from off the Presbyterian shoulders that will make us a happy nation; no, if other things as great in the Church, and in the rule of life both economical and political, be not looked into and reformed, we have looked so long upon the blaze that Zwinglius and Calvin hath beacons up to us, that we are stark blind.

There be who perpetually complain of schisms and sects, and make it such a calamity that any man dissents from their maxims. 'Tis their own pride and ignorance which causes the disturbing, who neither will hear with meekness, nor can convince, yet all must be suppressed which is not found in their syntagma. They are the troublers, they are the dividers of unity, who neglect and permit not others to unite those dis severed pieces which are yet wanting to the body of Truth. To be still searching² what we know not, by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it (for all her body is homogeneous and proportional),³ this is the golden rule⁴ in theology as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a church; not the forced and outward union of cold and neutral and inwardly divided minds.

Lords and Commoners of England consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse,⁵ not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient, and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity, and ablest judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras, and the Persian wisdom, took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola,⁶ who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain, before the labored studies of the French. Nor is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their

¹ handbooks.

² investigating.

³ All the parts of the same kind, and each proportional to the whole.

⁴ the rule of three.

⁵ to reason.

⁶ Consul in Britain from 78 to 85, not under Cæsar, but under Emperors Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian. He is said by Tacitus to have provided "a liberal education for the sons of their chieftains, preferring the natural genius of the Britains to the attainments of the Gauls."

youth, but their staid men, to learn our language and our theologic arts.

Yet that which is above all this, the favor and the love of Heaven, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and propending ¹ towards us. Why else was this nation chosen before any other, that out of her as out of Sion should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of reformation to all Europe? And had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wyclif, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss and Jerome, no, nor the name of Luther, or of Calvin, had been ever known; the glory of reforming all our neighbors had been completely ours. But now, as our obdurate clergy have with violence demeaned ² the matter, we are become hitherto the latest and backwardest scholars, of whom God offered to have made us the teachers.

Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in his Church, even to the reforming of reformation itself. What does he then but reveal himself to his servants, and, as his manner is, first to his Englishmen; I say, as his manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of his counsels, and are unworthy. Behold now this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates ³ and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction.

What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful laborers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five weeks,

had we but eyes to lift up; the fields are white already. Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we rather should rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men, to reassume the ill-deputed care of their religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity might win all these diligences to join and unite in one general and brotherly search after truth; could we but forego this prelatical tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men. I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mould and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did, admiring the Roman docility and courage. "If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a church or kingdom happy."

Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries; as if, while the temple ¹ of the Lord was building, some cutting, some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars, there should be a sort ² of irrational men who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber, ere the house of God can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together, it cannot be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world; neither can every piece of the building be of one form; nay rather the perfection consists in this, that out of many moderate ³ varieties and brotherly dissimilarities that are not vastly disproportional, arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure.

Let us, therefore, be more considerate builders, more wise in spiritual architecture, when great reformation is expected. For now the time seems come, wherein Moses, the great prophet, may sit in heaven rejoic-

¹ favorably inclined.
³ breast-plates.

² conducted.

¹ See II Chron. II, 5-9.
³ not greatly different.

² company.

ing to see that memorable and glorious wish¹ of his fulfilled, when not only our seventy elders but all the Lord's people, are become prophets. No marvel then though some men, and some good men too, perhaps, but young in goodness, as Joshua then was, envy them.² They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony, lest those divisions and subdivisions will undo us. The adversary³ again applauds, and waits the hour, when they have branched themselves out, saith he, small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool! he sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow, though into branches; nor will beware until he see our small divided maniples⁴ cutting through at every angle of his ill-united and unwieldy brigade. And that we are to hope better of all these supposed sects and schisms, and that we shall not need that solicitude, honest perhaps, though over-timorous, of them that vex in this behalf, but shall laugh in the end at those malicious applauders of our differences, I have these reasons to persuade me.

First, when a city shall be as it were besieged and blocked about,⁵ her navigable river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumored to be marching up even to her walls and suburb trenches; that then the people, or the greater part, more than at other times, wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, even to a rarity and admiration, things not before discoursed or written of, argues at first a singular goodwill, contentedness and confidence in your prudent foresight, and safe government, Lords and Commons; and from thence derives itself⁶ to a gallant bravery and well grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us, as his was, who, when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment.

Next, it is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest⁷ operations of wit and sub-

tlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is; so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has, not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us, not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs, and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honorable in these latter ages.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks;¹ methinks I see her as an eagle mewing² her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise³ of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do then, should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up and yet springing daily in this city; should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers⁴ over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing, do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves; and I will soon show how.

If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild and free and humane government; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased⁵ us, liberty which is the nurse of all great wits; this is that which hath rarefied and enlightened our spirits like the influence⁶ of heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless

¹ See Judges XVI, 13, 14, 19, and 20.

² Perhaps "renewing by the process of moulting."

³ company, concert.

⁴ Those who buy in large quantities, in order to control trade: the modern Trust.

⁵ procured.

⁶ Referring to the belief of astrologers that the position of the planets affects human destiny.

¹ See Num. XI, 24-29. ² bear them ill will.

³ The Church of Rome. ⁴ handfuls.

⁵ The situation of London, in 1642.

⁶ proceeds. ⁷ liveliest.

ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us; but you then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous; as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us; ye cannot suppress that unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may despatch at will their own children.¹ And who shall then stick closest to ye, and excite others? not he who takes up arms for coat and conduct,² and his four nobles³ of Danegelt.⁴ Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities, yet love my peace better, if that were all. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

What would be best advised, then, if it be found so hurtful and so unequal⁵ to suppress opinions for the newness, or the unsuitableness to a customary acceptance, will not be my task to say; I only shall repeat what I have learned from one of your own honorable number, a right noble and pious lord, who, had he not sacrificed his life and fortunes to the Church and Commonwealth, we had not now missed and bewailed a worthy and undoubted patron of this argument. Ye know him I am sure; yet I for honor's sake, and may it be eternal to him, shall name him the Lord Brook.⁶ He, writing of Episcopacy, and by the way treating of sects and schisms, left ye his vote,⁷ or rather now the last words of his dying charge, which I know will ever be of dear and honored regard with ye, so full of meekness and breathing charity, that next to his last testament, who bequeathed love and peace to his disciples, I cannot call to mind where I have read or heard words more mild and peaceful. He there exhorts us to hear with patience and humility those, however they be miscalled, that desire to live purely, in such a use of God's ordinances,

as the best guidance of their conscience gives them, and to tolerate them, though in some disconformity to ourselves. The book itself will tell us more at large, being published to the world, and dedicated to the Parliament by him who, both for his life and for his death, deserves that what advice he left be not laid by without perusal.

And now the time in special is,¹ by privilege to write and speak what may help to the further discussing of matters in agitation. The temple of Janus² with his two controversial faces might now not unsignificantly be set open. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter? Her confuting³ is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clearer knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline⁴ of Geneva, framed and fabricated⁵ already to our hands.

Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their case-ments. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute? When a man hath been laboring the hardest labor in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle⁶ ranged, scattered, and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please; only that he may try the matter by dint of argument, for his opponents then to sculk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valor enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, no stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and

1 A Roman law, not repealed until 318 A.D.

2 The tax levied for the clothing and transportation of the army was very unpopular.

3 A noble was an English coin current from the reign of Edward III, value, 6 s. 8 d.

4 money paid to buy the Danes off.

5 unfair.

6 Robert Greville, second Lord Brooke, greatly beloved in England, was general of the Parliamentary forces in the Civil War, and was killed in an attack on the royal forces, March 2. 1643.

7 earnest wish

1 "fitting" understood.

2 Roman god with two faces. The gates of his temple in the Forum were closed in time of peace, open in time of war.

3 disproof.

4 the system by which the practices of a church are regulated.

5 fabricated.

6 army.

the defences that error uses against her power: give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus¹ did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes, except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, as Micaiah did before Ahab,² until she be adjured into her own likeness.

Yet is it not impossible that she may have more shapes than one. What else is all that rank of things indifferent, wherein Truth may be on this side, or on the other, without being unlike herself? What but a vain shadow else is the abolition of those ordinances, that hand-writing nailed to the cross; what great purchase³ is this Christian liberty which Paul so often boasts of? His doctrine is, that he who eats, or eats not, regards a day, or regards it not, may do either to the Lord. How many other things might be tolerated in peace, and left to conscience, had we but charity, and were it not the chief stronghold of our hypocrisy to be ever judging one another. I fear yet this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks; the ghost of a linen decency yet haunts us. We stumble and are impatient at the least dividing of one visible congregation from another, though it be not in fundamentals; and through our forwardness to suppress, and our backwardness to recover, any enthralled piece of truth out of the gripe of custom, we care not to keep truth separated from truth, which is the fiercest rent and disunion of all. We do not see that while we still affect by all means a rigid external formality, we may as soon fall again into a gross conforming stupidity, a stark and dead congelment of wood, and hay, and stubble forced and frozen together, which is more to the sudden degenerating of a church than many subdichotomies⁴ of petty schisms.

Not that I can think well of every light separation, or that all in a church is to be expected gold and silver and precious stones: it is not possible for man to sever the wheat from the tares,⁵ the good fish from the other fry; that must be the angels' ministry at the end of mortal things. Yet if all cannot be of one mind, — as who looks they should be? —

¹ The sea-god who tended the flocks of Poseidon. He had the power of assuming any shape to avoid the necessity of prophesying, but when caught and held, would tell truly of the future.

² See I Kings XXII, 1-28.

³ advantage. ⁴ subdivisions.

⁵ See Matt. XIII, 24-30, 37-43.

this doubtless is more wholesome, more prudent, and more Christian, that many be tolerated, rather than all compelled. I mean not tolerated popery¹ and open superstition, which, as it extirpates all religions and civil supremacies, so itself should be extirpate; provided first that all charitable and compassionate means be used to win and regain the weak and the misled; that also which is impious or evil absolutely, either against faith or manners,² no law can possibly permit, that intends not to unlaw itself; but those neighboring differences, or rather indifferences, are what I speak of, whether in some point of doctrine or of discipline, which though they may be many, yet need not interrupt the unity of spirit, if we could but find among us the bond of peace.

In the meanwhile, if any one would write, and bring his helpful hand to the slow-moving reformation which we labor under, if truth have spoken to him before others, or but seemed at least to speak, who hath so bejesuited us that we should trouble that man with asking license to do so worthy a deed? And not consider this, that if it come to prohibiting, there is not aught more likely to be prohibited than truth itself; whose first appearance to our eyes bleared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unpalatable than many errors, even as the person is of many a great man slight and contemptible to see to. And what do they tell us vainly of new opinions, when this very opinion of theirs, that none must be heard but whom they like, is the worst and newest opinion of all others; and is the chief cause why sects and schisms do so much abound, and true knowledge is kept at distance from us; besides yet a greater danger which is in it. For when God shakes a kingdom with strong and healthful commotions to a general reforming, 'tis not untrue that many sectaries and false teachers are then busiest in seducing; but yet more true it is, that God then raises to his own work men of rare abilities, and more than common industry, not only to look back, and revise what hath been taught heretofore, but to gain further, and go on some new enlightened steps in the discovery of truth.

For such is the order of God's enlightening his church, to dispense and deal out by degrees his beam, so as our earthly eyes may best sustain it. Neither is God appointed

¹ Milton's idea of religious toleration never included Catholicism.

² conduct, in a moral sense.

and confined, where and out of what place these his chosen shall be first heard to speak; for he sees not as man sees, chooses not as man chooses, lest we should devote ourselves again to set places, and assemblies, and outward callings of men; planting our faith one while in the old Convocation house,¹ and another while in the Chapel² at Westminster; when all the faith and religion that shall be there canonized,³ is not sufficient without plain convincement and the charity of patient instruction, to supple the least bruise of conscience, to edify the meanest Christian who desires to walk in the Spirit, and not in the letter of human trust, for all the number of voices that can be there made; no, though Harry VII himself there, with all his liege tombs⁴ about him, should lend them voices from the dead, to swell their number.

And if the men be erroneous who appear to be the leading schismatics, what withholds us but our sloth, our self-will, and distrust in the right cause, that we do not give them gentle meetings and gentle dismissions, that we debate not and examine the matter thoroughly with liberal and frequent audience; if not for their sakes, yet for our own? Seeing no man who hath tasted learning, but will confess the many ways of profiting by those who, not contented with stale receipts, are able to manage, and set forth new positions to the world. And were they but as the dust and cinders of our feet, so long as in that notion⁵ they may serve to polish and brighten the armory of Truth, even for that respect they were not utterly to be cast away. But if they be of those whom God hath fitted for the special use of these times with eminent and ample gifts, and those perhaps neither among the priests, nor among the pharisees, and we in the haste of a precipitant zeal shall make no distinction, but resolve to stop their mouths, because we fear they come with new and dangerous opinions, as we commonly forejudge them ere we understand them, no less than woe to us, while thinking thus to defend the Gospel, we are found the persecutors.

There have been not a few since the begin-

¹ The assembly of the clergy of the Church of England met in the Chapter House of Westminster Cathedral.

² The Assembly of Divines of the Presbyterian Church, which supplanted the Convocation, met in Henry VII's Chapel.

³ admitted to the canon, or body of ecclesiastical laws.

⁴ Henry VII had buried near him his wife, Elizabeth of York, his mother, Margaret Beaufort, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Prince Henry, Anne of Denmark, and King James I.

⁵ conception.

ning of this Parliament, both of the Presbytery and others, who by their unlicensed books, to the contempt of an Imprimatur, first broke that triple ice clung about our hearts, and taught the people to see day; I hope that none of those were the persuaders to renew upon us this bondage which they themselves have wrought so much good by contemning. But if neither the check that Moses gave to young Joshua, nor the countermand which our Saviour gave to young John,¹ who was so ready to prohibit those whom he thought unlicensed, be not enough to admonish our elders how unacceptable to God their testy mood of prohibiting is; if neither their own remembrance what evil hath abounded in the church by this let² of licensing, and what good they themselves have begun by transgressing it, be not enough, but that they will persuade, and execute the most Dominican part of the Inquisition over us, and are already with one foot in the stirrup so active at suppressing, it would be no unequal distribution, in the first place, to suppress the suppressors themselves; whom the change of their condition hath puffed up, more than their late experience of harder times hath made wise.

And as for regulating the press, let no man think to have the honor of advising ye better than yourselves have done in that order published next before this, "that no book be printed, unless the printer's and the author's name, or at least the printer's be registered." Those which otherwise come forth, if they be found mischievous and libellous, the fire and the executioner will be the timeliest and the most effectual remedy that man's prevention can use. For this authentic Spanish policy of licensing books, if I have said aught, will prove the most unlicensed book itself within a short while; and was the immediate image of a Star Chamber decree to that purpose made in those very times when that Court did the rest of those her pious works, for which she is now fallen from the stars with Lucifer. Whereby ye may guess what kind of state prudence, what love of the people, what care of religion or good manners there was at the contriving, although with singular hypocrisy it pretended to bind books to their good behavior. And how it got the upper hand of your precedent order so well constituted before, if we may believe those men whose profession gives them cause to inquire most, it may be doubted there was in it the fraud of some old patentees and monopolisers

¹ See Luke ix, 49, 50.

² hindrance.

in the trade of bookselling; who under pretence of the poor in their Company not to be defrauded, and the just retaining of each man his several copy, which God forbid should be gainsaid, brought divers glosing colors to the House, which were indeed but colors, and serving to no end except it be to exercise a superiority over their neighbors; men who do not, therefore, labor in an honest profession to which learning is indebted, that they should be made other men's vassals. Another end is thought was aimed at by some of them in procuring by petition this Order, that having power in their hands, malignant books might the easier scape abroad, as the event shows.

But of these sophisms and elenchs ¹ of merchandise I skill not. This I know, that errors in a good government and in a bad are equally almost incident; for what magistrate may not be misinformed, and much the sooner, if liberty of printing be reduced into the power of a few; but to redress willingly and speedily what hath been erred, and in highest authority to esteem a plain advertisement more than others have done a sumptuous bribe, is a virtue, honored Lords and Commons, answerable to your highest actions, and whereof none can participate but greatest and wisest men.

¹ sophistical arguments.

SAMUEL PEPYS (1633-1703)

The steadily increasing fame of Pepys as author of the famous diary has tended to obscure the fact that he was an able government official, especially as Secretary of the Admiralty during a time when Great Britain's sea-power was being strengthened considerably; that he was a discriminating collector of books and manuscripts, which he left to his college in Cambridge University; and that he was esteemed highly enough as a scholar to be elected president of the Royal Society.

Still, it is for the vivid pictures of the times and his fascinating personality as disclosed in the diary that Pepys is famous. This diary he kept from January 1, 1660, to May 31, 1669, in shorthand. It was not published until 1825, when Lord Braybrooke first issued the diary, cut to about half its size by omissions. The extract given below is from this well-known version.

The best edition of the complete diary is H. B. Wheatley's in eight volumes (G. Bell and Sons). Excellent biographical studies of Pepys have been written by Gamaliel Bradford, *The Soul of Samuel Pepys* (Houghton Mifflin Company), and by Jean Lucas-Dubreton (Putnam.)

DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

1665-66

January 1st. Called up by five o'clock by Mr. Tooker, who wrote, while I dictated to him, my business of the Pursers; and so, without eating or drinking, till three in the afternoon, to my great content, finished it.¹

2d. Up by candle-light again, and my business being done, to my Lord Brouncker's, and there find Sir J. Minnes and all his company, and Mr. Boreman and Mrs. Turner, but, above all, my dear Mrs. Knipp, with whom I sang, and in perfect pleasure I was to hear her sing, and especially her little Scotch song of "Barbary Allen"; and to make our mirth the completer, Sir J. Minnes was in the highest pitch of mirth, and his

mimicall tricks, that ever I saw, and most excellent pleasant company he is, and the best musique that ever I saw, and certainly would have made an excellent actor, and now would be an excellent teacher of actors. Then, it being past night, against my will, took leave.

3d. I to the Duke of Albemarle and back again: and, at the Duke's, with great joy, I received the good news of the decrease of the plague this week to 70, and but 253 in all; which is the least Bill hath been known these twenty years in the City, though the want of people in London is it, that must make it so low, below the ordinary number for Bills. So home, and find all my good company I had bespoke, as Colman and his wife, and Laneare, Knipp and her surly husband; and good musick we had, and among other things, Mr. Coleman sang my words I set, of "Beauty, retire," and they praise it mightily. Then to dancing and supper, and mighty merry till Mr. Rolt come in, whose pain of the toothache made him no company, and spoilt ours: so he away, and then my wife's teeth fell of

¹ This document is in the British Museum (Harleian MS., 6287), and is entitled, "A letter from Mr. Pepys, dated at Greenwich, 1st Jan., 1665-6, which he calls his New Year's Gift to his hon. friend, Sir Wm. Coventry, wherein he lays down a Method of securing his Majesty in husbandly execution of the Victualling Part of the Naval Expence." It consists of nineteen closely written folio pages, and is a remarkable specimen of Pepys's business habits. — (Braybrooke's note.)

aching, and she to bed. So forced to break up all with a good song, and so to bed.

5th. I with my Lord Brouncker and Mrs. Williams by coach with four horses to London, to my Lord's house in Covent Garden. But, Lord! what staring to see a nobleman's coach come to town! And porters every where bow to us; and such begging of beggars! And delightful it is to see the town full of people again; and shops begin to open, though in many places seven or eight together, and more, all shut; but yet the town is full, compared with what it used to be. I mean the City¹ end: for Covent Garden and Westminster are yet very empty of people, no Court nor gentry being there. Home, thinking to get Mrs. Knipp, but could not, she being busy with company, but sent me a pleasant letter, writing herself "Barbary Allen." Reading a discourse about the river of Thames, the reason of its being choked up in several places with shelves; which is plain is, by the encroachments made upon the River, and running out of causeways into the River, at every wood-wharfe: which was not heretofore, when Westminster Hall and White Hall were built, and Redriffe Church, which now are sometimes overflown with water.

6th. To a great dinner and much company. Mr. Cuttle and his lady and I went, hoping to get Mrs. Knipp to us; having wrote a letter to her in the morning, calling myself "Dapper Dicky,"² in answer to her's of "Barbary Allen," but could not, and am told by the boy that carried my letter, that he found her crying; and I fear she lives a sad life with that ill-natured fellow her husband: so we had a great, but I a melancholy dinner. After dinner to cards, and then comes notice that my wife is come unexpectedly to me to town: so I to her. It is only to see what I do, and why I come not home; and she is in the right that I would have a little more of Mrs. Knipp's company before I go away. My wife to fetch away my things from Woolwich, and I back to cards, and after cards to choose King and Queene, and a good cake there was, but no marks found; but I privately found the clove, the mark of the knave, and privately put it into Captain Cocke's piece, which made some mirth, because of his lately being known by his buying of clove and mace of the East India prizes.

¹ The "City" (still so called) is the old part of London lying east of Temple Bar. It is the business district.

² A song called "Dapper Dick" is in the British Museum; it begins, "In a barren tree." It was printed in 1710. — (Braybrooke's note.)

At night home to my lodging, where I find my wife returned with my things. It being Twelfth-Night,³ they had got the fiddler, and mighty merry they were; and I above, come not to them, leaving them dancing, and choosing King and Queene.

7th. (Lord's day.) The town talks of my Lord Craven being to come into Sir G. Carteret's place; but sure it cannot be true. But I do fear those two families, his and my Lord Sandwich's, are quite broken; and I must now stand upon my own legs. With my wife and Mercer took boat and away home; but in the evening, before I went, comes Mrs. Knipp, just to speak with me privately, to excuse her not coming to me yesterday, complaining how like a devil her husband treats her, but will be with us in town a week hence.

8th. To Bennett's, in Paternoster Row, few shops there being yet open, and there bought velvett for a coat, and camelott for a cloak for myself; and thence to a place to look over some fine counterfeit damasks to hang my wife's closet, and pitched upon one.

9th. To the office, where we met first since the plague, which God preserve us in! Pierce tells me how great a difference hath been between the Duke and Duchess, he suspecting her to be naught with Mr. Sidney. But some way or other the matter is made up; but he [Sidney] was banished the Court, and the Duke for many days did not speak to the Duchess at all. He tells me that my Lord Sandwich is lost there at Court, though the King is particularly his friend. But people do speak every where slightly of him; which is a sad story to me, but I hope it may be better again. And that Sir G. Carteret is neglected, and hath great enemies at work against him. That matters must needs go bad, while all the town, and every boy in the street, openly cries, "The King cannot go away till my Lady Castlemaine be ready to come along with him;" she being lately put to bed. And that he visits her and Mrs. Stewart every morning before he eats his breakfast.

10th. I do find Sir G. Downing to be a mighty talker, more than is true, which I now know to be so, and suspected it before. To my Lord Brouncker's house in Covent Garden. The plague is encreased this week from seventy to eighty-nine. We have also great fear of our Hambrough fleete, of their meeting with the Dutch; as also have certain

³ i.e., the twelfth after Christmas.

news, that by storms Sir Jer. Smith's ¹ fleet is scattered, and three of them come without masts back to Plymouth. Seeing and saluting Mrs. Stokes, my little goldsmith's wife in Paternoster Row, and there bespoke a silver chafing-dish for warming plates. To the Duke of Albemarle. Here I saw Sir W. Coventry's kind letter to him concerning my paper, and among other of his letters, which I saw all, and that is a strange thing, that whatever is writ to this Duke Albemarle, all the world may see; for this very night he did give me Mr. Coventry's letter to read soon as it come to his hand, before he had read it himself, and bid me take out of it what concerned the Navy, and many things there was in it, which I should not have thought fit for him to have let anybody so suddenly see; but, among other things, find him profess himself to the Duke a friend into the inquiring further into the business of prizes, and advises that it may be publick, for the righting the King, and satisfying the people — the blame to be rightly laid where it should be, which strikes very hard upon my Lord Sandwich, and troubles me to read it. Besides, the Duchess cried mightily out against the having of gentlemen captains with feathers and ribbands, and wished the King would send her husband to sea with the old plain sea Captains that he served with formerly, that would make their ships swim with blood, though they could not make leagues as Captains now-a-days can.

11th. At noon to dinner all of us by invitation to Sir W. Pen's, and much company. Among others, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Broome, his poet, and Dr. Whistler and his [Sir William Pen's] son-in-law Lowther, servant to Mrs. Margaret Pen, and Sir Edward Spragg, a merry man, that sang a pleasant song pleasantly.

12th. I and my Lord Brouncker by coach a little way, for discourse sake, till our coach broke, and tumbled me over him quite down the side of the coach, falling on the ground about the stockes, but up again. To my poor wife, who works all day at home like a horse, at the making of her hangings for our chamber and the bed.

13th. Home with his Lordship to Mrs. Williams's, in Covent Garden, to dinner, the first time I ever was there, and there met Captain Cocke; and pretty merry, though not perfectly so, because of the fear that there

is of a great encrease again of the plague this week. And again my Lord Brouncker do tell us, that he hath it from Sir John Baber, who is related to my Lord Craven, that my Lord Craven do look after Sir G. Carteret's place, and do reckon himself sure of it.

14th. (Lord's day.) Long in bed, till raised by my new taylor, Mr. Penny, who comes and brings me my new velvet coat, very handsome, but plain. At noon eat the second of the two cygnets Mr. Shepley sent us for a new year's gift. This afternoon, after sermon, comes my dear fair beauty of the Exchange, Mrs. Batelier, brought by her sister, an acquaintance of Mercer's, to see my wife. I saluted her with as much pleasure as I had done any a great while. We sat and talked together an hour, with infinite pleasure to me, and so the fair creature went away, and proves one of the modestest women and pretty, that ever I saw in my life, and my wife judges her so, too.

15th. To Mrs. Pierce, to her new house in Covent Garden, a very fine place and fine house. Took her thence home to my house, and so by water to Boreman's by night, where the greatest disappointment that ever I saw in my life — much company, a good supper provided, and all come with expectation of excess of mirth, but all blank through the waywardnesse of Mrs. Knipp, who, though she had appointed the night, could not be got to come. Not so much as her husband could get her to come; but, which was a pleasant thing in all my anger, I asking him, while we were in expectation what answer one of our many messengers would bring, what he thought, whether she would come or no, he answered that, for his part, he could not so much as think. At last, very late, and supper done, she come undressed, but it brought me no mirth at all; only, after all being done, without singing, or very little, and no dancing, Pierce and I to bed together, and he and I very merry to find how little and thin clothes they give us to cover us, so that we were fain to lie in our stockings and drawers, and lay all our coats and clothes upon the bed.

16th. Mightily troubled at the news of the plague's being encreased, and was much the saddest news that the plague hath brought me from the beginning of it; because of the lateness of the year, and the fear we may with reason have of its continuing with us the next summer. The total being now 375, and the plague 158.

17th. After dinner, late took horse, and I

¹ Admiral Sir Jeremy Smith, mentioned October 13 1665 *ante*, commanded a fleet in the Streights at this time, and another in the Channel in 1668. — (Braybrooke's note.)

rode to Dagenhams in the dark. It was my Lord Crewe's desire that I should come, and chiefly to discourse with me of my Lord Sandwich's matters; and therein to persuade, what I had done already, that my Lord should sue out a pardon for his business of the prizes, as also for Bergen, and all he hath done this year past, before he begins his Embassy to Spain; for it is to be feared that the Parliament will fly out against him, and particular men, the next Session. He is glad also that my Lord is clear of his sea-employment, though sorry, as I am, only in the manner of its bringing about. After supper, up to wait on my Lady Crewe, who is the same weak silly lady as ever, asking such saintly questions.

18th. To Captain Cocke's, where Mrs. Williams was, and Mrs. Knipp. I was not heartily merry, though a glass of wine did a little cheer me. After dinner to the office. Anon comes to me thither my Lord Brouncker, Mrs. Williams, and Knipp. I brought down my wife in her night-gown, she not being indeed very well, to the office to them. My wife and I anon and Mercer, by coach, to Pierce's, where mighty merry, and sing and dance with great pleasure; and I danced, who never did in company in my life.

19th. It is a remarkable thing how infinitely naked all that end of the town, Covent Garden, is, at this day, of people, while the City is almost as full again of people as ever it was.

20th. I sent my boy home for some papers, where, he staying longer than I would have him, I become angry, and boxed my boy when he come, that I do hurt my thumb so much, that I was not able to stir all the day after, and in great pain.

22d. At noon my Lord Brouncker did come, but left the keys of the chest we should open, at Sir G. Carteret's lodgings, of my Lord Sandwich's, wherein Howe's supposed jewels are; so we could not, according to my Lord Arlington's order, see them to-day: but we parted, resolving to meet here at night: my Lord Brouncker being going with Dr. Wilkins, Mr. Hooke, and others, to Colonel Blunt's, to consider again of the business of chariots, and to try their new invention, which I saw here my Lord Brouncker ride in; where the coachman sits astride upon a pole over the horse, but do not touch the horse, which is a pretty odde thing; but it seems it is most easy for the horse, and, as they say, for the man also. The first meet-

ing of Gresham College¹ since the plague. Dr. Goddard did fill us with talk, in defence of his and his fellow physicians going out of town in the plague-time; saying, that their particular patients were most gone out of town, and they left at liberty; and a great deal more. But what, among other fine discourse, pleased me most, was Sir G. Ent,² about respiration; that it is not to this day known, or concluded on, among physicians, nor to be done either, how the action is managed by nature, or for what use it is.

23d. Good news beyond all expectation of the decrease of the plague, being now but 79, and the whole but 272. So home with comfort to bed. A most furious storme all night and morning.

24th. My Lord [Brouncker] and I, the weather being a little fairer, by water to Deptford, to Sir G. Carteret's house, where W. Howe met us, and there we opened the chests, and saw the poor sorry rubys which have caused all this ado to the undoing of W. Howe; though I am not much sorry for it, because of his pride and ill nature. About 200 of these very small stones, and a cod³ of muske, which it is strange I was not able to smell, is all we could find; so locked them up again, and my Lord and I, the wind being again very furious, so as we durst not go by water, walked to London quite round the bridge, no boat being able to stirre; and, Lord! what a dirty walk we had, and so strong the wind, that in the fields we many times could not carry our bodies against it, but were driven backwards. We went through Horslydowne, where I never was since a boy, that I went to enquire after my father, whom we did give over for lost coming from Holland. It was dangerous to walk the streets, the bricks and tiles falling from the houses, that the whole streets were covered with them; and whole chimneys, nay, whole houses, in two or three places, blowed down. But, above all, the pales of London Bridge, on both sides, were blown away, so that we were fain to stoop very low for fear of blowing off of the bridge. We could see no boats in the Thames afloat, but what were broke loose, and carried through the bridge, it being ebbing water. And the greatest sight of all was, among other parcels of ships driven here and there in clusters together; one was quite overset, and lay with her

¹ Founded in 1579 by Sir Thomas Gresham, to provide for lectures by seven professors.

² Sir George Ent, F.R.S., President of the College of Physicians. He died in 1689. — (Braybrooke's note.)

³ sack.

masts all along in the water, and keel above water.

25th. It is now certain that the King of France hath publickly declared war against us, and God knows how little fit we are for it.

26th. Pleased mightily with what my poor wife hath been doing these eight or ten days with her own hands, like a drudge, in fitting the new hangings of our bedchamber of blue, and putting the old red ones into my dressing-room.

28th. (Lord's day.) Took coach, and to Hampton Court, where we find the King, and Duke, and Lords, all in council; so we walked up and down: there being none of the ladies come, and so much the more business I hope will be done. The Council being up, out comes the King, and I kissed his hand, and he grasped me very kindly by the hand. The Duke also, I kissed his, and he mighty kind, and Sir W. Coventry. I found my Lord Sandwich there, poor man! I see with a melancholy face, and suffers his beard to grow on his upper lip more than usual. I took him a little aside, to know when I should wait on him, and where: he told me, that it would be best to meet at his lodgings, without being seen to walk together, which I liked very well; and, Lord! to see in what difficulty I stand, that I dare not walk with Sir W. Coventry, for fear my Lord or Sir G. Carteret should see me; nor with either of them, for fear Sir W. Coventry should. I went down into one of the Courts, and there met the King and Duke; and the Duke called me to him. And the King come to me of himself, and told me, "Mr. Pepys," says he, "I do give you thanks for your good service all this year, and I assure you I am very sensible of it." And the Duke of York did tell me with pleasure, that he had read over my discourse about pursers, and would have it ordered in my way, and so fell from one discourse to another. I walked with them quite out of the Court into the fields, and then back, and to my Lord Sandwich's chamber, where I find him very melancholy, and not well satisfied, I perceive, with my carriage to Sir G. Carteret, but I did satisfy him that I have a very hard game to play; and he told me that he was sorry to see it, and the inconveniences which likely may fall upon me with him; but, for all that, I am not much afraid, if I can but keep out of harm's way. He hath got over the business of the prizes, so far as to have a privy seal passed for all that was in his distribution to the

officers, which I am heartily glad of; and, for the rest, he must be answerable for what he is proved to have. But for his pardon for anything else, he thinks it not seasonable to ask it, and not useful to him; because that will not stop a Parliament's mouth, and for the King, he is not sure of him. Took boat, and by water to Kingston, and so to our lodgings.

29th. Up, and to Court by coach, where to council before the Duke of York, the Duke of Albemarle with us. My Lord Sandwich come in, in the middle of the business, and, poor man, very melancholy, methought, and said little at all, or to the business, and sat at the lower end, just as he come, no room being made for him, only I did give him my stool, and another was reached me. Mr. Evelyn and I into my Lord Brouncker's coach, and rode together with excellent discourse till we come to Clapham, talking of the vanity and vices of the Court, which makes it a most contemptible thing; and, indeed, in all his discourse, I find him a most worthy person. Particularly he entertained me with discourse of an Infirmary, which he hath projected for the sick and wounded seamen against the next year, which I mightily approve of; and will endeavour to promote it, being a worthy thing, and of use, and will save money. He set me down at Mr. Gauden's, where I took a book and into the gardens, and there walked and read till dark. Anon come in Creed and Mr. Gauden, and his sons, and then they bring in three ladies, who were in the house, but I do not know them—his [Gauden's] daughter and two nieces, daughters of Dr. Whistler's, with whom and Creed mighty sport at supper, the ladies very pretty and mirthfull. After supper, I made the ladies sing, yet it was the saddest stuff I ever heard. However, we sat up late, and then I, in the best chamber, like a prince, to bed, and Creed with me, and, being sleepy, talked but little.

30th. Home, finding the town keeping the day solemnly, it being the day of the King's murther; and they being at church, I presently into the church. This is the first time I have been in the church since I left London for the plague, and it frightened me indeed to go through the church more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyards, where people have been buried of the plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while.

31st. I find many about the City that live

near the churchyards solicitous to have the churchyards covered with lime, and I think it is needfull, and ours, I hope, will be done. To my Lord Chancellor's new house which he is building, only to view it, hearing so much from Mr. Evelyn of it; and, indeed, it is the finest pile I ever did see in my life, and

will be a glorious house. To White Hall, and, to my great joy, people begin to bustle up and down there, the King holding his resolution to be in town to-morrow, and hath good encouragement, blessed be God! to do so, the plague being decreased this week to 56, and the total to 227.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700)

Dryden was the foremost literary man of his time, in verse, in prose, and in the drama. Much that he wrote was so wrapped up in the politics and religious discussions of the day that it is hard reading for one not thoroughly acquainted with the period; but there is enough besides of so universal a quality as to justify amply Dryden's high place in the literature of Great Britain.

He was born August 9 (?), 1631, in Northamptonshire and educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, from which he received his B.A. in 1654. His literary career really began in 1658 with *Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Oliver Cromwell*. Two years later, he celebrated the return of King Charles in *Astræa Redux*. This apparently sudden shift in politics, and his going over to the Church of Rome later in life, have caused many readers to regard Dryden as a time-server, like the Vicar of Bray in the old song.

In 1663 Dryden began his career as a playwright. For over a score of years he was the chief dramatist of the Restoration. Among his many plays the most striking are *The Rival Ladies*, *The Indian Emperor*, *The Conquest of Granada*, and *All for Love*, his most representative tragedy, a version that he made in 1678 of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. It is a typical "heroic play": in its setting, in its approximate employment of the unities of time and place, in its treatment of the love and ambition of titanic characters, and in the manner in which it was produced — in a large theater, with actresses (unlike the Elizabethan custom), with incidental music, with movable scenery, and whatever else would add to the spectacle. Unlike other heroic plays, however, it is written, not in couplets, but in blank verse. Dryden also made an operatic version of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* with D'Avenant and an alteration of *Troilus and Cressida*.

Of Dryden's many other works the following are the most significant: *Annus Mirabilis*, 1666, a vivid account of the year 1666, the year of the Dutch war, the plague, and the great fire of London; the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, 1668; *Absalom and Achitophel*, 1681, a political allegory attacking those who planned to put the Duke of Monmouth on the throne; *MacFlecknoe*, a literary satire in which he attacked Shadwell particularly; *Religio Laici*, 1683, a defense of his religion, followed four years later, after his conversion to Catholicism, by *The Hind and the Panther*, in which he defended the Church of Rome; his translation of Virgil, 1697; the incomparable lyrics, *The Ode for St. Cecilia's Day* and *Alexander's Feast*; and the *Fables*, 1700.

Dryden is distinctly a product of his time. As a writer of heroic couplets, a satirist and controversialist, he is supreme. As a critic, he followed the neo-classic rules, yet showed original insight into many literary problems. In the drama, for which he was temperamentally unfitted, he overshadowed all his contemporaries. His clear, crisp essays and prefaces were a new and vital influence in the development of prose style. He was the literary dictator of an age that worshiped reason and craftsmanship, often at the expense of imagination; but he can still be read with pleasure and profit by a modern reader who is willing and able to make the intellectual adjustment necessary.

The best one-volume edition of Dryden's poems is the Cambridge (Houghton Mifflin Company); of his plays, Noyes' (Scott Foresman). His complete works, with a biography, were edited by Sir Walter Scott, and revised by Professor Saintsbury. Dr. Johnson included him in his *Lives of the Poets*. The most recent studies of Dryden are by T. S. Eliot and Mark van Doren.

MAC FLECKNOE

OR, A SATIRE UPON THE TRUE-BLUE-
PROTESTANT POET

T. S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ABSALOM AND
ACHITOPHEL

After the charge of high treason against
Shaftesbury (whom Dryden had attacked in

Absalom and Achitophel) had been dropped, a medal was struck in honor of the event. Dryden wrote a satire on the proceedings, *The Medal* (1682), which Shadwell answered with a vitriolic and coarse poem, *The Medal of John Bayes*. Dryden's reply was the following poem, a good example of the personal satire of the times.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must
obey.

This Flecknoe¹ found, who, like Augustus,
young
Was called to empire, and had governed
long;

In prose and verse, was owned, without dis-
pute,

Thro' all the realms of *Nonsense*, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase;
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the State;
And, pond'ring which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried: "'Tis resolved; for nature pleads,
that he

Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Sh——² alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Sh—— alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pre-
tense,

But Sh—— never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike thro', and make a lucid interval;
But Sh——'s genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric³ fills the eye,
And seems designed for thoughtless majesty;
Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the
plain,

And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley⁴ were but types of
thee,

Thou last great prophet of tautology.
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich druggot,⁵
came

To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to King John of Portugal I sung,⁶
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy
way,

With well-timed oars before the royal barge,
Swelled with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And big with hymn, commander of a host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets⁷ tossed.

Methinks I see the new Arion¹ sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpened thumb from shore
to shore

The treble squeaks for fear, the basses roar;
Echoes from Pissing Alley Sh—— call,
And Sh—— they resound from Aston Hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious
band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing
hand.

St. André's² feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Psyche's*³
rhyme;

Tho' they in number as in sense excel:
So just, so like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton⁴ forswore }
The lute and sword, which he in triumph
bore,
And vowed he ne'er would act Villerius⁵
more." }

Here stopped the good old sire, and wept for
joy

In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta⁶
bind,

(The fair Augusta much to fears⁷ inclined,)
An ancient fabric raised t' inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A watchtower once; but now, so fate or-
dains,

Of all the pile an empty name remains.
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strum-
pets keep,

And, undisturbed by watch, in silence sleep.
Near these a Nursery⁸ erects its head,
Where queens are formed, and future heroes
bred;

Where unfledged actors learn to laugh and
cry,

Where infant punks their tender voices
try,

And little Maximins⁹ the gods defy.

¹ An insignificant miscellaneous writer (d. 1678), who was not as bad, however, as Dryden pictures him.

² Obviously, Shadwell, 1642?–92, poet and dramatist, who, in 1688, succeeded Dryden as Poet Laureate.

³ Shadwell was a large man.

⁴ Later Elizabethan dramatists; both, especially Heywood, were far better than Dryden admits.

⁵ rough, woolen cloth.

⁶ Flecknoe had actually been at the King of Portugal's court.

⁷ Why the epithet "Epsom" is used is not clear, except as a poor allusion to Shadwell's play, *Epsom Wells*.

¹ The Greek musician of the seventh century B.C., saved from drowning, according to the fable, by a dolphin charmed by his music.

² A French dancing teacher.

³ *Psyche* is a little-known play of Shadwell's.

⁴ A contemporary actor.

⁵ A character in Davenant's *The Siege of Rhodes*, 1656.

⁶ London.

⁷ i.e., of plots to put a Catholic on the throne.

⁸ A school for actors.

⁹ Maximin is a character in Dryden's *Tyrannic Love*, 1669.

Great Fletcher¹ never treads in buskins²
 here,
 Nor greater Jonson dares in socks³ appear;
 But gentle Simkin⁴ just reception finds⁸¹
 Amidst this monument of vanished minds:
 Pure clinches⁵ the suburban Muse affords,
 And Panton⁶ waging harmless war with
 words.

Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well
 known,⁸⁵

Ambitiously designed his Sh——'s throne;
 For ancient Dekker⁷ prophesied long since,
 That in this pile should reign a mighty
 prince,

Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense;
 To whom true dulness should some *Psyches*
 owe,⁹⁰

But worlds of *Misers*⁸ from his pen should
 flow;

Humorists and hypocrites it should pro-
 duce,

Whole Raymond families, and tribes of
 Bruce.

Now Empress Fame had published the
 renown

Cf Sh——'s coronation thro' the town.⁹⁵
 Roused by report of Fame, the nations meet,
 From near Bunhill,⁹ and distant Watling
 Street.¹⁰

No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
 But scattered limbs of mangled poets lay;
 From dusty shops neglected authors come,
 Martyrs of pies, and relics of the bum.¹⁰¹
 Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby¹¹ there
 lay,

But loads of Sh—— almost choked the way.
 Bilked¹² stationers for yeomen stood pre-
 pared,

And Herringman¹³ was captain of the guard:
 The hoary prince in majesty appeared,¹⁰⁶
 High on a throne of his own labors reared.
 At his right hand our young Ascanius¹⁴
 sate,

Rome's other hope, and pillar of the State.
 His brows thick fogs, instead of glories,
 grace,¹¹⁰

And lambent dulness played around his
 face.

As Hannibal did to the altars come,
 Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome;

1 Beaumont's collaborator. 2 i.e., in tragedy.

3 in comedy. 4 A low-comedy actor.

5 clenches, or puns. 6 A forgotten writer.

7 The Elizabethan dramatist.

8 *The Miser* and *The Humorists* are plays by Shadwell.

9 An old burial ground near the center of London.

10 A street, dating from Roman times, at the edge of the town.

11 A forgotten writer. 12 cheated.

13 A publisher of the day.

14 Aeneas's son; the heir apparent.

So Sh—— swore, nor should his vow be
 vain,

That he till death true dulness would main-
 tain;¹¹⁵

And, in his father's right, and realm's de-
 fense,

Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with
 sense.

The king himself the sacred unction made,
 As king by office, and as priest by trade.

In his sinister hand, instead of ball,¹²⁰

He placed a mighty mug of potent ale;

*Love's Kingdom*¹ to his right he did convey,

At once his scepter, and his rule of sway;

Whose righteous lore the price had practiced
 young,

And from whose loins recorded *Psyches*
 sprung.¹²⁵

His temples, last, with poppies were o'er-
 spread,

That nodding seemed to consecrate his
 head.

Just at that point of time, if fame not lie,
 On his left hand twelve reverend owls did
 fly.

So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
 Presage of sway from twice six vultures
 took.¹³¹

Th' admiring throng loud acclamations
 make,

And omens of his future empire take.

The sire then shook the honors of his head,

And from his brows damps of oblivion shed

Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,

Repelling from his breast the raging god;

At length burst out in this prophetic
 mood:

"Heavens bless my son, from Ireland let
 him reign

To far Barbadoes on the western main;¹⁴⁰

Of his dominion may no end be known,

And greater than his father's be his throne;

Beyond *Love's Kingdom* let him stretch his
 pen!"

He paused, and all the people cried,
 "Amen."

Then thus continued he: "My son, advance

Still in new impudence, new ignorance.¹⁴⁶

Success let others teach, learn thou from me

Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.

Let *Virtuosos*² in five years be writ;

Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.

Let gentle George³ in triumph tread the
 stage,¹⁵¹

Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;

1 A play by Shadwell.

2 Shadwell wrote a play *The Virtuoso*, 1676.

3 Sir George Etherege (1635?-91), the author of three popular, but excellent, comedies in prose.

Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling,¹ charm the
 pit,
 And in their folly shew the writer's wit.
 Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defense,
 And justify their author's want of sense. 156
 Let 'em be all by thy own model made
 Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
 That they to future ages may be known,
 Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own. 160
 Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
 All full of thee, and differing but in name.
 But let no alien S—dl—y² interpose,
 To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.
 And when false flowers of rhetoric thou
 wouldst cull, 165
 Trust nature, do not labor to be dull;
 But write thy best, and top; and, in each
 line,
 Sir Formal's³ oratory will be thine:
 Sir Formal, tho' unsought, attends thy quill,
 And does thy northern dedications fill. 170
 Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to
 fame,
 By arrogating Jonson's⁴ hostile name.
 Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with
 praise,
 And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
 Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no
 part: 175
 What share have we in nature, or in art?
 Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
 And rail at arts he did not understand?
 Where made he love in Prince Nicander's⁵
 vein, 179
 Or swept the dust in *Psyche's* humble strain?
 Where sold he bargains, 'whip-stitch, kiss
 my arse,'
 Promis'd a play and dwindled to a farce?
 When did his Muse from Fletcher scenes
 purloin,
 As thou whole Eth'rege dost transfuse to
 thine?
 But so transfused, as oil on water's flow, 185
 His always floats above, thine sinks below.
 This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
 New humors to invent for each new play:
 This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
 By which one way, to dulness, 'tis inclined;
 Which makes thy writings lean on one side
 still, 191
 And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
 Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretense
 Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.

¹ These are characters in contemporary plays.

² Sir Charles Sedley, a witty courtier and minor writer, who is said to have helped Shadwell in his writing. He is the *Lisideus* of Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.

³ A character in Shadwell's *The Virtuoso*.

⁴ Shadwell was an admirer and follower of Ben Jonson.

⁵ A character in Shadwell's *Psyche*.

A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
 But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin¹ of wit.
 Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
 Thy tragic Muse gives smiles, thy comic
 sleep,
 With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to
 write,
 Thy inoffensive satires never bite. 200
 In thy felonious heart tho' venom lies,
 It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
 Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
 In keen iambics, but mild anagram.
 Leave writing plays, and choose for thy com-
 mand 205
 Some peaceful province in acrostic land.
 There thou may'st wings display and altars
 raise,
 And torture one poor word ten thousand
 ways.
 Or, if thou wouldst thy diff'rent talents suit,
 Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy
 lute." 210
 He said: but his last words were scarcely
 heard;
 For Bruce and Longvil² had a trap pre-
 pared,
 And down they sent the yet declaiming
 bard.
 Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
 Borne upwards by a subterranean wind. 215
 The mantle fell to the young prophet's part
 With double portion of his father's art.
 1682

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1687

This ode, and the next, were written for a London musical society which celebrated every year the day of St. Cecilia, the patroness of music. Both odes were set to music and performed in public.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began;
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head, 5
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 "Arise, ye more than dead."

Then cold and hot and moist and dry
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey. 10
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began:
 From harmony to harmony

¹ a small barrel.

² Characters in *The Virtuoso*.

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man. 15

What passion cannot Music raise and quell!
When Jubal¹ struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound: 20
Less than a god they thought there could not
dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell!

The trumpet's loud clangor 25
Excites us to arms
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum 30
Cries, "Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!"

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers, 35
Whose dirge is whispered by the warb-
ling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains and height of passion, 40
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love, 45
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place,
Sequacious² of the lyre; 50
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS

As from the power of sacred lays 55
The spheres began to move,
And sung that great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above;

So, when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour, 60
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

1687?; pub. 1693

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

A SONG IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY,
1697

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:¹
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne; 5
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles
bound:
(So should desert in arms be crowned.)
The lovely Thais,² by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride, 10
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the
fair. 15

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus,³ placed on high 20
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove, 25
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love).
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia⁴ pressed;
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign
of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty
sound,

¹ See Gen. iv, 21. "He was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ."
² following.

¹ Alexander. ² The Greek courtesan.
³ Alexander's favorite musician.
⁴ Alexander's mother.

"A present deity," they shout around; 35
 "A present deity," the vaulted roofs rebound:

With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod, 40
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS

With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod, 45
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
 Flushed with a purple grace 51
 He shows his honest face:
 Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain; 55
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain. 60

CHORUS

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain. 65

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice
 he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes; 70
 And while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse;
 He sung Darius' great and good, 75
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood;
 Deserted at his utmost need 80
 By those his former bounty fed;

1 Conquered by Alexander.

On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor
 sate,
 Revolving in his altered soul 85
 The various turns of chance below;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

CHORUS

Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole, 91
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move, 95
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian¹ measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
 "War," he sung, "is toil and trouble;
 Honor but an empty bubble; 100
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying:
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee, 105
 Take the good the gods provide thee."

The many rend the skies with loud applause;
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair 110
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast. 115

CHORUS

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again; 120
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

1 gentle, sensuous.

Break his bands of sleep asunder, 125
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of
thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And, amazed, he stares around. 130

"Revenge, revenge!" Timotheus cries;
"See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their
eyes? 135

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were
slain,

And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain: 140
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!"
The princes applaud with a furious joy; 146
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to
destroy;

Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another
Troy. 150

CHORUS

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to
destroy;

Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another
Troy.

Thus long ago, 155
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft
desire. 160

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds, 165
With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown
before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down. 170

GRAND CHORUS

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds, 175
With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown
before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down. 180

AH, HOW SWEET IT IS TO LOVE!

This song is from the play, *Tyrannic Love*.

Ah, how sweet it is to love!
Ah, how gay is young Desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach Love's fire!
Pains of love be sweeter far 5
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
Do but gently heave the heart:
Ev'n the tears they shed alone
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart: 10
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and Time with reverence use,
Treat them like a parting friend;
Nor the golden gifts refuse, 15
Which in youth sincere they send:
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein; 20
But each tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again:
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

EPIGRAM ON MILTON

These lines were printed under the engraved
portrait of Milton in the folio edition of *Para-
dise Lost*, 1688.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first ¹ in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next ² in majesty, in both the last.
The force of Nature could no farther go; 5
To make a third she joined the former two.
1 Homer. 2 Virgil.

AN ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESY (1668)

This famous essay is one of the best that Dryden wrote. It is cast in the form of a conversation carried on by Eugenius (Lord Buckhurst), Crites (Sir Robert Howard), Lisideius (Sir Charles Sedley), and Neander (Dryden), while they are boating on the Thames. The passage below is the last third of the essay.

"But to return whence I¹ have digressed: I dare boldly affirm these two things of the English drama: — First, that we have many plays of ours as regular as any of theirs,² and which, besides, have more variety of plot and characters; and secondly, that in most of the irregular plays of Shakespeare or Fletcher (for Ben Jonson's are for the most part regular), there is a more masculine fancy and greater spirit in the writing than there is in any of the French. I could produce, even in Shakespeare's and Fletcher's works, some plays which are almost exactly formed; as *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *The Scornful Lady*; but because (generally speaking) Shakespeare, who writ first, did not perfectly observe the laws of comedy, and Fletcher, who came nearer to perfection, yet through carelessness made many faults; I will take the pattern of a perfect play from Ben Jonson, who was a careful and learned observer of the dramatic laws, and from all his comedies I shall select *The Silent Woman*; of which I will make a short examen, according to those rules which the French observe."

As Neander was beginning to examine *The Silent Woman*, Eugenius, earnestly regarding him; "I beseech you, Neander," said he, "gratify the company, and me in particular, so far, as before you speak of the play, to give us a character of the author; and tell us frankly your opinion, whether you do not think all writers, both French and English, ought to give place to him."

"I fear," replied Neander, "that in obeying your commands I shall draw some envy on myself. Besides, in performing them, it will be first necessary to speak somewhat of Shakespeare and Fletcher, his rivals in poesy; and one of them, in my opinion, at least his equal, perhaps his superior."

"To begin, then, with Shakespeare. He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them,

not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches,³ his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.⁴

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales³ of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem: and in the last king's⁴ court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

"Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study: Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their *Philaster*: for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully, as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much

¹ A clench is a play on words, "false wit."

² As cypresses are accustomed among bending shrubs.

³ John Hales, 1584–1656, learned theologian and fellow of Eton College, who, according to tradition, was present when Ben Jonson talked of Shakespeare's lack of learning.

⁴ Charles I.

¹ Neander (Dryden).

² The French.

better; whose wild debaucheries, and quick-ness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humor, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage, two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's. The reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suit generally with all men's humors. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

"As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theater ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humor also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavoring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humor was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them. There is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously,

in his comedies especially. Perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them: wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him; as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his *Discoveries*, we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any where with the French can furnish us.

"Having thus spoken of the author, I proceed to the examination of his comedy, *The Silent Woman*.

[Here follows a careful analysis of Jonson's play.]

This was the substance of what was then spoken on that occasion; and Lisideius, I think, was going to reply, when he was prevented thus by Crites: "I am confident," said he, "that the most material things that can be said have been already urged on either side; if they have not, I must beg of Lisideius that he will defer his answer till another time: for I confess I have a joint quarrel to you both, because you have concluded, without any reason given for it, that rhyme is proper for the stage. I will not dispute how ancient it hath been among us to write this way; perhaps our ancestors knew no better till Shakespeare's time. I will grant it was not altogether left by him, and that Fletcher and Ben Jonson used it frequently in their Pastorals, and sometimes in other plays. Farther, — I will not argue whether we received it originally from our own countrymen, or from the French; for that is an inquiry of as little benefit, as theirs who, in the midst of the great plague, were not so solicitous to provide against it, as to know whether we had it from the malignity of our own air, or by transportation from Holland. I have therefore only to affirm, that it is not allowable in serious plays; for comedies, I find you already concluding with me." To prove this, I might satisfy myself to tell you, how much in vain it is for you to strive against the stream of the people's inclination; the greatest part of which are prepossessed so much

with those excellent plays of Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, which have been written out of rhyme, that except you could bring them such as were written better in it, and those too by persons of equal reputation with them, it will be impossible for you to gain your cause with them, who will still be judges. This it is to which, in fine, all your reasons must submit. The unanimous consent of an audience is so powerful, that even Julius Cæsar (as Macrobius reports of him), when he was perpetual dictator, was not able to balance it on the other side; but when Laberius, a Roman Knight, at his request contended in the *Mime*¹ with another poet, he was forced to cry out, *Etiam favente me victus es, Laberi*.² But I will not on this occasion take the advantage of the greater number, but only urge such reasons against rhyme, as I find in the writings of those who have argued for the other way. First, then, I am of opinion that rhyme is unnatural in a play, because dialogue there is presented as the effect of sudden thought: for a play is the imitation of nature; and since no man, without premeditation, speaks in rhyme, neither ought he to do it on the stage. This hinders not but the fancy may be there elevated to an higher pitch of thought than it is in ordinary discourse; for there is a probability that men of excellent and quick parts may speak noble things *extempore*: but those thoughts are never fettered with the numbers or sound of verse without study, and therefore it cannot be but unnatural to present the most free way of speaking in that which is the most constrained. For this reason, says Aristotle, 'tis best to write tragedy in that kind of verse which is the least such, or which is nearest prose: and this amongst the ancients was the Iambic, and with us is blank verse, or the measure of verse kept exactly without rhyme. These numbers therefore are fittest for a play; the others for a paper of verses, or a poem; blank verse being as much below them as rhyme is improper for the drama. And if it be objected that neither are blank verses made *extempore*, yet, as nearest nature, they are still to be preferred. — But there are two particular exceptions, which many besides myself have had to verse; by which it will appear yet more plainly how improper it is in plays. And the first of them is grounded on that very reason for which some have commended

rhyme; they say, the quickness of repartees in argumentative scenes receives an ornament from verse. Now what is more unreasonable than to imagine that a man should not only light upon the wit, but the rhyme too, upon the sudden? This nicking of him who spoke before both in sound and measure, is so great an happiness, that you must at least suppose the persons of your play to be born poets: *Arcades omnes, et cantare pares, et respondere parati*:¹ they must have arrived to the degree of *quicquid conabar dicere*:² — to make verses almost whether they will or no. If they are anything below this, it will look rather like the design of two, than the answer of one: it will appear that your actors hold intelligence together; that they perform their tricks like fortune-tellers, by confederacy. The hand of art will be too visible in it, against that maxim of all professions — *Ars est celare artem*:³ that it is the greatest perfection of art to keep itself undiscovered. Nor will it serve you to object, that however you manage it, 'tis still known to be a play; and, consequently, the dialogue of two persons understood to be the labor of one poet. For a play is still an imitation of nature; we know we are to be deceived, and we desire to be so; but no man ever was deceived but with a probability of truth; for who will suffer a gross lie to be fastened on him? Thus we sufficiently understand that the scenes which represent cities and countries to us are not really such, but only painted on boards and canvas; but shall that excuse the ill painture or designment of them? Nay, rather ought they not be labored with so much the more diligence and exactness, to help the imagination? since the mind of man does naturally tend to truth; and therefore the nearer anything comes to the imitation of it, the more it pleases.

"Thus, you see, your rhyme is incapable of expressing the greatest thoughts naturally, and the lowest it cannot with any grace: for what is more unbefitting the majesty of verse, than to call a servant, or bid a door be shut in rhyme? and yet you are often forced on this miserable necessity. But verse, you say, circumscribes a quick and luxuriant fancy, which would extend itself too far on every subject, did not the labor which is required to well-turned and polished rhyme, set bounds

¹ satiric play.

² Even with me in your favor, you are defeated, Laberius.

¹ Both young Arcadians, both alike inspired To sing, and answer as the song required. Virgil's *Seventh Eclogue*, Dryden's translation.

² Whatever I tried to express [became poetry]. Ovid, *Tristia*, IV.

³ The business of art is to conceal art.

to it. Yet this argument, if granted, would only prove that we may write better in verse, but not more naturally. Neither is it able to evince that; for he who wants judgment to confine his fancy in blank verse, may want it as much in rhyme: and he who has it will avoid errors in both kinds. Latin verse was as great a confinement to the imagination of those poets as rhyme to ours; and yet you find Ovid saying too much on every subject. *Nescivit* (says Seneca) *quod bene cessit relinquare*:¹ of which he gives you one famous instance in his description of the deluge:

Omnia pontus erat, deerant quoque litora ponto.
Now all was sea, nor had that sea a shore.

Thus Ovid's fancy was not limited by verse, and Virgil needed not verse to have bounded his.

"In our own language we see Ben Jonson²⁰ confining himself to what ought to be said, even in the liberty of blank verse; and yet Corneille,² the most judicious of the French poets, is still varying the same sense in hundred ways, and dwelling eternally on the same subject, though confined by rhyme. Some other exceptions I have to verse; but since these I have named are for the most part already public, I conceive it reasonable they should first be answered."

"It concerns me less than any," said Neander (seeing he had ended), "to reply to this discourse; because when I should have proved that verse may be natural in plays, yet I should always be ready to confess, that those which I have written in this kind³ come short of that perfection which is required. Yet since you are pleased I should undertake this province, I will do it, though with all imaginable respect and deference, both to that person from whom you have borrowed your strongest arguments, and to whose judgment, when I have said all, I finally submit. But before I proceed to answer your objections, I must first remember you, that I exclude all comedy from my defence; and next that I deny not but blank verse may be also used; and content myself only to assert, that in serious plays where the subject and characters are great, and the plot unmixed with mirth, which might allay or divert these concernments which are produced, rhyme is there as natural and more effectual than blank verse.

"And now having laid down this as a

foundation, — to begin with Crites, — I must crave leave to tell him, that some of his arguments against rhyme reach no farther than, from the faults or defects of ill rhyme, to conclude against the use of it in general. May not I conclude against blank verse by the same reason? If the words of some poets who write in it are either ill chosen, or ill placed, which makes not only rhyme, but all kind of verse in any language unnatural, shall I, for their vicious affectation, condemn those excellent lines of Fletcher, which are written in that kind? Is there anything in rhyme more constrained than this line in blank verse? — *I heaven invoke, and strong resistance make*; where you see both the clauses are placed unnaturally, that is, contrary to the common way of speaking, and that without the excuse of a rhyme to cause it: yet you would think me very ridiculous, if I should accuse the stubbornness of blank verse for this, and not rather the stiffness of the poet. Therefore, Crites, you must either prove that words, though well chosen, and duly placed, yet render not rhyme natural in itself; or that, however natural and easy the rhyme may be, yet it is not proper for a play. If you insist on the former part, I would ask you, what other conditions are required to make rhyme natural in itself, besides an election of apt words, and a right disposition of them? For the due choice of your words expresses your sense naturally, and the due placing them adapts the rhyme to it. If you object that one verse may be made for the sake of another, though both the words and rhyme be apt, I answer, it cannot possibly so fall out; for either there is a dependence of sense betwixt the first line and the second, or there is none: if there be that connection, then in the natural position of the words the latter line must of necessity flow from the former; if there be no dependence, yet still the due ordering of words makes the last line as natural in itself as the other: so that the necessity of a rhyme never forces any but bad or lazy writers to say what they would not otherwise. 'Tis true, there is both care and art required to write in verse. A good poet never establishes the first line till he has sought out such a rhyme as may fit the sense, already prepared to heighten the second: many times the close of the sense falls into the middle of the next verse, or farther off, and he may often prevail himself of the same advantages in English which Virgil had in Latin, — he may break off in the hemistich,²

¹ half line.

¹ He did not know when to leave off.

² The well-known French tragic dramatist, 1606–84.

³ In Dryden's best play, *All for Love*, he abandoned heroic couplets, which he is here defending, in favor of blank verse.

and begin another line. Indeed, the not observing these two last things makes plays which are writ in verse so tedious: for though, most commonly, the sense is to be confined to the couplet, yet nothing that does *perpetuo tenore fluere*,¹ run in the same channel, can please always. 'Tis like the murmuring of a stream, which not varying in the fall, causes at first attention, at last drowsiness. Variety of cadences is the best rule; the greatest help to the actors, and refreshment to the audience.

"If, then, verse may be made natural in itself, how becomes it unnatural in a play? You say the stage is the representation of nature, and no man in ordinary conversation speaks in rhyme. But you foresaw when you said this, that it might be answered — neither does any man speak in blank verse, or in measure without rhyme. Therefore you concluded, that which is nearest nature is still to be preferred. But you took no notice that rhyme might be made as natural as blank verse, by the well placing of the words, etc. All the difference between them, when they are both correct, is, the sound in one, which the other wants; and if so, the sweetness of it, and all the advantage resulting from it, which are handled in the Preface to *The Rival Ladies*,² will yet stand good. As for that place of Aristotle, where he says, plays should be writ in that kind of verse which is nearest prose, it makes little for you; blank verse being properly but measured prose. Now measure alone, in any modern language, does not constitute verse; those of the ancients in Greek and Latin consisted in quantity of words, and a determinate number of feet. But when, by the inundation of the Goths and Vandals into Italy, new languages were introduced, and barbarously mingled with the Latin, of which the Italian, Spanish, French, and ours (made out of them and the Teutonic) are dialects, a new way of poesy was practised; new, I say, in those countries, for in all probability it was that of the conquerors in their own nations: at least we are able to prove, that the eastern people have used it from all antiquity. This new way consisted in measure or number of feet, and rhyme; the sweetness of rhyme, and observation of accent, supplying the place of quantity in words, which could neither exactly be observed by those barbarians, who knew not the rules of it, neither was it suitable to their tongues, as it had been to the Greek and Latin. No man is tied in modern poesy to

observe any farther rule in the feet of his verse, but that they be dissyllables; whether Spondee, Trochee, or Iambic, it matters not; only he is obliged to rhyme: neither do the Spanish, French, Italian, or Germans, acknowledge at all, or very rarely, any such kind of poesy as blank verse amongst them. Therefore, at most 'tis but a poetic prose, a *sermo pedestris*; and as such, most fit for comedies, where I acknowledge rhyme to be improper. — Farther: as to that quotation of Aristotle, our couplet verses may be rendered as near prose as blank verse itself, by using those advantages I lately named, — as breaks in an hemistich, or running the sense into another line, — thereby making art and order appear as loose and free as nature: or not tying ourselves to couplets strictly, we may use the benefit of the Pindaric way practised in *The Siege of Rhodes*,¹ where the numbers vary, and the rhyme is disposed carelessly, and far from often chiming. Neither is that other advantage of the ancients to be despised, of changing the kind of verse when they please, with the change of the scene, or some new entrance; for they confine not themselves always to iambics, but extend their liberty to all lyric numbers, and sometimes even to hexameter. But I need not go so far to prove that rhyme, as it succeeds to all other offices of Greek and Latin verse, so especially to this of plays, since the custom of nations at this day confirms it; the French, Italian, and Spanish tragedies are generally writ in it; and sure the universal consent of the most civilised parts of the world, ought in this, as it doth in other customs, to include the rest.

"But perhaps you may tell me, I have proposed such a way to make rhyme natural, and consequently proper to plays, as is unpracticable; and that I shall scarce find six or eight lines together in any play, where the words are so placed and chosen as is required to make it natural. I answer, no poet need constrain himself at all times to it. It is enough he makes it his general rule; for I deny not but sometimes there may be a greatness in placing the words otherwise; and sometimes they may sound better; sometimes also the variety itself is excuse enough. But if, for the most part, the words be placed as they are in the negligence of prose, it is sufficient to denominate the way practicable; for we esteem that to be such, which in the trial oftener succeeds than misses. And thus far you may find the practice made good in many

¹ flow in an even stream.

² One of Dryden's first plays, a tragicomedy.

¹ Davenant's play, the first English opera, 1656.

plays: where you do not, remember still, that if you cannot find six natural rhymes together, it will be as hard for you to produce as many lines in blank verse, even among the greatest of our poets, against which I cannot make some reasonable exception.

"And this, Sir, calls to my remembrance the beginning of your discourse, where you told us we should never find the audience favorable to this kind of writing, till we could produce as good plays in rhyme as Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Shakespeare had writ out of it. But it is to raise envy to the living, to compare them with the dead. They are honored, and almost adored by us, as they deserve; neither do I know any so presumptuous of themselves as to contend with them. Yet give me leave to say thus much, without injury to their ashes; that not only we shall never equal them, but they could never equal themselves, were they to rise and write again. We acknowledge them our fathers in wit; but they have ruined their estates themselves, before they came to their children's hands. There is scarce an humor, a character, or any kind of plot, which they have not used. All comes sullied or wasted to us: and were they to entertain this age, they could not now make so plenteous treatments out of such decayed fortunes. This therefore will be a good argument to us, either not to write at all, or to attempt some other way. There is no bays to be expected in their walks: *tentanda via est, qua me quoque possum tollere humo*.¹

"This way of writing in verse they have only left free to us; our age is arrived to a perfection in it, which they never knew; and which (if we may guess by what of theirs we have seen in verse, as *The Faithful Shepherdess*,² and *Sad Shepherd*.)³ 'tis probable they never could have reached. For the genius of every age is different; and though ours excel in this, I deny not but to imitate nature in that perfection which they did in prose, is a greater commendation than to write in verse exactly. As for what you have added — that the people are not generally inclined to like this way, — if it were true, it would be no wonder, that betwixt the shaking off an old habit, and the introducing of a new, there should be difficulty. Do we not see them stick to Hopkins' and Sternhold's psalms,⁴ and forsake those of David,

I mean Sandys¹ his translation of them? If by the people you understand the multitude, the *οἱ πολλοί*,² 'tis no matter what they think; they are sometimes in the right, sometimes in the wrong: their judgment is a mere lottery. *Est ubi plebs recte putat, est ubi peccat*.³ Horace says it of the vulgar, judging poesy. But if you mean the mixed audience of the populace and the noblesse, I dare confidently affirm that a great part of the latter sort are already favorable to verse; and that no serious plays written since the king's return have been more kindly received by them than *The Siege of Rhodes*,⁴ the *Mustapha*,⁵ *The Indian Queen*,⁶ and *Indian Emperor*.⁷

"But I come now to the inference of your first argument. You said that the dialogue of plays is presented as the effect of sudden thought, but no man speaks suddenly, or *extempore*, in rhyme; and you inferred from thence, that rhyme, which you acknowledge to be proper to epic poesy, cannot equally be proper to dramatic, unless we could suppose all men born so much more than poets, that verses should be made in them, not by them.

"It has been formerly urged by you, and confessed by me, that since no man spoke any kind of verse *extempore*, that which was nearest nature was to be preferred. I answer you, therefore, by distinguishing betwixt what is nearest to the nature of comedy, which is the imitation of common persons and ordinary speaking, and what is nearest the nature of a serious play: this last is indeed the representation of nature, but 'tis nature wrought up to a higher pitch. The plot, the characters, the wit, the passions, the descriptions, are all exalted above the level of common converse, as high as the imagination of the poet can carry them, with proportion to verisimilitude. Tragedy, we know, is wont to image to us the minds and fortunes of noble persons, and to portray these exactly; heroic rhyme is nearest nature, as being the noblest kind of modern verse.

Indignatur enim privatis et prope socco
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ⁸

¹ Sandys, who for a while was connected with the Virginia colony, made a paraphrase in verse of the Psalms as well as of the Canticles.

² Literally, the many; the common people or multitude.

³ When the common people think correctly, it is then that they are wrong.

⁴ By Davenant.

⁵ By Roger Boyle, first Earl of Orrery.

⁶ By Dryden and Sir Robert Howard, the Critics in this essay.

⁷ By Dryden.

⁸ From Horace, *Ars Poetica*: The Thyestean feast no less disdains, The vulgar vehicle of comic strains. (Conington.)

¹ A path must be tried where I too can rise from the earth. (Virgil, *Georgics*, III.)

² By Fletcher. ³ Jonson's last, uncompleted play.

⁴ Hopkins and Sternhold together translated the Psalms into verse in the first half of the sixteenth century.

says Horace: and in another place,

Effutire leves indigna tragoedia versus.¹

Blank verse is acknowledged to be too low for a poem, nay more, for a paper of verses; but if too low for an ordinary sonnet, how much more for tragedy, which is by Aristotle, in the dispute betwixt the epic poesy and the dramatic, for many reasons he there alleges, ranked above it?

"But setting this defence aside, your argument is almost as strong against the use of rhyme in poems as in plays; for the epic way is everywhere interlaced with dialogue, or discursive scenes; and therefore you must either grant rhyme to be improper there, which is contrary to your assertion, or admit it into plays by the same title which you have given it to poems. For though tragedy be justly preferred above the other, yet there is a great affinity between them, as may easily be discovered in that definition of a play which Lisiideus gave us. The *genus* of them is the same—a just and lively image of human nature, in its actions, passions, and traverses of fortune: so is the end—namely, for the delight and benefit of mankind. The characters and persons are still the same, viz., the greatest of both sorts; only the manner of acquainting us with those actions, passions, and fortunes, is different. Tragedy performs it *viva voce*, or by action, in dialogue; wherein it excels the epic poem, which does it chiefly by narration, and therefore is not so lively an image of human nature. However, the agreement betwixt them is such, that if rhyme be proper for one, it must be for the other. Verse, 'tis true, is not the effect of sudden thought; but this hinders not that sudden thought may be represented in verse, since those thoughts are such as must be higher than nature can raise them without premeditation, especially to a continuance of them, even out of verse; and consequently you cannot imagine them to have been sudden either in the poet or in the actors. A play, as I have said, to be like nature, is to be set above it; as statues which are placed on high are made greater than the life, that they may descend to the sight in their just proportion.

"Perhaps I have insisted too long on this objection; but the clearing of it will make my stay shorter on the rest. You tell us, Crites, that rhyme appears most unnatural in repartees, or short replies: when he who answers (it being presumed he knew not what

the other would say, yet) makes up that part of the verse which was left incomplete, and supplies both the sound and measure of it. This, you say, looks rather like the confederacy of two, than the answer of one.

"This, I confess, is an objection which is in every man's mouth, who loves not rhyme: but suppose, I beseech you, the repartee were made only in blank verse, might not part of the same argument be turned against you? for the measure is as often supplied there as it is in rhyme; the latter half of the hemistich as commonly made up, or a second line subjoined as a reply to the former; which any one leaf in Jonson's plays will sufficiently clear to you. You will often find in the Greek tragedians, and in Seneca, that when a scene grows up into the warmth of repartees which is the close fighting of it, the latter part of the trimeter is supplied by him who answers; and yet it was never observed as a fault in them by any of the ancient or modern critics. The case is the same in our verse, as it was in theirs; rhyme to us being in lieu of quantity to them. But if no latitude is to be allowed a poet, you take from him not only his licence of *quidlibet audendi*,² but you tie him up in a straiter compass than you would a philosopher. This is indeed *Musas colere severiores*.³ You would have him follow nature, but he must follow her on foot: you have dismounted him from his Pegasus. But you tell us, this supplying the last half of a verse, or adjoining a whole second to the former, looks more like the design of two, than the answer of one. Suppose we acknowledge it: how comes this confederacy to be more displeasing to you, than in a dance which is well contrived? You see there the united design of many persons to make up one figure: after they have separated themselves in many petty divisions, they rejoin one by one into a gross: the confederacy is plain amongst them, for chance could never produce anything so beautiful; and yet there is nothing in it that shocks your sight. I acknowledge the hand of art appears in repartee, as of necessity it must in all kind of verse. But there is also the quick and poignant brevity of it (which is an high imitation of nature in those sudden gusts of passion) to mingle with it; and this, joined with the cadency and sweetness of the rhyme, leaves nothing in the soul of the hearer to desire. 'Tis an art which appears; but it appears only like the shadowings of painture, which being

¹ of trying anything.

² cultivating the very stern Muses.

³ Light verses, poured forth, are not befitting to tragedy.

to cause the rounding of it, cannot be absent; but while that is considered, they are lost: so while we attend to the other beauties of the matter, the care and labor of the rhyme is carried from us, or at least drowned in its own sweetness, as bees are sometimes buried in their honey. When a poet has found the repartee, the last perfection he can add to it, is to put it into verse. However good the thought may be, however apt the words in which 'tis couched, yet he finds himself at a little unrest, while rhyme is wanting: he cannot leave it till that comes naturally, and then is at ease, and sits down contented.

"From replies, which are the most elevated thoughts of verse, you pass to those which are most mean, and which are common with the lowest of household conversation. In these, you say, the majesty of verse suffers. You instance in the calling of a servant, or commanding a door to be shut, in rhyme. This, Crites, is a good observation of yours, but no argument: for it proves no more but that such thoughts should be waived, as often as may be, by the address of the poet. But suppose they are necessary in the places where he uses them, yet there is no need to put them into rhyme. He may place them in the beginning of a verse, and break it off, as unfit, when so debased, for any other use: or granting the worst, — that they require more room than the hemistich will allow, yet still there is a choice to be made of the best words, and least vulgar (provided they be apt), to express such thoughts. Many have blamed rhyme in general, for this fault, when the poet with a little care might have redressed it. But they do it with no more justice than if English poesy should be made ridiculous for the sake of the Water-poet's rhymes. Our language is noble, full, and significant; and I know not why he who is master of it may not clothe ordinary things in it as decently as the Latin, if he use the same diligence in his choice of words: *delectus verborum origo est eloquentiæ*.² It was the saying of Julius Cæsar, one so curious in his, that none of them can be changed but for a worse. One would think, *unlock the door*, was a thing as vulgar as could be spoken; and yet Seneca could make it sound high and lofty in his Latin:

Reserate clusos regii postes laris.
Set wide the palace gates.

"But in turn from this conception, both

¹ John Taylor (1580–1653), called the "Water Poet" because he had been a ferryman on the Thames.

² Choice of words is the source of eloquence.

because it happens not above twice or thrice in any play that those vulgar thoughts are used; and then too (were there no other apology to be made, yet), the necessity of them, which is alike in all kind of writing, may excuse them. For if they are little and mean in rhyme, they are, of consequence, such in blank verse. Besides that the great eagerness and precipitation with which they are spoken, makes us rather mind the substance than the dress; that for which they are spoken, rather than what is spoken. For they are always the effect of some hasty concernment, and something of consequence depends on them.

"Thus, Crites, I have endeavored to answer your objections; it remains only that I should vindicate an argument for verse, which you have gone about to overthrow. It had formerly been said that the easiness of blank verse renders the poet too luxuriant, but that the labor of rhyme bounds and circumscribes an over-fruitful fancy; the sense there being commonly confined to the couplet, and the words so ordered that the rhyme naturally follows them, not they the rhyme. To this you answered, that it was no argument to the question in hand; for the dispute was not which way a man may write best, but which is most proper for the subject on which he writes.

"First, give me leave, Sir, to remember you that the argument against which you raised this objection was only secondary: it was built on this hypothesis, — that to write in verse was proper for serious plays. Which supposition being granted (as it was briefly made out in that discourse, by showing how verse might be made natural), it asserted, that this way of writing was an help to the poet's judgment, by putting bounds to a wild overflowing fancy. I think, therefore, it will not be hard for me to make good what it was to prove on that supposition. But you add, that were this let pass, yet he who wants judgment in the liberty of his fancy, may as well show the defect of it when he is confined to verse; for he who has judgment will avoid errors, and he who has it not, will commit them in all kinds of writing.

"This argument, as you have taken it from a most acute person,¹ so I confess it carries much weight in it: but by using the word judgment here indefinitely, you seem to have put a fallacy upon us. I grant, he who has judgment, that is, so profound, so strong, or rather so infallible a judgment, that he needs

¹ Sir Robert Howard.

no helps to keep it always poised and upright, will commit no faults either in rhyme or out of it. And on the other extreme, he who has a judgment so weak and crazed that no helps can correct or amend it, shall write scurvily out of rhyme, and worse in it. But the first of these judgments is nowhere to be found, and the latter is not fit to write at all. To speak therefore of judgment as it is in the best poets; they who have the greatest proportion of it, want other helps than from it, within. As for example, you would be loth to say that he who is endued with a sound judgment has no need of history, geography, or moral philosophy, to write correctly. Judgment is indeed the master-workman in a play; but he requires many subordinate hands, many tools to his assistance. And verse I affirm to be one of these; 'tis a rule and line by which he keeps his building compact and even, which otherwise lawless imagination would raise either irregularly or loosely; at least, if the poet commits errors with this help, he would make greater and more without it: 'tis, in short, a slow and painful, but the surest kind of working. Ovid, whom you accuse for luxury in verse, had perhaps been farther guilty of it, had he writ in prose. And for your instance of Ben Jonson, who, you say, writ exactly without the help of rhyme; you are to remember, 'tis only an aid to a luxuriant fancy, which his was not; as he did not want imagi-

nation, so none ever said he had much to spare. Neither was verse then refined so much, to be an help to that age, as it is to ours. Thus then the second thoughts being usually the best, as receiving the maturest digestion from judgment, and the last and most mature product of those thoughts being artful and labored verse, it may well be inferred, that verse is a great help to a luxuriant fancy; and this is what that argument which you opposed was to evince."

Neander was pursuing this discourse so eagerly that Eugenius had called to him twice or thrice, ere he took notice that the barge stood still, and that they were at the foot of Somersetstairs, where they had appointed it to land. The company were all sorry to separate so soon, though a great part of the evening was already spent; and stood a-while looking back on the water, upon which the moonbeams played, and made it appear like floating quicksilver: at last they went up through a crowd of French people, who were merrily dancing in the open air, and nothing concerned for the noise of guns¹ which had alarmed the town that afternoon. Walking thence together to the Piazza, they parted there; Eugenius and Lisideius to some pleasant appointment they had made, and Crites and Neander to their several lodgings.

¹ Dryden began his essay: "It was that memorable day, in the first summer of the late war, when our navy engaged the Dutch." The noise of the battle could be heard easily in London.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688)

John Bunyan, the son of a tinker, was born in the village of Elstow, in 1628. As a boy he took part in the Civil War, undoubtedly on the Parliamentary side. His real life, however, was in his religious experience, narrated in *Grace Abounding*. He married a pious woman who brought him as her dowry certain religious books. Reading these brought Bunyan into that agony of soul which, as with so many of his contemporaries, followed a conviction of sin and doubt as to salvation. Under the ministrations of Mr. Gifford, pastor of a Baptist congregation at Bedford, he became converted, and in turn began to preach the gospel. In 1660, after the Restoration, he was arrested under the law which prohibited religious meetings except those of the Established Church, and held in somewhat loose confinement for twelve years. After his release he resumed preaching, which he continued until his death in 1688.

Bunyan's writings are entirely concerned with what to him was the great reality of life, the relation of the soul to God. He began to write tracts shortly after his conversion, among which *A Few Sighs from Hell, or the Groans of a Damned Soul*, reminds us by its title of the fearful issue involved in this relation. During his imprisonment he published *Grace Abounding* (1666). The great religious allegory, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, followed in 1678; *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman* in 1680; and a second allegory, *The Holy War*, in 1682. *Grace Abounding*, of which the first third is here printed, is one of the most remarkable autobiographies ever written. It illustrates perfectly the spiritual excitement of the seventeenth century of which the Puritan character was the result. Bunyan's religious experience was intimate and personal, a quality reflected in his simple, realistic, homespun style. Woven through this groundwork, however, are strains of poetic splendor and beauty which Bunyan owed to his study of the King James Version of the Bible. This combina-

tion of naïve reflection of life and richness of imagination gives to *The Pilgrim's Progress* its pre-eminence as an allegory.

Grace Abounding is edited by E. C. Baldwin in Ginn's Standard English Classics; *The Pilgrim's Progress*, by W. V. Moody, in the Riverside Literature Series. *Lives of Bunyan* by Robert Southey, by John Brown, by J. A. Froude (English Men of Letters Series), and E. Venables (Great Writers Series) are available. The essays by Macaulay, John Tulloch (*Puritanism and Its Leaders*), and Edward Dowden (*Puritan and Anglican*) may be noted.

GRACE ABOUNDING TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS

OR,

A BRIEF RELATION OF THE EXCEEDING
MERCY OF GOD IN CHRIST, TO HIS POOR
SERVANT, JOHN BUNYAN

In this my relation of the merciful working of God upon my soul, it will not be amiss, if, in the first place, I do, in a few words, give you a hint of my pedigree, and manner of bringing up; that thereby the goodness and bounty of God towards me, may be the more advanced and magnified before the sons of men.

For my descent then, it was, as is well known by many, of a low and inconsiderable generation; my father's house being of that rank that is meanest, and most despised of all the families in the land. Wherefore I have not here, as others, to boast of noble blood, or of a high-born state, according to the flesh; though, all things considered, I magnify the heavenly Majesty, for that by this door he brought me into this world, to partake of the grace and life that is in Christ by the Gospel.

But yet, notwithstanding the meanness and inconsiderableness of my parents, it pleased God to put it into their hearts to put me to school, to learn both to read and write; the which I also attained, according to the rate of other poor men's children, though to my shame I confess, I did soon lose that little I learnt, even almost utterly, and that long before the Lord did work his gracious work of conversion upon my soul.

As for my own natural life, for the time that I was without God in the world, it was, indeed, "according to the course of this world, and the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience."¹ It was my delight to be "taken captive by the devil at his will,"² being filled with all unrighteousness; the which did also so strongly work, and put forth itself, both in my heart and life, and that from a child, that I had but few equals (especially considering my years, which

were tender, being few), both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God.

Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me. The which, as I also have with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord, that even in my childhood he did scare and affright me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with dreadful visions. For often after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have in my bed been greatly afflicted, while asleep, with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who still, as I then thought, labored to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid.

Also I should, at these years, be greatly afflicted and troubled with the thoughts of the Day of Judgment, and that both night and day, and should tremble at the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire; still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends, who are there bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness, unto the judgment of the great day.

These things, I say, when I was but a child, about nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down, and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish, either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil; supposing they were only tormentors; that if it must needs be, that I went thither, I might be rather a tormentor, than be tormented myself.

A while after, these terrible dreams did leave me, which also I soon forgot; for my pleasures did quickly cut off the remembrance of them, as if they had never been. Wherefore with more greediness, according to the strength of nature, I did still let loose the reins to my lust, and delighted in all transgression against the law of God: so that until I came to the state of marriage, I was the very ringleader of all the youth that

¹ Ephesians II, 2, 3.

² II Timothy II, 26.

kept me company, in all manner of vice and ungodliness.

Yea, such prevalency had the lusts and fruits of the flesh in this poor soul of mine, that had not a miracle of precious grace prevented, I had not only perished by the stroke of eternal justice, but had also laid myself open even to the stroke of those laws which bring some to disgrace and open shame before the face of the world.

In these days the thoughts of religion were very grievous to me. I could neither endure it myself, nor that any other should. So that when I have seen some read in those books that concerned Christian piety, it would be as it were a prison to me. Then I said unto God, "Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways."¹ I was now void of all good consideration, heaven and hell were both out of sight and mind; and as for saving and damning, they were least in my thoughts. "O Lord, thou knowest my life, and my ways were not hid from thee."

Yet this I well remember, that though I could myself sin with the greatest delight and ease, and also take pleasure in the villainess of my companions; yet, even then, if I had at any time seen wicked things, by those who professed goodness, it would make my spirit tremble. As once above all the rest, when I was in my height of vanity, yet hearing one to swear that was reckoned for a religious man, it had so great a stroke upon my spirit, that it made my heart to ache.

But God did not utterly leave me, but followed me still, not now with convictions, but judgments; yet such as were mixed with mercy. For once I fell into a crick of the sea, and hardly escaped drowning. Another time I fell out of a boat into Bedford river, but mercy yet preserved me alive. Besides, another time, being in the field with one of my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway; so I having a stick in my hand, struck her over the back, and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her sting out with my fingers; by which act, had not God been merciful unto me, I might, by my desperation, have brought myself to mine end.

This also have I taken notice of with thanksgiving. When I was a soldier, I, with others, were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; to which, when I had consented, he took my place; and coming to the siege, as he

stood sentinel, he was shot into the head with a musket bullet, and died.

Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness; wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of mine own salvation.

Presently after this, I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was to light upon a wife whose father was counted godly. This woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be (not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both), yet this she had for her part, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and *The Practice of Piety*, which her father had left her when he died. In these two books I should sometimes read with her, wherein I also found some things that were somewhat pleasing to me; (but all this while I met with no conviction). She also would be often telling of me what a godly man her father was, and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house, and amongst his neighbors; what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in word and deed.

Wherefore these books, with this relation, though they did not reach my heart, to awaken it about my sad and sinful state, yet they did beget within me some desires to religion: so that, because I knew no better, I fell in very eagerly with the religion of the times; to wit, to go to church twice a day, and that too with the foremost; and there should very devoutly both say and sing as others did, yet retaining my wicked life. But withal, I was so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things (both the high place, priest, clerk, vestments, service, and what else) belonging to the church; counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially, the priest and clerk most happy, and without doubt greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principal in the holy temple to do his work therein.

This conceit grew so strong in little time upon my spirit, that had I but seen a priest (though never so sordid and debauched in his life), I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit unto him. Yea, I thought, for the love I did bear unto them (supposing they were the ministers of God) I could have lain down at their feet and have been trampled upon by them; their name, their garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch me.

After I had been thus for some considerable time, another thought came in my mind; and that was, whether we were of the Israelites or no? For finding in the Scriptures that they were once the peculiar people of God, thought I, if I were once of this race, my soul must needs be happy. Now again, I found within me a great longing to be resolved about this question, but could not tell how I should. At last I asked my father of it, who told me, no, we were not. Wherefore, then I fell in my spirit as to the hopes of that and so remained.

But all this while, I was not sensible of the danger and evil of sin. I was kept from considering that sin would damn me, what religion soever I followed, unless I was found in Christ. Nay, I never thought of him, nor whether there was such an one, or not. "Thus man while blind doth wander, but wearie himself with vanity, for he knoweth not the way to the city of God."¹

But one day, amongst all the sermons our parson made, his subject was to treat of the sabbath-day, and of the evil of breaking that, either with labor, sports, or otherwise. Now I was, notwithstanding my religion, one that took much delight in all manner of vice, and especially, that was the day that I did solace myself therewith. Wherefore I fell in my conscience under his sermon, thinking and believing that he made that sermon on purpose to show me my evil-doing. And at that time I felt what guilt was, though never before, that I can remember. But then I was, for the present, greatly loaden therewith, and so went home when the sermon was ended, with a great burden upon my spirit.

This, for that instant, did benumb the sinews of my best delights, and did imbitter my former pleasures to me. But behold, it lasted not; for before I had well dined, the trouble began to go off my mind, and my heart returned to its old course. But oh! how glad was I, that this trouble was gone from me, and that the fire was put out, that I might sin again without control! Wherefore, when I had satisfied nature with my food, I shook the sermon out of my mind, and to my old custom of sports and gaming I returned with great delight.

But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game at Cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have

thy sins and go to hell?" At this I was put to an exceeding maze. Wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other my ungodly practices.

I had no sooner thus conceived in my mind, but suddenly this conclusion was fastened on my spirit, (for the former hint did set my sins again before my face) that I had been a great and grievous sinner, and that it was now too late for me to look after heaven; for Christ would not forgive me, nor pardon my transgressions. Then I fell to musing upon this also. And while I was thinking of it, and fearing lest it should be so, I felt my heart sink in despair, concluding it was too late; and therefore I resolved in my mind I would go on in sin. For, thought I, if the case be thus, my state is surely miserable; miserable if I leave my sins, and but miserable if I follow them. I can but be damned, and if I must be so, I had as good be damned for many sins, as be damned for a few.

Thus I stood in the midst of my play, before all that then were present; but yet I told them nothing. But I say, I having made this conclusion, I returned desperately to my sport again; and I well remember, that presently this kind of despair did so possess my soul, that I was persuaded I could never attain to other comfort than what I should get in sin; for heaven was gone already, so that on that I must not think. Wherefore I found within me a great desire to take my fill of sin, still studying what sin was yet to be committed, that I might taste the sweetness of it. And I made as much haste as I could to fill my belly with its delicacies, lest I should die before I had my desire; for that I feared greatly. In these things, I protest before God I lie not, neither do I feign this sort of speech. These were really, strongly, and with all my heart, my desires. The good Lord, whose mercy is unsearchable, forgive me my transgressions!

And I am very confident that this temptation of the devil is more usual amongst poor creatures than many are aware of, even to overrun their spirits with a scurfy and seared frame of heart, and benumbing of conscience; which frame he stilly and slyly supplieth with such despair, that though not much guilt attendeth souls, yet they continually have a secret conclusion within them, that

¹ Ecclesiastes x, 15.

there is no hopes for them; for they have loved sins, therefore after them they will go.¹

Now therefore I went on in sin with great greediness of mind, still grudging that I could not be so satisfied with it as I would. This did continue with me about a month, or more. But one day, as I was standing at a neighbor's shop-window, and there cursing and swearing, and playing the madman, after my wonted manner, there sat within the woman¹⁰ of the house, and heard me; who, though she was a very loose and ungodly wretch, yet protested that I swore and cursed at that most fearful rate, that she was made to tremble to hear me; and told me further, that I was the ungodliest fellow for swearing, that ever she heard in all her life; and that I, by thus doing, was able to spoil all the youth in the whole town, if they came but in my company.

At this reproof I was silenced, and put to²⁰ secret shame, and that too, as I thought, before the God of heaven. Wherefore, while I stood there, and hanging down my head, I wished with all my heart that I might be a little child again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing; for, thought I, I am so accustomed to it, that it is in vain for me to think of a reformation, for I thought it could never be.

But, how it came to pass I know not, I did³⁰ from this time forward so leave my swearing, that it was a great wonder to myself to observe it. And whereas before I knew not how to speak unless I put an oath before, and another behind, to make my words have authority; now I could, without it, speak³⁵ better, and with more pleasantness, than ever I could before. All this while I knew not Jesus Christ, neither did I leave my sports and plays.

But quickly after this, I fell in company with one poor man that made profession of religion; who, as I then thought, did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures, and of the matters of religion; wherefore, falling into some⁴⁵ love and liking to what he said, I betook me to my Bible, and began to take great pleasure in reading; but especially with the historical part thereof. For, as for Paul's Epistles, and suchlike Scriptures, I could not away with⁵⁰ them, being as yet but ignorant, either of the corruptions of my nature or of the want and worth of Jesus Christ to save me.

Wherefore I fell to some outward reformation, both in my words and life, and did set⁵⁵ the commandments before me for my way to heaven; which commandments I also did

strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have comfort; yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my conscience; but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better next time, and there get help again, for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England.

Thus I continued about a year; all which time our neighbors did take me to be a very godly man, a new and religious man, and did marvel much to see such a great and famous alteration in my life and manners. And indeed so it was, though yet I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope. And, truly, as I have well seen since, had I then died, my state had been most fearful. Well, this, I say, continued about a twelvemonth or⁶⁰ more.

But, I say, my neighbors were amazed at this my great conversion, from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life. And truly, so they well might; for this my conversion was as great, as for Tom of Beth-⁶⁵lem to become a sober man. Now therefore they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face, and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become godly; now I was become a right honest man. But oh! when I understood that these were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well. For though, as yet, I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I⁷⁰ loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my godliness, and indeed I did all I did, either to be seen of, or to be well spoken of, by men; and thus I continued for about a twelvemonth, or more.

Now you must know, that before this I had⁷⁵ taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it, yet my mind hankered. Wherefore, I should go to the steeple house and look on it, though I durst not ring. But I thought this did not become religion neither, yet I forced myself, and would look on still. But quickly after, I⁸⁰ began to think, how if one of the bells should fall? Then I chose to stand under a main beam, that lay overthwart the steeple, from side to side, thinking there I might stand sure. But then I should think again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam. This made me⁸⁵ stand in the steeple-door; and now, thought

¹ Jeremiah 11, 25; XVIII, 12.

I, I am safe enough; for if a bell should then fall I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding.

So after this I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go further than the steeple-door; but then it came into my head, how if the steeple itself should fall? And this thought, It may fall for ought I know, when I stood and looked on, did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple-door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

Another thing was my dancing. I was a full year before I could quite leave that. But all this while, when I thought I kept this or that commandment, or did, by word or deed anything that I thought was good, I had great peace in my conscience; and should think with myself, God cannot choose but be now pleased with me; yea, to relate it in mine own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I.

But poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness; and had perished therein, had not God in mercy showed me more of my state by nature.

But upon a day, the good providence of God did cast me to Bedford, to work on my calling, and in one of the streets of that town, I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, talking about the things of God; and being now willing to hear them discourse, I drew near to hear what they said, for I was now a brisk talker also myself, in the matters of religion. But I may say, "I heard, but I understood not;" for they were far above, out of my reach. Their talk was about a new birth, the work of God on their hearts, also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature. They talked how God had visited their souls with his love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed, comforted and supported against the temptations of the devil. Moreover they reasoned of the suggestions and temptations of Satan in particular; and told to each other by which they had been afflicted, and how they were borne up under his assaults. They also discoursed of their own wretchedness of heart, of their unbelief; and did contemn, slight and abhor their own righteousness, as filthy and insufficient to do hem any good.

And methought they spake as if joy did

make them speak; they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me, as if they had found a new world; as if they were "people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned amongst their neighbors."¹

At this I felt my own heart began to shake, and mistrust my condition to be naught; for I saw that in all my thoughts about religion and salvation, the new birth did never enter into my mind; neither knew I the comfort of the word and promise, nor the deceitfulness and treachery of my own wicked heart. As for secret thoughts, I took no notice of them; neither did I understand what Satan's temptations were, nor how they were to be withstood and resisted, &c.

Thus, therefore, when I had heard and considered what they said, I left them, and went about my employment again, but their talk and discourse went with me; also my heart would tarry with them, for I was greatly affected with their words, both because by them I was convinced that I wanted the true tokens of a truly godly man, and also because by them I was convinced of the happy and blessed condition of him that was such an one.

Therefore I should often make it my business to be going again and again into the company of these poor people; for I could not stay away; and the more I went amongst them the more I did question my condition; and as I still do remember, presently I found two things within me, at which I did sometimes marvel, (especially considering what a blind, ignorant, sordid, and ungodly wretch but just before I was); the one was a very great softness and tenderness of heart, which caused me to fall under the conviction of what by Scripture they asserted; and the other was a great bending in my mind, to continual meditating on them, and on all other good things which at any time I heard or read of.

By these things my mind was now so turned that it lay like a horse-leech at the vein, still crying out, *Give, give*²; yea, it was so fixed on eternity, and on the things about the kingdom of heaven, (that is, so far as I knew, though as yet, God knows, I knew but little); that neither pleasures, nor profits, nor persuasions, nor threats could loose it, or make it let go his hold. And though I may speak it with shame, yet it is in very deed a certain truth, it would then have been as

¹ Numbers XXIII, 9.

² Proverbs XXX, 15.

difficult for me to have taken my mind from heaven to earth, as I have found it often since to get it again from earth to heaven.

One thing I may not omit. There was a young man in our town, to whom my heart was knit more than to any other, but he being a most wicked creature for cursing and swearing and whoring, I now shook him off and forsook his company; but about a quarter of a year after I had left him, I met him in a certain lane, and asked him how he did; he, after his old swearing and mad way, answered, he was well. "But, Harry," said I, "Why do you swear and curse thus? What will become of you if you die in this condition?" He answered me in a great chafe, "What would the devil do for company, if it were not for such as I am?"

About this time I met with some Ranters' books, that were put forth by some of our countrymen, which books were also highly in esteem by several old professors; some of these I read, but was not able to make a judgment about them. Wherefore as I read in them, and thought upon them (feeling myself unable to judge), I should betake myself to hearty prayer in this manner: "O Lord, I am a fool, and not able to know the truth from error. Lord, leave me not to my own blindness, either to approve of, or condemn this doctrine; if it be of God, let me not despise it; if it be of the devil, let me not embrace it. Lord, I lay my soul in this matter only at thy foot; let me not be deceived, I humbly beseech thee." I had one religious intimate companion all this while, and that was the poor man that I spoke of before. But about this time, he also turned a most devilish Ranter, and gave himself up to all manner of filthiness, especially uncleanness. He would also deny that there was a God, angel, or spirit; and would laugh at all exhortations to sobriety. When I labored to rebuke his wickedness, he would laugh the more, and pretend that he had gone through all religions, and could never light on the right till now. He told me also, that in a little time I should see all professors turn to the ways of the Ranters. Wherefore, abominating these cursed principles, I left his company forthwith, and became to him as great a stranger, as I had been before a familiar.

Neither was this man only a temptation to me; but my calling lying in the country, I happened to light into several people's company, who, though strict in religion formerly, yet were also swept away by these Ranters.

professing Christians.

These would also talk with me of their ways, and condemn me as legal and dark; pretending that they only had attained to perfection, that could do what they would and not sin.

Oh! These temptations were suitable to my flesh, I being but a young man, and my nature in its prime. But God, who had, as I hope, designed me for better things, kept me in the fear of his name, and did not suffer me to accept of such cursed principles. And blessed be God, who put it into my heart to cry to him to be kept and directed, still distrusting mine own wisdom; for I have since seen even the effect of that prayer, in his preserving me, not only from Ranting errors, but from those also that have sprung up since. The Bible was precious to me in those days.

And now, methought, I began to look into the Bible with new eyes, and read as I never did before; and especially the epistles of the Apostle St. Paul were sweet and pleasant to me; and indeed I was then never out of the Bible, either by reading or meditation; still crying out to God that I might know the truth, and way to heaven and glory.

And as I went on and read, I lighted on that passage, "To one is given by the spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same spirit; and to another faith," &c.¹ And though, as I have since seen, that by this Scripture the Holy Ghost intends, in special things extraordinary, yet on me it then did fasten with conviction, that I did want things ordinary, even that understanding and wisdom that other Christians had. On this word I mused, and could not tell what to do; especially this word [*faith*] put me to it, for I could not help it, but sometimes must question, whether I had any faith, or no. For I feared it shut me out of all the blessings that other good people had given them of God. But I was loth to conclude I had no faith; for if I do so, thought I, then I shall count myself a very cast-away indeed.

No, said I, with myself, though I am convinced that I am an ignorant sot, and that I want those blessed gifts of knowledge and understanding that other good people have; yet at a venture, I will conclude I am not altogether faithless, though I know not what faith is. For it was showed me, and that too (as I have seen since) by Satan, that those who conclude themselves in a faithless state, have neither rest nor quiet in their souls; and I was loth to fall quite into despair.

Wherefore by this suggestion, I was for a

I Corinthians XII. 8. 9.

while made afraid to see my want of faith. But God would not suffer me thus to undo and destroy my soul, but did continually, against this my blind and sad conclusion, create still within me such suppositions, in-
 5 somuch that I could not rest content, until I did now come to some certain knowledge, whether I had faith or no; this always running in my mind, "But how if you want faith indeed? But how can you tell you have
 10 faith?" And besides, I saw for certain, if I had it not, I was sure to perish for ever.

So that though I endeavored at the first to look over the business of faith, yet in a little time, I better considering the matter, was
 15 willing to put myself upon the trial, whether I had faith or no. But alas, poor wretch, so ignorant and brutish was I, that I knew to this day no more how to do it, than I know how to begin and accomplish that rare and
 20 curious piece of art, which I never yet saw or considered.

Wherefore, while I was thus considering, and being put to my plunge about it (for you must know, that as yet I had in this mat-
 25 ter broken my mind to no man, only did hear and consider), the tempter came in with this delusion, "that there was no way for me to know I had faith, but by trying to work some miracle"; urging those Scriptures that seem
 30 to look that way, for the enforcing and strengthening his temptation. Nay, one day, as I was betwixt Elstow and Bedford, the temptation was hot upon me, to try if I had
 35 faith, by doing of some miracle; which miracle at that time was this, I must say to the puddles that were in the horse-pads, be dry; and to the dry places, be you the puddles. And truly, one time I was going to say so
 40 indeed; but just as I was about to speak, this thought came into my mind, "But go under yonder hedge and pray first, that God would make you able." But when I had concluded
 45 to pray, this came hot upon me, that if I prayed, and came again, and tried to do it, and yet did nothing notwithstanding, then
 be sure I had no faith, but was a cast-away, and lost. Nay, thought I, if it be so, I will
 never try yet, but will stay a little longer.

So I continued at a great loss; for I
 50 thought, if they only had faith, which could do so wonderful things, then I concluded, that, for the present, I neither had it, nor yet, for time to come, were ever like to have it. Thus I was tossed betwixt the devil and
 55 my own ignorance, and so perplexed, especially at some times, that I could not tell what to do.

About this time, the state and happiness of these poor people at Bedford was thus, in a dream or vision, presented to me. I saw as if they were set on the sunny side of some high
 5 mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds. Me-
 thought also, betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain;
 now, through this wall, my soul did greatly
 desire to pass; concluding, that if I could, I
 would go even into the very midst of them,
 and there also comfort myself with the heat
 of their sun.

About this wall I thought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage, by which I might enter therein; but none could I find
 20 for some time. At the last, I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little doorway in the wall, through which I attempted to pass. Now the passage being very straight and narrow, I made many offers to get in, but all
 25 in vain, even until I was well nigh quite beat out, by striving to get in. At last, with great striving, methought I at first did get in my head, and after that, by a sideling striving, my shoulders and my whole body. Then
 30 was I exceeding glad, and went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun.

Now this mountain, and wall, &c., was thus made out to me: the mountain signified the church of the living God; the sun that
 35 shone thereon, the comfortable shining of his merciful face on them that were therein; the wall, I thought, was the word, that did make separation between the Christians and the world; and the gap which was in this wall, I
 40 thought, was Jesus Christ, who is the way to God the Father.¹ But forasmuch as the passage was wonderful narrow, even so narrow, that I could not but with great diffi-
 45 culty enter in thereat, it showed me, that none could enter into life, but those that were in downright earnest, and unless also they left this wicked world behind them; for here was only room for body and soul, but not for
 50 body and soul, and sin.

This resemblance abode upon my spirit many days; all which time, I saw myself in a forlorn and sad condition, but yet was provoked to a vehement hunger and desire to be
 55 one of that number that did sit in the sunshine. Now also I should pray wherever I was, whether at home or abroad, in house or

¹ John XIV, 6; Matthew VII, 14.

field, and should also often, with lifting up of heart, sing that of the fifty-first Psalm, "O Lord, consider my distress;" for as yet I knew not where I was.

Neither as yet could I attain to any comfortable persuasion that I had faith in Christ; but instead of having satisfaction, here I began to find my soul to be assaulted with fresh doubts about my future happiness; especially with such as these, "Whether 10 I was elected? But how if the day of grace should now be past and gone?"

By these two temptations I was very much afflicted and disquieted; sometimes by one and sometimes by the other of them. And 15 first, to speak of that about my questioning my election, I found at this time that though I was in a flame to find the way to heaven and glory, and though nothing could beat me off from this, yet this question did so offend 20 and discourage me, that I was, especially at some times, as if the very strength of my body also had been taken away by the force and power thereof. This Scripture did also seem to me to trample upon all my desires: "It is 25 neither in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that showeth mercy."

With this Scripture I could not tell what to do; for I evidently saw that unless the great God, of his infinite grace and bounty, had 30 voluntarily chosen me to be a vessel of mercy, though I should desire and long and labor until my heart did break, no good could come of it. Therefore, this would still stick with me, "How can you tell you are elected? 35 And what if you should not? How then?"

O Lord, thought I, what if I should not, indeed? It may be you are not, said the tempter; it may be so, indeed, thought I. Why then, said Satan, you had as good leave 40 off, and strive no further; for if, indeed, you should not be elected and chosen of God, there is no talk of your being saved: "For it is neither in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth; but in God that showeth mercy." 45

By these things I was driven to my wits' end, not knowing what to say, or how to answer these temptations. (Indeed, I little thought that Satan had thus assaulted me, but that rather it was my own prudence, 50 thus to start the question;) for, that the elect only obtained eternal life, that I, without scruple, did heartily close withal; but that myself was one of them, there lay all the question.

Thus, therefore, for several days, I was greatly assaulted and perplexed, and was

often, when I have been walking, ready to sink where I went, with faintness in my mind. But one day, after I had been so many weeks oppressed and cast down therewith, as I was 5 now quite giving up the ghost of all my hopes of ever attaining life, that sentence fell with weight upon my spirit. "Look at the generations of old and see; did ever any trust in God, and were confounded?"

At which I was greatly lightened, and encouraged in my soul; for thus, at that very instant, it was expounded to me, "Begin at the beginning of Genesis, and read to the end of the Revelations, and see if you can find 15 that there was ever any that trusted in the Lord, and was confounded." So, coming home, I presently went to my Bible, to see if I could find that saying, not doubting but to find it presently; for it was so fresh, and with 20 such strength and comfort on my spirit, that I was as if it talked with me.

Well, I looked, but I found it not; only it abode upon me. Then I did ask first this good man, and then another, if they knew 25 where it was, but they knew no such place. At this I wondered that such a sentence should so suddenly, and with such comfort and strength, seize and abide upon my heart, and yet that none could find it. For I 30 doubted not but it was in holy Scripture.

Thus I continued above a year, and could not find the place; but at last, casting my eye into the Apocrypha books, I found it in Ecclesiasticus.¹ This, at the first, did some- 35 what daunt me; but because by this time I had got more experience of the love and kindness of God, it troubled me the less; especially when I considered that though it was not in those texts that we call holy and canonical, 40 yet, forasmuch as this sentence was the sum and substance of many of the promises, it was my duty to take the comfort of it. And I bless God for that word, for it was of God to me. That word doth still, at times, shine 45 before my face.

After this, that other doubt did come with strength upon me, "But how if the day of grace should be past and gone? How if you have overstood the time of mercy?" Now, 50 I remember that one day, as I was walking into the country, I was much in the thoughts of this, "But how if the day of grace be past?" And to aggravate my trouble, the tempter presented to my mind those good 55 people of Bedford, and suggested thus unto me, that these being converted already, they were all that God would save in those parts:

¹ Romans ix, 16.

¹ Ecclesiasticus ii. 10.

and that I came too late for these had got the blessing before I came.

Now was I in great distress, thinking in very deed that this might well be so. Wherefore I went up and down bemoaning my sad condition, counting myself far worse than a thousand fools, for standing off thus long, and spending so many years in sin as I have done; still crying out, Oh! that I had turned sooner! Oh! that I had turned seven years ago! It made me also angry with myself, to think that I should have no more wit, but to trifle away my time till my soul and heaven were lost.

But when I had been long vexed with this fear, and was scarce able to take one step more, just about the same place where I received my other encouragement, these words broke in upon my mind, "Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled; and yet there is room."¹ These words, but especially them, "And yet there is room," were sweet words to me; for, truly, I thought that by them I saw that there was place enough in heaven for me; and, moreover, that when the Lord Jesus did speak these words, he then did think of me; and that he knowing the time would come that I should be afflicted with fear that there was no place left for me in his bosom, did before speak this word, and leave it upon record, that I might find help thereby against this vile temptation. This, I then verily believed.

In the light and encouragement of this word, I went a pretty while; and the comfort was the more, when I thought that the Lord Jesus should think on me so long ago, and that he should speak them words on purpose for my sake. For I did then think verily that he did on purpose speak them to encourage me withal.

But I was not without my temptations to go back again. Temptations, I say, both from Satan, mine own heart, and carnal acquaintance. But I thank God these were out-weighed by that sound sense of death and of the day of judgment, which abode, as it were, continually in my view. I should often also think on Nebuchadnezzar, of whom it is said, "He had given him all the kingdoms of the earth."² Yet, thought I, if this great man had all his portion in this world, one hour in hell-fire would make him forget all. Which consideration was a great help to me.

I was almost made, about this time, to see something concerning the beasts that Moses counted clean and unclean. I thought

those beasts were types of men; the clean, types of them that were the people of God; but the unclean, types of such as were the children of the wicked one. Now, I read that the clean beasts "chewed the cud;" that is, thought I, they show us, we must feed upon the word of God. They also "parted the hoof;" I thought that signified we must part, if we would be saved, with the ways of ungodly men. And also, in further reading about them I found, that though we did chew the cud as the hare, yet if we walked with claws like a dog, or if we did part the hoof like the swine, yet if we did not chew the cud as the sheep, we were still, for all that, but unclean;¹ for I thought the hare to be a type of those that talk of the word, yet walk in ways of sin; and that the swine was like him that parteth with his outward pollutions, but still wanteth the word of faith, without which there could be no way of salvation, let a man be never so devout. After this I found, by reading the word, that those that must be glorified with Christ in another world must be called by him here; called to the partaking of a share in his word and righteousness, and to the comforts and first-fruits of his Spirit, and to a peculiar interest in all those heavenly things which do indeed fore-fit the soul for that rest, and house of glory which is in heaven above.

Here, again, I was at a very great stand, not knowing what to do, fearing I was not called; "for," thought I, "if I be not called, what then can do me good? None but those who are effectually called, inherit the kingdom of heaven." But oh! how I now loved those words that spake of a Christian's calling! as when the Lord said to one, "Follow me;" and to another, "Come after me." "And oh," thought I, "that he would say so to me too, how gladly would I run after him!"

I cannot now express with what longings and breathings in my soul I cried to Christ to call me. Thus I continued for a time, all on a flame to be converted to Jesus Christ; and did also see all that day, such glory in a converted state, that I could not be contented without a share therein. Gold! could it have been gotten for gold, what could I have given for it! Had I had a whole world, it had all gone ten thousand times over for this, that my soul might have been in a converted state.

How lovely now was every one in my eyes, that I thought to be converted men and

¹ Luke xiv, 22, 23.

² Daniel v, 18, 19.

¹ Deuteronomy xiv, 6, 8.

women! they shone, they walked like people that carried the broad seal of heaven about them. Oh! I saw the lot was fallen to them in pleasant places, and they had a goodly heritage.¹ But that which made me sick, was that of Christ, in Mark, "He went up into a mountain, and called to him whom he would, and they came unto him."²

This Scripture made me faint and fear, yet it kindled fire in my soul. That which made me fear was this, lest Christ should have no liking to me, for he called whom he would. But oh! the glory that I saw in that condition did still so engage my heart that I could seldom read of any that Christ did call but I presently wished, "Would I had been born in their clothes; would I had been born Peter; would I had been born John; or, would I had been by and had heard him when he called them, how would I have cried, O Lord, call me also!" But, oh! I feared he would not call me.

And truly, the Lord let me go thus many months together and showed me nothing, either that I was already, or should be called hereafter. But at last, after much time spent, and many groans to God, that I might be made partaker of the holy and heavenly calling, that word came in upon me: "I will cleanse their blood, that I have not cleansed, for the Lord dwelleth in Zion."³ These words I thought were sent to encourage me to wait still upon God, and signified unto me, that if I were not already, yet time might come, I might be in truth converted unto Christ.

About this time I began to break my mind to those poor people in Bedford, and to tell them my condition; which when they had heard, they told Mr. Gifford of me, who himself also took occasion to talk with me, and was willing to be well persuaded of me, though I think but from little grounds. But he invited me to his house, where I should hear him confer with others, about the dealings of God with their souls, from all which I still received more conviction, and from that time began to see something of the vanity and inward wretchedness of my wicked heart, for as yet I knew no great matter therein; but now it began to be discovered unto me, and also to work at that rate for wickedness as it never did before. Now I evidently found, that lusts and corruptions would strongly put forth themselves within me, in wicked thoughts and desires, which I did not regard before; my desires also for heaven

and life began to fail. I found also, that whereas before my soul was full of longings after God, now my heart began to hanker after every foolish vanity; yea, my heart would not be moved to mind that that was good; it began to be careless, both of my soul and heaven; it would now continually hang back, both to, and in every duty; and was as a clog on the leg of a bird, to hinder her from flying.

Nay, thought I, now I grow worse and worse; now am I farther from conversion than ever I was before. Wherefore I began to sink greatly in my soul, and began to entertain such discouragement in my heart as laid me as low as hell. If now I should have burned at the stake, I could not believe that Christ had love for me; alas, I could neither hear him, nor see him, nor feel him, nor savor any of his things. I was driven as with a tempest: my heart would be unclean: the Canaanites would dwell in the land.

Sometimes I would tell my condition to the people of God, which, when they heard, they would pity me, and would tell me of the promises. But they had as good have told me, that I must reach the sun with my finger as have bidden me receive or rely upon the promise; and as soon I should have done it, all my sense and feeling was against me; and I saw I had an heart that would sin, and that lay under a law that would condemn.

These things have often made me think of the child which the father brought to Christ, "who, while he was yet a coming to him, was thrown down by the devil,¹ and also so rent and torn by him, that he lay and wallowed foaming."²

Further, in these days, I should find my heart to shut itself up against the Lord, and against his holy word. I have found my unbelief to set, as it were, the shoulder to the door to keep him out, and that too even then, when I have with many a bitter sigh cried, "Good Lord, break it open; Lord, break these gates of brass, and cut these bars of iron asunder."³ Yet that word would sometimes create in my heart a peaceable pause, "I girded thee, though thou hast not known me."⁴

But all this while as to the act of sinning, I never was more tender than now. My hinder parts were inward. I durst not take a pin or stick, though but so big as a straw, for my conscience now was sore and would smart at every touch; I could not now tell how to

¹ Psalm xvi, 6.

² Mark iii, 13.

³ Joel iii, 21.

¹ Luke ix, 42.

³ Psalm cvii, 16.

² Mark ix, 20.

⁴ Isaiah xlv, 5.

speak my words, for fear I should misplace them. Oh, how gingerly did I then go in all I did or said! I found myself as on a miry bog that shook if I did but stir; and was as there left both of God and Christ, and the Spirit, and all good things.

But, I observe, though I was such a great sinner before conversion, yet God never much charged the guilt of the sins of my ignorance upon me; only he showed me I was lost if I had not Christ, because I had been a sinner. I saw that I wanted a perfect righteousness to present me without fault before God; and this righteousness was nowhere to be found, but in the person of Jesus Christ.

But my original and inward pollution, that, that was my plague and my affliction; that I say, at a dreadful rate, always putting forth itself within me; that I had the guilt of, to amazement; by reason of that, I was more loathsome in my own eyes than was a toad; and I thought I was so in God's eyes too. Sin and corruption, I said, would as naturally bubble out of my heart as water would bubble out of a fountain. I thought now that every one had a better heart than I had; and could have changed heart with any body. I thought none but the devil himself could equalize me for inward wickedness and pollution of mind. I fell, therefore, at the sight of my own vileness deeply into despair; for I concluded that this condition that I was in could not stand with a state of grace. Sure, thought I, I am forsaken of God; sure, I am given up to the devil, and to a reprobate mind. And thus I continued a long while, even for some years together.

While I was thus afflicted with the fears of my own damnation, there were two things that would make me wonder; the one was, when I saw old people hunting after the things of this life, as if they should live here always; the other was, when I found professors much distressed and cast down, when they met with outward losses; as of husband, wife, child, &c. "Lord," thought I, "what ado is here about such little things as these! What seeking after carnal things by some, and what grief in others for the loss of them! If they so much labor after, and spend so many tears for the things of this present life, how am I to be bemoaned, pitied, and prayed for! My soul is dying, my soul is damning. Were my soul but in a good condition, and were I but sure of it, ah! how rich should I esteem myself, though blessed with bread and water! I should count those but small afflictions, and

should bear them as little burthens. A wounded spirit who can bear?"

And though I was thus troubled, and tossed, and afflicted, with the sight and sense and terror of my own wickedness, yet I was afraid to let this sense and sight go quite off my mind; for I found that unless guilt of conscience was taken off the right way, that is, by the blood of Christ, a man grew rather worse for the loss of his trouble of mind, than better. Wherefore, if my guilt lay hard upon me, then I should cry that the blood of Christ might take it off; and if it was going off without it, (for the sense of sin would be sometimes as if it would die, and go quite away) then I would also strive to fetch it upon my heart again, by bringing the punishment for sin in hell-fire upon my spirit; and should cry, "Lord, let it not go off my heart, but the right way, but by the blood of Christ, and by the application of thy mercy, through him, to my soul"; for that Scripture lay much upon me, "Without shedding of blood is no remission."¹ And that which made me the more afraid of this was, because I had seen some, who, though when they were under wounds of conscience, then they would cry and pray; yet, seeking rather present ease from their trouble than pardon for their sin, cared not how they lost their guilt so they got it out of their mind; now, having got it off the wrong way, it was not sanctified unto them; but they grew harder and blinder and more wicked after their trouble. This made me afraid, and made me cry to God the more, that it might not be so with me.

And now was I sorry that God had made me a man, for I feared I was a reprobate. I counted man as unconverted, the most doleful of all creatures. Thus being afflicted and tossed about my sad condition, I counted myself alone, and above the most of men unblest.

Yea, I thought it impossible that ever I should attain to so much goodness of heart, as to thank God that he had made me a man. Man indeed is the most noble by creation of all creatures in the visible world; but by sin he had made himself the most ignoble. The beasts, birds, fishes, &c., I blessed their condition, for they had not a sinful nature, they were not obnoxious to the wrath of God; they were not to go to hell-fire after death. I could therefore have rejoiced, had my condition been as any of theirs.

In this condition I went a great while; but

¹ Hebrews ix, 22.

when the comforting time was come, I heard one preach a sermon upon those words in the Song, "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair."¹ But at that time he made these two words, "my love," his chief and subject matter; from which, after he had a little opened the text, he observed these several conclusions: "1. That the church, and so every saved soul, is Christ's love, when loveless. 2. Christ's love without a cause. 3. Christ's love when hated of the world. 4. Christ's love when under temptation, and under desertion. 5. Christ's love, from first to last."

But I got nothing by what he said at present; only when he came to the application of the fourth particular, this was the word he said: "If it be so, that the saved soul is Christ's love when under temptation and desertion; then, poor tempted soul, when thou art assaulted and afflicted with temptations, and the hidings of God's face, yet think on these two words, 'my love,' still."

So as I was a going home, these words came again into my thoughts; and I well remember, as they came in, I said thus in my heart, "What shall I get by thinking on these two words?" This thought had no sooner passed through my heart; but these words began thus to kindle in my spirit: "Thou art my love, thou art my love," twenty times to-

gether; and still as they ran thus in my mind, they waxed stronger and warmer, and began to make me look up. But being as yet between hope and fear, I still replied in my heart, "But is it true? but is it true?" At which, that sentence fell in upon me, "He wist not that it was true which was done by the angel."¹

Then I began to give place to the word, which, with power, did over and over make this joyful sound within my soul, "Thou art my love, thou art my love, and nothing shall separate thee from my love." And with that Romans eight, thirty-nine, came into my mind. Now was my heart filled full of comfort and hope, and now I could believe that my sins should be forgiven me; yea, I was now so taken with the love and mercy of God, that I remember I could not tell how to contain till I got home. I thought I could have spoken of his love, and have told of his mercy to me, even to the very crows that sat upon the ploughed lands before me, had they been capable to have understood me; wherefore I said in my soul, with much gladness, "Well, I would I had a pen and ink here, I would write this down before I go any further, for surely I will not forget this forty years hence." But alas! within less than forty days I began to question all again; and by times, fell to my old courses again; which made me begin to question all still.

¹ Song of Solomon IV, 1.

¹ Acts XII, 9.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

The reign of Queen Anne (1702-14) coincides with the appearance of one of the most brilliant groups of writers which has ever graced English letters. In 1704 were published Swift's *Tale of a Tub* and *Battle of the Books*. From 1709 till 1712 Steele and Addison were delighting all England with the kindly wit of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. In 1709 young Mr. Pope won instant recognition by the poetry of his *Pastorals*, which were shortly followed by the *Essay on Criticism* (1711) and *The Rape of the Lock* (1712). Among the names of lesser note one should not forget John Gay, whose *Shepherd's Week* was published in 1714.

It was a period of great political unrest, in which each of the parties sought to win and hold public opinion by the aid of literature; so that much of the literary energies of the Tory Swift and the Whig Addison was diverted into partisan propaganda, until, with the death of Anne and the accession of the German prince George I, England entered on a long period of all but undisputed Whig ascendancy, during which the politicians no longer needed literary allies. During the reigns of George I (1714-27) and George II (1727-60), the court played a negligible part in literary history, except as the great minister, Sir Robert Walpole, served as target of much brilliant literary satire.

During the period of the Commonwealth, the people of England had been subjected to the austere régime of Puritan prohibitions. With the Restoration of 1660 came, as a natural reaction, a time when — at any rate in those fashionable circles which most influence literature — the life of England was marked by general profligacy and by a cynical disregard of moral principles. It was the task of the early decades of the eighteenth century to reestablish a reasonable balance in the moral life of the nation. The Queen Anne wits were neither Puritans nor libertines, but sober-minded and accomplished men of the world. To them both Puritan "enthusiasm" and the profligacy of the Restoration "fop" were equally offenses against good taste and good sense. It was the avowed purpose of Addison and Steele in *The Spectator* to make vice ridiculous, and to bring to the cause of decency and virtue the powerful allies of wit and good breeding.

Both in England and in France it was a time when reason, and its practical corollary good sense, were the final court of appeal in matters of belief and conduct, and of art and literature also. The philosophical rationalism of Descartes, the empiricism of Hobbes and Locke, the newly awakened interest in the natural sciences of which Sir Isaac Newton is a great exemplar, and in England the reaction against seventeenth-century preoccupation with questions of religion, all conspired to turn men's minds away from the mysteries of life and to focus their attention on the real and actual. And so the literature of eighteenth-century England is primarily concerned with the everyday facts and interests of well-ordered, civilized human life, as it transacts itself in London and in the quiet English countryside. It is much given to moralizing — too much so for our modern taste — but its morality is that of enlightened worldliness, with small admixture of mystic yearning. Until Wesley and his Methodists began (1740) their appeal to men's hearts, the Christian religion had become in eighteenth-century pulpits so coldly rational that the orthodox churchman is hardly distinguishable from the "free-thinking" Deist with his reasoned "religion of nature." The prevailing school of ethics was a calculating utilitarianism, such as that which expresses itself in Franklin's famous dictum that "honesty is the best policy." For the foreign-born and dull-witted Hanoverian kings, with their stupid profligacies, it was impossible to feel an intense personal loyalty. In religion, in ethics, and in politics, the deeper springs of life had gone dry. There remained life's many-colored surface; and on that the literature of the period turned its brilliant searchlight.

It is preëminently a social literature, whose school is the coffeehouse and tavern or the polite *salon*. Swift sends his Gulliver to strange lands of fancy only that we may thus see contemporary England from a new angle of vision. The supreme masterpiece of Pope's art lays its scene in a fashionable drawing-room. Thomson, to be sure, turns his back on the life of the city, but only that he may record with perfect fidelity to truth the varying phenomena of the shifting seasons.

This complete devotion to the real and actual, this preoccupation with the everyday life of normal men and women, closed the doors to romance and discouraged the more giddy flights of poetical imagination; but it gave us instead, by way of compensation, much shrewd wisdom, sound sense, and flashing wit. It made possible such a great biography as Boswell's completely realistic portrait of Johnson and his contemporaries; it encouraged the kindly human art of letter-writing and gave us such great collections of personal letters as those of Gray, Horace Walpole, and Cowper; it expressed itself in the charming familiar essays of Addison and Goldsmith; chief of all, it enabled the eighteenth century to discover for us the modern novel. Fictitious narratives in prose had, of course, been written long before the eighteenth century; but they had been deliberately romantic and far from everyday reality. The modern novel, even when its scene is far-away or

long-ago, gives us always, if its art be good, a compelling sense of actuality. Its persons live in a real world and behave as we think we should behave if put in their places. It was Defoe and Richardson who discovered this art, and Fielding who brought it in *Tom Jones* (1749) to a degree of perfection that has seldom since been equaled.

The temper of the eighteenth century was in a high degree critical; and this critical temper expressed itself in brilliant, witty satire, which ranges all the way from the fierce indignation of a Swift, and the keen rapier strokes of Pope and Sheridan, to the kindly, humorous satire of Addison and Goldsmith. Eighteenth-century literature is often serious, but it is seldom solemn. Its prevailing spirit is the spirit of comedy — of wit and humor and daring jest. The most brilliant jester in our literature is an eighteenth-century parson, Laurence Sterne.

These qualities which mark the eighteenth century were less favorable to poetry than to prose. For good sense is the foe of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm rather than the spirit of comedy leads to the higher realms of poetry. The great bulk of eighteenth-century poetry — Pope, Gay, Goldsmith, Cowper, and much of Burns — keeps near the earth, and deals frequently with materials which the nineteenth century would have thought better suited for prose. When the poets of this period leave the lower levels, they too often mark their more ambitious flights by a speciously elevated diction — unfamiliar polysyllables of Latin derivation, studied departure from the normal word-order, the grandiose paraphrasing of simple ideas which substitutes for so commonplace a word as "birds" such phrases as "plummy people" or "tuneful choir." From these mannerisms Pope, except in his translations of Homer, is for the most part free; but they seriously mar the poetry of Thomson, the Pindaric odes of Gray and Collins, and the verse of a great company of minor poets. They are particularly frequent in poems written in blank verse — a metrical form which from 1730 on shares with the heroic couplet of Pope in general use for longer poems — and clearly have their origin in a mistaken attempt to imitate the poetical manner of Milton. Another vice of eighteenth-century poetry, the extravagant use of personified abstractions such as "pale Envy" and "wan Despair," springs from the influence of Milton's minor poems and from that of Spenser, who shared with Milton the literary devotion of poets and critics who preferred not to follow in the steps of Dryden and Pope.

Pope lived till 1744; and the prestige of his genius, and that of his master Dryden, dominates the first half of the century. To the body of critical principles which underlie Pope's poetry, the principles that are formulated in his *Essay on Criticism* and in the *Art Poétique* of the French poet-critic Boileau, literary historians have given the name "neo-classicism." Like all such labels, the term "neo-classical" is not easy to define, for within the school are included several varying sects; but the chief qualities implied by it are good sense, reasonableness, scrupulous fidelity to the truth of ascertained fact and to the normal and constant sentiments of human nature, adherence to the form and spirit of the great writers of classical antiquity who seemed most completely to exemplify the principles of reasonableness and truth to nature. Neo-classicism is the foe of obscurity and bombast, of the far-fetched "conceits" of the seventeenth-century "metaphysical" poets such as Donne and Herbert, of all that is improbable, abnormal, not immediately recognizable by the average intelligent man as part of the universal experience of human nature. In particular, it had nothing but scorn for the extravagant adventures of medieval romance. In so far as this school of criticism has made for sanity and clarity, its influence on literature has been a wholesome one; but its principles, when narrowly applied, unduly restrict the field of poetry. For the human spirit must be free to range beyond the region of established fact, to concern itself with realities which transcend everyday experience, to explore even such a world of dream as that in which Kubla Khan decreed his stately pleasure-dome.

In the second half of the eighteenth century this neo-classic theory of literature, though still, under the sturdy championship of Samuel Johnson, the dominant one, was increasingly subject to dissent and open attack. If Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* (1751) conforms in the main to its principles, his *Bard* (1757) is in a totally foreign spirit, and his latest poems revert to the mystical stories of the pagan North. Cowper mingles with his neo-classical fidelity to fact a tender but intense religious fervor. The cult of "sensitivity," or sentimentality, as exemplified by Sterne substitutes for sound reason the caprice of random feeling. Macpherson's "Ossian" (1761) glorifies the virtues of primitive Caledonian chieftains. Bishop Percy revived the popular ballads (1765). Horace Walpole in his *Castle of Otranto* (1764) brings back the supernatural horrors of medieval romance. The disciples of Rousseau preach a "return to nature" which means profound distrust of all the conventions of civilized society, and the exaltation of the simple rustic and the "noble savage." When in 1786 Burns published his Kilmarnock volume of poems, written on rural themes and in a rustic dialect, he was hailed as the "plowman poet," the "child of nature," who owed nothing to Aristotle and the schools. Though Burns is for the most part realistic rather than romantic, though he owes much to the tradition of eighteenth-century poetry, he is none the less a very different sort of poet from the polished, courtly Pope. In his verses we hear also the echoes of the French Revolution, which was ushering in a new period of European history, and with it a new set of literary ideals.

For the history of the period the standard work is W. E. H. Lecky's *History of England in the*

Eighteenth Century in seven volumes. A briefer account may be found in pp. 701-806 of J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People*. Another standard work is Sir Leslie Stephen's *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*. For the literary history of the century, see Volumes IX and X of the *Cambridge History of English Literature*. G. Saintsbury's *Peace of the Augustans* is "a survey of eighteenth-century literature as a place of rest and refreshment." Thackeray's *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century* is stimulating and delightful, but not always trustworthy. An excellent account of manners and customs may be found in Sir Walter Besant's *London in the Eighteenth Century*. Austin Dobson's *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, in three small volumes, leads one into amusing out-of-the-way corners.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745)

Swift lies buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, "where fierce indignation cannot further lacerate his heart." These words, translated from the Latin epitaph which he himself composed, are the key to his character and to his writings. So relentlessly does this "sæva indignatio" tear his heart, that to a careless observer he seems heartless. Nothing could seem more heartless than his *Modest Proposal* (1729) — that the poverty-stricken children of Ireland should be sold for butcher's meat to the landlords. Yet in every line of it is throbbing an intense and passionate indignation at the social and economic evils of eighteenth-century Ireland. The proposal is no more shocking than the condition which calls it forth.

Swift's life was a mixture of galling disappointments and hollow triumphs. He was born in 1667 in Ireland, though of English ancestry, and was educated, with the financial help of a rich uncle, at Trinity College, Dublin. At the age of twenty-two he entered the household of Sir William Temple, statesman and author, at Moor Park near London, to whom he became private secretary, where with several interruptions he continued for ten years till Sir William's death. He was now thirty-two, with no prospect of success. While still in Temple's employ, he was ordained priest in the Church of England.

In 1704, he published anonymously the *Tale of a Tub*, a very vigorous and brilliant, but irreverent and often coarse satire on the divisions of the Christian Church — Roman, Anglican, Presbyterian. This satire, which goes far beyond its immediate subject and includes a scathing analysis of many aspects of human life, is in some ways the most masterly expression of Swift's great powers. In the same year was published the *Battle of the Books*, a brilliant satire on literary controversy. In 1708 was published the *Argument against Abolishing Christianity*, a masterpiece of comic irony.

At last, during the Tory ministry of 1710-14, Swift had his day of triumph, when his enormous powers of intellect had a chance to make themselves felt. It was essential to the Government that it should win and hold public opinion. Swift's vitriolic pen became its chief support. It is no exaggeration to say that he kept the Tory ministry in office. Cabinet ministers sought not only his aid as pamphleteer but his shrewd advice. He was actually the most powerful man in England. He writes exultantly, but scornfully, of it all in the *Journal to Stella*, a diary addressed to his dearest friend, Miss Esther Johnson. Swift's devotion to "Stella" is a fascinating but baffling romance. There is some reason to believe that he was secretly married to her; but no marriage was ever acknowledged; and the friendship, which began when Stella was a little girl and continued till her death in 1728, was free from any breath of scandal.

Swift had struggled through poverty and bad health to gain power. By the time he had achieved it, he had developed such a contempt for humanity and all its pettiness that he despised the plaudits of his Lilliputian countrymen. For his services to the Government he expected to be rewarded by appointment to a bishopric; but instead he was given only the deanship of St. Patrick's, Dublin. Thither he went on the death of Queen Anne in 1714, and lived there the rest of his life, with only occasional visits to England. This life seemed to him little better than exile; he was a bitter, disappointed man. But he none the less identified himself with the interests of Ireland. In the *Drapier's Letters* (1724) he vigorously espoused the cause of Ireland against English injustice and oppression. He became the most popular figure in Dublin and in all Ireland; but he scorned this popularity even more than he had the deference paid to him during the period of his political power in London.

In 1726, appeared the *Travels of Lemuel Gulliver*, his most famous work, written, he tells us, "to vex the world rather than divert it." It is a satire on government and society, and on the fundamental and universal qualities of human nature. In Lilliput we see through the eyes of Gulliver the essential pettiness of our life. The account of this land of pygmies, where all nature is reduced to a scale of inches for feet, is elaborated with such delightful wit and fancy that one is in danger of forgetting the bitter satire, the pessimism and misanthropy, which underlie it — qualities which come out with increasing clearness in the three remaining voyages, of which the last has been called "a libel on human nature." The attitude of the Lilliputians towards Gulliver — first fear, then

admiration, and at last ingratitude and enmity veiled under the pretense of legal procedure — is the type of the reception which a great man may expect from ordinary humanity.

After Stella's death in 1728, Swift's gloom and bitterness increased. The last years of his life were made more terrible by mental disease. His mind was clouded, his speech nearly gone; he lived in a dreadful apathy. He died in 1745, leaving his property of some ten thousand pounds to found a hospital in Dublin for lunatics and incurables.

Swift is one of the world's greatest satirists; he is also one of the greatest masters of English prose.

The standard edition of his works is that of Temple Scott in the Bohn Library. The best biography is that of Craik.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

1726

Gulliver's Travels purports to be the adventures, related by the traveler himself, of one Captain Lemuel Gulliver, whose portrait was prefixed to the first edition. Swift's name did not appear, though his authorship was not long a secret. The book was an immediate and great success, and has ever since been one of the great classics of English prose. In it Swift is making fun of the many books of travel, spiced with marvelous adventure, which were popular in his day. But the satire goes much deeper than that; everywhere Swift exposes by subtle irony and delicate insinuation the vices and follies of our own human society. Lilliput stands for England, and the neighboring kingdom of Blefuscu for France; Whigs and Tories have their counterpart in the Lilliputian parties of low-heels and high; religious dissension and bitter persecution appear in the dispute as to the proper end at which one should break one's breakfast egg. If pride of place and petty jealousy are ridiculous in Lilliput, are they less ridiculous in us merely because we and our world happen to be constructed on a somewhat larger scale of bigness? On his second voyage, Gulliver visits a land of giants, who listen with contemptuous scorn to his glowing account of European civilization, and conclude that our humanity is "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

PART I

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT

CHAPTER I

The Author gives some account of himself and family, his first inducements to travel. He is shipwrecked, and swims for his life, gets safe on shore in the country of Lilliput, is made a prisoner, and is carried up country.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me (although

I had a very scanty allowance) being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be some time or other my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden; there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the *Swallow*, Captain Abraham Pannell, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London, to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jury; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate-street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But, my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West-Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people. as well as learning

their language, wherein I had a great facility by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jury to Fetter-Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South-Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: let it suffice to inform him, that in our passage from thence to the East-Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor, and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock, within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship, and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom: but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight a clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition,

that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remember to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked, it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir: for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when bending my eyes downwards as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill, but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul*: the others repeated the same words several times, but then I knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness: at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground: for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud *Tolga phonac*; when in an instant I felt above an

hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body; (though I felt them not) and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest armies they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over-against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected, about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san*: (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me). Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand, and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness;

and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently on my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *Hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the King's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating, that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up with great dexterity one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more, but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, *Hekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mivola*, and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *Hekinah degul*. I confess I was often tempted while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behavior, soon drove out these imaginations.

Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts, I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his Imperial Majesty. His Excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue. And producing his credentials under the Signet Royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his Majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his Excellency's head for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows, upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this, the *Hurgo* and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *Peplom selan*, and I felt great numbers of people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree, that I was able to turn upon my right, and to ease myself with making water; which I very plentifully did, to the great astonishment of the people, who conjecturing by my motions what I was going to do, immediately opened to the right and left on that side to avoid the

torrent which fell with such noise and violence from me. But before this, they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the Emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogshead of wine.

It seems that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the Emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related, (which was done in the night while I slept) that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion; however, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous: for supposing these people had endeavored to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the Emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince hath several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men of war, whereof some are nine foot long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven foot long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which it seems set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one

foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords of the bigness of packthread were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told, for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the Emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped a while to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently: whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of that day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sun-rise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The Emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his Majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom; which having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common uses, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four foot high, and almost two foot wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window not above six inches from the ground:

into that on the left side, the King's smiths conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six and thirty padlocks. Over-against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty foot distance, there was a turret at least five foot high. Here the Emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle; but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAPTER II

The Emperor of Lilliput, attended by several of the nobility, comes to see the Author in his confinement. The Emperor's person and habit described. Learned men appointed to teach the Author their language. He gains favor by his mild disposition. His pockets are searched, and his sword and pistols taken from him.

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country round appeared like a continued garden, and the inclosed fields, which were generally forty foot square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a stang,¹ and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven foot high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for some hours extremely pressed by the necessities of nature; which was no wonder, it being almost two days since I had last disburthened myself. I was under

¹ A stang is a pole or perch; sixteen teet and a half.

great difficulties between urgency and shame. The best expedient I could think on, was to creep into my house, which I accordingly did; and shutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would suffer, and discharged my body of that uneasy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of so uncleanly an action; for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give some allowance, after he hath maturely and impartially considered my case, and the distress I was in. From this time my constant practice was, as soon as I rose, to perform that business in open air, at the full extent of my chain, and due care was taken every morning before company came, that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheel-barrows, by two servants appointed for that purpose. I would not have dwelt so long upon a circumstance, that perhaps at first sight may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it necessary to justify my character in point of cleanliness to the world; which I am told some of my maligners have been pleased, upon this and other occasions, to call in question.

When this adventure was at an end, I came back out of my house, having occasion for fresh air. The Emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet: but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his Majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration,¹ but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls, and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The Empress, and young Princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the Emperor's horse, they alighted, and came

¹ wonder.

near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven, in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European: but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long, the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad, so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His Imperial Majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers, but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits) who were commanded to address themselves to me, and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca; but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst, and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands, which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forwards with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach; I took them

all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my pen-knife: but I soon put them out of fear: for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket, and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly obliged at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time the Emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure were brought in carriages, and worked up in my house; an hundred and fifty of their beds sewn together made up the breadth and length, and these were four double, which however kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships as I.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me; so that the villages were almost emptied, and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his Imperial Majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconvenience. He directed that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house without licence from court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the mean time, the Emperor held frequent councils to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was looked upon to be as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose, that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon dispatch me; but again they considered,

that the stench of so large a carcass might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber; and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behavior to the six criminals above-mentioned, which made so favorable an impression in the breast of his Majesty and the whole board, in my behalf, that an Imperial Commission was issued out, obliging all the villages nine hundred yards around the city, to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which his Majesty gave assignments upon his treasury. For this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes, seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board-wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered, that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes after the fashion of the country: that six of his Majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language: and, lastly, that the Emperor's horses, and those of the nobility, and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution, and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time, the Emperor frequently honored me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learnt were to express my desire that he would please to give me my liberty, which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could comprehend it, was, that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *Lumos kelmin pesso desmar lon emposo*; that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness; and he advised me to acquire, by my patience and discreet behavior, the good opinion of himself and his subjects. He desired I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me: for

probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person. I said, his Majesty should be satisfied, for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered part in words, and part in signs. He replied, that by the laws of the kingdom I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands: that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them. I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs; and another secret pocket which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessities that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of every thing they saw; and when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the Emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows:

Imprimis, In the right coat-pocket of the Great Man-Mountain (for so I interpret the words *Quinbus Flestrin*) after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your Majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces, set us both a sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat-pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisadoes before your Majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the Man-Mountain combs his

head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate the word *ranfu-lo*, by which they meant my breeches) we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket, another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side, were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy, that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped: we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other, there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us, that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter: these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was fastened to that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for, on the transparent side, we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise like that of a water-mill. And we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us, (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did any thing without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a pet almost large enough for a

fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use: we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

Having thus, in obedience to your Majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist made of the hide of some prodigious animal; from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your Majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes or balls of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and requiring a strong hand to lift them: the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold about fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man-Mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your Majesty's Commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eightyninth moon of your Majesty's auspicious reign.

CLEFRIN FRELOCK, MARSJ FRELOCK.

When this inventory was read over to the Emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scimitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the mean time he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge: but I did not observe it, for my eyes were wholly fixed upon his Majesty. He then desired me to draw my scimitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scimitar to and fro in my hand. His Majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect; he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six foot from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded, was one of the hollow iron pillars, by which he meant my pocket-pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, hap-

pened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide,) I first cautioned the Emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scimitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the Emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself in some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the Emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours: and asked the opinions of his learned men about him, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating; although indeed I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse, with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his Majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned to me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles, (which I sometimes use for the weakness of my eyes) a pocket perspective, and several other little conveniences; which being of no consequence to the Emperor, I did not think myself bound in honor to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

CHAPTER III

The Author diverts the Emperor, and his nobility of both sexes, in a very uncommon manner. The diversions of the court of Lilliput described. The Author has his liberty granted him upon certain conditions.

My gentleness and good behavior had gained so far on the Emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of

getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favorable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand. And at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide and seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language. The Emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two foot, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments, and high favor, at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace, (which often happens) five or six of those candidates petition the Emperor to entertain his Majesty and the court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the Emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the Treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire.¹ I have seen him do the summerset several times together upon a trencher fixed on the rope, which is no thicker than a common pack-thread in England. My friend Reldresal, Principal Secretary for Private Affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the Treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who hath not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap

would have infallibly broke his neck, if one of the King's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.²

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the Emperor and Empress, and first minister, upon particular occasions. The Emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long. One is blue, the other red, and the third green.² These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the Emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favor. The ceremony is performed in his Majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or the new world. The Emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it backwards and forwards several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the Emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-colored silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court, who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand as I held it on the ground, and one of the Emperor's huntsmen, upon a larger courser, took my foot, shoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the Emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two foot high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his Majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly; and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, fixing them

¹ Flimnap is probably intended to suggest Sir Robert Walpole.

² At one crisis of his career, Walpole was helped by the Duchess of Kendall, mistress of George I.

³ The ribbons of the orders of the Garter, the Bath, the Thistle.

firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two foot and a half square. I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner, about two foot from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides, till it was tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the Emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His Majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up, one by one, in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and in short discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the Emperor was so much delighted that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, persuaded even the Empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, from whence she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune that no ill accident happened in these entertainments, only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt, and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could: however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with these kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his Majesty, that some of his subjects riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round as wide as his Majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended,

for it lay on the grass without motion, and some of them had walked round it several times: that by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and stamping upon it they found it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the Man-Mountain; and if his Majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I intreated his Imperial Majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it: and the next day the waggoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the Emperor having ordered that part of his army which quarters in and about his metropolis to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a Colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his General (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four in a breast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colors flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot, and a thousand horse. His Majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person; which, however, could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes as they passed under me. And, to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition, that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his Majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in his cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the Emperor. That minister was *Galbet*, or Admiral of the Realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under-secretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws; which was to hold my right foot in my left hand, to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

GOLBASTO MOMAREM EVLAME GURDILO SHEFIN MULLY ULLY GUE, most mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand *blustrugs* (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime Majesty proposeth to the Man-Mountain, lately arrived to our celestial dominions, the following articles, which by a solemn oath he shall be obliged to perform.

First, The Man-Mountain shall not depart from our dominions, without our licence under our great seal.

2d, He shall not presume to come into our metropolis, without our express order; at

which time, the inhabitants shall have two hours warning to keep within their doors.

3rd, The said Man-Mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

4th, As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses, or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands, without their own consent.

5th, If an express requires extraordinary dispatch, the Man-Mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse a six days journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our Imperial Presence.

6th, He shall be our ally against our enemies in the Island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

7th, That the said Man-Mountain shall, at his times of leisure, be aiding and assisting our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones, towards covering the wall of the principal park, and other our royal buildings.

8th, That the said Man-Mountain shall, in two moons' time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

Lastly, That upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said Man-Mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1728 of our subjects, with free access to our Royal Person, and other marks of our favor. Given at our Palace at Belfaborac the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign.

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honorable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the High-Admiral: whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty; the Emperor himself in person did me the honor to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgements by prostrating myself at his Majesty's feet: but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favors he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

The reader may please to observe, that in the last article for the recovery of my liberty, the Emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1728 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determinate number; he told me that his Majesty's mathematicians, having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one they concluded from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1728 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which, the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

CHAPTER IV

Mildendo, the metropolis of Lilliput, described, together with the Emperor's palace. A conversation between the Author and a principal Secretary, concerning the affairs of that empire. The Author's offer to serve the Emperor in his wars.

The first request I made after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have licence to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the Emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice by proclamation of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it, is two foot and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten foot distance. I stepped over the great Western Gate, and passed very gently, and sideling through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers, that might remain in the streets, although the orders were very strict, that all people should keep in their houses, at their own peril. The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred foot long. The two great streets, which run cross and divide it into four quarters, are five foot wide. The lanes and alleys,

which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls. The houses are from three to five stories. The shops and markets well provided.

The Emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is inclosed by a wall of two foot high, and twenty foot distant from the buildings. I had his Majesty's permission to step over this wall; and the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty foot, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five foot high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time the Emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about an hundred yards distant from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three foot high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace, with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand: this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight foot wide. I then stepped over the buildings very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the Empress and the young Princes, in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her Imperial Majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with farther descriptions of this kind, because I re-

serve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press, containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through a long series of princes, with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion: their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions as happened to the public, or to myself, during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, Principal Secretary (as they style him) of Private Affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said he might pretend to some merit in it: but, however, added, that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For, said he, as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labor under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion by a most potent enemy from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand, that for about seventy moons past there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Tramecksan* and *Slamecksan*, from the high and low heels on their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves.¹ It is alleged indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution: but however this be, his Majesty hath determined to make use of only low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the Crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly, that his Majesty's Imperial heels are lower at least by a *drurr* than any of his court; (*drurr* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch). The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the *Tramecksan*, or High-Heels, to exceed us in number; but the

power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his Imperial Highness, the Heir to the Crown, to have some tendency towards the High-Heels; at least we can plainly discover one of his heels higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait.² Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the Island of Blefuscu,³ which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his Majesty. For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain, that an hundred mortals of your bulk would, in a short time, destroy all the fruits and cattle of his Majesty's dominions. Besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions, than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six and thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion. It is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end: but his present Majesty's grandfather,⁴ while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the Emperor his father published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one Emperor lost his life, and another his crown.⁴ These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed, that eleven thousand persons have, at several times, suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy: but the books of the Big-Endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these

¹ George II, while Prince of Wales, had a foot in each political camp.

² Blefuscu stands for France, the hereditary foe of England.

³ Henry VIII. The Little-Endians are the Protestants; the Big-Endians, the Roman Catholics.

⁴ Charles I and James II.

troubles, the Emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral (which is their Alcoran). This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text: for the words are these; *That all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end:* and which is the convenient end, seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now the Big-Endian exiles have found so much credit in the Emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war has been carried on between the two empires for six and thirty moons with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his Imperial Majesty, placing great confidence in your valor and strength, has commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you.

I desired the Secretary to present my humble duty to the Emperor, and to let him know, that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders.

CHAPTER V

The Author, by an extraordinary stratagem, prevents an invasion. A high title of honor is conferred upon him. Ambassadors arrive from the Emperor of Blefuscu, and sue for peace. The Empress's apartment on fire by an accident; the Author instrumental in saving the rest of the palace.

The Empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the north north-east side of Lilliput, from whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourse between

the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our Emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his Majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet: which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbor ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen, upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed, who told me, that in the middle at high-water it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six foot of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most. I walked towards the north-east coast over against Blefuscu; and lying down behind a hillock, took out my small pocket perspective-glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men of war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave order (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, binding the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards till I felt ground; I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for my eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept among other little necessities a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had scaped the Emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus armed went on boldly with my work in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles,

but without any other effect, further than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men of war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run a-drift, or fall foul on each other: but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair, that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The Emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced in the middle of the channel, they were yet in more pain, because I was under water to my neck. The Emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears, for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, *Long live the most puissant Emperor of Lilliput!* This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *Nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honor among them.

His Majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes,

that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of destroying the Big-Indian exiles, and compelling the people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavored to divert him from this design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice; and I plainly protested, that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery. And when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his Imperial Majesty, that he could never forgive it; he mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared, at least by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions, which by a side-wind reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his Majesty and a junto of ministers maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace; which was soon concluded upon conditions very advantageous to our Emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons, and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master, and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have at court, their Excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valor and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the Emperor their master's name, and desired me to show them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their Excellencies, to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the

honor to present my most humble respects to the Emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend before I returned to my own country: accordingly, the next time I had the honor to see our Emperor, I desired his general licence to wait on the Blefuscuian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could perceive, in a very cold manner; but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection, from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongues, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbor; yet our Emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials, and make their speech in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles, which is mutual among them, and from the custom in each empire to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners; there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the Emperor of Blefuscu, which in the midst of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember, that when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked upon account of their being too servile, neither could anything but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a *Nardac* of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the Emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his Majesty, at least, as I then thought,

a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word *burglum* repeated incessantly: several of the Emperor's court, making their way through the crowd, entreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her Imperial Majesty's apartment was on fire, by the carelessness of a maid of honor, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of a large thimble, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was so violent that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable; and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if, by a presence of mind, unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had the evening before drunk plentifully of a most delicious wine, called *glimigrim*, (the Blefuscuians call it *flunec*, but ours is esteemed the better sort) which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world, I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by laboring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now day-light, and I returned to my house without waiting to congratulate with the Emperor: because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his Majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his Majesty, that he would give orders to the Grand Justiciary for passing

my pardon in form; which, however, I could not obtain. And I was privately assured, that the Empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use; and, in the presence of her chief confidants could not forbear vowing revenge.

CHAPTER VI

Of the inhabitants of Lilliput; their learning, laws, and customs, the manner of educating their children. The Author's way of living in that country. His vindication of a great lady.

Although I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet in the mean time I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and a half, more or less: their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards till you come to the smallest, which, to my sight, were almost invisible; but nature hath adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view: they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And to show the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk. Their tallest trees are about seven foot high: I mean some of those in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clinched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which for many ages hath flourished in all its branches among them: but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians; nor from up to down, like the Chinese; nor from down to up, like the Cascagians; but aslant from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downwards, because they hold an opinion, that in eleven thousand moons they

are all to rise again, in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall, at their resurrection, be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine, but the practice still continues, in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished, that they were as well executed. The first I shall mention, relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but if the person accused maketh his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and out of his goods or lands, the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he hath been at in making his defence. Or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the Crown. The Emperor does also confer on him some public mark of his favor, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they allege, that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against superior cunning; and since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit, where fraud is permitted and connived at, or hath no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember when I was once interceding with the Emperor for a criminal who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order, and ran away with; and happening to tell his Majesty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust; the Emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer, as a defence, the greatest aggravation of the crime: and truly I had little to say in return, farther than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for, I confess, I was heartily ashamed.

Although we usually call reward and punishment the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe

this maxim to be put in practice by any nation except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof that he hath strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, hath a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality and condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use: he likewise acquires the title of *Snailpall*, or Legal, which is added to his name, but does not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of Justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to show she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

In choosing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understandings is fitted to some station or other, and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery, to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power; the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and at least, that the mistakes committed by ignorance in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal, as the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and had great abilities to manage, and multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the disbelief of a Divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station; for, since kings avow themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which he acts.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions; and not the most scandalous corruptions into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favor and distinction by leaping over sticks and creeping under them, the reader is to observe, that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the Emperor now reigning, and grew to the present height, by the gradual increase of party and faction.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries: for they reason thus, that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he hath received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children differ extremely from ours. For, since the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the species, the Lilliputians will needs have it, that men and women are joined together like other animals, by the motives of concupiscence; and that their tenderness towards their young proceeds from the like natural principle: for which reason they will never allow, that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world, which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself, nor intended so by his parents, whose thoughts in their love-encounters were otherwise employed. Upon these, and the like reasonings, their opinion is, that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children; and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and laborers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities, and to both sexes. They have certain professors well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities as well as inclinations. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent

birth, are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honor, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions, consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great; and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together in small or greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor, or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a year; the visit is to last but an hour. They are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the Emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the same manner; only those designed for trades, are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to one and twenty with us: but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex; but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girl with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practiced by chambermaids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools, as the men, and

despise all personal ornaments beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education, made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust; and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for their maxim is, that among people of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home, with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for their sex, and their several degrees: those intended for apprentices, are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept to eleven.

The meaner families who have children at these nurseries, are obliged, besides their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings, to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited in their expenses by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust, than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burthen of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry, and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and laborers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public; but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals: for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may perhaps divert the curious reader, to give some account of my domestic, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts, and linen for my bed and table, all of the

strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen was usually three inches wide, and three foot make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while the third measured the length of the cord with a rule an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more; for by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat: but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house, (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them) they looked like the patch-work made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a color.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table: an hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine, and other liquors, slung on their shoulders; all which the waiters above drew up as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large, that I have been forced to make three bites of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually eat at a mouthful, and I must confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his Imperial Majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired that himself and his Royal Consort, with the young Princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness (as he was pleased to call it) of dining with me. They came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state on my table, just over against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the Lord High Treasurer, attended there likewise with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but eat more than usual, in honor to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe, that this visit from his Majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the Emperor the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine per cent. below par; that in short I had cost his Majesty above a million and a half of *sprugs* (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle); and upon the whole, that it would be advisable in the Emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me.

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent sufferer upon my account. The Treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him that her Grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court-scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, farther than that her Grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court. And I still appeal to my servants round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door; and, after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands, (for, if

there were six horses, the postillion always unharnessed four) and place them on a table, where I had fixed a movable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents. And I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table full of company, while I sat in my chair leaning my face towards them; and when I was engaged with one set, the coachmen would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the Treasurer, or his two informers (I will name them, and let them make their best of it) Clustril and Drunlo, to prove that any person ever came to me *incognito*, except the secretary Reldresal, who was sent by express command of his Imperial Majesty, as I have before related. I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is so nearly concerned, to say nothing of my own; though I then had the honor to be a *Nardac*, which the Treasurer himself is not; for all the world knows he is only a *Glumglum*, a title inferior by one degree, as that of a Marquis is to a Duke in England, although I allow he preceded me in right of his post. These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of, by an accident not proper to mention, made Flimnap, the Treasurer, show his lady for some time an ill countenance, and me a worse; and although he were at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the Emperor himself, who was indeed too much governed by that favorite.

CHAPTER VII.

The Author, being informed of a design to accuse him of high-treason, makes his escape to Blefuscu. His reception there.

Before I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue which had been for two months forming against me.

I had been hitherto all my life a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had indeed heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers; but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my at-

tendance on the Emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his Imperial Majesty) came to my house very privately at night in a close chair, and without sending his name, desired admittance. The chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair, with his Lordship in it, into my coat-pocket: and giving orders to a trusty servant to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table, according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his Lordship's countenance full of concern, and enquiring into the reason, he desired I would hear him with patience in a matter that highly concerned my honor and my life. His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me:

"You are to know," said he, "that several Committees of Council have been lately called in the most private manner on your account; and it is but two days since his Majesty came to a full resolution.

"You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgolum (*Galbet*, or High-Admiral) hath been your mortal enemy almost ever since your arrival. His original reasons I know not; but his hatred is much increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory, as Admiral, is obscured. This Lord, in conjunction with Flimnap the High-Treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the General, Lalcon the Chamberlain, and Balmuff the Grand Justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you, for treason, and other capital crimes."

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt; when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded:

"Out of gratitude for the favors you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles, wherein I venture my head for your service."

Articles of Impeachment against Quinbus Flestrin (the Man-Mountain.)

ARTICLE I

Whereas, by a statute made in the reign of his Imperial Majesty Calin Deffar Plune, it is enacted, that whoever shall make water within the precincts of the royal palace, shall be liable to the pains and penalties

of high treason; notwithstanding, the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under color of extinguishing the fire kindled in the apartment of his Majesty's most dear Imperial Consort, did maliciously, traitorously, and devilishly; by discharge of his urine, put out the said fire kindled in the said apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the said royal palace, against the statute in that case provided, *etc.* against the duty, *etc.*

ARTICLE II

That the said Quinbus Flestrin having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his Imperial Majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province, to be governed by a viceroy from hence, and to destroy and put to death not only all the Big-Indian exiles, but likewise all the people of that empire, who would not immediately forsake the Big-Indian heresy: He, the said Flestrin, like a false traitor against his most Auspicious, Serene, Imperial Majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences, or destroy the liberties and lives of an innocent people.

ARTICLE III

That, whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the court of Blefuscu, to sue for peace in his Majesty's court: He, the said Flestrin, did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a Prince who was lately an open enemy to his Imperial Majesty, and in open war against his said Majesty.

ARTICLE IV

That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he hath received only verbal licence from his Imperial Majesty; and under color of the said licence, doth falsely and traitorously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the Emperor of Blefuscu, so late an enemy, and in open war with his Imperial Majesty aforesaid.

"There are some other articles, but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

"In the several debates upon this impeachment, it must be confessed that his Majesty gave many marks of his great lenity, often urging the services you had done him, and endeavoring to extenuate your crimes. The Treasurer and Admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire on your house at night, and the General was to attend with twenty thousand men armed with poisoned arrows to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The General came into the same opinion; so that for a long time there was a majority against you. But his Majesty resolving, if possible, to spare your life, at last brought off the Chamberlain.

"Upon this incident, Reldresal, Principal Secretary for Private Affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the Emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did; and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great; but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his Majesty was so justly celebrated. He said, the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honorable board might think him partial: however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his Majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give orders to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived, that by this expedient, justice might in some measure be satisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the Emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honor to be his counsellors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his Majesty. That blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us; that the fear you had for your eyes, was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet, and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

"This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the Admiral, could not preserve

his temper; but rising up in fury, said, he wondered how the Secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor; that the services you had performed, were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes; that you, who were able to extinguish the fire, by discharge of urine in her Majesty's apartment (which he mentioned with horror), might, at another time, raise an inundation, by the same means, to drown the whole palace; and the same strength which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet, might serve, upon the first discontent, to carry it back: that he had good reasons to think you were a Big-Endian in your heart; and as treason begins in the heart, before it appears in overt acts, so he accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

"The Treasurer was of the same opinion; he showed to what straits his Majesty's revenue was reduced by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable; that the Secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes was so far from being a remedy against this evil, that it would probably increase it, as it is manifest from the common practice of blinding some kind of fowl, after which they fed the faster, and grew sooner fat: that his sacred Majesty and the Council, who are your judges, were in their own consciences fully convinced of your guilt; which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to death, without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law.

"But his Imperial Majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say, that since the Council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend the Secretary humbly desiring to be heard again, in answer to what the Treasurer had objected concerning the great charge his Majesty was at in maintaining you, said, that his Excellency, who had the sole disposal of the Emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil, by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient food, you would grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consequently decay and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcass be then so dangerous; when it should become more than half diminished; and immediately upon your death, five or six thousand of his Majesty's subjects might, in two or three days, cut your flesh from your bones, take it away by cart-loads, and bury it in distant

parts to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

"Thus by the great friendship of the Secretary, the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined, that the project of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret, but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books; none dissenting except Bolgolam the Admiral, who, being a creature of the Empress, was perpetually instigated by her Majesty to insist upon your death; she having borne perpetual malice against you, on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguish the fire in her apartment.

"In three days your friend the Secretary will be directed to come to your house, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favor of his Majesty and Council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his Majesty doth not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his Majesty's surgeons will attend, in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

"I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return in as private a manner as I came."

His Lordship did so, and I remained alone, under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been assured, from the practices of former times,) that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment, or the malice of a favorite, the Emperor always made a speech to his whole Council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published through the kingdom; nor did any thing terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his Majesty's mercy; because it was observed, that the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. And as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things, that I could not discover the lenity and favor of his sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I some-

times thought of standing my trial, for although I could not deny the facts alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuations. But having in my life perused many state-trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision, in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance, for while I had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the Emperor, the favors I received from him, and the high title of *Nardac* he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself that his Majesty's present severities acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last I fixed upon a resolution, for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving my eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness and want of experience: because if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should with great alacrity and readiness have submitted to so easy a punishment. But hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his Imperial Majesty's licence to pay my attendance upon the Emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the Secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu pursuant to the leave I had got; and without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man of war, tied a cable to the prow, and, lifting up the anchors, I stripped myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet, which I brought under my arm) into the vessel, and drawing it after me between wading and swimming, arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me: they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know, I there waited his Majesty's command. I had an answer in about an hour, that his Majesty, attended by

the Royal Family, and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me. I advanced a hundred yards. The Emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the Empress and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his Majesty's and the Empress's hands. I told his Majesty, that I was come according to my promise, and with the licence of the Emperor my master, to have the honor of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power, consistent with my duty to my own prince; not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design; neither could I reasonably conceive that the Emperor would discover the secret while I was out of his power: wherein, however, it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapped up in my coverlet.

CHAPTER VIII

The Author, by a lucky accident, finds means to leave Blefuscu; and, after some difficulties, returns safe to his native country.

Three days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the north-east coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off, in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide; and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might, by some tempest, have been driven from a ship; whereupon I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his Imperial Majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen under the command of his Vice-Admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast where I first discovered the boat; I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a sufficient strength. When the ships came up, I stripped myself, and waded till I came within an hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced

to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man of war; but I found all my labor to little purpose; for being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity, I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forwards as often as I could, with one of my hands; and the tide favoring me, I advanced so far, that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove, and so on till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastening them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favorable, the seamen towed, and I shoved till we arrived within forty yards of the shore; and waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the Emperor that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way, to carry me to some place from whence I might return into my native country, and begged his Majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his licence to depart; which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express relating to me from our Emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterwards given privately to understand, that his Imperial Majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was only gone to Blefuscu in performance of my promise, according to the licence he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days when that ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and after consulting with the Treasurer, and the rest of that cabal, a person of quality was dispatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefuscu, the great lenity of his master, who was con-

tent to punish me no farther than with the loss of my eyes; that I had fled from justice, and if I did not return in two hours, I should be deprived of my title of *Nardac*, and declared a traitor. The envoy further added, that in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected, that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor.

The Emperor of Blefuscu having taken three days to consult, returned an answer consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said, that as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That however both their Majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given order to fit up with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped in a few weeks both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance.

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput, and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had passed; offering me at the same time (but under the strictest confidence) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his service; wherein although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it; and therefore, with all due acknowledgements for his favorable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him, that since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself in the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs. Neither did I find the Emperor at all displeased; and I discovered by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen fold of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the sea-shore,

served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber-trees for oars and masts, wherein I was, however, much assisted by his Majesty's ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them, after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his Majesty's commands, and take my leave. The Emperor and Royal Family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me: so did the Empress and young Princes of the blood. His Majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred *sprugs* a-piece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcasses of an hundred oxen, and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed. And to feed them on board, I had a good bundle of hay, and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the Emperor would by no means permit; and besides a diligent search into my pockets, his Majesty engaged my honor not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the twenty-fourth day of September 1701, at six in the morning; and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at south-east, at six in the evening I descried a small island about half a league to the north-west. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee-side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest. I slept well, and as I conjecture at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I eat my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favorable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket-compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands, which I had reason to believe lay to the north-east of Van Diemen's Land. I dis-

covered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had by my computation made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the south-east; my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I had left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September 26; but my heart leaped within me to see her English colors. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman, returning from Japan by the North and South Seas; the Captain, Mr. John Biddel of Deptford, a very civil man, and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south; there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the Captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound; which I did in a few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I underwent had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then showed him the gold given me by the Emperor of Blefuscu, together with his Majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred *sprugs* each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe on shore, and set them a grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the Captain had not

allowed me some of his best biscuit, which, rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by showing my cattle to many persons of quality, and others: and before I began my second voyage, I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return, I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep; which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family; for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money, and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a year; and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter-Lane, which yielded me as much more; so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the Grammar School, and a towardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needle-work. I took leave of my wife, and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the *Adventure*, a merchant-ship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, Captain John Nicholas, of Liverpool, Commander. But my account of this voyage must be referred to the second part of my Travels.

The End of the First Part

AN ARGUMENT

TO PROVE THAT THE ABOLISHING OF

CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND

MAY, AS THINGS NOW STAND, BE ATTENDED WITH SOME INCONVENIENCES, AND PERHAPS NOT PRODUCE THOSE MANY GOOD EFFECTS PROPOSED THEREBY

1708

Despite his misanthropy, which can hardly be called Christian, the Reverend Jonathan Swift was a staunch and loyal Churchman, and the bitter opponent of that French school of philosophy known as Deism, which sought to discredit the Christian religion and to substitute for it what was called the "religion of nature" — a creed arrived at by eliminating from Christian teaching all elements which are not

also present in the other great religions of the world, Judaism, Mohametanism, the religion of ancient Greece and Rome. Such a creed, its supporters declared, derived its sanction from the universal consent of human reason, and stood in no need of supernatural revelation. In his *Arguement against Abolishing Christianity*, Swift supposes that the "free-thinkers" have formally proposed the abolition of Christianity in England, and proceeds to argue against so radical a step. But the brilliant irony of his "argument" is directed not so much against the avowed "free-thinkers" as against that great mass of professing Christians to whom their religion is no more than an empty formula and a set of comfortably established social conventions. "I hope no reader imagines me so weak as to stand up in the defence of real Christianity, such as used in primitive times to have an influence upon men's belief and actions." Swift's ironical defense of "nominal Christianity" is in reality a crushing indictment of our smug hypocrisies.

I am very sensible what a weakness and presumption it is to reason against the general humor and disposition of the world. I remember it was, with great justice, and due regard to the freedom both of the public and the press, forbidden, upon several penalties, to write, or discourse, or lay wagers against the Union, even before it was confirmed by parliament; because that was looked upon as a design to oppose the current of the people, which, beside the folly of it, is a manifest breach of the fundamental law, that makes this majority of opinion the voice of God. In like manner, and for the very same reasons, it may perhaps be neither safe nor prudent to argue against the abolishing of Christianity, at a juncture when all parties appear so unanimously determined upon the point, as we cannot but allow from their actions, their discourses, and their writings. However, I know not how, whether from the affectation of singularity, or the perverseness of human nature, but so it unhappily falls out, that I cannot be entirely of this opinion: Nay, though I were sure an order were issued for my immediate prosecution by the attorney-general, I should still confess that, in the present posture of our affairs at home or abroad, I do not yet see the absolute necessity of extirpating the Christian religion from among us.

This, perhaps, may appear too great a paradox even for our wise and paradoxical age to endure; therefore I shall handle it with all tenderness, and with the utmost deference to that great and profound majority which is of another sentiment.

And yet the curious may please to observe how much the genius of a nation is liable to alter in half an age. I have heard it affirmed for certain, by some very old people, that the contrary opinion was, even in their memories, as much in vogue as the other is now; and that a project for the abolishing of Christianity would then have appeared as singular, and been thought as absurd, as it would be, at this time, to write or discourse in its defence.

Therefore I freely own that all appearances are against me. The system of the gospel, after the fate of other systems, is generally antiquated and exploded: and the mass or body of the common people, among whom it seems to have had its latest credit, are now grown as much ashamed of it as their betters; opinions like fashions always descending from those of quality to the middle sort, and thence to the vulgar, where at length they are dropped and vanish.

But here I would not be mistaken, and must therefore be so bold as to borrow a distinction from the writers on the other side, when they make a difference between nominal and real Trinitarians. I hope no reader imagines me so weak as to stand up in the defence of real Christianity, such as used in primitive times (if we may believe the authors of those ages) to have an influence upon men's belief and actions: to offer at the restoring of that would indeed be a wild project; it would be to dig up foundations; to destroy at one blow all the wit and half the learning of the kingdom; to break the entire frame and constitution of things; to ruin trade, extinguish arts and sciences, with the professors of them; in short, to turn our courts, exchanges, and shops into deserts; and would be full as absurd as the proposal of Horace, where he advises the Romans all in a body to leave their city, and seek a new seat in some remote part of the world, by way of cure for the corruption of their manners.

Therefore I think this caution was in itself altogether unnecessary (which I have inserted only to prevent all possibility of cavilling), since every candid reader will easily understand my discourse to be intended only in defence of nominal Christianity; the other having been for some time wholly laid aside by general consent, as utterly inconsistent with our present schemes of wealth and power.

But why we should therefore cast off the name and title of Christians, although the general opinion and resolution be so violent

for it, I confess I cannot (with submission) apprehend, nor is the consequence necessary. However, since the undertakers propose such wonderful advantages to the nation by this project, and advance many plausible objections against the system of Christianity, I shall briefly consider the strength of both, fairly allow them their greatest weight, and offer such answers as I think most reasonable. After which I will beg leave to show what inconveniences may possibly happen by such an innovation, in the present posture of our affairs.

First, one great advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is, that it would very much enlarge and establish liberty of conscience, that great bulwark of our nation, and of the Protestant religion; which is still too much limited by priestcraft, notwithstanding all the good intentions of the legislature, as we have lately found by a severe instance. For it is confidently reported that two young gentlemen of real hopes, bright wit, and profound judgment, who, upon a thorough examination of causes and effects, and by the mere force of natural abilities, without the least tincture of learning, having made a discovery that there was no God, and generously communicating their thoughts for the good of the public, were some time ago, by an unparalleled severity, and upon I know not what obsolete law, broke for blasphemy. And as it has been wisely observed, if persecution once begins, no man alive knows how far it may reach or where it will end.

In answer to all which, with deference to wiser judgments, I think this rather shows the necessity of a nominal religion among us. Great wits love to be free with the highest objects; and if they cannot be allowed a God to revile or renounce, they will speak evil of dignities, abuse the government, and reflect upon the ministry; which I am sure few will deny to be of much more pernicious consequence, according to the saying of Tiberius, *deorum offensa diis cura*.¹ As to the particular fact related, I think it is not fair to argue from one instance, perhaps another cannot be produced: yet (to the comfort of all those who may be apprehensive of persecution) blasphemy, we know, is freely spoken a million of times in every coffee-house and tavern, or wherever else good company meet. It must be allowed, indeed, that, to break an English free-born officer only for blasphemy was, to speak the gentlest of such an action, a very

1 "Offences against the gods are the concern of the gods."

high strain of absolute power. Little can be said in excuse for the general: perhaps he was afraid it might give offence to the allies, among whom, for aught we know, it may be the custom of the country to believe a God. But if he argued, as some have done, upon a mistaken principle, that an officer who is guilty of speaking blasphemy may some time or other proceed so far as to raise a mutiny, the consequence is by no means to be admitted; for surely the commander of an English army is likely to be but ill obeyed whose soldiers fear and reverence him as little as they do a Deity.

It is further objected against the gospel system, that it obliges men to the belief of things too difficult for free-thinkers, and such who have shaken off the prejudices that usually cling to a confined education. To which I answer, that men should be cautious how they raise objections which reflect upon the wisdom of the nation. Is not everybody freely allowed to believe whatever he pleases, and to publish his belief to the world whenever he thinks fit, especially if it serves to strengthen the party which is in the right? Would any indifferent foreigner, who should read the trumpery lately written by Asgil, Tindal, Toland, Coward,¹ and forty more, imagine the gospel to be our rule of faith, and confirmed by parliaments? Does any man either believe, or say he believes, or desire to have it thought that he says he believes, one syllable of the matter? And is any man worse received upon that score, or does he find his want of nominal faith a disadvantage to him in the pursuit of any civil or military employment? What if there be an old dormant statute or two against him, are they not now obsolete to a degree, that Empson and Dudley² themselves, if they were now alive, would find it impossible to put them in execution?

It is likewise urged that there are, by computation, in this kingdom, above ten thousand parsons, whose revenues, added to those of my lords the bishops, would suffice to maintain at least two hundred young gentlemen of wit and pleasure, and free-thinking, enemies to priestcraft, narrow principles, pedantry, and prejudices, who might be an ornament to the court and town: and then again, so great a number of able divines might be a recruit to our fleet and armies. This, indeed, appears to be a consideration of

some weight; but then, on the other side, several things deserve to be considered likewise: as first, whether it may not be thought necessary that in certain tracts of country, like what we call parishes, there shall be one man at least of abilities to read and write. Then it seems a wrong computation, that the revenues of the church throughout this island would be large enough to maintain two hundred young gentlemen, or even half that number, after the present refined way of living; that is, to allow each of them such a rent as, in the modern form of speech, would make them easy. But still there is in this project a greater mischief behind; and we ought to beware of the woman's folly, who killed the hen that every morning laid her a golden egg. For, pray what would become of the race of men in the next age, if we had nothing to trust to beside the scrofulous, consumptive productions furnished by our men of wit and pleasure, when, having squandered away their vigor, health, and estates, they are forced, by some disagreeable marriage, to piece up their broken fortunes, and entail rottenness and politeness on their posterity! Now, here are ten thousand persons reduced, by the wise regulations of Henry VIII, to the necessity of a low diet and moderate exercise, who are the only great restorers of our breed, without which the nation would in an age or two become one great hospital.

Another advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity, is the clear gain of one day in seven, which is now entirely lost, and consequently the kingdom one-seventh less considerable in trade, business, and pleasure; besides the loss to the public of so many stately structures, now in the hands of the clergy, which might be converted into play-houses, market-houses, exchanges, common dormitories, and other public edifices.

I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word, if I call this a perfect *cavil*. I readily own there has been an old custom, time out of mind, for people to assemble in the churches every Sunday, and that shops are still frequently shut, in order, as it is conceived, to preserve the memory of that ancient practice; but how this can prove a hindrance to business or pleasure is hard to imagine. What if the men of pleasure are forced, one day in the week, to game at home instead of the chocolate-houses? are not the taverns and coffee-houses open? can there be a more convenient season for taking a dose of physic? are fewer claps got upon Sundays than other days? is not that the chief day for traders to

¹ Notorious deists and "free-thinkers."

² English politicians of the reign of Henry VII, who rigorously put in execution obsolete tax laws.

sum up the accounts of the week, and for lawyers to prepare their briefs? But I would fain know how it can be pretended that the churches are misapplied? where are more appointments and rendezvouses of gallantry? where more care to appear in the foremost box, with greater advantage of dress? where more meetings for business? where more bargains driven of all sorts? and where so many conveniences or incitements to sleep? 10

There is one advantage greater than any of the foregoing proposed by the abolishing of Christianity; that it will utterly extinguish parties among us, by removing those factious distinctions of high and low church, of Whig and Tory, Presbyterian and Church of Eng- 15 land, which are now so many grievous clogs upon public proceedings, and are apt to dispose men to prefer the gratifying of themselves, or depressing of their adversaries, before the most important interests of the state.

I confess, if it were certain that so great an advantage would redound to the nation by this expedient, I would submit and be silent; but will any man say that, if the words 25 *whoring, drinking, cheating, lying, stealing* were, by act of parliament, ejected out of the English tongue and dictionaries, we should all awake next morning chaste and temperate, honest and just, and lovers of truth? Is this a fair consequence? Or, if the physicians would forbid us to pronounce the words *pox, gout, rheumatism, and stone*, would that expedient serve, like so many talismans, to destroy the diseases themselves? Are party 35 and faction rooted in men's hearts no deeper than phrases borrowed from religion, or founded upon no firmer principles? and is our language so poor that we cannot find other terms to express them? Are *envy, pride, avarice, and ambition* such ill nomenclators, that they cannot furnish appellations for their owners? Will not *heydukes, and mamalukes, mandarins, and patshaws*, or any other words formed at pleasure, serve to distinguish those who are in the ministry, from others, who would be in it if they could? What, for instance, is easier than to vary the form of speech, and instead of the word church make it a question in politics whether the monument be in danger? Because religion was nearest at hand to furnish a few convenient phrases, is our invention so barren, we can find no other? Suppose, for argument sake, that the Tories favored Margarita, the Whigs Mrs. Tofts, and the trimmers Valentini; 40 would not *Margaritians,*

Toftians, and *Valentinians* be very tolerable marks of distinction? The *Prasini* and *Veniti*, two most virulent factions in Italy, began (if I remember right) by a distinction 5 of colors in ribbons; and we might contend with as good a grace about the dignity of the *blue* and the *green*, which would serve as properly to divide the court, the parliament, and the kingdom between them as any terms of art whatsoever borrowed from religion. And therefore I think there is little force in this objection against Christianity, or prospect of so great an advantage, as is proposed in the abolishing of it.

It is again objected, as a very absurd, ridiculous custom, that a set of men should be suffered, much less employed and hired, to bawl one day in seven against the lawfulness of those methods most in use, toward the pursuit of greatness, riches, and pleasure, which are the constant practice of all men alive on the other six. But this objection is, I think, a little unworthy of so refined an age as ours. Let us argue this matter calmly: I appeal to the breast of any polite free-thinker, whether, in the pursuit of gratifying a predominant passion, he has not always felt a wonderful incitement, by reflecting it was a thing forbidden; and therefore we see, in order to cultivate this taste, the wisdom of the nation has taken special care that the ladies should be furnished with prohibited silks, and the men with prohibited wine. And indeed it were to be wished that some other prohibitions were promoted, in order to improve the pleasures of the town; which for want of such expedients begin already, as I am told, to flag and grow languid, giving way daily to cruel inroads from the spleen. 5

It is likewise proposed as a great advantage to the public, that if we once discard the system of the gospel, all religion will of course be banished for ever; and consequently along with it those grievous prejudices of education, which under the names of *virtue, conscience, honor, justice*, and the like, are so apt to disturb the peace of human minds, and the notions whereof are so hard to be eradicated, by right reason or free-thinking, sometimes during the whole course of our lives.

Here first I observe, how difficult it is to get rid of a phrase which the world is once grown fond of, though the occasion that first produced it be entirely taken away. For several years past, if a man had but an ill-favored nose, the deep-thinkers of the age

1 The spleen was supposed to be the seat of ill-humor and depression.

x Popular stage-favorites.

would some way or other contrive to impute the cause to the prejudice of his education. From this fountain were said to be derived all our foolish notions of justice, piety, love of our country; all our opinions of God or a future state, heaven, hell, and the like; and there might formerly, perhaps, have been some pretence for this charge. But so effectual care has been taken to remove those prejudices by an entire change in the methods of education, that (with honor I mention it to our polite innovators) the young gentlemen who are now on the scene seem to have not the least tincture of those infusions, or string of those weeds; and by consequence, the reason for abolishing nominal Christianity upon that pretext is wholly ceased.

For the rest, it may perhaps admit a controversy whether the banishing of all notions of religion whatsoever would be convenient for the vulgar. Not that I am in the least of opinion with those who hold religion to have been the invention of politicians to keep the lower part of the world in awe, by the fear of invisible powers; unless mankind were then very different to what it is now: for I look upon the mass or body of our people here in England to be as free-thinkers, that is to say, as staunch unbelievers, as any of the highest rank. But I conceive some scattered notions about a superior power to be of singular use for the common people, as furnishing excellent materials to keep children quiet when they grow peevish, and providing topics of amusement in a tedious winter-night.

Lastly, it is proposed as a singular advantage, that the abolishing of Christianity will very much contribute to the uniting of Protestants, by enlarging the terms of communion, so as to take in all sorts of dissenters, who are now shut out of the pale upon account of a few ceremonies, which all sides confess to be things indifferent; that this alone will effectually answer the great ends of a scheme for comprehension, by opening a large noble gate, at which all bodies may enter; whereas the chaffering with dissenters, and dodging about this or the other ceremony, is but like opening a few wickets, and leaving them at jar, by which no more than one can get in at a time, and that not without stooping, and sideling, and squeezing his body.

To all this I answer, that there is one darling inclination of mankind which usually affects to be a retainer to religion, though she be neither its parent, its godmother, or its friend; I mean the spirit of opposition, that

lived long before Christianity, and can easily subsist without it. Let us, for instance, examine wherein the opposition of sectaries among us consists; we shall find Christianity to have no share in it at all. Does the gospel anywhere prescribe a starched, squeezed countenance, a stiff formal gait, a singularity of manners and habit, or any affected modes of speech, different from the reasonable part of mankind? Yet, if Christianity did not lend its name to stand in the gap, and to employ or divert these humors, they must of necessity be spent in contraventions to the laws of the land, and disturbance of the public peace. There is a portion of enthusiasm assigned to every nation, which, if it has not proper objects to work on, will burst out and set all in a flame. If the quiet of a state can be bought by only flinging men a few ceremonies to devour, it is a purchase no wise man would refuse. Let the mastiffs amuse themselves about a sheep's skin stuffed with hay, provided it will keep them from worrying the flock. The institution of convents abroad seems in one point a strain of great wisdom; there being few irregularities in human passions that may not have recourse to vent themselves in some of those orders, which are so many retreats for the speculative, the melancholy, the proud, the silent, the politic, and the morose, to spend themselves, and evaporate the noxious particles; for each of whom we in this island are forced to provide a several sect of religion, to keep them quiet; and whenever Christianity shall be abolished, the legislature must find some other expedient to employ and entertain them. For what imports it how large a gate you open, if there will be always left a number, who place a pride and a merit in refusing to enter?

Having thus considered the most important objections against Christianity, and the chief advantages proposed by the abolishing thereof, I shall now, with equal deference and submission to wiser judgments, as before, proceed to mention a few inconveniences that may happen, if the gospel should be repealed, which perhaps the projectors may not have sufficiently considered.

And first, I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur, and be choked at the sight of so many daggled-tail parsons, who happen to fall in their way and offend their eyes; but, at the same time, these wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity

it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other or on themselves; especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons.

And to urge another argument of a parallel nature: if Christianity were once abolished, how could the free-thinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject, so calculated in all points, whereon to display their abilities? what wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius, by continual practice, has been wholly turned upon railery and invectives against religion, and would therefore never be able to shine or distinguish themselves upon any other subject? we are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only, topic we have left? Who would ever have suspected Asgil for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? what other subject, through all art or nature, could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? it is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer. For had a hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would have immediately sunk into silence and oblivion.

Nor do I think it wholly groundless, or my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing Christianity may perhaps bring the church into danger, or at least put the senate to the trouble of another securing vote. I desire I may not be mistaken; I am far from presuming to affirm or think that the church is in danger at present, or as things now stand; but we know not how soon it may be so, when the Christian religion is repealed. As plausible as this project seems, there may be a dangerous design lurking under it. Nothing can be more notorious than that the atheists, deists, socinians, anti-trinitarians, and other sub-divisions of free-thinkers, are persons of little zeal for the present ecclesiastical establishment; their declared opinion is for repealing the sacramental test; they are very indifferent with regard to ceremonies, nor do they hold the *jus divinum*¹ of episcopacy; therefore this may be intended as one politic step toward alter-

ing the constitution of the church established, and setting up presbytery in the stead, which I leave to be further considered by those at the helm.

In the last place, I think nothing can be more plain than that, by this expedient, we shall run into the evil we chiefly pretend to avoid, and that the abolishment of the Christian religion will be the readiest course we can take to introduce popery. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, because we know it has been the constant practice of the Jesuits to send over emissaries with instructions to personate themselves members of the several prevailing sects among us. So it is recorded that they have at sundry times appeared in the disguise of presbyterians, anabaptists, independents, and quakers, according as any of these were most in credit; so, since the fashion has been taken up of exploding religion, the popish missionaries have not been wanting to mix with the free-thinkers; among whom Toland, the great oracle of the anti-christians, is an Irish priest, the son of an Irish priest, and the most learned and ingenious author of a book called "The Rights of the Christian Church,"² was in a proper juncture reconciled to the Romish faith, whose true son, as appears by a hundred passages in his treatise, he still continues. Perhaps I could add some others to the number, but the fact is beyond dispute, and the reasoning they proceed by is right; for, supposing Christianity to be extinguished, the people will never be at ease till they find out some other method of worship, which will as infallibly produce superstition, as superstition will end in popery.

And therefore if, notwithstanding all I have said, it still be thought necessary to have a bill brought in for repealing Christianity, I would humbly offer an amendment, that instead of the word Christianity, may be put religion in general, which, I conceive, will much better answer all the good ends proposed by the projectors of it. For, as long as we leave in being a God and his providence, with all the necessary consequences which curious and inquisitive men will be apt to draw from such premises, we do not strike at the root of the evil, though we should ever so effectually annihilate the present scheme of the gospel: for of what use is freedom of thought, if it will not produce freedom of action? which is the sole end, how remote soever in appearance, of all objections against

¹ The deist, Tindal, who as a young man had become for a time a Roman Catholic.

² divine right.

Christianity; and therefore the free-thinkers consider it as a sort of edifice, wherein all the parts have such a mutual dependence on each other, that if you happen to pull out one single nail, the whole fabric must fall to the ground. This was happily expressed by him, who had heard of a text brought for proof of the Trinity, which in an ancient manuscript was differently read; he thereupon immediately took the hint, and by a sudden deduction of a long *sorites* most logically concluded — “Why, if it be as you say, I may safely whore and drink on, and defy the parson.” From which, and many the like instances easy to be produced, I think nothing can be more manifest than that the quarrel is not against any particular points of hard digestion in the Christian system, but against religion in general; which, by laying restraints on human nature, is supposed the great enemy to the freedom of thought and action.

Upon the whole, if it shall still be thought for the benefit of church and state that Christianity be abolished, I conceive, however, it may be more convenient to defer the execution to a time of peace, and not venture, in this conjuncture, to disoblige our allies, who, as it falls out, are all Christians, and many of them, by the prejudices of their education, so bigoted as to place a sort of pride in the appellation. If, upon being rejected by them, we are to trust to an alliance with the Turk, we shall find ourselves much deceived: for, as he is too remote, and generally engaged in war with the Persian Emperor, so his people would be more scandalized at our infidelity than our Christian neighbors. For the Turks are not only strict observers of religious worship, but, what is worse, believe a God; which is more than is required of us, even while we preserve the name of Christians.

To conclude: whatever some may think of the great advantages to trade by this favorite scheme, I do very much apprehend that, in six months time after the act is passed for the extirpation of the gospel, the Bank and East India stock may fall at least one per cent. And since that is fifty times more than ever the wisdom of our age thought fit to venture for the preservation of Christianity, there is no reason we should be at so great a loss, merely for the sake of destroying it.

A MODEST PROPOSAL

FOR PREVENTING THE CHILDREN OF POOR PEOPLE IN IRELAND FROM BEING A BURDEN TO THEIR PARENTS OR COUNTRY, AND FOR MAKING THEM BENEFICIAL TO THE PUBLIC.
1729.

For a century and more Ireland had been held by the English virtually as a conquered province; and the economic tyranny of English rule, and the rapacious greed of English landlords, had reduced the great mass of its population to the most terrible and abject poverty. Though of English ancestry, Swift was by birth an Irishman, and as a resident of Ireland he gave himself whole-heartedly to the Irish cause. His great heart burned with indignation at the ragged famine and sordid misery which he saw all about him, “which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.” And so with grim irony he proposes his remedy, which he elaborates with relentless ingenuity. This new table delicacy will be “very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.”

It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town¹ or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin doors, crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants: who as they grow up either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country to fight for the pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom a very great additional grievance; and, therefore, whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound, useful members of the commonwealth, would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars; it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them

¹ Dublin.

as those who demand our charity in the streets.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of our projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in their computation. It is true, a child just dropped from its dam may be supported by her milk for a solar year, with little other nourishment; at most not above the value of 2s., which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps, by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner as instead of being a charge upon their parents or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall on the contrary contribute to the feeding, and partly to the clothing, of many thousands.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas! too frequent among us! sacrificing the poor innocent babes I doubt more to avoid the expense than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about 200,000 couple whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract 30,000 couple who are able to maintain their own children (although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom); but this being granted, there will remain 170,000 breeders. I again subtract 50,000 for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remains 120,000 children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, how this number shall be reared and provided for? which, as I have already said, under the present situation of affairs, is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land; they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing, till they arrive at six years old, except where they are of towardly parts; although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier; during which time, they can however be properly looked upon only as probationers; as I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan,

who protested to me that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl before twelve years old is no saleable commodity; and even when they come to this age they will not yield above 3*l.* or 3*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* at most on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriment and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.

I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration that of the 120,000 children already computed, 20,000 may be reserved for breed, whereof only one-fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle, or swine; and my reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining 100,000 may, at a year old, be offered in sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, will increase to 28 pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

Infant's flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentifully in March, and a little before and after: for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician,

that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season; therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of popish infants is at least three to one in this kingdom: and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of papists among us.

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, laborers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about 2s. per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give 10s. for the carcass of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he has only some particular friend or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among the tenants; the mother will have 8s. net profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flay the carcass; the skin of which artificially dressed will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our city of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive, and dressing them hot from the knife as we do roasting pigs.

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country, and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased in discoursing on this matter to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said that many gentlemen of this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of venison might be well supplied by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding fourteen years of age nor under twelve; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to starve for want of work and service; and these to be disposed of by their parents, if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments; for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me, from frequent experience that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our school-boys by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable; and to fatten them would

not answer the charge. . Then as to the females, it would, I think, with humble submission be a loss to the public, because they soon would become breeders themselves: and besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice (although indeed very unjustly), as a little bordering upon cruelty; which, I confess, has always been with me the strongest objection against any project, how well so ever intended.

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Psalmanazar, a native of the island Formosa, who came from thence to London about twenty years ago; and in conversation told my friend, that in his country when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality as a prime dainty; and that in his time the body of a plump girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of the court, in joints from the gibbet, at 400 crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who without one single groat to their fortunes cannot stir abroad without a chair, and appear at playhouse and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for, the kingdom would not be the worse.

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people, who are aged, diseased, or maimed, and I have been desired to employ my thoughts what course may be taken to ease the nation of so grievous an encumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting by cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young laborers, they are now in as hopeful a condition; they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment, to a degree that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labor, they have not strength to perform it; and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance.

For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of papists, with whom we are yearly overrun, being the principal breeders of the nation as well as our most dangerous enemies; and who stay at home on purpose to deliver the kingdom to the Pretender, hoping to take their advantage by the absence of so many good protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their country than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate.

Secondly, The poor tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to distress and help to pay their landlord's rent, their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown.

Thirdly, Whereas the maintenance of 100,000 children, from two years old and upward, cannot be computed at less than 10s. a-piece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby increased £50,000 per annum, beside the profit of a new dish introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among ourselves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, The constant breeders, beside the gain of 8s. sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

Fifthly, This food would likewise bring great custom to taverns; where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection, and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating: and a skilful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, This would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards or enforced by laws and penalties. It would increase the care and tenderness of mothers toward their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the public, to their annual profit instead of expense. We should see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives during the time of their pregnancy as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, their sows when they are ready to

farrow; nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice) for fear of a miscarriage.

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barreled beef, the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our table; which are no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well-grown, fat, yearling child, which roasted whole will make a considerable figure at a lord mayor's feast or any other public entertainment. But this and many others I omit, being studious of brevity.

Supposing that 1000 families in this city would be constant customers for infants' flesh, beside others who might have it at merry-meetings, particularly at weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about 20,000 carcasses; and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining 80,000.

I can think of no one objection that will possibly be raised against this proposal, unless it should be urged that the number of people will be thereby much lessened in the kingdom. This I freely own, and it was indeed one principal design in offering it to the world. I desire the reader will observe, that I calculate my remedy for this one individual kingdom of Ireland and for no other that ever was, is, or I think ever can be upon earth. Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients: of taxing our absentees at 5s. a pound: of using neither clothes nor household furniture except what is of our own growth and manufacture: of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury: of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming in our women: of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence, and temperance: of learning to love our country, in the want of which we differ even from LAPLANDERS and the inhabitants of TOPINAMBOO: of quitting our animosities and factions, nor acting any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken: of being a little cautious not to sell our country and conscience for nothing: of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy toward their tenants: lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shopkeepers; who, if a resolution could now be

taken to buy only our native goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the price, the measure, and the goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.

Therefore I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, till he has at least some glimpse of hope that there will be ever some hearty and sincere attempt to put them in practice.

But as to myself, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of success I fortunately fell upon this proposal; which, as it is wholly new, so it has something solid and real, of no expense and little trouble, full in our own power, and whereby we can incur no danger in obliging ENGLAND. For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, the flesh being of too tender a consistence to admit a long continuance in salt, although perhaps I could name a country which would be glad to eat up our whole nation without it.

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion as to reject any offer proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two points. First, as things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for

100,000 useless mouths and backs. And secondly, there being a round million of creatures in human figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock would leave them in debt 2,000,000*l.* sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession to the bulk of farmers, cottagers, and laborers, with the wives and children who are beggars in effect; I desire those politicians who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold as to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to have been sold for food at a year old in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes as they have since gone through by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house nor clothes to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of entailing the like or greater miseries upon their breed for ever.

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavoring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719) AND RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729)

Addison and Steele were born within a few weeks of one another in the spring of 1672 — Addison in a quiet English village where his father was the clergyman, Steele in the city of Dublin. They were school-fellows at the Charterhouse School in London, and undergraduates together at Oxford. Life-long friends, their names are inseparably linked in the annals of English literature. In temperament, however, they were different enough. Addison was the quiet, reserved scholar, shy and with sometimes an almost forbidding coldness; Steele, with his Irish birth, was gay, warm-hearted, extravagant, an eager participant in all social amusements.

They both drifted to London, where they were caught up into the literary-political life of the capital as staunch supporters of the Whig party. Addison's poem the *Campaign*, in celebration of the battle of Blenheim won by the great Whig general, Marlborough, led ultimately to his appointment as Secretary of State. Steele edited the *Gazette*, official publication of the government, and in 1715 was made Sir Richard Steele. Besides his work as an essayist, Steele was one of the most successful comic dramatists of his day, his best known play being the *Conscious Lovers* (1722), an outstanding example of "sentimental comedy." Addison was the author of *Cato* (1713), a tragedy in blank verse which, though seriously deficient in dramatic interest, won great notoriety because of its political import, and continued to be read because of the fine rhetoric of its speeches.

The most memorable work of Addison and Steele was their joint editorship of the *Tatler* (1709-1710) and the *Spectator* (1711-1712, 1714). The earlier periodical, which appeared three times a week, was begun by Steele alone; but Addison contributed about forty of the papers. For its suc-

cessor, which was issued every day but Sunday, Addison wrote about half the numbers. Occasional papers were contributed by other writers. It was the avowed purpose of the *Spectator* to popularize morality and culture, to bring "philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses." Avoiding carefully any bias of party politics, it portrays with kindly humor and criticizes with sound good sense the manners and customs of eighteenth-century life, all the vanities and petty foibles of the staid city merchant, of the fine lady and "pretty fellow" of the West End. Sometimes the "speculation" of the day is a wise but entertaining discourse on morals and philosophy, sometimes a piece of literary criticism. The prevailing manner is that proper to the familiar essay — witty, whimsical, conversational. Of the two essayists, Addison is the more perfect literary artist. In the often-quoted words of Dr. Johnson, he was master of "an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious." The charm of his essays is the personal charm of their author. It is as though one were able to draw up a coffee-house chair and listen to the quiet conversation of a gracious, kindly, cultivated gentleman as his wit and fancy and shrewd observation play over the variegated surface of every-day life.

The dozen essays here reprinted represent fairly well the varied subjects of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, except that the editors have not included any of the familiar group of papers which deal with Sir Roger de Coverley, with which the readers of this book will probably be already well acquainted.

A good biography of Addison is that of Courthope. Austin Dobson has written an excellent short biography of Steele. Both are in the English Men of Letters series. A convenient reprint of the *Spectator* is included in Everyman's Library (Dutton).

THE TATLER

ON DUELLING ¹

The Tatler, No. 25.

Tuesday, June 7, 1709

Quicquid agunt homines —
— nostri est farrago libelli.

JUVENAL, *Sat.* I, 85, 86

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

White's Chocolate House, June 6

A letter from a young lady, written in the most passionate terms, wherein she laments the misfortune of a gentleman, her lover, who was lately wounded in a duel, has turned my thoughts to that subject and inclined me to examine into the causes which precipitate men into so fatal a folly. And as it has been proposed to treat of subjects of gallantry in the article from hence, and no one point in nature is more proper to be considered by the company who frequent this place than that of duels; it is worth our consideration to examine into this chimerical, groundless humor and to lay every other thought aside, until we have stripped it of all its false pretenses to credit and reputation amongst men.

But I must confess, when I consider what I am going about, and run over in my imagination all the endless crowd of men of honor who will be offended at such a discourse, I am undertaking, methinks, a work worthy an invulnerable hero in romance, rather than a private gentleman with a single rapier: but as I am pretty well acquainted, by great opportunities, with the nature of man, and know of a truth that all men fight against

their will, the danger vanishes and resolution is upon this subject. For this reason, I shall talk very freely on a custom which all men wish exploded; though no man has courage enough to resist it.

But there is one unintelligible word, which I fear will extremely perplex my dissertation, and I confess to you I find very hard to explain, which is the term "satisfaction." An honest country gentleman had the misfortune to fall into company with two or three modern men of honor, where he happened to be very ill-treated; and one of the company, being conscious of his offense, sends a note to him in the morning and tells him he was ready to give him satisfaction. "This is fine doing," says the plain fellow; "last night he sent me away cursedly out of humor, and this morning he fancies it would be a satisfaction to be run through the body."

As the matter at present stands, it is not to do handsome actions denominates a man of honor; it is enough if he dares to defend ill ones. Thus you often see a common sharper in competition with a gentleman of the first rank; though all mankind is convinced that a fighting gamester is only a pickpocket with the courage of a highwayman. One cannot with any patience reflect on the unaccountable jumble of persons and things in this town and nation; which occasions very frequently that a brave man falls by a hand below that of a common hangman, and yet his executioner escapes the clutches of the hangman for doing it. I shall, therefore, hereafter consider how the bravest men in other ages and nations have behaved

¹ Written by Steele.

themselves upon such incidents as we decide by combat; and show, from their practice, that this resentment neither has its foundation from true reason or solid fame; but is an imposture, made of cowardice, falsehood, and want of understanding. For this work, a good history of quarrels would be very edifying to the public; and I apply myself to the town for particulars and circumstances within their knowledge, which may serve to embellish the dissertation with proper cuts. Most of the quarrels I have ever known have proceeded from some valiant coxcomb's persisting in the wrong, to defend some prevailing folly, and preserve himself from the ingenuousness of owning a mistake.

By this means it is called "giving a man satisfaction," to urge your offense against him with your sword; which puts me in mind of Peter's order to the keeper in *The Tale of a Tub*: "if you neglect to do all this, damn you and your generation for ever: and so we bid you heartily farewell." If the contradiction in the very terms of one of our challenges were as well explained and turned into downright English, would it not run after this manner?

"Sir: I am much beholden to you for your challenge."

"Your extraordinary behavior last night, and the liberty you were pleased to take with me, makes me this morning give you this, to tell you, because you are an ill-bred puppy, I will meet you in Hyde Park an hour hence; and because you want both breeding and humanity, I desire you would come with a pistol in your hand, on horseback, and endeavor to shoot me through the head, to teach you more manners. If you fail of doing me this pleasure, I shall say you are a rascal on every post in town: and so, sir, if you will not injure me more, I shall never forgive what you have done already. Pray, sir, do not fail of getting everything ready; and you will infinitely oblige, Sir, Your most obedient humble servant, etc."

THE TRUMPET CLUB²

The Tatler, No. 132. Saturday, Feb. 11, 1710

Habeo senectuti magnam gratiam, quae mihi sermonis aviditatem auxit, potioris et cibi sustulit.

TULLIUS, DE SENECTUTE

I am much beholden to old age, which has increased my eagerness for conversation in proportion as it has lessened my appetites of hunger and thirst.

After having applied my mind with more than ordinary attention to my studies, it is my usual custom to relax and unbend it in

the conversation of such as are rather easy than shining companions. This I find particularly necessary for me before I retire to rest, in order to draw my slumbers upon me by degrees, and fall asleep insensibly. This is the particular use I make of a set of heavy, honest men, with whom I have passed many hours with much indolence, though not with great pleasure. Their conversation is a kind of preparative for sleep: it takes the mind down from its abstractions, leads it into the familiar traces of thought, and lulls it into that state of tranquility which is the condition of a thinking man, when he is but half awake. After this, my reader will not be surprised to hear the account which I am about to give of a club of my own contemporaries among whom I pass two or three hours every evening. This I look upon as taking my first nap before I go to bed. The truth of it is, I should think myself unjust to posterity, as well as to the society at the Trumpet, of which I am a member, did not I in some part of my writings give an account of the persons among whom I have passed almost a sixth part of my time for these last forty years. Our club consisted originally of fifteen; but, partly by the severity of the law in arbitrary times, and partly by the natural effects of old age, we are at present reduced to a third part of that number; in which, however, we have this consolation, that the best company is said to consist of five persons. I must confess, besides the aforementioned benefit which I meet with in the conversation of this select society, I am not the less pleased with the company, in that I find myself the greatest wit among them, and am heard as their oracle in all points of learning and difficulty.

Sir Jeoffery Notch, who is the oldest of the club, has been in possession of the right-hand chair time out of mind, and is the only man among us that has the liberty of stirring the fire. This, our foreman, is a gentleman of an ancient family, that came to a great estate some years before he had discretion, and run it out in hounds, horses, and cock-fighting; for which reason he looks upon himself as an honest, worthy gentleman, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart.

Major Matchlock is the next senior, who served in the last civil wars and has all the battles by heart. He does not think any action in Europe worth talking of since the fight of Marston Moor; and every night tells us of his having been knocked off his horse at

1 By Swift.

2 Written by Steele.

the rising of the London apprentices; for which he is in great esteem among us.

Honest old Dick Reptile is the third of our society. He is a good-natured, indolent man who speaks little himself, but laughs at our jokes; and brings his young nephew along with him, a youth of eighteen years old, to show him good company, and give him a taste of the world. This young fellow sits generally silent; but whenever he opens his mouth or laughs at any thing that passes, he is constantly told by his uncle, after a jocular manner, "Ay, ay, Jack, you young men think us fools; but we old men know you are."

The greatest wit of our company, next to myself, is a bencher of the neighboring Inn,¹ who in his youth frequented the ordinaries² about Charing Cross, and pretends to have been intimate with Jack Ogle. He has about ten distiches of *Hudibras* without book, and never leaves the club till he has applied them all. If any modern wit be mentioned, or any town frolic spoken of, he shakes his head at the dullness of the present age, and tells us a story of Jack Ogle.

For my own part, I am esteemed among them, because they see I am something respected by others; though at the same time I understand by their behavior, that I am considered by them as a man of a great deal of learning, but no knowledge of the world; insomuch, that the Major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the philosopher; and Sir Jeoffery, no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth and cried, "What does the scholar say to it?"

Our club meets precisely at six o'clock in the evening; but I did not come last night until half an hour after seven, by which means I escaped the battle of Naseby, which the Major usually begins at about three-quarters after six: I found also that my good friend the Bencher had already spent three of his distiches; and only waited an opportunity to hear a sermon spoken of, that he might introduce the couplet where "a stick" rhymes to "ecclesiastic."³ At my entrance into the room, they were naming a red petticoat and a cloak, by which I found that the Bencher had been diverting them with a story of Jack Ogle.

I had no sooner taken my seat, but Sir

¹ i.e., one of the inns of court. ² restaurants.

³ And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic.

Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

Hudibras, Pt. I, i, 11 (by Samuel Butler).

Jeoffery, to show his good will toward me, gave me a pipe of his own tobacco, and stirred up the fire. I look upon it as a point of morality to be obliged by those who endeavor to oblige me; and therefore, in requital for his kindness, and to set the conversation a-going, I took the best occasion I could to put him upon telling us the story of old Gantlett, which he always does with very particular concern. He traced up his descent on both sides for several generations, describing his diet and manner of life, with his several battles, and particularly that in which he fell. This Gantlett was a game cock, upon whose head the knight, in his youth, had won five hundred pounds, and lost two thousand. This naturally set the Major upon the account of Edgehill fight, and ended in a duel of Jack Ogle's.

Old Reptile was extremely attentive to all that was said, though it was the same he had heard every night for these twenty years, and, upon all occasions, winked upon his nephew to mind what passed.

This may suffice to give the world a taste of our innocent conversation, which we spun out until about ten of the clock, when my maid came with a lantern to light me home. I could not but reflect with myself, as I was going out, upon the talkative humor of old men, and the little figure which that part of life makes in one who cannot employ his natural propensity in discourses which would make him venerable. I must own, it makes me very melancholy in company, when I hear a young man begin a story; and have often observed that one of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five-and-twenty gathers circumstances every time he tells it, until it grows into a long Canterbury tale of two hours by that time he is threescore.

The only way of avoiding such a trifling and frivolous old age is to lay up in our way to it such stores of knowledge and observation as may make us useful and agreeable in our declining years. The mind of man in a long life will become a magazine of wisdom or folly, and will consequently discharge itself in something impertinent or improving. For which reason, as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old trifling story-teller, so there is nothing more venerable than one who has turned his experience to the entertainment and advantage of mankind.

In short, we who are in the last stage of life, and are apt to indulge ourselves in talk, ought to consider if what we speak be worth being heard, and endeavor to make our dis-

course like that of Nestor, which Homer compares to the flowing of honey for its sweetness.

I am afraid I shall be thought guilty of this excess I am speaking of, when I cannot conclude without observing that Milton certainly thought of this passage in Homer when, in his description of an eloquent spirit, he says,

"His tongue dropped manna."

CHARACTER OF THE UPHOLSTERER ¹

The Tatler, No. 155.

Thursday, April 6, 1710

Aliena negotia curat,
Excussus propriis.

HORACE, *Sat.* II, ii, 19 ¹⁵

When he had lost all business of his own,
He ran in quest of news through all the town.

From my own Apartment, April 5

There lived some years since, within my neighborhood, a very grave person, an upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbors. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my inquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest news-monger in our quarter: that he rose before day to read the *Postman*; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbors were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favorite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared. ⁴⁵

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, until about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me; and who should it be but my old neighbor, the upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for, notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose greatcoat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl, to ⁵⁵

which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee.

Upon his coming up to me, I was going to inquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, "whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender?" ¹

I told him, "None that I heard of," and asked him, "whether he had yet married his eldest daughter."

He told me, "No. But pray," says he, "tell me sincerely what are your thoughts of the King of Sweden?" ² For though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him, that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age.

"But pray," says he, "do you think there is anything in the story of his wound?" And finding me surprised at the question, "Nay," says he, "I only propose it to you."

I answered that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it.

"But why in the heel," says he, "more than any other part of the body?"

"Because," said I, "the bullet chanced to light there."

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the North; and after having spent some time on them, he told me he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the *Supplement* with the *English Post*, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. "The *Daily Courant*," says he, "has these words: 'We have advices from very good hands that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration.' This is very mysterious; but the *Post-boy* leaves us more in the dark; for he tells us 'That there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light.' Now the *Postman*," says he, "who uses to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words: 'The late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation.' This certain prince," says the upholsterer, "whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be —." Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

¹ A place in Russia, occupied by the Swedes under Charles XII (1709).

² Charles XII.

¹ Written by Addison.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added that, for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; "and those," says he "are Prince Menzikoff and the Duchess of Mirandola." He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen, whether, in case of a religious war the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the West Indies, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the Pope at sea; and added that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Leeward Islands. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the northern crowns hold together, and the czar of Muscovy stand neuter. He further told us, for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of lands about the pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend, the upholsterer, began to exert himself upon the present negotiations of peace;

in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality. I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away, but had not gone thirty yards, before the upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing toward me with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him half-a-crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the Great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

This paper I design for the particular benefit of those worthy citizens who live more in a coffee house than in their shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the affairs of the allies, that they forget their customers.

CHARACTER OF SIR TIMOTHY TITTLE¹

The Tailor, No. 165. . . . Saturday, April 29, 1710

From my own Apartment, April 28

It has always been my endeavor to distinguish between realities and appearances, and to separate true merit from the pretense to it. As it shall ever be my study to make discoveries of this nature in human life, and to settle the proper distinctions between the virtues and perfections of mankind and those false colors and resemblances of them that shine alike in the eyes of the vulgar, so I shall be more particularly careful to search into the various merits and pretenses of the learned world. This is the more necessary, because there seems to be a general combination among the pedants to extol one another's labors, and cry up one another's parts; while men of sense, either through that modesty which is natural to them, or the scorn they have for such trifling commendations, enjoy their stock of knowledge, like a hidden treasure, with satisfaction and silence. Pedantry indeed, in learning, is like hypocrisy in religion, a form of knowledge without the power of it; that attracts the eyes of the common people; breaks out in noise and

¹ Written by Addison.

show; and finds its reward, not from any inward pleasure that attends it, but from the praises and approbations which it receives from men.

Of this shallow species there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited animal than that which is generally known by the name of a Critic. This, in the common acceptance of the word, is one that, without entering into the sense and soul of an author, has a few general rules, which, like mechanical instruments, he applies to the works of every writer; and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the author perfect or defective. He is master of a certain set of words, as Unity, Style, Fire, Phlegm, Easy, Natural, Turn, Sentiment, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides, and throws together, in every part of his discourse, without any thought or meaning. The marks you may know him by are an elevated eye and a dogmatical brow, a positive voice and a contempt for everything that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in generals. He praises or dispraises in the lump. He shakes his head very frequently at the pedantry of universities, and bursts into laughter when you mention an author that is not known at Will's.¹ He hath formed his judgment upon Homer, Horace, and Virgil, not from their own works, but from those of Rapin and Bossu.² He knows his own strength so well, that he never dares praise any thing in which he has not a French author for his voucher.

With these extraordinary talents and accomplishments, Sir Timothy Tittle puts men in vogue, or condemns them to obscurity, and sits as judge of life and death upon every author that appears in public. It is impossible to represent the pangs, agonies, and convulsions which Sir Timothy expresses in every feature of his face, and muscle of his body, upon the reading a bad poet.

About a week ago, I was engaged, at a friend's house of mine, in an agreeable conversation with his wife and daughters, when, in the height of our mirth, Sir Timothy, who makes love to my friend's eldest daughter, came in amongst us, puffing and blowing as if he had been very much out of breath. He immediately called for a chair, and desired leave to sit down without any further ceremony. I asked him, where he had been? whether he was out of order? He only replied, that he was quite spent, and fell a

cursing in soliloquy. I could hear him cry, "A wicked rogue — an execrable wretch — was there ever such a monster!" The young ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and asked, whether anyone had hurt him? He answered nothing, but still talked to himself. "To lay the first scene," says he, "in St. James's Park, and the last in Northamptonshire!"

"Is that all?" said I. "Then I suppose you have been at the rehearsal of a play this morning."

"Been!" says he; "I have been at Northampton, in the park, in a lady's bed-chamber, in a dining-room, everywhere; the rogue has led me such a dance —"

Though I could scarce forbear laughing at his discourse, I told him I was glad it was no worse, and that he was only metaphorically weary.

"In short, sir," says he, "the author has not observed a single unity in his whole play; the scene shifts in every dialogue; the villain has hurried me up and down at such a rate that I am tired off my legs."

I could not but observe with some pleasure, that the young lady whom he made love to conceived a very just aversion towards him, upon seeing him so very passionate in trifles. And as she had that natural sense which makes her a better judge than a thousand critics, she began to rally him upon this foolish humor. "For my part," says she, "I never knew a play take that was written up to your rules, as you call them."

"How, Madam!" says he. "Is that your opinion? I am sure you have a better taste."

"It is a pretty kind of magic," says she, "the poets have, to transport an audience from place to place without the help of a coach and horses; I could travel round the world at such a rate. It is such an entertainment as an enchantress finds when she fancies herself in a wood, or upon a mountain, at a feast, or a solemnity; though at the same time she has never stirred out of her cottage."

"Your simile, Madam," says Sir Timothy, "is by no means just."

"Pray," says she, "let my similes pass without a criticism. I must confess," continued she (for I found she was resolved to exasperate him), "I laughed very heartily at the last new comedy which you found so much fault with."

"But, Madam," says he, "you ought not to have laughed; and I defy anyone to show me a single rule that you could laugh by."

¹ The famous coffee-house.

² French literary critics of the seventeenth century.

"Ought not to laugh!" says she; "pray who should hinder me?"

"Madam," says he, "there are such people in the world as Rapin, Dacier, and several others, that ought to have spoiled your mirth."

"I have heard," says the young lady, "that your great critics are always very bad poets: I fancy there is as much difference between the works of the one and the other, as there is between the carriage of a dancing-master and a gentleman. I must confess," continued she, "I would not be troubled with so fine a judgment as yours is; for I find you feel more vexation in a bad comedy, than I do in a deep tragedy."

"Madam," says Sir Timothy, "that is not my fault; they should learn the art of writing."

"For my part," says the young lady, "I should think the greatest art in your writers of comedies is to please."

"To please!" says Sir Timothy; and immediately fell a-laughing.

"Truly," says she, "that is my opinion." Upon this he composed his countenance, looked upon his watch, and took his leave.

I hear that Sir Timothy has not been at my friend's house since this notable conference, to the great satisfaction of the young lady, who by this means has got rid of a very impertinent fop.

I must confess, I could not but observe with a great deal of surprise how this gentleman, by his ill-nature, folly, and affectation, had made himself capable of suffering so many imaginary pains, and looking with such a senseless severity upon the common diversions of life.

EARLY RISING ¹

The Tatler, No. 263. Thursday, December 14, 1710

Minima contentos nocte Britannos.

JUVENAL, *Sat. II*, 161

Britons, contented with the shortest night.

From my own Apartment, December 13

An old friend of mine being lately come to town, I went to see him on Tuesday last, about eight o'clock in the evening, with a design to sit with him an hour or two, and talk over old stories; but upon inquiry after him, I found he was gone to bed. The next morning, as soon as I was up and dressed, and had despatched a little business, I came again to my friend's house, about eleven o'clock, with a design to renew my visit; but

Written by Steele.

upon asking for him, his servant told me he was just sat down to dinner. In short, I found that my old-fashioned friend religiously adhered to the example of his forefathers and observed the same hours that had been kept in the family ever since the Conquest.

It is very plain that the night was much longer formerly in this island than it is at present. By the night, I mean that portion of time which nature has thrown into darkness, and which the wisdom of mankind had formerly dedicated to rest and silence. This used to begin at eight o'clock in the evening, and conclude at six in the morning. The curfew, or eight o'clock bell, was the signal throughout the nation for putting out their candles and going to bed.

Our grandmothers, though they were wont to sit up the last in the family, were all of them fast asleep at the same hours that their daughters are busy at crimp and basset. Modern statesmen are concerting schemes, and engaged in the depth of politics, at the time when their forefathers were laid down quietly to rest, and had nothing in their heads but dreams. As we have thus thrown business and pleasure into the hours of rest, and, by that means, made the natural night but half as long as it should be, we are forced to piece it out with a great part of the morning; so that near two-thirds of the nation lie fast asleep for several hours in broad daylight. This irregularity is grown so very fashionable at present, that there is scarce a lady of quality in Great Britain that ever saw the sun rise. And, if the humor increases in proportion to what it has done of late years, it is not impossible but our children may hear the bellman going about the streets a nine o'clock in the morning, and the watch making their rounds until eleven. This unaccountable disposition in mankind to continue awake in the night, and sleep in the sunshine, has made me inquire whether the same change of inclination has happened to any other animals? For this reason, I desired a friend of mine in the country to let me know whether the lark rises as early as he did formerly; and whether the cock begins to crow at his usual hour. My friend answered me, that his poultry are as regular as ever, and that all the birds and beasts of his neighborhood keep the same hours that they have observed in the memory of man; and the same which, in all probability, they have kept for these five thousand years.

If you would see the innovations that have been made among us in this particular, you

may only look into the hours of colleges, where they still dine at eleven and sup at six, which were doubtless the hours of the whole nation at the time when those places were founded. But, at present, the courts of justice are scarce opened in Westminster Hall at the time when William Rufus used to go to dinner in it. All business is driven forward. The landmarks of our fathers, if I may so call them, are removed and planted further up into the day; insomuch, that I am afraid our clergy will be obliged, if they expect full congregations, not to look any more upon ten o'clock in the morning as a canonical hour. In my own memory, the dinner has crept by degrees from twelve o'clock to three, and where it will fix nobody knows.

I have sometimes thought to draw up a memorial in the behalf of Supper against Dinner, setting forth that the said Dinner has made several encroachments upon the said Supper, and entered very far upon his frontiers; that he has banished him out of several families, and in all has driven him from his headquarters, and forced him to make his retreat into the hours of midnight; and, in short, that he is now in danger of being entirely confounded and lost in a breakfast. Those who have read Lucian, and seen the complaints of the letter T against S, upon account of many injuries and usurpations of the same nature, will not, I believe, think such a memorial forced and unnatural. If dinner has been thus postponed, or, if you please, kept back from time to time, you may be sure that it has been in compliance with the other business of the day, and that supper has still observed a proportionable distance. There is a venerable proverb, which we have all of us heard in our infancy, of "putting the children to bed, and laying the goose to the fire." This was one of the jocular sayings of our forefathers, but may be properly used in the literal sense at present. Who would not wonder at this perverted relish of those who are reckoned the most polite part of mankind, that prefer sea-coals and candles to the sun, and exchange so many cheerful morning hours for the pleasures of midnight revels and debauches? If a man was only to consult his health, he would choose to live his whole time, if possible, in daylight; and to retire out of the world into silence and sleep, while the raw damps and unwholesome vapors fly abroad without a sun to disperse, moderate, or control them. For my own part, I value an hour in the morning as much as common liber-

tines do an hour at midnight. When I find myself awakened into being, and perceive my life renewed within me, and at the same time see the whole face of nature recovered out of the dark uncomfortable state in which it lay for several hours, my heart overflows with such secret sentiments of joy and gratitude, as are a kind of implicit praise to the great Author of nature. The mind, in these early seasons of the day, is so refreshed in all its faculties, and borne up with such new supplies of animal spirits, that she finds herself in a state of youth, especially when she is entertained with the breath of flowers, the melody of birds, the dews that hang upon the plants, and all those other sweets of nature that are peculiar to the morning.

It is impossible for a man to have this relish of being, this exquisite taste of life, who does not come into the world before it is in all its noise and hurry; who loses the rising of the sun, the still hours of the day, and, immediately upon his first getting up, plunges himself into the ordinary cares or follies of the world. I shall conclude this paper with Milton's inimitable description of Adam's awakening his Eve in Paradise, which indeed would have been a place as little delightful as a barren heath or desert to those who slept in it. The fondness of the posture in which Adam is represented, and the softness of his whisper are passages in this divine poem that are above all commendation and rather to be admired than praised.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom'd; for his sleep
Was airy light from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapors bland, which th' only
sound

Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve,
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest. He on his side
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her, enamored, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces. Then, with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whispered thus:
"Awake,

My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven's last, best gift, my ever-new delight,
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy
reed,

How Nature paints her colors, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet."

Such whispering waked her, but with startled
eye

On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.

"O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn returned ———"

THE SPECTATOR

THE USES OF THE SPECTATOR ¹

The Spectator, No. 10.

Monday, March 12, 1711

Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigiis subigit, si brachia forte remisit,
Atque illum praeceps pronò rapit alveus amni.

VIRGIL, *Georg.* I, 201

So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
And slow advancing, struggle with the stream:
But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.

DRYDEN

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day: so that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about threescore thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavor to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short; transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates, that he brought philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.

Written by Addison.

I would, therefore, in a very particular manner recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think that where the *Spectator* appears the other public prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my reader's consideration, whether it is not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self, than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland; and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds and make enmities irreconcilable?

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies; I mean the fraternity of spectators who live in the world without having anything to do in it, and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen, titular physicians, fellows of the Royal Society, Templars that are not given to be contentious, and statesmen that are out of business; in short, everyone that considers the world as a theatre, and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring? and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of till about twelve o'clock in the morning; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the

day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily instill into them such sound and wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are women, than as they are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribbons is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's, or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for anything else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweetmeats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their male beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavor to make an innocent, if not an improving, entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, I shall endeavor to point out all those imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which are the embellishments, of the sex. In the meanwhile I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day; but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over

as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great raillery to the small wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of raillery.

SIGNIOR NICOLINI AND THE LIONS¹

The Spectator, No. 13. Thursday, March 15, 1711

Dic mihi, si fias tu leo, qualis eris?

MARTIAL, XII, 93

Were you a lion, how would you behave?

There is nothing that of late years has afforded matter of greater amusement to the town than Signior Nicolini's² combat with a lion in the Haymarket, which has been very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom of Great Britain. Upon the first rumor of this intended combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is still believed by many in both galleries; that there would be a tame lion sent from the Tower every opera night, in order to be killed by Hydaspes; this report, though altogether groundless, so universally prevailed in the upper regions of the playhouse, that some of the most refined politicians in those parts of the audience gave it out in whisper that the lion was a cousin-german of the tiger who made his appearance in King William's days, and that the stage would be supplied with lions at the public expense, during the whole session. Many likewise were the conjectures of the treatment which this lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior Nicolini; some supposed that he was to subdue him in *recitativo*, as Orpheus used to serve the wild beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head; some fancied that the lion would not pretend to lay his paws upon the hero, by reason of the received opinion that a lion will not hurt a virgin: several, who pretended to have seen the opera in Italy, had informed their friends that the lion was to act a part in High-Dutch, and roar twice or thrice to a thorough bass before he fell at the feet of Hydaspes. To clear up a matter that was

¹ Written by Addison.

² A popular performer in Italian opera, who first came to London in 1708. The vogue of Italian opera was a frequent subject of satire.

so variously reported, I have made it my business to examine whether this pretended lion is really the savage he appears to be, or only a counterfeit.

But before I communicate my discoveries, I must acquaint the reader that upon my walking behind the scenes last winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally jostled against a monstrous animal that extremely startled me and, upon my nearer survey of it, appeared to be a lion rampant. The lion, seeing me very much surprised, told me, in a gentle voice, that I might come by him if I pleased: "For (says he) I do not intend to hurt anybody." I thanked him very kindly, and passed by him. And in a little time after saw him leap upon the stage, and act his part with very great applause. It has been observed by several that the lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice since his first appearance; which will not seem strange when I acquaint my reader that the lion has been changed upon the audience three several times. The first lion was a candle-snuffer, who, being a fellow of a testy choleric temper, overdid his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done; besides, it was observed of him that he grew more surly every time he came out of the lion; and having dropped some words in ordinary conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his back in the scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Mr. Nicolini for what he pleased, out of his lion's skin, it was thought proper to discard him: and it is verily believed to this day that had he been brought upon the stage another time, he would certainly have done mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old man than a lion.

The second lion was a tailor by trade, who belonged to the playhouse, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish, for his part; insomuch that, after a short modest walk upon the stage, he would fall at the first touch of Hydaspes, without grappling with him, and giving him an opportunity of showing his variety of Italian trips. It is said indeed, that he once gave him a rip in his flesh-color doublet, but this was only to make work for himself, in his private character of a tailor. I must not omit that it was this second lion who treated

me with so much humanity behind the scenes.

The acting lion at present is, as I am informed, a country gentleman, who does it for his diversion, but desires his name may be concealed. He says very handsomely in his own excuse, that he does not act for gain, that he indulges an innocent pleasure in it, and that it is better to pass away an evening in this manner than in gaming and drinking: but at the same time says, with a very agreeable raillery upon himself, that if his name should be known, the ill-natured world might call him, "the ass in the lion's skin." This gentleman's temper is made out of such a happy mixture of the mild and the choleric, that he outdoes both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater audiences than have been known in the memory of man.

I must not conclude my narrative, without taking notice of a groundless report that has been raised to a gentleman's disadvantage, of whom I must declare myself an admirer; namely, that Signior Nicolini and the lion have been seen sitting peaceably by one another, and smoking a pipe together, behind the scenes; by which their common enemies would insinuate that it is but a sham combat which they represent upon the stage: but upon inquiry I find that if any such correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the combat was over, when the lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received rules of the drama. Besides, this is what is practiced every day in Westminster Hall, where nothing is more usual than to see a couple of lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this relation, to reflect upon Signior Nicolini, who in acting this part only complies with the wretched taste of his audience; he knows very well that the lion has many more admirers than himself; as they say, of the famous equestrian statue on the Pont-Neuf at Paris, that more people go to see the horse than the king who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just indignation to see a person whose action gives new majesty to kings, resolution to heroes, and softness to lovers, thus sinking from the greatness of his behavior, and degraded into the character of the London Prentice. I have often wished that our tragedians would copy after this great master in action. Could they make the same use of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as significant looks and

passions, how glorious would an English tragedy appear with that action, which is capable of giving a dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an Italian opera! In the meantime, I have related this combat of the lion to show what are at present the reigning entertainments of the politer part of Great Britain.

Audiences have often been reproached by writers for the coarseness of their taste; but our present grievance does not seem to be the want of a good taste, but of common sense.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY ¹

The Spectator, No. 26.

Friday, March 30, 1711

Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas

Regumque turres, O beate Sesti.

Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam:

Jam te premet nox, fabulaeque manes,

Et domus exilis Plutonia —

HORACE, *Odes*, I, IV, 13

With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate

Knocks at the cottage, and the palace gate;

Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,

And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years;

Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go

To story'd ghosts, and Pluto's house below.

CREECH

When I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Γλαυκόν τε Μέδοντά τε Θερσίλοχόν τε,

HOMER.

¹ Written by Addison.

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.

VIRGIL.

Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus.

The life of these men is finely described in Holy Writ by "the path of an arrow," which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were, in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelve-month. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honor to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before

they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument has very often given me great offense: instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain, gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honor. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of seaweed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

THE VISION OF MIRZAH¹

The Spectator, No. 159. . . . Saturday, September 1, 1711

— Omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam —

VIRGIL, *Aen.* II, 604

The cloud, which intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er the eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
I will remove —

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one, entitled *The Visions of Mirzah*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated, word for word, as follows:

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to

¹ Written by Addison.

a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirzah,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the mid-

dle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants; and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect: 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick

i.e., doctors.

mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. 'At length,' said I, 'show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other

side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it." —

DISSECTION OF A BEAU'S HEAD ¹

The Spectator, No. 275.

Tuesday, January 15, 1712

— tribus Anticyris caput insanabile.

HORACE, *Ars Poet.* 300

A head no hellebore can cure.

I was yesterday engaged in an assembly of virtuosos, where one of them produced many curious observations which he had lately made in the anatomy of an human body. Another of the company communicated to us several wonderful discoveries, which he had also made on the same subject, by the help of very fine glasses. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks, and furnished discourse for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions which were started on this occasion presented to my imagination so many new ideas that, by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my fancy all the last night, and composed a very wild extravagant dream.

I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a beau's head, and of a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but, upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains, were not such in reality, but an heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it; so we found that the brain of a beau is not real brain, but only something like it.

The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a

¹ Written by Addison.

thousand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye; insomuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum or cavity in the sinciput, that was filled with ribbons, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of network, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billet-doux, love-letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side of the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises, and protestations; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call *galimatias*, and the English nonsense.

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded that the party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The *os cribriforme* was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle, which is not often discovered in dissections, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing anything he does

not like, or hearing anything he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

We did not find anything very remarkable in the eye, saving only that the *musculi amatorii*, or as we may translate it into English, the ogling muscles, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas on the contrary, the elevator, or the muscle which turns the eye toward heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this dissection such new discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which are to be met with in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the head, we could not discover any difference from what we observe in the heads of other men. We were informed, that the person to whom this head belonged, had passed for a man above five and thirty years; during which time he eat and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring-shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen, as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this head with all its apartments, and its several kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, such as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aside under a broad piece of scarlet cloth, in order to be prepared, and kept in a great repository of dissections; our operator telling us that the preparation would not be so difficult as that of another brain, for that he had observed several of the little pipes and tubes which ran through the brain were already filled with a kind of mercurial substance, which he looked upon to be true quicksilver.

He applied himself in the next place to the coquette's heart, which he likewise laid open with great dexterity. There occurred to us many particularities in this dissection; but, being unwilling to burden my reader's memory too much, I shall reserve this subject for the speculation of another day.

DISSECTION OF A COQUETTE'S HEART ¹*The Spectator*, No. 281.

Tuesday, January 22, 1712

Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.

VIRGIL, *Aen.* IV, 64

Anxious the reeking entrails he consults.

Having already given an account of the dissection of a beau's head, with the several discoveries made on that occasion, I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a coquette's heart and communicate to the public such particularities as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

I should, perhaps, have waived this undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my promise by several of my unknown correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an example of the coquette, as I have already done of the beau. It is, therefore, in compliance with the request of friends, that I have looked over the minutes of my former dream, in order to give the public an exact relation of it, which I shall enter upon without further preface.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his art more difficult, than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the *pericardium*, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and, by the help of our glasses, discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Every smatterer in anatomy knows that this *pericardium*, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapors which exhale out of the heart, and being stopped here, are condensed into this watery substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the thermometer to show the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually enclosed it in a small

tube made after the manner of a weather-glass; but that, instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it showed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat came into his house: nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us that he knew very well by this invention whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the *pericardium*, or the case, and liquor above mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the *micropore*, or point, so very cold withal that, upon endeavoring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; inso-much, that the whole heart was wound up together like a Gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, whilst it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels which came into it or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice, likewise, that several of those little nerves in the heart, which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow; which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of Rosamond's Bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall therefore only take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it and applying our microscope to it, appeared to be a flame-colored hood.

We were informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addresses of

¹ Written by Addison.

several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made everyone she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which reason we expected to have seen the impression of multitudes of faces among the several plaits and foldings of the heart; but, to our great surprise, not a single print of this nature discovered itself, till we came into the very core and centre of it. 10 We there observed a little figure, which, upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or time; when at length one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, showed us plainly by the make of its face, and the several turns of its features, that the little idol 20 that was thus lodged in the middle of the heart was the deceased beau, whose head I gave some account of in my last Tuesday's paper.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, 25 we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that of the heart in other females. Accordingly we laid it into a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange phenomenon, and standing round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh, or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapor. This imaginary noise, 40 which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake.

ON WASTE OF TIME ¹

The Spectator, No. 317.

Tuesday, March 4, 1712

— *Fruges consumere nati.*

HORACE, *Ep.* I, II, 27

Born to drink and eat.

CREECH

Augustus, a few moments before his death, asked his friends who stood about him if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit, "Let me then," says he, "go off the stage with your applause," using

1. Written by Addison.

the expression with which the Roman actors made their exit at the conclusion of a dramatic piece. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them; whether it was worth coming into the world for, whether it be suitable to a reasonable being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the sycophant, or buffoon, the satirist, or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it will redound to his praise to have it said of him that no man in England eat better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friends into ridicule, that nobody outdid him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations, and eulogiums on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented 35 by private persons. Their actions are of no significance to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent French author speaks somewhere to the following purpose: I have often seen from my chamber window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance, and endowed with reason. These two intellectual beings are 45 employed, from morning to night, in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another; that is, as the vulgar phrase it, in polishing marble.

My friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen who died a few days since. This honest man, being of greater consequence in his own thoughts than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir Andrew showed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it; after

having first informed him that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

MONDAY, Eight o'clock. I put on my clothes and walked into the parlor.

Nine o'clock, ditto. Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant*. Things go ill in the north. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to dinner. Mem. Too many plums and no suet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the fields. Wind, S.S.E.

From six to ten. At the Club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, Eight o'clock. Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of Mother Cob's Mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. Mem. Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Vizier strangled.

From six to ten. At the Club. Mr. Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, Eight o'clock. Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands, but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. Mem. To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter-dish. Mem. Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.

From four to six. At the coffee-house. Advice from Smyrna, that the Grand Vizier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the club before anybody else came. Mr. Nisby of opinion that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking till nine next morning.

THURSDAY, Nine o'clock. Stayed within till two o'clock for Sir Timothy, who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small beer sour. Beef overcorned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cookmaid. Sent a message to Sir Timothy. Mem. I did not go to the club tonight. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

FRIDAY. Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined, and slept well.

From four to six. Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o'clock. At the club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small beer with the Grand Vizier.

SATURDAY. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields. Wind N.E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

One in the afternoon. Returned home, and dried myself.

Two. Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course marrow-bones. Second ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brook's and Hellier.

Three o'clock. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the Club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand Vizier certainly dead, etc.

I question not but the reader will be surprised to find the above-mentioned journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions and received so very small improvements; and yet, if we look into the behavior of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking,

and sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time, who is not engaged in public affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744)

Alexander Pope made himself the most distinguished poet of his generation in the face of grave difficulties. His father, a well-to-do linendraper in London, was a Roman Catholic; and the laws of eighteenth-century England placed upon Roman Catholics very serious disabilities. A Roman Catholic could not send his son to any of the great public schools or to the universities, nor even send him to be educated abroad. Pope's education was gained irregularly from private tutors and from his own voracious reading. He was deprived of the intellectual discipline and the wholesome human contacts of school and university. A severe illness at the age of twelve left him for the rest of his life a crippled invalid. He was about four feet, six inches tall, hump-backed, subject to frequent and terrible headaches. His religion made him ineligible for any government offices, such as those held by Addison and by Steele, and closed to him the learned professions; his physical deformity cut him off from many other activities. But luckily he could still be a poet; and Pope was born to be a poet. Before the age of fifteen he had written an epic poem, which he later destroyed. His *Pastorals*, published in 1708, won instant recognition by the exquisite music of their verse. Then in quick succession came the *Essay on Criticism* (1711), the *Rape of the Lock* (1712, revised 1714), and *Windsor Forest* (1713). Before he was twenty-five, Pope was clearly recognized as the greatest living poet. When in 1713 he proposed a translation of Homer's *Iliad*, it was regarded as a great national event. Every one of importance subscribed in advance for copies of the work, which appeared in six volumes, published at intervals between 1715 and 1720. Pope's profit from the translation was over £5000; and it must be remembered that the value of money was many times what it is to-day. His translation of the *Odyssey* (1725-26) yielded three or four thousand pounds more, and Pope was a rich man. He was the first English man of letters to make a fortune directly by his writings. In 1719, he bought the lease of a house with five acres of land on the banks of the Thames at Twickenham near London, where he lived for the rest of his life.

In his later years he devoted himself entirely to didactic and satiric poetry, the sort of writing for which his genius was best suited — the *Dunciad*, a mock-heroic epic directed against false pretenders to wit and learning (1728, revised in 1729, in 1742 with the addition of the fourth book, and in 1743 with Colley Cibber elevated to chief place among the "dunces"), the *Essay on Man* (1732-34), the *Moral Essays* (1731-35), the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* (1735).

Pope's genius won for him the warm friendship of the men and women of his day most distinguished by genius and rank; but his abnormal sensitiveness and his taste for intrigue involved him in many quarrels. Indeed his biography is largely a history of quarrels and intrigues, many of which can be forgiven only when one takes into account his crippled body and the circumstances of his education. But if he could be a bitter enemy, he could also be a generous friend.

During his lifetime, Pope was the "prince of English poets," a rank which he maintained, with some dissenting voices, till the close of the eighteenth century. With the nineteenth century his reputation suffered a great decline. Some even went so far as to declare that he was not a poet at all. We are able now to appraise more justly both his greatness and his limitations. He has not the power of Chaucer, or Shakespeare, or Browning to make men and women live and breathe before our eyes; nor does he like Milton create for us a new heaven and a new earth. His genius is critical rather than creative. It is fairer to compare him with such reflective poets as Wordsworth, or the Byron of *Childe Harold*, or the Tennyson of *In Memoriam*. If he has less spiritual elevation than Wordsworth and less fire than Byron, he is the superior of either in sound good sense, in flashing wit, and in playful fancy. Within the limits of the heroic couplet, a form which he brought to its supreme perfection, he has a marvelous range of metrical power — from the exquisite music of his more elevated poems to the easy colloquial flow of the *Moral Essays* and the satires. He is a master also of terse, epigrammatic diction; his sense for the right word and the

right phrase is so sure that he has given to the English language more familiar quotations than any other poet save Shakespeare. Whether or not we adjudge him a great poet, he is surely one of our great literary artists.

The standard edition of Pope's works is that of Elwin and Courthope in ten volumes, 1871-89. Volume V of this edition contains the fullest account of his life. Within smaller compass, the best edition is that of H. W. Boynton in the Cambridge Poets series (Houghton Mifflin Company), which includes the translations of Homer. A good short biography is that of Sir Leslie Stephen in the English Men of Letters series.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;¹
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.

Mart. Epig., XII, 84

First published 1712; revised edition 1714. Hazlitt called the *Rape of the Lock* "the triumph of insignificance." Its subject is insignificant enough. Among the circle of Pope's acquaintance a young nobleman in a spirit of frolic snipped off a lock of hair from the head of a young lady, and the escapade led to a quarrel between the families of the two young people. This trifling episode Pope has elaborated by bringing in all the "insignificances" of fashionable life—the lady's toilet-table, making coffee, playing cards. "The little is made great, and the great little." The whole is handled with the mock solemnity of a heroic epic. It was in the second edition that Pope added the delicious fancy of the sylphs and gnomes. If its substance is insignificant, the result is a supreme triumph of wit and fancy. The moral is pointed in lines 15-34 of Canto V, which insist on the virtues of "good sense" and "good humor." In the first three cantos the satire is directed against the lack of good sense, in the remainder of the poem against the lack of good humor. So that, magnificent trifle though it is, the *Rape of the Lock* is not without significance. If it makes little things great, is not that what we are continually doing in our social lives—magnifying the importance of dress and conventional manners, losing our tempers over trifling slights and annoyances. It is against such foibles as these that Pope levels the dart of his satire.

CANTO I

What dire offence from amorous causes
springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial
things,
I sing—This verse to *Caryll*,² muse! is due:
This, even Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could
compel

¹ I should not have wished, Belinda, to violate your locks; but it is a pleasure to pay this tribute to your prayers.

² John Caryll, a close personal friend of Pope.

A well-bred Lord to assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord? 10
In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?
Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous

ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day.
Now lapdogs give themselves the rousing
shake, 15

And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the
ground,

And the pressed watch returned a silver
sound.

Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian Sylph prolonged the balmy
rest. 20

'Twas he had summoned to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hovered o'er her
head;

A youth more glittering than a Birthnight
Beau¹

(That even in slumber caused her cheek to
glow)

Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say:

"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished
care

Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have
taught — 30

Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by Angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly
flowers;

Hear and believe! thy own importance
know, 35

Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride con-
cealed,

To maids alone and children are revealed:
What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
The fair and innocent shall still believe. 40
Know, then, unnumbered Spirits round thee
fly,

¹ i.e. a fine gentleman dressed for a celebration of the King's birthday.

The light militia of the lower sky.
 These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the
 Ring.¹

Think what an equipage thou hast in air, 45
 And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclosed in woman's beauteous
 mold;

Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly vehicles to these of air. 50
 Think not, when woman's transient breath is
 fled,

That all her vanities at once are dead;
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And, tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the
 cards.

Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive, 55
 And love of Ombre,² after death survive.
 For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first elements their souls retire.
 The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
 Mount up, and take a Salamander's name. 60
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea.
 The graver prude sinks downward to a
 Gnome

In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
 The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

"Know further yet: whoever fair and
 chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph em-
 braced;

For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they
 please. 70

What guards the purity of melting maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring
 spark,

The glance by day, the whisper in the dark;
 When kind occasion prompts their warm
 desires, 75

When music softens, and when dancing fires?
 'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
 Tho' Honor is the word with men below.

"Some nymphs there are, too conscious of
 their face,

For life predestined to the Gnome's embrace.
 These swell their prospects and exalt their
 pride, 81

When offers are disdained, and love denied:
 Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
 While peers, and dukes, and all their sweep-
 ing train,

And garters, stars, and coronets appear, 85
 And in soft sounds, "Your Grace" salutes
 their ear.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a Beau. 90

"Oft, when the world imagine women
 stray,
 The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their
 way;

Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall 95
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could with-
 stand,

If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from every part,
 They shift the moving toyshop of their
 heart; 100

Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots
 sword-knots strive,
 Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches
 drive.

This erring mortals levity may call;
 Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

"Of these am I, who thy protection claim.
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name. 106
 Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend, 110
 But Heaven reveals not what, or how or
 where.

Warned by the Sylph, O pious maid, beware!
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
 Beware of all, but most beware of Man!"

He said; when Shock, who thought she
 slept too long, 115
 Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his
 tongue.

'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
 Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;
 Wounds, charms, and ardors were no
 sooner read,

But all the vision vanished from thy head. 120
 And now, unveiled, the toilet stands dis-
 played,

Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
 First, robed in white, the nymph intent
 adores,

With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
 A heavenly image in the glass appears; 125
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears.
 Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling begins the sacred rites of Pride.
 Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here

1 A circular promenade in Hyde Park.

2 A game of cards.

The various offerings of the world appear; 130
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glittering
spoil.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite, 135
Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the
white.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms; 139
The Fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling
care, 145

These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the
gown;

And Betty's¹ praised for labors not her own.

CANTO II

Not with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dressed youths around
her shone, 5

But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those: 10
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of
pride, 15
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to
hide;

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all
This nymph, to the destruction of man-
kind,

Nourished two locks, which graceful hung
behind 20

In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray, 25
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,

¹ Belinda's maid, the "inferior priestess."

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' adventurous Baron the bright locks
admired;

He saw, he wished, and to the prize as-
pired. 30

Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had im-
plored 35

Propitious Heaven, and every Power adored,
But chiefly Love — to Love an altar built
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves; 40
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the
fire.

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent
eyes

Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The Powers gave ear, and granted half his
prayer, 45

The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating
tides;

While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die: 50
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently
play,

Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph — with careful thoughts
opprest

Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air; 55
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe
That seemed but zephyrs to the train be-
neath.

Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of
gold; 60

Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, 65
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colors
flings,

Colors that change whene'er they wave
their wings.

Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head was Ariel placed; 70
His purple pinions opening to the sun,

He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:
 "Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief
 give ear.

Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons,
 hear!

Ye know the spheres and various tasks
 assigned 75

By laws eternal to th' ærial kind.

Some in the fields of purest ether play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day:
 Some guide the course of wandering orbs on
 high,

Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky:
 Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale
 light 81

Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry
 main, 85

Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
 Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions
 guide:

Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British
 Throne. 90

"Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
 To save the Powder from too rude a gale;
 Nor let th' imprisoned Essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colors from the vernal
 flowers; 95

To steal from rainbows ere they drop in
 showers

A brighter Wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes and inspire their airs;
 Nay oft, in dreams invention we bestow,
 To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow. 100

"This day black omens threat the bright-
 est Fair,

That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
 Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;
 But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt
 in night.

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's
 law, 105

Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
 Or stain her honor, or her new brocade,
 Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade,
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
 Or whether Heaven has doomed that Shock¹
 must fall. 110

Haste, then, ye Spirits! to your charge re-
 pair:

The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign:

¹ Belinda's lap-dog.

And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favorite Lock;
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock. 116

"To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th' important charge, the petticoat;
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to
 fail,

Tho' stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of
 whale. 120

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
 And guard the wide circumference around.

"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his
 sins: 125

Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins,
 Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
 Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clogged he beats his silken wings in
 vain, 130

Or alum styptics with contracting power
 Shrink his thin essence like a rivelled flower:
 Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow, 135
 And tremble at the sea that froths below!"

He spoke; the spirits from the sails de-
 scend;

Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
 Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair;
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear; 140
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with
 flowers,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising
 towers

There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighboring Hampton takes
 its name.¹

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall fore-
 doom 5

Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
 Here, thou, great ANNA! whom three realms
 obey,

Dost sometimes counsel take — and some-
 times tea.

Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs resort,
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court; 10
 In various talk th' instructive hours they
 past,

Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
 One speaks the glory of the British Queen,

¹ Hampton Court, a royal palace near London.

And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies. 16

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that*.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray; 20
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine; ¹
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in
peace,

And the long labors of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to
come.

Straight the three bands prepare in arms to
join,

Each band the number of the sacred Nine. 30
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:

First Ariel perched upon a Matadore,²
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient
race, 35

Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold four Kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a
flower

Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four Knaves, in garbs succinct,³ a trusty-
band, 41

Caps on their heads, and halberts in their
hand

And party-colored troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with
care; 45

"Let Spades be trumps!" she said, and
trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio ⁴ first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the
board. 50

As many more Manillio ⁵ forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant
field.

Him Basto ⁶ followed, but his fate more hard
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55

The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed;
The rest his many colored robe concealed.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince en-
gage,

Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60
Even mighty Pam,¹ that kings and queens
o'erthrew,

And mowed down armies in the fights of
Loo,

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor Spade.

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield; 65
Now to the Baron Fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous
pride: 70

What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And of all monarchs only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours
apace; 75

Th' embroidered King who shows but half
his face,

And his refulgent Queen, with powers com-
bined,

Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder
seen,

With throngs promiscuous strew the level
green. 80

Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierced battalions disunited fall 85
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms
them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of
Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; 90
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.²

And now (as oft in some distempered state)
On one nice³ trick depends the general fate!
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King
unseen 95

Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive
Queen.

¹ The Knave of Clubs, the highest card in the game of
loo.

² Belinda and the Baron have each won four tricks.
If the Baron wins the odd trick, he will "set" her, or
"give her Codille."

¹ Dinner was at three or four o'clock.
² In the game of ombre the three highest cards were
called matadores.

³ close-fitting. ⁴ The ace of spades.
⁵ The deuce of clubs, the second highest card if spades
are trumps.

⁶ The ace of clubs, third in order of the "matadores."

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.¹
The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the
sky;

The walls, the woods, and long canals re-
ply. 100

Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden these honors shall be snatched away,
And cursed for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is
crowned, 105

The berries² crackle, and the mill turns
round;

On shining altars of japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking
tide. 110

At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor
fanned,

Some o'er her lap their careful plumes dis-
played, 115

Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120

Ah, cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their
will, 125

How soon they find fit instruments of ill!

Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the
fight. 130

He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her
head.

Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites re-
pair; 135

A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the
hair;

And thrice they twitched the diamond in her
ear;

Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe
drew near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought. 140
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.

Amazed, confused, he found his power ex-
pired, 145

Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The Peer now spreads the glittering forfex
wide,

To inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interposed; 150
Fate urged the shears, and cut the Sylph in
twain

(But airy substance soon unites again).
The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her
eyes, 155

And screams of horror rend th' affrighted
skies.

Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are
cast,

When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe
their last;

Or when rich China vessels, fallen from
high,

In glittering dust and painted fragments
lie! 160

"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples
twine,"

The Victor cried, "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in
air,

Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
As long as Atalantis¹ shall be read, 165

Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order
blaze:

While nymphs take treats, or assignations
give,

So long my honor, name, and praise shall
live! 170

What Time would spare, from Steel receives
its date,

And monuments, like men, submit to Fate!
Steel could the labor of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of
Troy;

Steel could the works of mortal pride con-
found 175

And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

¹ *The New Atalantis*, by Mrs. Manley, published 1709.
The slanders of persons of quality which it contained, led
to the author's arrest. The book was read by everybody.

¹ Except as one of the "matadores," the ace is low.

² i.e. coffee-beans.

What wonder, then, fair Nymph! thy hairs
should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?"

CANTO IV

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress,

And secret passions labored in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,

Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss, 5
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that repenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, said Virgin! for thy ravished hair. 10
For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,

And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repaired to search the gloomy cave of
Spleen.¹ 16

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapor reached the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto sheltered close from air, 21
And screened in shades from day's detested glare,

She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim² at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in
place, 25

But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed!

With store of prayers for mornings, nights,
and noons,
Her hand is filled; her bosom with lampoons. 30

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, 35
Wrapt in a gown for sickness and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapor o'er the palace flies

¹ The spleen was thought of as the seat of ill-humor and depression, the "vapors." Spleen is here the personification of ill-humor.

² sick-headache.

Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise; 40
Dreadful as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,

Or bright as visions of expiring maids:
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling
spires,

Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple
fires;

Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumbered throngs on every side are
seen,

Of bodies changed to various forms by
Spleen.

Here living Teapots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the
spout: 50

A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pie talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy
works,

And maids turned bottles call aloud for corks.
Safe passed the Gnome thro' this fantastic
band, 55

A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addressed the Power — "Hail,
wayward Queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of Vapors and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric or poetic fit, 60
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble
plays;

Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is that all your power dis-
dains, 65

And thousands more in equal mirth main-
tains.

But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters¹ matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game; 70
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumbled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caused suspicion when no soul was
rude,

Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lapdog gave disease, 75
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could
ease,

Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the
spleen."

The Goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him tho' she grants his
prayer. 80

¹ spirits distilled from citron-rind.

A wondrous Bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.

A Vial next she fills with fainting fears, 85
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.

The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound. 90
Full o'er their heads the swelling Bag he rent,

And all the Furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands,
and cried 95
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid!" replied),

Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with torturing irons wreathed around? 100

For this with fillets strained your tender head,

And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honor forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine
Ease, Pleasure, Virtue, all, our sex resign. 106

Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honor in a whisper lost! 110
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Exposed thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heightened by the diamond's circling rays, 115

On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,
And Wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow; 1

Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!"

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs, 121
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs

(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane):
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face, 125

He first the snuff-box opened, then the case,
And thus broke out — "My lord, why, what the devil!

Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!

Plague on 't! 'tis past a jest — nay, prithee, pox!

Give her the hair." — He spoke, and rapped his box. 130

"It grieves me much," replied the Peer again,

"Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain:

But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honors shall renew, 135
Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew),

That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread

The long-contended honors of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome, forbears not so;

He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.

Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,

Her eyes half-languishing, half drowned in tears;

On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head, 145

Which with a sigh she raised, and thus she said:

"For ever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatched my best, my favorite curl away!

Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen! 150

Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed.
O had I rather unadmired remained
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way, 155

Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!

There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,

Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam?

1 Within the sound of the bells of the church of St. Mary-le-Bow — not a fashionable quarter.

O had I stayed, and said my prayers at
home; 160
'Twas this the morning omens seemed to
tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-
box fell;
The tottering china shook without a wind;
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most
unkind!
A Sylph, too, warned me of the threats of
fate, 165
In mystic visions, now believed too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what even thy rapine
spares.
These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy
neck; 170
The sister-lock now sits uncouth alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious
hands.
O hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize 175
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But Fate and Jove had stopped the Baron's
ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fixed the Trojan ² could remain, 5
While Anna begged and Dido raged in vain;
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:
"Say, why are beauties praised and hon-
ored most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's
toast? 10
Why decked with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels called, and angel-like adored?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-
gloved beaux?
Why bows the side-box from its inmost
rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our
pains, 15
Unless Good Sense preserve what Beauty
gains;
That men may say when we the front-box
grace,
'Behold the first in virtue as in face!'
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charmed the smallpox, or chased old age
away; 20

1 Æneas.

Who would not scorn what housewife's cares
produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay, ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay, 25
Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn to
gray;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our power to
use,
And keep good humor still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear, good humor can pre-
vail, 31
When airs, and flights, and screams, and
scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the
soul."
So spoke the dame, but no applause en-
sued; 35
Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whale-
bones crack; 40
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are
found,
Like Gods they fight nor dread a mortal
wound.
So when bold Homer makes the Gods
engage, 45
And heavenly breasts with human passions
rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, Heaven trembles all
around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps
resound: 50
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground
gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel, on a scone's height,
Clapped his glad wings, and sat to view the
fight:
Propped on their bodkin-spears, the sprites
survey 55
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While thro' the press enraged Thalestris
flies,
And scatters death around from both her
eyes,
A Beau and Witling perished in the throng,

One died in metaphor, and one in song: 60
 "O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,"
 Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
 "Those eyes are made so killing" — was his last.

Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies 65
 Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,

Chloe stepped in, and killed him with a frown;
 She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
 But, at her smile, the beau revived again. 70
 Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;

At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies, 75
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes;
 Nor feared the chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold lord, with manly strength endowed,

She with one finger and a thumb subdued: 80
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew;
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
 The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85
 And the high dome reëchoes to his nose.

"Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda cried,

And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great-great-grand sire wore about his neck, 90

In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,

Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
 Which long she wore and now Belinda wears.) 96

"Boast not my fall," he cried, "insulting foe!

Thou by some other shalt be laid as low;
 Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind:
 All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
 Rather than so, ah, let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames — but burn alive."

"Restore the Lock!" she cries; and all around
 "Restore the Lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.

Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105
 Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.

But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
 The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain, 109

In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest.
 So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,

Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.

There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases, 115

And beaux' in snuffboxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken vows, and deathbed alms are found,

And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,

The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120

Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse — she saw it upward rise,

Tho' marked by none but quick poetic eyes
 (So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew, 125

To Proculus alone confessed in view):

A sudden star, it shot thro' liquid air,

And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.

Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
 The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light. 130

The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleased pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,

And hail with music its propitious ray;

This the blest lover shall for Venus take, 135

And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;

This Partridge¹ soon shall view in cloudless skies,

When next he looks thro' Galileo's eyes;

And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom

The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravished hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!

¹ John Partridge was a ridiculous star-gazer, who in his almanacks every year never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope and the King of France. (Pope.)

Not all the tresses that fair head can boast
 Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
 For after all the murders of your eye, ¹⁴⁵
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall
 die;
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they
 must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
 This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's
 name. ¹⁵⁰

ELOISA TO ABELARD

1717

Eloisa to Abelard is the only one of his longer poems in which Pope has chosen a thoroughly romantic theme. It is such a subject as Byron would have loved to handle. But in spite of its medieval setting, its pathos and passion, it misses the spirit of true romance. It is written with a too rhetorical insistence on the antithesis between "Grace and Nature, Virtue and Passion," rather than with the true psychological realization which marks the best of Browning's dramatic monologues. It is theatrical rather than in the best sense dramatic. But if it is rhetoric, it is at any rate magnificent rhetoric; and nowhere has Pope elicited from his heroic couplet a more sweet and stately music.

ARGUMENT

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in Learning and Beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to Religion. It was many years after this separation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This, awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted), which give so lively a picture of the struggles of Grace and Nature, Virtue and Passion.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation
 dwells,

And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,
 What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat? ⁵

Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
 Yet, yet I love! — From Abelard it came,
 And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
 Nor pass these lips, in holy silence sealed: ¹⁰
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
 Where, mixed with God's, his loved idea lies:
 O write it not, my hand — the name appears
 Already written — wash it out, my tears!
 In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays, ¹⁵
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round
 contains
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
 Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have
 worn;
 Ye grots and caverns shagged with horrid
 thorn! ²⁰
 Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins
 keep,
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to
 weep!
 Tho' cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
 All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part, ²⁵
 Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse re-
 strain,
 Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.
 Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloset,
 That well-known name awakens all my
 woes. ³⁰
 Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
 Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a
 tear.
 I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow, ³⁵
 Led thro' a safe variety of woe:
 Now warm in love, now withering in my
 bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
 There stern religion quenched th' unwilling
 flame,
 There died the best of passions, Love and
 Fame. ⁴⁰
 Yet write, O write me all, that I may join
 Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
 Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
 And is my Abelard less kind than they?
 Tears still are mine, and those I need not
 spare; ⁴⁵
 Love but demands what else were shed in
 prayer.
 No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
 To read and weep is all they now can do.
 Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief,
 Ah, more than share it, give me all thy
 grief. ⁵⁰
 Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's
 aid,
 Some banished lover, or some captive maid;
 They live, they speak, they breathe what
 love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
 The virgin's wish without her fears im-
 part, ⁵⁵
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,

And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met
thy flame,

When Love approached me under Friend-
ship's name; 60

My fancy formed thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day,
Guiltless I gazed; Heaven listened while you
sung; 65

And truths divine came mended from that
tongue.

From lips like those what precept failed to
move?

Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to
love:

Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I
ran,

Nor wished an angel whom I loved a man. 70

Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;

Nor envy them that Heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when pressed to marriage, have I
said,

Curse on all laws but those which Love has
made!

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties, 75
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment
flies.

Let Wealth, let Honor, wait the wedded
dame,

August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, Wealth, and Honor! what are you to
Love? 80

The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master
fall, 85

Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em
all:

Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to
thee! 90

O happy state! when souls each other draw,
When Love is liberty, and Nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possessed,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Even thought meets thought, ere from the
lips it part, 95

And each warm wish springs mutual from the
heart.

This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how changed! what sudden horrors
rise!

A naked lover bound and bleeding lies! 100
Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her
hand,

Her poniard had opposed the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage sup-
pressed, 105

Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn
day,

When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment
fell,

When, warm in youth, I bade the world fare-
well? 110

As with cold lips I kissed the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew
pale:

Heaven scarce believed the conquest it sur-
veyed,

And saints with wonder heard the vows I
made.

Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, 115

Not on the cross my eyes were fixed, but you:

Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,

And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.

Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my
woe; 119

Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamored let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be pressed;
Give all thou canst — and let me dream the
rest.

Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize, 125
With other beauties charm my partial eyes!
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy
care,

Plants of thy hand, and children of thy
prayer. 130

From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You raised these hallowed walls; the desert
smiled,

And Paradise was opened in the wild. 134

No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribed the rage of ill-requited Heaven;
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise. 140

¹ Eloisa's family, on learning that Abelard was her
lover, took him unawares, bound and mutilated him.

In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound),
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crowned,
 Where awful arches make a noonday night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light,
 Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray, 145
 And gleams of glory brightened all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
 See how the force of others' prayers I try,
 (O pious fraud of amorous charity!) 150
 But why should I on others' prayers depend?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband,
 friend!
 Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy love!
 The darksome pines, that o'er yon rocks
 reclined, 155
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wandering streams that shine between
 the hills,
 The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling
 breeze — 160
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding aisles and intermingled
 graves,
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her
 throws 165
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades every flower, and darkens every
 green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror on the
 woods. 170
 Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
 Death, only Death can break the lasting
 chain;
 And here, even then shall my cold dust re-
 main;
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175
 And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.
 Ah, wretch! believed the spouse of God in
 vain,
 Confessed within the slave of Love and man.
 Assist me, Heaven! but whence arose that
 prayer?
 Sprung it from piety or from despair? 180
 Even here, where frozen Chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;

I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185
 Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
 Now turned to Heaven, I weep my past
 offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget! 190
 How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
 How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish Penitence from Love?
 Unequal task! a passion to resign, 195
 For hearts so touched, so pierced, so lost as
 mine:
 Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate!
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain — do all things but for-
 get! 200
 But let Heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fired;
 Not touched, but rapt; not wakened, but
 inspired!
 O come! O teach me Nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, myself — and
 You:
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.
 How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot;
 Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,
 Each prayer accepted, and each wish re-
 signed; 210
 Labor and rest, that equal periods keep;
 Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
 Desires composed, affections ever even;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to
 Heaven.
 Grace shines around her with serenest
 beams, 215
 And whispering angels prompt her golden
 dreams.
 For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
 And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
 For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
 For her white virgins hymeneals sing; 220
 To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.
 Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
 Far other raptures of unholy joy.
 When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
 Fancy restores what vengeance snatched
 away; 226
 Then conscience sleeps, and leaving Nature
 free,
 All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee!
 Oh curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
 Provoking demons all restraint remove, 231

And stir within me every source of love.
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
 And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
 I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
 I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
 I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise! 240
 Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
 Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
 Where round some moldering tower pale ivy creeps,
 And low-browed rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies; 245
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
 For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain; 250
 Thy life a long dead calm of fixed repose;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
 Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven, 255
 And mild as opening gleams of promised Heaven.
 Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands checked; Religion disapproves;
 Even thou art cold — yet Eloisa loves. 260
 Ah, hopeless, lasting flames; like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn!
 What scenes appear where'er I turn my view;
 The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue;
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
 I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
 Thy image steals between my God and me:
 Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
 With every bead I drop too soft a tear. 270
 When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,

Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drowned, 275
 While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.
 While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
 Kind virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
 While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
 And dawning grace is opening on my soul: 280
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
 Oppose thyself to Heaven; dispute my heart;
 Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
 Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
 Take back that grace, those sorrows and those tears, 285
 Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;
 Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode:
 Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
 No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
 Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
 Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me, 291
 Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
 Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
 Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
 Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view), 295
 Long loved, adored ideas, all adieu!
 O Grace serene! O Virtue heavenly fair!
 Divine Oblivion of low-thoughted care!
 Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
 And Faith, our early immortality! 300
 Enter each mild, each amicable guest;
 Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!
 See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
 Propt on some tomb, a neighbor of the dead.
 In each low wind methinks a spirit calls, 305
 And more than echoes talk along the walls.
 Here, as I watched the dying lamps around,
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound:
 "Come, sister, come! (it said, or seemed to say)
 Thy place is here, sad sister, come away; 310
 Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and prayed,
 Love's victim then, tho' now a sainted maid:
 But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
 Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep;
 Even superstition loses every fear: 315
 For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come! prepare your roseate
bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refined in breasts seraphic
glow; 320
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day:
See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying
soul!

Ah, no — in sacred vestments mayst thou
stand, 325
The hallowed taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me, to die.
Ah then, thy once loved Eloisa see!

It will be then no crime to gaze on me. 330
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er,
And even my Abelard be loved no more.
O Death, all-eloquent! you only prove 335
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we
love.

Then too, when Fate shall thy fair frame
destroy
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy),
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drowned,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch
thee round; 340
From opening skies may streaming glories
shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like
mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless
name,¹
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are
o'er, 345

When this rebellious heart shall beat no more:
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings,
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their
heads,

And drink the falling tears each other
sheds; 350

Then sadly say, with mutual pity moved,
"O may we never love as these have loved!"
From the full choir, when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye 355
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from
Heaven,

One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if Fate some future bard shall
join

In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360
Condemned whole years in absence to de-
plore,

And image charms he must behold no
more, —

Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive
ghost; 365

He best can paint them who shall feel them
most.

AN ESSAY ON MAN

When Pope "stooped to truth and moralized his song," leaving the realm of fancy for that of moral and social criticism, he found the province of poetry over which he was best fitted to reign. The didactic poem, the essay in verse, does not require sustained power of creative imagination. Its primary material is intellectual thought; its poetry resides in the splendor of illustration, the beauty of musical phrasing, the intensity of feeling with which this thought is driven home to the reader's mind and heart. The philosophy of the *Essay on Man* is not original with Pope, who gratefully acknowledges that he learned it from his "guide, philosopher, and friend," the brilliant but superficial Bolingbroke to whom the poem is dedicated. Its facile optimism, derived ultimately from Leibnitz, which declares that evil is only apparent, that "Whatever is, is right," was more acceptable to Pope's contemporaries than to us. Like Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, it speaks to its own generation rather than to ours. But if the philosophy is shallow and outworn, the poetry remains — the terse brilliancy of epigram, the moving lyrical quality of such passages as the third and tenth sections of Epistle I, the haunting power of such a line as

Die of a rose in aromatic pain,

a line which might well have been written by Keats.

The whole work consists of four essays, which were published separately between 1732 and 1734.

THE DESIGN

Having proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as, to use my Lord Bacon's expression, "come home to men's business and bosoms," I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract, his nature and his state: since to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of Human Nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain

¹ Abelard and Eloisa were interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monastery of the Paraclete; he died in the year 1142, she in 1163. (Pope.)

truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last; and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible and in forming a temperate, yet not inconsistent, and a short, yet not imperfect, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts, so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: the other may seem odd, but it is true: I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published is only to be considered as a general Map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connexion, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow; consequently these epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage: to deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

EPISTLE I

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE

ARGUMENT

Of Man in the abstract. I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, verse 17, etc. II. That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, verse 35, etc. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, verse 77, etc. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, verse 113, etc. V. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural, verse 131, etc. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while, on the one hand, he demands the perfections of the angels, and, on the other, the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable, verse 173, etc. VII. That throughout the whole visible world a universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of Sense, Instinct, Thought, Reflection, Reason: that Reason alone counter-veils all the other faculties, verse 207, etc. VIII. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, verse 213, etc. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, verse 290, etc. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, verse 281, etc., to the end.

Awake, my St. JOHN!¹ leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of Kings.
Let us, since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die,
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man; 5
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscu-
ous shoot,

Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield; 10
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid² where we
can, 15

But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above or Man below
What can we reason but from what we know?
Of man what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
Thro' worlds unnumbered tho' the God be
known,

'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs, 25
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are:
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies, 30
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Looked thro'; or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason
wouldst thou find, 35
Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess
Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less!
Ask of thy mother earth why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they
shade! 40

Or ask of yonder argent fields above
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove!

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must fall or not coherent be, 45
And all that rises rise in due degree;
Then in the scale of reasoning life 'tis plain
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as
Man: 48

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
¹ Henry St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, a close friend of Pope from whom Pope learned most of the philosophical ideas contained in this poem.
² kindly.

Is only this, — if God has placed him wrong?

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, tho' labored on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose
gain;

In God's, one single can its end produce, 55

Yet serve to second too some other use:

So man, who here seems principal alone,

Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,

Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal:

'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why man
restrains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;

When the dull ox, why now he breaks the
clod,

Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God;

Then shall man's pride and dulness compre-
hend 65

His actions', passions', being's, use and end;

Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled; and
why

This hour a Slave, the next a Deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in
fault;

Say rather man's as perfect as he ought; 70

His knowledge measured to his state and
place,

His time a moment, and a point his space.

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,

What matter soon or late, or here or there?

The blest to-day is as completely so 75

As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the
book of Fate,

All but the page prescribed, their present
state;

From brutes what men, from men what
spirits know;

Or who could suffer being here below? 80

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,

Had he thy reason would he skip and play?

Pleased to the last he crops the flowery food,

And licks the hand just raised to shed his
blood.

O blindness to the future! kindly given, 85

That each may fill the circle marked by
Heaven;

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,

A hero perish or a sparrow fall,

Atoms or systems into ruin hurled, 90

And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions
soar;

Wait the great teacher Death, and God
adore.

What future bliss He gives not thee to know,

But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast: 95

Man never is, but always to be, blest.

The soul, uneasy and confined from home,

Rests and expatiates¹ in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored
mind

Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the
wind; 100

His soul proud Science never taught to stray

Far as the solar walk² or milky way;

Yet simple nature to his hope has given,

Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler
Heaven,

Some safer world in depth of woods em-
braced, 105

Some happier island in the watery waste,

Where slaves once more their native land
behold,

No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for
gold.

To be, contents his natural desire; 109

He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,

His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of
sense

Weigh thy opinion against Providence; 114

Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;

Say, here he gives too little, there too much;

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,³

Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;

If man alone engross not Heaven's high
care, 119

Alone made perfect here, immortal there:

Snatch from his hand the balance and the
rod,

Rejudge his justice, be the god of God.

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;

All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies! 125

Pride still is aiming at the blessed abodes,

Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.

Aspiring to be Gods if Angels fell,

Aspiring to be Angels men rebel:

And who but wishes to invert the laws

Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause, 130

V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies
shine,

Earth for whose use, — Pride answers,

"'Tis for mine:

For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,

Suckles each herb, and spreads out every
flower;

Annual for me the grape, the rose, renew 135

The juice nectareous and the balmy dew;

For me the mine a thousand treasures brings;

¹ wanders without restraint.

² The orbit of the Sun. ³ appetite.

For me health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies." 140

But errs not Nature from this gracious
end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

"No," 'tis replied, "the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial but by general laws; 146
Th' exceptions few; some change since all began;
And what created perfect?" — Why then man?

If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can man do less? 150

As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design, 155

Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?
Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning forms,

Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms;

Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon¹ loose to scourge mankind? 160

From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;

Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?

In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear, 165
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discomposed the mind:
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life. 170
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears 175

To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.

Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?

1 Alexander the Great.

Nature to these without profusion kind, 176
The proper organs, proper powers assigned:
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate;
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own: 185
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing if not blessed with all?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)

Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say, what the use, were finer optics given, 195
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the Heaven?

Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain? 200
If Nature thundered in his opening ears,
And stunned him with the music of the spheres,

How would he wish that Heaven had left him still

The whispering zephyr and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise, 205

Alike in what it gives and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,

The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends.
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race
From the green myriads in the peopled grass: 210

What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,

The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood 215

To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood.
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee what sense so subtly true.
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew! 220

How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!

'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!

Remembrance and reflection how allied! 225
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!

And middle natures how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected these to those, or all to thee! 230
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See thro' this air, this ocean, and
this earth

All matter quick, and bursting into birth:
Above, how high progressive life may go! 235
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began;
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man, 238
Beast, bird, fish, insect, who no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing. — On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's
destroyed:

From Nature's chain whatever link you like,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain
alike. 246

And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the Whole must
fall. 250

Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and stars run lawless thro' the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be
hurled,

Being on being wrecked, and world on
world;

Heaven's whole foundations to their centre
nod, 255

And Nature tremble to the throne of God!
All this dread order break — for whom?
for thee?

Vile worm! — O madness! pride! impiety!
IX. What if the foot, ordained the dust
to tread,

Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head? 260

What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of All ordains. 266

All are but parts of one stupendous Whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That changed thro' all, and yet in all the
same, 269

Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,

Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal
part, 275

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns.
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!

X. Cease, then, nor Order imperfection
name; 281

Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due
degree

Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on
thee.

Submit: in this or any other sphere, 285
Secure to be as blessed as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.

All Nature is but Art unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou canst not
see; 290

All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

MORAL ESSAYS

EPISTLE IV

TO RICHARD BOYLE,
EARL OF BURLINGTON

OF THE USE OF RICHES

1731

First published with the title: *Of Taste*. Pope had already exemplified his doctrine that good taste is founded on good sense and on nature in the landscape-gardening of his own villa at Twickenham. His precept and example did much to make fashionable the natural garden as opposed to the formal garden with geometrical patterns. The most brilliant passage of the Essay is the description of "Timon's villa," which exemplifies all that is worst in tasteless magnificence, when the builder has not the good sense to consider usefulness and comfort.

ARGUMENT

The vanity of Expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word Taste. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in everything else, is Good Sense. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings for want of this true founda-

zlon, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will but be perverted into something burdensome and ridiculous. A description of the false taste of Magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony, of the whole; and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or, in the repetition of the same too frequently. A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments. Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind. What are the proper objects of Magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of great men. And, finally, the great and public works which become a Prince.

'Tis strange the Miser should his cares employ

To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:

Is it less strange the Prodigal should waste
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?

Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats; 5
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats:

He buys for Topham drawings and designs;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.¹ 10

Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?

Only to show how many tastes he wanted.

What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste? 15

Some demon whispered, "Visto! have a Taste."

Heaven visits with a Taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley² with a rule.
See! sportive Fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide: 20

A standing sermon at each year's expense,
That never coxcomb reached Magnificence!

You³ show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,

And pompous buildings once were things of use;

Yet shall, my Lord, your just, your noble rules 25

Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,

And of one Beauty many Blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,

Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate; 30
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patched dog-hole eked with ends of wall,

Then clap four slices of pilaster on 't,
That laced with bits of rustic makes a front;
Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar, 35

Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door:
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of Art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer
A certain truth, which many buy too dear: 40
Something there is more needful than expense,

And something previous even to Taste — 'tis Sense;

Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And tho' no science, fairly worth the seven;
A light which in yourself you must perceive; 45

Jones and Le Nôtre¹ have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let Nature never be forgot. 50

But treat the Goddess like a modest Fair,
Nor overdress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.

He gains all points who pleasingly confounds, 55

Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all;

That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heavens to scale,

Or scoops in circling theatres the vale, 60
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades,

Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines;

Paints as you plant, and as you work designs.

Still follow Sense, of every art the soul; 65
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,

Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start even from difficulty, strike from chance:
Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow

A work to wonder at — perhaps a Stowe.² 70
Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls,

¹ Contemporary collectors, scholars, and naturalists.

² An incompetent architect.

³ The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the designs of Inigo Jones and the *Antiquities of Rome* by Palladio. (Pope.)

¹ Landscape-gardener to Louis XIV.

² The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire. (Pope.)

And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall
make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a
lake;
Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the
plain,
You'll wish your hill or sheltered seat again.
Even in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in a hermitage set Dr. Clarke.¹

Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete:
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet, 80
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength
of light;

A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day, 84
With silver quivering rills meandered o'er —
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more:
Tired of the scene parterres and fountains
yield,

He finds at last he better likes a field.
Thro' his young woods how pleased
Sabinus strayed,

Or sat delighted in the thickening shade, 90
With annual joy the reddening shoots to
greet,

Or see the stretching branches long to meet.
His son's fine Taste an opener vista loves,
Foe to the dryads of his father's groves;
One boundless green or flourished carpet
views, 95

With all the mournful family of yews;
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks
made,

Now sweep those alleys they were born to
shade.

At Timon's villa² let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown
away"; 100

So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there;
Greatness with Timon dwells in such a
draught

As brings all Brobdingnag³ before your
thought.

To compass this, his building is a town, 105
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he
sees,

A puny insect shivering at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole a labored quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind 111

Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call;
On every side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene; 115
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother.
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be played, 121
And there a summer-house that knows no
shade,

Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bowers,
There gladiators fight or die in flowers;
Unwatered, see the drooping seahorse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn. 126

My Lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen,
But soft! by regular approach — not yet —
First thro' the length of yon hot terrace
sweat; 130

And when up ten steep slopes you've dragged
your thighs,

Just at his study door he'll bless your eyes.

His study! with what authors is it stored?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord.

To all their dated backs he turns you
round; 135

These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has
bound;

Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good,
For all his lordship knows, — but they are
wood.

For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look; 139
These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of prayer.
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven:
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare, 145
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or La-
guerre,

On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all paradise before your eye:
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite. 150
But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call:
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall;
The rich buffet well-colored serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room? 155

No, 'tis a temple and a hecatomb;
A solemn sacrifice performed in state;
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's⁴ dread doctor and his wand were
there. 160

¹ The squire of Don Quixote.

¹ Dr. L. Clarke's busto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the doctor duly frequented the court. (Pope.)

² See note to *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, line 300.

³ The land of giants in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*.

Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the
King.

In plenty starving, tantalized in state,
And complaisantly helped to all I hate,
Treated, caressed, and tired, I take my
leave, 165

Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish Cost and little Skill,
And swear no day was ever passed so ill.

Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry
fed; 169

Health to himself, and to his infants bread
The laborer bears; what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has planned,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land. 176

Who then shall grace, or who improve the
soil?

Who plants like Bathurst,¹ or who builds
like Boyle?²

'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendor borrows all her rays from
sense. 180

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbors glad if he increase;
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to
feed 185

The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to
down,

First shade a country, and then raise a
town. 190

You, too; proceed! make falling arts your
care;

Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore
And be whate'er Vitruvius³ was before,
Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind 195
(Proud to accomplish what such hands de-
signed),

Bid harbors open, public ways extend,
Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend,
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood con-
tain,

The mole projected break the roaring main,
Back to his bounds their subject sea com-
mand, 201

And roll obedient rivers thro' the land.

¹ The Third Epistle of the Moral Essays was ad-
dressed to Allen, Lord Bathurst.

² Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington.

³ Latin writer on architecture, first century B.C.

These honors: Peace to happy Britain
brings;

These are imperial works, and worthy Kings.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT

BEING THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

Dr. John Arbuthnot, who had been physician in ordinary to Queen Anne, was a man of literary and artistic tastes and a most charming gentleman, the close friend of Pope and of Swift. To him Pope addresses what is the most intimate and self-revealing of his poems, published in 1735, and later used as prologue to the collected volume of Pope's *Satires*. It is in a measure Pope's literary autobiography, written at the height of his power and of his fame, his *apologia pro vita sua*, in which he seeks to justify his own position and to dispose once for all of his enemies and detractors. The most famous passage is the "character" of Addison under the name of "Atticus," a satirical portrait which, admitting the greatness of Addison, seizes on and emphasizes the victim's weaker side — his timid jealousy of rivals and a certain smug self-complacency. This portrait is much greater satire than the vindictive "character" of Lord Hervey under the name of "Sporus." Many lines contain thinly veiled references to men and events familiar to Pope's contemporaries, but long since forgotten, save as Pope has given to them a sort of immortality by his satire. The modern reader, unless he is prepared to wade through a mass of annotations, must be content to miss the point of many of these personal thrusts. In easy colloquial grace and terseness of epigram the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* shows Pope at his best.

ADVERTISEMENT

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some Persons of Rank and Fortune (the authors of "Verses to the Imitator of Horace," and of an "Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court") to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge), but my Person, Morals, and Family; whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the Truth and the Sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at if they please.

I would have some of them know it was owing to the request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honor on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness.

P. "Shut, shut the door, good John!"¹
 fatigued, I said;
 "Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead."
 The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt
 All Bedlam² or Parnassus is let out:
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5
 They rave, recite, and madden round the
 land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades
 can hide?

They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they
 glide,

By land, by water, they renew the charge,
 They stop the chariot, and they board the
 barge. 10

No place is sacred, not the church is free,
 Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
 Then from the Mint³ walks forth the man of
 rhyme,

Happy to catch me just at dinner time.

Is there a Parson much bemused in beer,
 A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer, 16
 A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
 Is there who, locked from ink and paper,
 scrawls

With desperate charcoal round his darkened
 walls? 20

All fly to TWIT'NAM⁴ and in humble strain,
 Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
 Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
 Imputes to me and my damned works the
 cause:

Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, 25
 And curses Wit and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life (which did not you pro-
 long,

The world had wanted many an idle song)!
 What Drop or Nostrum can this plague re-
 move?

Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or
 love? 30

A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
 If foes, they write, if friends, they read me
 dead.

Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched
 I!

Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
 To laugh were want of goodness and of
 grace, 35

And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
 I sit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish and an aching head,

And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine
 years." 40

"Nine years!" cries he, who, high in Drury
 lane,

Lulled by soft zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before
 Term¹ ends,

Obliged by hunger and request of friends:
 "The piece, you think, is incorrect? why,
 take it! 45

I'm all submission: what you'd have it—
 make it."

Three things another's modest wishes
 bound,

"My friendship, and a Prologue, and ten
 pound."

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his
 Grace,

I want a patron; ask him for a place." 50
 Pitholeon libelled me — "But here's a letter
 Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no
 better.

Dare you refuse him? Curll² invites to dine,
 He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."

Bless me! a packet. — 'Tis a stranger sues,
 A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse. 56

If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"
 If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commis-
 sion ends,

The players and I are, luckily, no friends. 60
 Fired that the house rejects him, " 'Sdeath,

I'll print it,
 And shame the fools — your interest, Sir,

with Lintot." 3

Lintot, dull rogue, will think your price too
 much:

"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
 All my demurs but double his attacks; 65

At last he whispers, "Do, and we go snacks."
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door;

"Sir, let me see your works and you no
 more."

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to
 spring

(Midas, a sacred person and a king), 70
 His very Minister who spied them first

(Some say his Queen) was forced to speak or
 burst.

And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
 When every coxcomb perks them in my face?

A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in
 dangerous things; 75

I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;

¹ Pope's servant.

² The great London hospital for the insane.

³ A region of London in which debtors could not be ar-
 rested. No debtors could be arrested on Sunday.

⁴ Pope's villa was at Twickenham, on the banks of the
 Thames not far from London.

¹ The London "season."

² The piratical bookseller who published Pope's letters.

³ One of the most respected booksellers of the day. He
 published Pope's Homer.

Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing — *P.* Nothing! if they bite
and kick?

Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass: 80
The truth once told (and wherefore should
we lie?)

The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee
break, 85
Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty
crack:

Pit, Box, and Gallery in convulsions hurled,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting
world.

Who shames a Scribbler? break one cobweb
thro',
He spins the slight self-pleasing thread
anew: 90

Destroy his fib, or sophistry — in vain!
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Throned in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines.
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet or Peer 95
Lost the arched eyebrow or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley still his lord and whore?
His butchers Henley? his freemasons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit? 100
Still Sappho — *A.* Hold! for God's sake —
you'll offend.

No names — be calm — learn prudence of a
friend.
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these — *P.* One flatterer's
worse than all.

Of all mad creatures, if the learned are
right, 105

It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes; 110
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend:
This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, sub-
scribe!"

There are who to my person pay their
court: 115

I cough like Horace; and tho' lean, am short;
Ammon's great son¹ one shoulder had too
high,

Such Ovid's nose, and "Sir! you have an
eye —"

Go on, obliging creatures! make me see
All that disgraced my betters met in me. 120
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro² held his head":
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me un-
known 125

Dipped me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came:
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed: 130
The Muse but served to ease some friend, not
wife,

To help me thro' this long disease my life,
To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved, to bear.
A. But why then publish? *P.* Granville³

the polite, 135
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could
write;

Well-natured Garth inflamed with early
praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my
lays;

The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read;
Even mitred Rochester would nod the
head, 140
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends
before)

With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happier their author, when by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and
books, 145

Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and
Cokes.³

Soft were my numbers; who could take
offence

While pure description held the place of
sense?

Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
"A painted mistress, or a purling stream."
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill; 151
I wished the man a dinner, and sat still:
Yet then did Dennis⁴ rave in furious fret;
I never answered; I was not in debt.

If want provoked, or madness made them
print, 155

I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smiled, if right, I kissed the rod.

¹ Virgil.

² The men mentioned in lines 135-140 were wits and critics of the preceding generation, who encouraged Pope in his boyhood and youth.

³ Authors of secret and scandalous history. (Pope.)

⁴ A well-known literary critic, who had attacked Pope's *Essay on Criticism*.

Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and
sense. 160

Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these
ribalds,

From slashing Bentleys down to piddling
Tibbalds.¹

Each wight who reads not, and but scans and
spells, 165

Each word-catcher that lives on syllables,
Even such small critics some regard may
claim,

Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's
name.

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or
worms! 170

The things, we know, are neither rich nor
rare,

But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry: I excused them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their
due.

A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find; 175
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight Pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?

The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-
crown, 180

Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight
lines a year;

He who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing
left;

And he who now to sense, now nonsense,
leaning, 185

Means not, but blunders round about a
meaning:

And he whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:

All these my modest satire bade translate,
And owned that nine such poets made a
Tate.² 190

How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and
chafe!

And swear not ADDISON himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one³
whose fires

True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires,
Blessed with each talent and each art to
please, 195

And born to write, converse, and live with
ease;

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the
throne;

View him with scornful, yet with jealous
eyes,

And hate for arts that caused himself to
rise; 200

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil
leer,

And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;

Alike reserved to blame or to commend, 205
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;

Dreading even fools; by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;

Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause: 210

While Wits and Templars¹ every sentence
raise,

And wonder with a foolish face of praise —
Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

What tho' my name stood rubric² on the
walls, 215

Or plastered posts, with claps,³ in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers load,

On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write;

I kept, like Asian Monarchs, from their
sight: 220

Poems I heeded (now berhymed so long)
No more than thou, great George!⁴ a birth-

day song.

I ne'er with Wits or Witlings passed my days
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;

Nor like a puppy daggled thro' the town 225
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;

Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouthed, and
cried,

With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,

To Bufo left the whole Castalian state. 230

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill
Sat full-blown Bufo, puffed by every quill:

Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.

His library (where busts of poets dead, 235
And a true Pindar stood without a head)

Received of Wits an undistinguished race,
Who first his judgment asked, and then a
place:

Much they extolled his pictures, much his
seat,

¹ Editors of Milton and of Shakespeare whom Pope had satirized in the *Dunciad*.

² Nahum Tate, the poet laureate.

³ Addison, satirized under the name of "Atticus."

¹ law-students.

² in red letters.

³ posters

⁴ King George II was utterly indifferent to literature

And flattered every day, and some days
eat: 240
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some
with praise;
To some a dry rehearsal was assigned,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.¹
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not
nigh; 245
Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve;
He helped to bury whom he helped to starve.
May some choice patron bless each gray
goose quill!
May every Bavius² have his Bufo still! 250
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with
Sense,
Or simple Pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my
hands!
Blessed be the great! for those they take
away, 255
And those they left me — for they left me
Gay;³
Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My Verse, and Queensbury weeping o'er thy
urn! 260
Oh let me live my own, and die so too
(To live and die is all I have to do!)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I
please;
Above a Patron, tho' I condescend. 265
Sometimes to call a minister my Friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead. 270
Why am I asked what next shall see the
light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with Swift" — "Indeed?
no doubt 275
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come
out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;
"No, such a genius never can lie still":
And then for mine obligingly mistakes 279
The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,

When every coxcomb knows me by my style?

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbor's
peace,

Insults fallen Worth, or Beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame Slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out; 290
That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295
Yet wants the honor, injured, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you
say,

And, if he lie not, must at least betray;
Who to the Dean and Silver Bell can swear,
And sees at Canons what was never there;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply, 305
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie:
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his
stead.

Let Sporus² tremble — A. What? that
thing of silk, 305
Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded
wings, 310
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and
stings; 315
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet Wit ne'er tastes, and Beauty ne'er en-
joys;

So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way,
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet
squeaks,

Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies, 320
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies;
His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile Antithesis. 325
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,

¹ The account of "Timon's Villa" in the fourth *Moral Essay* (lines 99–168) was declared by Pope's enemies to be a satire on Canons, the country seat of the Duke of Chandos, where Pope had been entertained as a guest.

² Lord Hervey, a well-known court favorite, and one of Pope's bitter enemies. The name Sporus is that of a eunuch, a favorite of the Emperor Nero.

¹ i.e., with poems of his own.

² i.e., every bad poet.

³ Author of the *Beggar's Opera*, and close friend of Pope.

The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have ex-
prest,

A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
Beauty that shocks you, Parts that none will
trust,

Wit that can creep, and Pride that licks the
dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's
fool,

Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud nor servile;—be one poet's
praise,

That if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways:
That flattery even to Kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to truth, and moralized his song;

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;

Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;

The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash and dulness not his own;
The morals blackened when the writings
'scape,

The libelled person, and the pictured shape;
Abuse on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his SOVEREIGN'S ear—
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome even the last!

A. But why insult the poor? affront the
great?

P. A knave's a knave to me in every state;
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail;
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail;
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded Satirist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knocked at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhymed for
Moore.

Full ten years slandered, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on Wel-
sted's lie.

To please a mistress one aspersed his life;
He lashed him not, but let her be his wife:
Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his
quill,

And write whate'er he pleased, except his will;
Let the two Curlls of town and court
abuse

His father, mother, body, soul, and muse:
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbor fool;
That harmless mother thought no wife a
whore:

Hear this, and spare his family, James
Moore!

Unspotted names, and memorable long,
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honor's cause,
While yet in Britain honor had applause)
Each parent sprung — A. What fortune,
pray? —

P. Their own;

And better got than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walked innoxious thro' his
age.

No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By Nature honest, by Experience wise,
Healthy by Temperance and by Exercise;
His life, tho' long, to sickness passed unknown,
His death was instant and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy
than I.

O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed
of Death;

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve
my friend!

Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a Queen.

A. Whether that blessing be denied or
given,
Thus far was right;—the rest belongs to
Heaven.

1 Addison married the Countess of Warwick.
2 Fone was a devoted son to his aged mother.

JOHN GAY(1685-1732)

John Gay has been called the "spoiled child of the Queen Anne wits." Swift and Pope and Dr. Arbuthnot were his devoted friends, and continually gave him literary advice and financial assistance. His first important poem, *Rural Sports* (1713), was dedicated to Mr. Pope. Then at Pope's suggestion he wrote *The Shepherd's Week*, a set of pastorals which substitutes for the conventional shepherds and shepherdesses usual in the artificial pastoral the actual country folk of rural England. For the best of his longer poems, *Trivia*, or *the Art of Walking the Streets of London* (1716), which treats with the mock seriousness of the didactic poem the bustling life of the great city, Gay received "several hints" from Swift. In 1720, he published by subscription his collected poems. From this edition he made about a thousand pounds, which he promptly lost by speculating in South Sea stock. In 1727 was published the first series of *Fables*. (A second series appeared five years after his death.)

The great success of Gay's life came in 1728 with the production of the *Beggar's Opera*, written at the suggestion of Swift, and with the counsel of Pope and Arbuthnot. This brilliantly witty musical farce of criminal life, in which the chief criminal is the satiric counterpart of Sir Robert Walpole, the great Whig minister, had the extraordinary run of sixty-two nights. Its sequel, *Polly*, prohibited by the censor because of its political satire, was printed in 1729 and brought its author a thousand pounds. In the songs written for his operas, Gay shows a lyrical power which in vivacious light-hearted gayety rivals that of the great Elizabethan song-writers.

Gay died at the age of forty-seven, and was given a public funeral in Westminster Abbey. On his tomb is cut a graceful tribute composed by Pope, which is followed by the famous epitaph written by Gay himself —

Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, and now I know it.

Most of his writing is in the spirit of jest — the playful wit of *Trivia* and the *Fables*, the rollicking satire of the *Beggar's Opera*. His poetical style is always easy and graceful, but it never pretends to the manner of great poetry.

The best edition of Gay is that edited by G. C. Faber for the Oxford Edition of Standard Authors (1926). His life has been written by Lewis Melville (London, 1921).

TRIVIA, OR THE ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON

1716

Trivia, from the Latin *trivium* (*ter* + *via*), where three roads meet, is an epithet describing one of the aspects of the goddess Diana. *Diana Trivia* is "Diana of the Crossways," and hence an appropriate patroness for the "art of walking the streets." Book I deals with "the Implements for walking the Streets, and the Signs of the Weather." The following passages are selected from the second and third books.

BOOK II

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY DAY

Thus far the Muse has traced in useful lays,
The proper implements for wintry ways;
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the skies.
Now venture, Muse, from home, to range the town,
And for the public safety risk thy own.

The Morning

For ease and for dispatch the morning's best;
No tides of passengers the street molest.

You'll see a draggled damsel, here and there,
From Billingsgate her fishy traffic bear; 10
On doors the sallow milk-maid chalks her gains;

Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;
These grave physicians with their milky cheer 15

The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair;

Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellow thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these

The proper prelude to a state of peace? 20
Now industry awakes her busy sons,
Full charged with news the breathless hawker runs;

Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

Of Narrow Streets

Though expedition bids, yet never stray 25
Where no ranged posts defend the rugged way.

I The milk of asses was a fashionable remedy for the ailing.

Here laden carts with thundering wagons
meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the
narrow street;

The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain,
And blood in anguish bursts the swelling
vein.

O barbarous men, your cruel breasts assuage,
Why vent ye on the generous steed your
rage?

Does not his service earn your daily bread?
Your wives, your children by his labors fed!
If, as the Samian¹ taught, the soul revives,
And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives;
Severe shall be the brutal coachman's
change,

Doomed in a hackney horse the town to
range:

Carmen, transformed, the groaning load
shall draw,

Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

The Pell-mell Celebrated

O bear me to the paths of fair Pell-mell,
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy
smell!

At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
No lets would bar thy ways were chairs de-
nied,

The soft supports of laziness and pride;
Shops breathe perfumes, thro' sashes ribbons
glow,

The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.
Yet still even here, when rains the passage
hide,

Oft the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
Where masons mount the ladder, fragments
fly;

Mortar, and crumbled lime in showers de-
scend,

And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend.

The Pleasure of Walking through an Alley

But sometimes let me leave the noisy
roads,
And silent wander in the close abodes
Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there
pensive stray,

In studious thought, the long uncrowded
way.

Here I remark each walker's different face,
And in their look their various business
trace.

¹ Pythagoras, who taught the doctrine of the trans-
migration of souls.

The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He seeks bye streets, and saves th' expensive
coach.

Soft, at low doors, old lechers tap their cane,
For fair recluse, who travels Drury-lane;
Here roams uncombed the lavish rake, to
shun

His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.

The Dangers of Foot-ball

Where Covent-Garden's famous temple
stands,

That boasts the work of Jones'¹ immortal
hands;

Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square:
Here oft my course I bend, when lo! from far
I spy the furies of the foot-ball war:

The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gathering globe augments with every
round.

But whither shall I run? the throng draws
nigh,

The ball now skims the street, now soars on
high;

The dexterous glazier strong returns the
bound,

And jingling sashes on the pent-house sound.

BOOK III

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY NIGHT

O Trivia, Goddess, leave these low abodes,
And traverse o'er the wide ethereal roads,
Celestial Queen, put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia² named, fair regent of the
night.

At sight of thee the villain sheaths his sword,
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy
hoard.

O may thy silver lamp from heaven's high
bower

Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!

Of Pick-Pockets

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot
along,

Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng.
Lured by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
The subtil artist will thy side disarm.

¹ Inigo Jones (1573-1652), the famous architect.

² Diana as the Moon.

Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn;
 High on the shoulder, in a basket born,
 Lurks the sly boy; whose hand to rapine
 bred, *1*
 Plucks off the curling honors of thy head.
 Here dives the skulking thief with practised
 slight,
 And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light.
 Where's now thy watch, with all its trinkets,
 flown?
 And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
 But lo! his bolder theft some tradesman
 spies, *2*
 Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher¹
 flies;
 Dexterous he 'scapes the coach with nimble
 bounds,
 Whilst every honest tongue "stop thief"
 resounds.
 So speeds the wily fox, alarmed by fear, *3*
 Who lately filched the turkey's callow care;
 Hounds following hounds grow louder as he
 flies,
 And injured tenants join the hunter's cries.
 Breathless he stumbling falls: Ill-fated boy!
 Why did not honest work thy youth employ?
 Seized by rough hands, he's dragged amid the
 rout, *4*
 And stretched beneath the pump's incessant
 spout:
 Or plunged in miry ponds, he gasping lies,
 Mud chokes his mouth, and plasters o'er his
 eyes.

Of Crossing the Street

If wheels bar up the road, where streets are
 crost, *1*
 With gentle words the coachman's ear accost:
 He ne'er the threat, or harsh command obeys,
 But with contempt the spattered shoe
 surveys.
 Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
 To cross the way where carts and coaches
 roll; *2*
 Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
 Nor rashly risk the kennel's² spacious stride;
 Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,
 Like dying thunder in the breaking air;
 Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone, *3*
 And passing coaches crush thy tortured bone,
 Or wheels enclose the road; on either hand
 Pent round with perils, in the midst you
 stand,
 And call for aid in vain; the coachman
 swears,
 And car-men drive, unmindful of thy prayers.

¹ thief. ² gutter.

Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou
 fly? *4*
 On every side the pressing spokes are nigh.
 So sailors, while Carybdis' gulf they shun,
 Amazed, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

Of Watchmen

Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly
 light *1*
 Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;
 For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
 And home conduct thee, safe from nightly
 harm;
 But if they shake their lanterns, from afar
 To call their brethren to confederate war *2*
 When rakes resist their power; if hapless you
 Should chance to wander with the scouring¹
 crew;
 Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er
 despair,
 But seek the constable's considerate ear;
 He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
 Moved by the rhetoric of a silver fee. *3*
 Thus would you gain some favorite courtier's
 word;
 Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my Lord.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN

A BALLAD

I

All in the Downs² the fleet was moored,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came aboard.
 "Oh! where shall I my true love find!
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among the crew."

2

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rocked with the billow to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sighed and cast his eyes below: *1*
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing
 hands,
 And (quick as lightning) on the deck he
 stands.

3

So the sweet lark, high-poised in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If, chance, his mate's shrill call he
 hear) *15*

¹ roistering.

² A roadstead off the coast of Kent.

And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

4

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain; 20
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

5

"Believe not what the landmen say, 25
Who tempt with doubts thy constant
mind:
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go. 30

6

"If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view, 35
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

7

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from
harms,
William shall to his Dear return. 40
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's
eye."

8

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard: 45
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his
head;
Her lessening boat, unwilling rows to land:
Adieu, she cries! and waved her lily hand.

Publ. 1720.

FABLES

1727

THE MONKEY WHO HAD SEEN THE
WORLD¹

A Monkey, to reform the times,
Resolved to visit foreign climes;

¹ Fable XIV, First Series.

For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer manners home:
So forth he fares, all toil defies; 5
Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treacherous snare was laid,
Poor Pug was caught, to town conveyed,
There sold; (How envied was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!) 10
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favor gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day,
The toilette calls; with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan, 15
Like any other gentleman.

In visits too his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In every courtly art refined, 20
Like Orpheus burned with public zeal,
To civilize the monkey weal;
So watched occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press, 25
Astonished at his strut and dress,
Some praise his sleeve, and others gloat
Upon his rich embroidered coat,
His dapper periwig commending
With the black tail behind depending, 30
His powdered back, above, below,
Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow;
But all, with envy and desire,
His fluttering shoulder-knot admire.

"Hear and improve," he pertly cries, 35
"I come to make a nation wise;
Weigh your own worth; support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I passed my days,
Conversed with men, and learnt their 40
ways:

Their dress, their courtly manners see;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? In flattery deal,
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal; 45
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends,
Stint not to truth the flow of wit,
Be prompt to lie, whene'er 'tis fit;
Bend all your force to spatter merit;
Scandal is conversation's spirit; 50
Boldly to every thing pretend,
And men your talents shall commend;
I knew the Great. Observe me right,
So shall you grow like man polite."

He spoke and bowed. With muttering
jaws 55
The wondering circle grinned applause.
Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite,

And fond to copy human ways,
Practise new mischiefs all their days. 60

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool,
Studious of every coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and
swears,

O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts, 65
For vice is fitted to his parts.

THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH *

A Fox, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarmed his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him stand 5
To learn their dying sire's command;
He raised his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone.

"Ah sons, from evil ways depart,
My crimes lie heavy on my heart. 10
See, see, the murdered geese appear!
Why are those bleeding turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken slain?"

The hungry foxes round them stared, 15
And for the promised feast prepared.

"Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here:
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain." 20

"O gluttons," says the drooping sire,
"Restrain inordinate desire;
Your liquorish ² taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace, 25
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of power,
And never feel the quiet hour.

Old-age, (which few of us shall know,)
Now puts a period to my woe. 30
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And, the good name you lost, redeem."

"The counsel's good," a fox replies, 35
"Could I perform what you advise.
Think, what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son;
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath marked our race. 40
Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreased,
We shall be thought to share the feast.

1 Fable XXIX, First Series.

2 luxurious.

The change shall never be believed, 45
A lost good name is ne'er retrieved."

"Nay then," replies the feeble Fox,
"(But, hark! I hear a hen that clocks)
Go, but be moderate in your food;
A chicken too might do me good." 50

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS *

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame,
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care;
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend 5
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied with every thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train,
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain: 10
Her care was, never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries, 15
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies;
She starts, she stops; she pants for breath,
She hears the near advance of death,
She doubles, to mis-lead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round; 20
'Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appeared in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend, 25
And owe my safety to a friend,
You know my feet betray my flight,
To friendship every burthen's light."

The horse replied, "poor honest puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus; 30
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately bull implored;
And thus replied the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell 35
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend;
Love calls me hence; a favorite cow
Expects me near yon barley mow: 40
And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the goat is just behind."

The goat remarked her pulse was high, 45
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
"My back," says he, "may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

1 Fable L, First Series.

The sheep was feeble, and complained,
His sides a load of wool sustained,
Said he was slow, confessed his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me then. You know my heart.
But dearest friends, alas, must part!
How shall we all lament! Adieu.
For see the hounds are just in view."

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

(From *Beggar's Opera*, Act I, Scene XII)

Macheath. Were I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embraced my
lass;

Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half year's night
would pass.

Polly. Were I sold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was
closed,

I could mock the sultry toil,
When on my charmer's breast
reposed.

Macheath. And I would love you all the day,

Polly. Every night would kiss and play,

Macheath. If with me you'd fondly stray

Polly. Over the hills and far away.

1728.

YOUTH'S THE SEASON

(From *Beggar's Opera*, Act II, Scene IV)

Youth's the season made for joys,

Love is then our duty;

She alone who that employs,

Well deserves her beauty.

Let's be gay,

While we may,

Beauty's a flower despised in
decay.

Chorus. Youth's the season, etc.

Let us drink and sport to-day,

Ours is not to-morrow.

Love with youth flies swift away,

Age is nought but sorrow.

Dance and sing,

Time's on the wing.

Life never knows the return of
spring.

Chorus. Let us drink, etc.

1728.

COME, SWEET LASS

(From *Beggar's Opera*, Act III, Scene VIII)

Come, sweet lass,

Let's banish sorrow

'Till to-morrow;

Come, sweet lass,

Let's take a chirping ^r glass.

Wine can clear

The vapors of despair;

And make us light as air;

Then drink, and banish care.

1728.

LOVE'S RESORT

(From *Acis and Galatea*, Act I)

Love in her eyes sits playing,

And sheds delicious death;

Love in her lips sits straying,

And warbling in her breath.

Love on her breast sits panting,

And swells with soft desire,

No grace, no charm is wanting,

To set the heart on fire.

Love in, etc.

Publ. 1732.

GALATEA

(From *Acis and Galatea*, Act II)

O ruddier than the cherry,

O sweeter than the berry,

O nymph more bright

Than moonshine night,

Like kidlings blithe and merry.

Ripe as the melting cluster,

No lily has such lustre,

Yet hard to tame,

As raging flame,

And fierce as storms that bluster.

O ruddier, etc.

Publ. 1732.

WOMAN'S CHIEFEST DUTY

(From *Achilles*, Act III, Scene VIII)

Think of dress in every light;

'Tis woman's chiefest duty;

Neglecting that, our selves we slight

And undervalue beauty.

That allures the lover's eye,

And graces every action;

Besides, when not a creature's by,

'Tis inward satisfaction.

Publ. 1733.

^r merry.

JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748)

James Thomson was a Scotchman, born in September, 1700, at Ednam in the county of Roxburgh, where his father was minister of the parish. His boyhood was spent at Southdean in the same Scottish county, whither his father moved two months after his birth. There he had about him the beautiful natural scenery of the Cheviots; and these surroundings of his early years may help to explain the fact that he became a poet of landscape. At the age of fifteen he entered the university at Edinburgh by way of preparation for the ministry of the Presbyterian Kirk. But he never entered the ministry. His university course finished, he suddenly decided to try his fortunes in London as a poet. Thither he journeyed in the early months of 1725. A year later he published *Winter*, the first installment of *The Seasons*, which was an immediate success, and established him at once as a recognized poet. By 1730 he had completed *The Seasons*. With less success, he tried his hand at tragedies and at a didactic epic poem, *Liberty*. The later years of his life, which were marked with a growing indolence of character, were spent in a pleasant suburban house in Richmond, where among other friends he entertained the poet Pope, who greatly admired *The Seasons*. Here was written *The Castle of Indolence*, a playful fantasy in the Spenserian stanza and abounding in passages of exquisite description, which was published in 1748, shortly before his death.

The Seasons, which in the final edition of 1746 extends to the very considerable length of 5541 lines, is an original and epoch-making work in that never before had any poet, ancient or modern, devoted a poem of anything like such length primarily to the description of natural scenery. Written while Pope was at the height of his power, it deals with a subject matter very different from his; it is bucolic rather than urban, descriptive of the rural countryside and its inhabitants as the succeeding seasons change the face of nature and the occupations of men. It is written not in the heroic couplet of Pope, but in a blank verse avowedly imitated from that of Milton, and in a poetic style which, unlike that of Pope, abounds in the Latinisms and "elevated" diction of *Paradise Lost*. But if epoch-making, it was in no sense revolutionary. It was read with eager delight by the same generation of readers who bought and admired the poems of Pope, and by Pope himself, who gave to the younger poet the most generous encouragement. Though its sweeping panorama of natural scenery includes wild romantic mountains as well as more peaceful rural scenes, and extends from the rugged regions of Lapland to the burning suns of the tropics, it is not in its temper romantic. It is in all essentials in full accord with the spirit of neo-classical poetry. With the eye of a great painter, Thomson sees the forms and glowing colors of external nature, and poetically records them with perfect fidelity to truth. He is completely objective, never interposing his own personality between the reader and the scene described, never touching that note of mystic yearning which is so characteristic of Wordsworth. Though his scenes abound in concrete detail, his description has that universal appeal on which neo-classical criticism insists; an American who has never visited Great Britain has no difficulty in realizing his landscapes. But the subject of *The Seasons* made the poem a popular one with the poets of the early nineteenth century, who found little to admire in Pope; and Thomson was accordingly hailed as a "precursor" of the Romantic Movement. If Thomson is "romantic," it is as the poet of *The Castle of Indolence* rather than of *The Seasons*.

A good life of Thomson is that of G. C. Macaulay in the English Men of Letters series, which contains also a sound and discriminating criticism of his poetry. The best edition of his poems is that of J. Logie Robertson in the Oxford Edition of Standard Authors (Oxford University Press).

THE SEASONS

WINTER (lines 1-321)

First published, 1726. The following selection is from the much expanded text of the final edition of the *Seasons*, 1746.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows; a man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter evening described; as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train —

Vapors, and clouds, and storms. Be these
my theme,

These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred
glooms!

Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of
life,

When nursed by careless solitude I lived,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleased have I wandered through your rough
domain;

Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent
burst;

Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brewed,

In the grim evening-sky. Thus passed the
time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the
south
Looked out the joyous Spring, looked out,
and smiled.
To thee, the patron of this first essay,
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year:
Skimmed the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions
borne,
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to
rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy
gale;
And now among the Wintry clouds again,
Rolled in the doubling storm, she tries to
soar;
To swell her note with all the rushing
winds;
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy, could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description, and with manly
thought.
Nor art thou skilled in awful schemes
alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive;
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing, for thy country's weal,
A steady spirit, regularly free —
These, each exalting each, the statesman's
light
Into the patriot; these, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
Record what envy dares not flattery call.
Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur-Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains the inverted
year;¹
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the
sun
Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air; as clothed in cloudy
storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the south-
ern sky;
And, soon descending, to the long dark
night,
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world re-
sings.

¹ The Sun leaves the sign of Sagittarius ("the Centaur-Archer") and enters the sign of Capricorn on December 21; a month later it enters the sign of Aquarius.

Nor is the night unwished; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep tinged and damp, and congregated
clouds,
And all the vapory turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter
falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Through Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy
views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrowed land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolored
flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome
root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling
brook,
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.
Then comes the father of the tempest
forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First, joyless rains
obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with vapor
foul,
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the
woods,
That grumbling wave below. The un-
sightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of
heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted
stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people
crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-
hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful
there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm
that blows

Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent
swelled,

And the mixed ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95

At last the roused-up river pours along:

Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sound-

ing far; 99

Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrained
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid
stream;

There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders
through. 105

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing
hand

Rolls round the seasons of the changeful
year,

How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the
soul,

That sees astonished! and astonished sings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow 111
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to
you.

Where are your stores, ye powerful beings!
say,

Where your aerial magazines reserved,
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?
In what far-distant region of the sky, 116
Hushed in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis
calm?

When from the pallid sky the Sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stained; red fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds 121
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey; while, rising slow,
Blank in the leaden-colored east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted
horns. 125

Seen through the turbid, fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray;
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening
blaze.

Snatched in short eddies, plays the withered
leaf; 130

And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broadened nostrils to the sky up-
turned,

The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
E'en as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labor draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper and the crackling flame 136

Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy
race,

The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They picked their scanty fare, a blackening
train 140

Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary
flight,

And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along
the land. 145

Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild
wing

The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal pressed, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the
shore,

Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150
And forest-rustling mountains, comes a
voice

That, solemn sounding, bids the world pre-
pare.

Then issues forth the storm with sudden
burst,

And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down in a torrent. On the passive main 155
Descends the ethereal force, and with strong
gust

Turns from its bottom the discolored deep.
Through the black night that sits immense
around,

Lashed into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to
burn: 160

Meantime the mountain-billows, to the
clouds

In dreadful tumult swelled, surge above
surge,

Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchored navies from their stations
drive,

Wild as the winds, across the howling
waste 165

Of mighty waters: now the inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous
shoot

Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their
head.

Emerging thence again, before the breath 170
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts — if some sharp
rock,

Or shoal insidious, break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating
round.

Nor less at hand the loosened tempest
 reigns: 175
 The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
 Low waves the rooted forest, vexed, and
 sheds 181
 What of its tarnished honors yet remain —
 Dashed down, and scattered by the tearing
 wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 Thus struggling through the dissipated
 grove, 185
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
 And, on the cottage thatched, or lordly roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid
 base,
 Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking
 dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
 Then too, they say, through all the burthened
 air,
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and
 distant sighs,
 That uttered by the demon of the night,
 Warned the devoted wretch of woe and
 death.
 Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds
 commixed 195
 With stars swift-gliding, sweep along the
 sky.
 All Nature reels: till Nature's King, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a
 calm: 200
 Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hushed
 at once.
 As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary
 clouds,
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in
 sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious Night, 205
 And Contemplation, her sedate compeer;
 Let me shake off the intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.
 Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
 Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train! 210
 Where are you now? and what is your
 amount?
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
 Sad, sickening thought! And yet, deluded
 man,
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
 doomed.
 And broken slumbers, rises still resolved, 215
 With new-flushed hopes, to run the giddy
 round.
 Father of light and life! thou Good Su-
 preme!
 O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit; and feed my soul 220
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue
 pure —
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!
 The keener tempests come: and fuming
 dun
 From all the livid east, or piercing north,
 Thick clouds ascend: in whose capacious
 womb 225
 A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
 And the sky saddens with the gathered
 storm.
 Through the hushed air the whitening
 shower descends,
 At first thin-wavering; till at last the
 flakes 230
 Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the
 day,
 With a continual flow. The cherished fields
 Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow
 melts
 Along the mazy current. Low the woods 235
 Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid
 sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep-hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
 The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-
 ox 240
 Stands covered o'er with snow, and then
 demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winning store, and claim the little
 boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One
 alone, 245
 The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
 His annual visit. Half afraid, he first 250
 Against the window beats; then brisk alights
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the
 floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where
 he is —
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums

Attract his slender feet. The foodless
 wilds 256
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The
 hare,
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and
 dogs,
 And more unpitied men, the garden
 seeks, 260
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleating
 kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glisten-
 ing earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dis-
 persed,
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps of
 snow.
 Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge
 be kind: 265
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
 With food at will; lodge them below the
 storm,
 And watch them strict; for from the bellow-
 ing east,
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
 Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry
 plains 270
 In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two neighboring hills,
 The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward
 urged,
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,
 Tipped with a wreath high-curling in the
 sky. 275
 As thus the snows arise, and, foul and
 fierce,
 All Winter drives along the darkened air,
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands: sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless
 plain: 281
 Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild: but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more
 astray —
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted
 heaps, 285
 Stung with the thoughts of home; the
 thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor
 forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his
 soul!
 What black despair, what horror fills his
 heart,
 When, for the dusky spot which fancy
 feigned 290

His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track and blest abode of man;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
 Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, 300
 Smoothed up with snow; and, what is land,
 unknown,
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom
 boils.
 These check his fearful steps; and down he
 sinks 305
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mixed with the tender anguish nature
 shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying
 man —
 His wife, his children, and his friends un-
 seen. 310
 In vain for him the officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment
 warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas! 315
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold;
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every
 nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes, shuts up sense,
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened
 corse! 320
 Stretched out and bleaching in the northern
 blast.

RULE, BRITANNIA

From the last scene of *Alfred: a Masque*, published 1740 and written in collaboration with David Mallet.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sang this strain:
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the
 waves! 5
 Britons never will be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,

- The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, etc. 10
- Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak. 15
Rule, Britannia, etc.
- Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
And their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown. 20
Rule, Britannia, etc.
- To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine. 25
Rule, Britannia, etc.
- The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair! 30
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

The Castle of Indolence, in two cantos, was published in 1748, the year of Thomson's death. Unlike most poetry of the eighteenth century, it moves not in the world of actuality, but in a region of playfully romantic fantasy. It is written in the Spenserian stanza, and in a diction which echoes that of Spenser; and is one of the finest examples of the "Spenserian revival" which marks the poetry of the mid-eighteenth century, and which culminates in Byron's *Childe Harold*. Its quality of unreality made it less popular than *The Seasons* with contemporary readers, but recommended it strongly to the romantic poets of a later generation.

CANTO I

*The Castle hight of Indolence,
And its false luxury,
Where for a little time, alas!
We lived right jollily.*

I

O mortal man! who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date:
And, certes, there is for it reason great; 5
For though sometimes it makes thee weep
and wail,

And curse thy stars, and early drudge, and
late,
Withouten that would come an heavier
bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

2

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side, 10
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizzard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere
found.

It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May, 15
Half pranked with spring, with summer half
embrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even
for play.

3

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns be-
tween; 20
And flowery beds that slumberous influence
kest

From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant
green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets
played,

And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen 25
That, as they bickered through the sunny
glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling
murmur made.

4

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the
vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant
hills, 30
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;
And now and then sweet Philomel would
wail,

Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep; 35
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to
sleep.

5

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn, forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms were seen
to move,

1 cast.

2 the nightingale.

As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood; 40
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood
 Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the
 blood;
 And where this valley winded out, below,
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely
 heard to flow. 45

6

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer sky;
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly 50
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures, always hovered
 nigh;
 But whate'er smacked of noyance, or unrest,
 Was far, far off expelled from this delicious
 nest. 54

7

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where INDOLENCE (for so the wizard light)
 Close hid his Castle mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus
 bright,
 And made a kind of checkered day and night;
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate, 60
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was placed, and to his lute, of cruel fate,
 And labor harsh, complained, lamenting
 man's estate.

8

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
 From all the roads of earth that pass there
 by; 65
 For as they chanced to breathe on neighbor-
 ing hill,
 The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
 And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
 Till clustering round the enchanter false
 they hung,
 Ymolten with his syren melody, 70
 While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he
 flung,
 And to the trembling chords these tempting
 verses sung:—

9

“Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, be-
 hold!
 See all but man with unearned pleasure gay;
 See her bright robes the butterfly unfold, 75
 Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of
 May.

What youthful bride can equal her array!
 Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
 From mead to mead with gentle wing to
 stray,
 From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly, 80
 Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

10

“Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
 The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
 Ten thousand throats that, from the flower-
 ing thorn,
 Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of
 love, 85
 Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
 They neither plough nor sow; ne, fit for
 flail,
 E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they
 drove;
 Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
 Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the
 vale. 90

11

“Outcast of Nature, man! the wretched
 thrall
 Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
 Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
 And of the vices an inhuman train,
 That all proceed from savage thirst of
 gain; 95
 For when hard-hearted Interest first began
 To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;
 Guile, Violence, and Murder, seized on man,
 And for soft milky streams, with blood the
 rivers ran.

12

“Come, ye, who still the cumbrous load
 of life 100
 Push hard up hill; but as the farthest steep
 You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
 Down thunders back the stone with mighty
 sweep,
 And hurls your labors to the valley deep,
 Forever vain; come, and withouten fee 105
 I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
 Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a sea
 Of full delight; O come, ye weary wights, to
 me!

13

“With me you need not rise at early dawn,
 To pass the joyless day in various stounds;
 Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn, 110
 And sell fair honor for some paltry pounds;
 Or through the city take your dirty rounds
 To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,

1 misfortunes.

Now flattering base, now giving secret
wounds. 115
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
In venal senate thief, or rob on broad high-
way.

14

"No cocks, with me, to rustic labor call,
From village on to village sounding clear;
To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons
squall; 120
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your
ear;
No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith
sear,
Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start
With sounds that are a misery to hear;
But all is calm as would delight the heart 125
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

15

"Here nought but candor reigns, indul-
gent ease,
Good-natured lounging, sauntering up and
down;
They who are pleased themselves must al-
ways please;
On other's ways they never squint a frown,
Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town: 131
Thus, from the source of tender Indolence,
With milky blood the heart is overflown,
Is soothed and sweetened by the social sense;
For interest, envy, pride, and strife, are
banished hence. 135

16

"What, what is virtue but repose of mind?
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm,
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world de-
form,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm!
But here, instead, soft gales of passion
play, 141
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
Across th' enlivened skies, and make them
still more gay.

17

"The best of men have ever loved re-
pose; 145
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancor
grows,
Imbittered more from peevish day to day.
Even those whom Fame has lent her fairest
ray,

The most renowned of worthy wights of
yore, 150
From a base world at last have stolen away:
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore,
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

18

"But if a little exercise you chuse,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here. 155
Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,¹
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal
year;
Or, softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude; the whilst, amused, you
hear 160
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's
sigh,
Attunèd to the birds and woodland melody.

19

"O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting
Fate, 165
And gives the untasted portion you have
won
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch un-
done,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's
reign,
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows
dun;
But sure it is of vanities most vain, 170
To toil for what you here untoiling may ob-
tain."

20

He ceased; but still their trembling ears
retained
The deep vibrations of his witching song,
That, by a kind of magic power, constrained
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.
Heaps poured on heaps, and yet they slept
along, 176
In silent ease: as when beneath the beam
Of summer moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silvered with the gleam,
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal
stream. 180

21

By the smooth demon so it ordered was,
And here his baneful bounty first began;
Though some there were who would ne¹
further pass,
And his alluring baits suspected han.

¹ write poetry.

The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man. 185
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
For, do their very best, they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often sorely
sigh.

22

When this the watchful wicked wizard
saw, 190
With sudden spring he leaped upon them
strait,
And soon as touched by his unhallowed paw,
They found themselves within the cursèd
gate,
Full hard to be repassèd, like that of Fate.
Not stronger were of old the giant-crew, 195
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal
state;
Though feeble wretch he seemed, of sallow
hue,
Certes, who bides his grasp, will that en-
counter rue.

23

For whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt
apace; 200
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
And of their vanished force remains no trace:
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is seizèd in some losel's hot embrace, 205
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
Then, sighing, yields her up to love's de-
licious harms.

24

Waked by the crowd, slow from his bench
arose
A comely full-spread porter, swoln with
sleep;
His calm, broad, thoughtless, aspect breathed
repose, 210
And in sweet torpor he was plungèd deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning
keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Through which his half-waked soul would
faintly peep,
Then taking his black staff, he called his
man, 215
And roused himself as much as rouse himself
he can.

25

The lad leaped lightly at his master's call;
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,

Save sleep and play who minded nought at
all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his
age, 220
This boy he kept each hand to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not per-
mit,
So this same liraber page to all performèd
it. 225

26

Mean time the master-porter wide dis-
played
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns,
Wherewith he those who entered in arrayed,
Loose as the breeze that plays along the
downs,
And waves the summer woods when evening
frowns. 230
O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done,
right fain
Sir Porter sat him down, and turned to sleep
again.

27

Thus easy robed, they to the fountain
sped, 235
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A stream, high-spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew;
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted,
drew.
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare, 240
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleas-
aunce grew,
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care,
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous
dreams more fair.

28

This rite performed, all inly pleased and
still,
Withouten trump, he was: proclamation
made: — 245
"Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will,
And wander where you list, through hall or
glade:
Be no man's pleasure for another's staid!
Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
And curst be he who minds his neighbor's
trade! 250
Here dwells kind Ease and unrepining Joy:
He little merits bliss who others can annoy."
1 A drug which brings oblivion to sorrow.

29

Strait of these endless numbers, swarming
round

As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found, ²⁵⁵
But every man strolled off his own glad way.
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertained,
No living creature could be seen to stray;
While solitude and perfect silence reigned, ²⁶⁰
So that to think you dreamt you almost was
constrained.

30

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aerial beings sometimes deign ²⁶⁵
To stand embodied to our senses plain)
Sees on the naked hill or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro;
Then all at once in air dissolves the won-
drous show. ²⁷⁰

31

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound,
Whose soft dominion o'er this Castle sways,
And all the widely-silent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays. ²⁷⁵
But how shall I attempt such arduous string?
I who have spent my nights and nightly days
In this soul-deadening place, loose-loiter-
ing —
Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted
wing?

32

Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low
despair, ²⁸⁰
Thou imp^r of Jove, touched by celestial fire!
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the
lyre;
Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the
stage, ²⁸⁵
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Dashing corruption down through every
worthless age.

33

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming
bell,
Ne cursèd knocker plied by villain's hand, ²⁹⁰
¹ child.

Self-opened into halls, where who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets
spread,

And couches stretched around in seemly
band; ²⁹⁵

And endless pillows rise to prop the head,
So that each spacious room was one full-
swelling bed.

34

And everywhere huge covered tables
stood,

With wines high-flavored, and rich viands
crowned;

Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food ³⁰⁰
On the green bosom of this Earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his round —
Some hand unseen these silently displayed,
Even undemanded by a sigh or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed, ³⁰⁵
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the
glasses played.

35

Here freedom reigned without the least
alloy;

Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen, durst murmur at our
joy,

And with evenenomed tongue our pleasures
pall. ³¹⁰

For why? there was but one great rule for
all;

To wit, that each should work his own de-
sire,

And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may
fall,

Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muses might
inspire. ³¹⁵

36

The rooms with costly tapestry were
hung,

Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
Such as of old the rural poets^r sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale;
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale, ³²⁰
Poured forth at large the sweetly-tortured
heart,

Or, looking tender passion, swelled the gale,
And taught charmed Echo to resound their
smart,

While flocks, woods, streams around, re-
pose and peace impart.

^r Virgil and Theocritus.

37

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand, 325
 Depeinten was the patriarchal age;
 What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
 And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
 Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
 Toil was not then. Of nothing they took heed, 330
 But with wild beasts the silvan war to wage,
 And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
 Blest sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!

38

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
 Bade the gay gloom of vernal landskips rise, 335
 Or Autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
 Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes;
 Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
 The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
 And now rude mountains frown amid the skies; 340
 Whate'er Lorrain light-touched with softening hue,
 Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew.¹

39

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclined,
 Lulled the weak bosom, and induced ease.
 Aerial music in the warbling wind, 345
 At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
 Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
 It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs
 As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
 Entangled deep in its enchanting snares, 350
 The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

40

A certain music, never known before,
 Here lulled the pensive melancholy mind;
 Full easily obtained. Behoooves no more,
 But sidelong to the gently-waving wind, 355

¹ Claude Lorraine (1600-1682), Salvator Rosa (1615-1673), Nicolas Poussin (1594-1665), famous landscape-painters.

To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined,
 From which, with airy flying fingers light,
 Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
 The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight,
 Whence, with just cause, *The Harp of Æolus*
 it hight. 360

41

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
 Who up the lofty diapason roll
 Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
 Then let them down again into the soul?
 Now rising love they fanned; now pleasing dole 365
 They breathed, in tender musings, through the heart;
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
 As when seraphic hands an hymn impart:
 Wild warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art.

42

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state, 370
 Of Caliphs old, who on the Tygris' shore,
 In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
 Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
 And verse, love, music still the garland wore;
 When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there, 375
 Cheered the lone midnight with the muse's lore,
 Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
 And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

43

Near the pavillions where we slept, still ran
 Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell, 380
 And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began
 (So worked the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
 As heaven and earth they would together melt:¹
 At doors and windows, threatening, seemed to call
 The demons of the tempest, growling fell; 385
 Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
 Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

¹ mingle.

44

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest
dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian
gleams, 390
That played, in waving lights, from place to
place,
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal
space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms dis-
play, 395
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly
lay.

45

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My muse will not attempt your fairy-land:
She has no colors that like you can glow;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her
hand. 400
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming
sprights,
Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft, and
bland,
Poured all the Arabian heaven upon our
nights,
And blessed them oft besides with more re-
fined delights. 405

46

They were in sooth a most enchanting
train,
Even feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure
pain.
But, for those fiends whom blood and broils
delight,
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright, 410
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen
waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep —
They, till due time should serve, were bid
far hence to keep.

47

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is
dear, 415
From these foul demons shield the midnight
gloom!
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the wilds of sleep diffuse a bloom:
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and
Rome,

And let them virtue with a look impart; 420
But chief, a while, O! lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we
smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the
heart!

48

Or are you sportive? — bid the morn of
youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the
days 425
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth,
To cares estranged, and manhood's thorny
ways.
What transport to retrace our boyish
plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied
The woods, the mountains, and the war-
bling maze 430
Of the wild brooks! — But, fondly wandering
wide,
My muse, resume the task that yet doth
thee abide.

49

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turned it, all things that do
pass, 435
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste
In search of pleasures vain, that from them
fly,
Or which, obtained, the caitiffs dare not
taste: 440
When nothing is enjoyed, can there be
greater waste?

50

Of Vanity the mirror this was called.
Here you a muckworm of the town might
see
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stalled,
Eat up with carking care and penurie, 445
Most like to carcase parched on gallow-tree,
"A penny savèd is a penny got;" —
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigor will he bate a jot,
Till it has quenched his fire and banishèd
his pot. 450

51

Strait from the filth of this low grub, be-
hold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift
heir,

All glossy gay, enamelled all with gold,
 The silly tenant of the summer-air,
 In folly lost, of nothing takes he care; 453
 Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers
 vile,
 And thieving tradesmen him among them
 share;
 His father's ghost from Limbo-lake, the
 while,
 Sees this, which more damnation doth upon
 him pile.

52

This globe portrayed the race of learned
 men, 460
 Still at their books, and turning o'er the
 page
 Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the
 pen
 As if inspired, and in a Thespian¹ rage,
 Then write, and blot, as would your ruth
 engage.
 Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling
 sore? 465
 To lose the present, gain the future age,
 Praised to be when you can hear no more,
 And much enriched with fame when useless
 worldly store?

53

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
 With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring
 all: 470
 Wide-poured abroad behold the prowling
 crew;
 See how they dash along from wall to wall!
 At every door, hark how they thundering
 call!
 Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
 Why? Each on each to prey, by guile or
 gall; 475
 With flattery these, with slander those to
 blight,
 And make new tiresome parties for the com-
 ing night.

54

The puzzling sons of party next appeared,
 In dark cabals and nightly juntos met,
 And now they whispered close, now shrug-
 ging reared 480
 The important shoulder; then, as if to get
 New light, their twinkling eyes were inward
 set.
 No sooner Lucifer² recalls affairs,
 Then forth they various rush in mighty fret;

¹ Thespia was the father of Greek tragic poetry.

² The morning star.

When, lo! pushed up to power, and crowned
 their cares, 485
 In comes another set, and kicketh them down
 stairs.

55

But what most showed the vanity of life
 Was to behold the nations all on fire,
 In cruel broils engaged, and deadly strife,
 Most Christian kings,¹ inflamed by black
 desire, 490
 With honorable ruffians in their hire,
 Cause war to rage, and blood around to
 pour.
 Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
 They sit them down just where they were
 before,
 Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their
 force restore. 495

56

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
 An useless were, and eke an endless task —
 From kings, and those who at the helm
 appear,
 To gipsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
 Yea, many a man, perdie, I could unmask, 500
 Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
 With tape-tied trash, and suits of fools that
 ask
 For place or pension, laid in decent row;
 But these I passen by, with nameless
 numbers moe.

57

Of all the gentle tenants of the place, 505
 There was a man of special grave remark;
 A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
 Pensive, not sad; in thought involved, not
 dark;
 As soote² this man could sing as morning-
 lark,
 And teach the noblest morals of the heart; 510
 But these his talents were yburied stark;
 Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
 Which or boon nature gave, or nature-
 painting art.

58

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
 Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting
 sound; 515
 Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
 Amid the broom he basked him on the
 ground,

¹ The kings of France had the title of "most Christian king."

² sweetly.

Where the wild thyme and camomil are found;
 There would he linger, till the latest ray
 Of light sat quivering on the welkin's
 bound, 520
 Then homeward through the twilight shad-
 ows stray,
 Sauntering and slow. So had he passèd
 many a day.

59

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they
 past;
 For oft the heavenly fire, that lay concealed
 Amongst the sleeping embers, mounted
 fast, 525
 And all its native light anew revealed;
 Oft as he traversed the cerulean field,
 And marked the clouds that drove before the
 wind,
 Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
 Ten thousand great ideas filled his mind; 530
 But with the clouds they fled, and left no
 trace behind.

60

With him was sometimes joined in silent
 walk
 (Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
 One shyer still, who quite detested talk;
 Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he
 broke, 535
 To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing
 oak;
 There inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,
 And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
 Ne ever uttered word, save when first shone
 The glittering star of eve — "Thank heaven!
 the day is done." 540

61

Here lurked a wretch who had not crept
 abroad
 For forty years, ne face of mortal seen —
 In chamber brooding like a loathly toad;
 And sure his linen was not very clean.
 Through secret loophole, that had practised
 been 545
 Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
 Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and
 mien,
 Our Castle's shame! whence from his filthy
 nook,
 We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

62

One day there chanced into these halls to
 rove 550
 A joyous youth, who took you at first sight;

Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
 Before the sprightly tempest tossing light.
 Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
 Of social glee, and wit humane though
 keen, 555
 Turning the night to day and day to night:
 For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
 If in this nook of quiet, bells had ever been.

63

But not even pleasure to excess is good:
 What most elates then sinks the soul as
 low: 560
 When spring-tide joy pours in with copious
 flood,
 The higher still the exulting billows flow,
 The farther back again they flagging go,
 And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore;
 Taught by this son of joy, we found it so, 565
 Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
 Our maddened Castle all, the abode of sleep
 no more.

64

As when in prime of June a burnished fly,
 Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps
 along,
 Cheered by the breathing bloom and vital
 sky, 570
 Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
 Soothing at first the gay-reposing throng;
 And oft he sips their bowl; or nearly drowned,
 He, thence recovering, drives their beds
 among,
 And scares their tender sleep, with trump
 profound, 575
 Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy
 round.

65

Another guest there was, of sense refined,
 Who felt each worth, — for every worth he
 had;
 Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
 As little touched as any man's with bad: 580
 Him through their inmost walks the Muses
 lad,
 To him the sacred love of Nature lent;
 And sometimes would he make our valley
 glad.
 Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
 To him the better sort this friendly message
 sent: — 585

66

"Come, dwell with us, true son of virtue,
 come!
 But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade

To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
 Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade,
 Yet, when at last thy toils, but ill apaid,
 Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly
 spark, 591

Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
 There to indulge the muse, and nature mark;
 We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-
 Park." 1

67

Here whilom ligged the Esopus of the
 age,² 595

But called by fame, in soul yprickèd deep,
 A noble pride restored him to the stage,
 And roused him like a giant from his sleep.
 Even from his slumbers we advantage reap:
 With double force the astonished scene he
 wakes, 600

Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows
 to keep

Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
 And now with well-urged sense the enlight-
 ened judgment takes.

68

A bard³ here dwelt, more fat than bard be-
 seems,

Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of
 gain, 605

On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
 Poured forth his unpremeditated strain,
 The world forsaking with a calm disdain;
 Here laughed he careless in his easy seat:
 Here quaffed, encircled with the joyous
 train, 610

Oft moralizing sage; his ditty sweet
 He loathèd much to write, ne carèd to repeat.

69

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod;
 Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy;
 A little, round, fat, oily man of God, 615
 Was one I chiefly marked among the fry:
 He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
 And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
 If a tight⁴ damsel chanced to trippen by;
 Which, when observed, he shrunk into his
 mew, 620
 And straight would recollect his piety anew.

70

Nor be forgot a tribe who minded nought
 (Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs:

¹ The seat of Lord Lyttleton.

² James Quin, the actor.

³ Thomson himself. "The following lines of this stanza
 were writ by a friend of the author." — Thomson's note.

⁴ neat and trim.

They looked, perdie, as if they deeply
 thought;

And on their brow sat every nation's cares. 625
 The world by them is parcelled out in
 shares,

When in the Hall of Smoke¹ they congress
 hold,

And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
 Has cleared their inward eye: then, smoke-
 enrolled,

Their oracles break forth, mysterious as of
 old. 630

71

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-faced
 court:

Bevies of dainty dames of high degree
 From every quarter hither made resort;
 Where, from gross mortal care and business
 free,

They lay poured out in ease and luxury: 635
 Or, should they a vain show of work as-
 sume,

Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
 To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom:
 But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel,
 and loom.

72

Their only labor was to kill the time; 640
 And labor dire it is, and weary woe.
 They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
 Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
 Or saunter forth, with tottering step and
 slow:

This soon too rude an exercise they find; 645
 Straight on the couch their limbs again they
 throw,

Where, hours on hours, they sighing lie
 reclined,

And court the vapory god soft-breathing in
 the wind.

73

Now must I mark the villainy we found,
 But, ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be
 shown. 650

A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,
 Where still our inmates; when unpleasing
 grown,

Diseased, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
 Far from the light of heaven they languished
 there,

Unpitied, uttering many a bitter groan; 655
 For of these wretches taken was no care:
 Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only
 nurses were.

¹ the smoking room.

74¹

Alas the change! from scenes of joy and rest
To this dark den, where Sickness tossed
always.

Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress, 660
Stretched on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day:
To stir him from his traunce, it was not eath,
And his half-opened eyne he shut straight-
way;

He led, I wot, the softest way to death, 665
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield
the breath.

75

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy:
Unwieldy man! with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply; 670
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
And some her frantic deemed, and some her
deemed a wit. 675

76

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:

¹ The four concluding stanzas were written by Thom-
son's friend, John Armstrong, M.D.

She felt, or fancied, in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spittles¹ know,
And sought all physic which the shops
bestow; 680
And still new leaches and new drugs would
try,
Her humor ever wavering to and fro;
For sometimes she would laugh, and some-
times cry,
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew
not why.

77

Fast by her side a listless maiden pined, 685
With aching head, and squeamish heart-
burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seemed to hate man-
kind,
Yet loved in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings;
The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing
cocks 690
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings:
Whilst Apoplexy crammed Intemperance
knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher
felleth ox.²

¹ hospitals.

² A second canto, much inferior to the first, concludes
the poem.

THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771)

Gray is a poet whose importance is in striking contrast with the very slender volume of his work. He was by profession a scholar, one of the most learned men of his generation — though in the field of scholarship also he published very little. Poetry was his recreation, but a recreation to which he gave the most painstaking labor, writing and rewriting until his verse should satisfy his exacting poetic taste.

From Eton School, where he made the friendship of Horace Walpole, connoisseur and "Prince of letter-writers," and of Richard West, whose early death was the occasion of a fine sonnet, he went to Cambridge. Leaving the university, he traveled on the Continent in the company of Walpole, and then settled down with his mother for two years in the little village of Stoke Poges, the scene of his *Country Churchyard*. The rest of his life he spent in college rooms at Cambridge in scholarly seclusion, seeing little company, taking no part in the affairs of the university, reading and annotating the Greek classic authors, studying zoölogy and botany. He never married. His letters, written to his close friends, present a very charming personality.

His poetry exhibits within its narrow compass a striking literary development. The odes on Spring and on Eton College reflect the conventions of mid-eighteenth century verse of the school which had broken away from the wit and good sense and the heroic couplet of Pope, and had turned back for literary inspiration to Spenser and Milton. There is an excessive use of personification and of "elevated" diction. The famous *Elegy*, the most continuously popular poem in the English language, while continuing in this tradition, rises above it. It expresses in perfectly chiseled phrases, and in exquisite harmonies, a mood of tender melancholy thoroughly characteristic of its author. In the words of Dr. Johnson, it "abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo." *The Bard* is in a manner wholly different. There is but little personification and no moralizing. The scene is no longer the quiet English countryside but the wild mountains of Wales; and the time is in the Middle Ages.

The theme is as romantic as the setting. Gray's contemporaries, who had been eager to praise the *Elegy*, found the *Bard* strange and hopelessly obscure.

A convenient edition of Gray, which includes all his important poems, and a selection from his letters, is that of W. L. Phelps in the Athenæum Press Series (Ginn & Co.). For his life, see the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

ODE ON THE SPRING

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Fair VENUS' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler¹ pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gathered fragrance fling. 10

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink 15
With me the muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great! 20

Still is the toiling hand of care:
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing, 25
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun. 30

To contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay 35
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colors drest:
Brushed by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chilled by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest. 40

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets, 45
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,

No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone —
We frolic, while 'tis May: 50

1742; published 1748.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her HENRY'S¹ holy Shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow 5
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way. 10

Ah happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow, 15
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring. 20

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margin green
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave 25
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,²
Or urge the flying ball? 30

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,³ 35
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,

¹ King Henry the Sixth, Founder of the College. (Gray.)
² i.e., to roll hoops. ³ i.e., break bounds

¹ The nightingale.

They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.¹

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new
And lively cheer of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

¹ a joy mingled with fear.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate, 95
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

1742; published 1747.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine, 5
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier 10
men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
To warm their little loves the birds com-
plain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

1742; published 1775.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD-FISHES¹

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclined, 5
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies, 10
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purred applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream: 15
Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue

¹ The cat belonged to Gray's friend, Horace Walpole.

Thro' richest purple to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw, 20
With many an ardent wish,
She stretched in vain to reach the prize: —
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent 25
Again she stretched, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled)
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in. 30

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mewed to every watery God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred:
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard. 35
A favorite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes 40
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize:
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

1747; published 1748.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary
way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to
me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the
sight, 5
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning
flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon com-
plain 10
Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's
shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a molder-
ing heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, 15
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-
built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly
bed. 20

For them no more the blazing hearth shall
burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, 25
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has
broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; 30
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er
gave,
Awaits¹ alike th' inevitable hour: 35
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies
raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of
praise. 40

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting
breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke² the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of
Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid 45
Some heart once pregnant with celestial
fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have
swayed,
Or waked to extasy the living lyre.

¹ The subject is *hour*.

² call forth.

- But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er
 unroll; 50
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.
- Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, 55
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
- Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless
 breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's
 blood. 60
- Th' applause of listening senates to com-
 mand,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,
- Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone 65
 Their growing virtues; but their crimes
 confined;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a
 throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;
- The struggling pangs of conscious truth to
 hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous
 shame, 70
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
- Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life 75
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their
 way.
- Yet even these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculp-
 ture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. 80
- Their name, their years, spelt by th' un-
 lettered muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply:
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.
- For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey; 85
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?
- On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye re-
 quires; 90
 Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.
- For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored
 dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led, 95
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy
 fate, —
- Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn. 100
- "There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so
 high,
 His listless length at noontide would he
 stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
- "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in
 scorn 105
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would
 rove;
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless
 love.
- "One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath and near his favorite
 tree; 110
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
- "The next, with dirges due in sad array
 Slow thro' the church-way path we saw
 him borne; —
 Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the
 lay; 115
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged
 thorn."

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own. 120*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompence as largely send:*

*He gave to Misery (all he had), a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he
wished) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.*

1750; published 1751.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

A PINDARIC ODE

I. I

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them
blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the
roar.

I. 2

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,¹
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's Hills the Lord of War
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And dropped his thirsty lance at thy com-
mand.
Perching on the sceptered hand²⁰
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his
eye.

I. 3

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,³²⁵
Tempered to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crownèd Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,

¹ i.e., many streams of poetry have their rise in the fountain of the Muses on Mount Helicon.

² Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar. (Gray.)

³ Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body. (Gray.)

Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's¹ approach
declare:

Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime,² that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom,
move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light
of Love.

II. I

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labor, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of
Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering
shafts of war.

II. 2

In³ climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains
roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shivering Native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat⁶⁰
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky
loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's
holy flame.

II. 3

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,⁴
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves

¹ i.e.; Venus.

² uplifted.

³ Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend it. (Gray.)

⁴ Progress of poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. (Gray.)

In lingering labyrinths creep,
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around;
 Every shade and hallowed fountain
 Murmured deep a solemn sound:
 Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains. 80
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh, Albion! next thy sea-
 encircled coast.

III. I

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's ¹ darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon strayed, 85
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face: The dauntless child
 Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
 "This pencil take (she said) whose colors
 clear
 Richly paint the vernal year: 90
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
 This can unlock the gates of Joy;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic
 tears."

III. 2

Nor second He,² that rode sublime 95
 Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
 He passed the flaming bounds of place and
 time:
 The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
 Where Angels tremble, while they gaze, 100
 He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.
 Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous
 car,
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two coursers of ethereal race,³ 105
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long-
 resounding pace.

III. 3

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
 Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that
 burn. 110
 But ah! 'tis heard no more —

¹ Shakespeare. (Gray.)² Milton. (Gray.)³ Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhimes. (Gray.)

70 Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
 Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban Eagle¹ bear 115
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Thro' the azure deep of air:
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun: 120
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the good how far — but far above
 the great.

1754; published 1757.

THE BARD

A PINDARIC ODE²

I. I

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
 Confusion on thy banners wait,
 Tho' fanned by Conquest's crimson wing
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's³ twisted mail, 5
 Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's⁴ curse, from Cambria's
 tears!"
 Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested
 pride
 Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glos'ter stood aghast in speechless
 trance:⁵
 To arms! cried Mortimer, and couched his
 quivering lance.⁶

I. 2

On a rock, whose haughty brow 15
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled
 air) 20

¹ Pindar. (Gray.)² This Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death. (Gray.)³ The Hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion. (Gray.)⁴ Wales.⁵ Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward. (Gray.)⁶ Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.They both were *Lords-Marchers*, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition. (Gray.)

And with a master's hand, and prophet's
fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they
wave, 25
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's
lay.

I. 3

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main: 30
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed;
Mountains, ye mourn in vain,
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon¹ bow his cloud-
topped head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,² 35
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art, 39
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my
heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries —
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet, 45
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of
thy line.

II. I

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race. 50
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roof
that ring, 55
Shrieks of an agonizing King!³
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,⁴
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country
hangs,
The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round
him wait! 60

¹ A mountain in Wales.
² The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the Isle of Anglesey. (Gray.)
³ Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley-Castle. (Gray.)
⁴ Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen. (Gray.)

Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2

"Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford 65
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable Warrior fled?¹
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were
born?
Gone to salute the rising morn. 70
Fair laughs² the morn, and soft the zephyr
blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's
sway, 75
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his
evening prey.

II. 3

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,³
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair 80
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,⁴
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined
course, 85
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their
way.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,⁵
Revere his consort's⁶ faith, his father's⁷ fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.⁸ 90
Above, below, the rose of snow,⁹
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled boar in infant gore¹⁰

¹ Edward, the Black Prince, dead some time before his Father. (Gray.)

² Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. (Gray.)

³ Richard the Second was starved to death. (Gray.)

⁴ The civil wars of York and Lancaster. (Gray.)

⁵ Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar. (Gray.)

⁶ Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her Husband and her Crown. (Gray.)

⁷ Henry the Fifth. (Gray.)

⁸ Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the Crown. (Gray.)

⁹ The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster. (Gray.)

¹⁰ The silver Boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known, in his own time, by the name of *the Boar*. (Gray.)

Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed
 loom, 95
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
 doom.

III. I

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done.)" 100
 "Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn:
 In yon bright track, that fires the western
 skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's
 height: 105
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.¹
 All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue,
 hail.² 110

III. 2

"Girt with many a Baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst a form divine! 115
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face.
 Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.³

¹ It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-Land, and should return again to reign over Britain. (Gray.)

² Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the House of Tudor. (Gray.)

³ Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, Ambassador of Poland, says: "And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert Orator no less with her stately port and majestic deporture, than with the tartness of her princelie checks." (Gray.)

What strings symphonious tremble in the
 air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her
 play! 120
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,¹ hear;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she
 sings,
 Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-
 colored wings.

III. 3

"The verse adorn again 125
 Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 And Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.²
 In buskined measures move³
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing
 breast. 130
 A voice as of the cherub-choir,⁴
 Gales from blooming Eden bear;
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 That lost in long futurity expire.⁵
 Fond impious Man, think'st thou yon san-
 guine cloud, 135
 Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb
 of day?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me: with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign. 140
 Be thine Despair, and scepter'd Care,
 To triumph, and to die, are mine."
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's
 height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless
 night.

1757.

¹ Taliessin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth Century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his Countrymen. (Gray.)

² Spenser.

³ Shakespeare. (Gray.)

⁴ Milton. (Gray.)

⁵ The succession of Poets after Milton's time. (Gray.)

WILLIAM COLLINS (1721-1759)

William Collins was educated at Winchester School and at Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1743. While still an undergraduate at Oxford, he published his *Persian Eclogues*, republished in 1757 as *Oriental Eclogues*. He settled down in London as a literary hack writer; but bad health and a natural indolence kept him from accomplishing the work that he undertook. For a short period he was confined in a madhouse. His odes appeared in December, 1746, with the date 1747. He died at the age of thirty-seven.

The total bulk of his poetry is very small, but the best of it is of a high order of excellence. In spite of certain mannerisms characteristic of the mid-eighteenth century, such as an excessive use of personified abstractions, his instinct for the right imaginative phrase, the delicate subtlety of his rhythms, his perfect balance of poetic sentiment and classic restraint, mark his odes as permanent masterpieces of English lyric verse.

ODE TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest
ear,

Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-
haired sun

Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy
skirts,

With brede^x ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed
bat,

With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern
wing;

Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy
darkening vale,

May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows
with sedge,

And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier
still,

The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety
lake

Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hal-
lowed pile,

Or upland fallow grey,
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driving
rain,

Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

^x embroidery.

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered
spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft
he wont,

And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest
Eve!

While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with
leaves;

Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-
lipped Health,

Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favorite name!

1746.

THE PASSIONS

AN ODE FOR MUSIC

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting:
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed; his eyes, on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;

A solemn, strange, and mingled air
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure? 30
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!

Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,

She called on Echo still, through all the song; 35

And, where her sweetest theme she chose,

A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,

And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung;—but, with a frown,

Revenge impatient rose; 40

He threw his blood-stained sword, in thunder, down;

And with a withering look,

The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe. 45

And, ever and anon, he beat

The doubling drum, with furious heat;

And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,

Dejected Pity, at his side,

Her soul-subduing voice applied, 50

Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,

While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed;

Sad proof of thy distressful state;

Of differing themes the veering song was mixed; 55

And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retired;
And, from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet, 60
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul:

And, dashing soft from rocks around,

Bubbling runnels joined the sound;

Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,

Or, over some haunted stream, with fond delay, 65

Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of Peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how altered was its sprightlier tone,

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue, 70

Her bow across her shoulder flung,

Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,

The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known!

The oak-crowned sisters,¹ and their chaste-eyed queen,² 75

Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,

Peeping from forth their alleys green:

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;

And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial: 80

He, with viny crown advancing,

First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;

But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,

Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best;

They would have thought, who heard the strain, 85

They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,

Amidst the festal sounding shades,

To some unwearied minstrel dancing,

While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,

Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round: 90

Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;

And he, amidst his frolic play,

As if he would the charming air repay,

Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid, 95
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!

Why, goddess! why, to us denied,

Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?

As, in that loved Athenian bower,

You learned an all commanding power, 100

Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,

Can well recall what then it heard;

Where is thy native simple heart,

Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?

Arise, as in that elder time, 105

1 wood-nymphs. 2 Diana.

Warm, energetic,¹ chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording sister's page —
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail, 110
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age;
 E'en all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound.²
 O bid our vain endeavors cease; 115
 Revive the just designs of Greece:
 Return in all thy simple state!
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

1746

ODE

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR

1746

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod 5
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay; 10
 And Freedom shall a while repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

¹ full of energy.² i.e. the music of the organ.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE

SUNG BY GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER
FIDELE¹ SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear 5
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen;
 No goblins lead their nightly crew: 10
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss, and gathered flowers, 15
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain, 5
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
 Or midst the chase, on every plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell; 20

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
 For thee the tear be duly shed;
 Beloved till life can charm no more,
 And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

1744

¹ Characters in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709–1784)

Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield, where his father was a bookseller of humble means. The story of his life, entirely devoid of any striking episodes, is the narrative of a heroic struggle against poverty and bad health, a struggle which brought him from the straitened obscurity of his young manhood to a position of supreme eminence as one of the dominating figures of his day.

He was a student at Pembroke College, Oxford, but because of poverty was compelled to leave without a degree. After an unsuccessful attempt at running a private school, he came to London as a miscellaneous hack-writer, where for many years he picked up a precarious and often insufficient livelihood. In 1762 he was, in recognition of his literary distinction, granted a pension of three hundred pounds a year, which enabled him to live in quiet comfort for the remainder of his life. His outstanding qualities of mind and character won for him also the friendship of the most distinguished men of his time — Sir Joshua Reynolds the painter, the great orator Burke, David Garrick the actor, who had been his pupil at Lichfield, Goldsmith, James Boswell greatest of biographers, Gibbon the historian. These men are among the members of The Club, a literary circle at whose meetings Johnson was the dominant personality. In 1775, he received from Oxford the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

Johnson's writings give but an imperfect presentment of his greatness. His two poems, *London* (1738) and the *Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749), are vigorous, but not brilliant, satires modeled on those of Juvenal. His essays in the *Rambler* (1750–52) and the *Idler* (1758–60) contain much wise observation and sound thought, but lack the variety and the sprightliness of manner which mark the essays of the *Spectator*. *Rasselas* (1759), a philosophical romance, in which a slender thread of story serves as occasion for a series of discussions on the theme of man's vain pursuit of happiness, is,

despite the fact that it was dashed off in a single week, his most perfect work of literary art. Here and in the *Lives of the English Poets* (1779-81), a series of biographical and critical prefaces written for a collected edition of the English poets, his prose style is at its best — a style which is rhetorical rather than familiar, which is sometimes heavy and pompous, but which at its finest is vigorous, spirited, eloquent. He is content only with the word and phrase which shall with exact accuracy express his thought — even though the right word may be a ponderous polysyllable.

Johnson, as "literary dictator" in the second half of the eighteenth century, was the stout defender of discipline and order. In politics a Tory, he regarded with bitter enmity the popular catchwords, "liberty" and "equality." Rousseau, with his cry of "return to nature," his disparagement of civilization, was anathema to him. And so in literature he set himself manfully against all those tendencies which we group together under the term "romanticism," tendencies which in his judgment made for shallow thinking, spurious idealism, pretentious obscurity, the anarchy of unrestrained individualism. Whether one think these opinions of his right or wrong, one cannot but feel admiration for the reasoned consistency and clear sincerity with which he held them, and the fearless vigor with which he expressed them.

Johnson's character, with all its lights and shades, lives for all time in the matchless biography of his devoted friend, Boswell. There more than in his own writings the man stands revealed. A convenient volume of selections from Johnson's works is that of C. G. Osgood (Henry Holt & Co.). G. B. Hill has edited his letters and the *Lives of the English Poets* (Oxford Press).

ESSAYS

The fashion set at the beginning of the eighteenth century by *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* was continued throughout the century by a host of similar periodicals. It was in this tradition that Johnson wrote *The Rambler* (1750-52) and *The Idler* (1758-60). These papers, which attained a distinct success, consist for the most part of rather ponderous moral preachments. The following selections are in a somewhat lighter vein.

THE MODERN NOVEL

The Rambler, No. 4. . . . Saturday, March 31, 1750

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vita.

HOR. *Art of Poetry*, 334

And join both profit and delight in one.

CREECH

The works of fiction, with which the present generation seems more particularly delighted, are such as exhibit life in its true state, diversified only by accidents that daily happen in the world, and influenced by passions and qualities which are really to be found in conversing with mankind.¹

This kind of writing may be termed, not improperly, the comedy of romance, and is to be conducted nearly by the rules of comic poetry. Its province is to bring about natural events by easy means, and to keep up curiosity without the help of wonder: it is therefore precluded from the machines and expedients of the heroic romance, and can neither employ giants to snatch away a lady from the nuptial rites, nor knights to bring her back from captivity; it can neither bewilder its personages in deserts, nor lodge them in imaginary castles.

¹ Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* (1748) and Fielding's *Tom Jones* (1749) were doubtless in Johnson's mind.

I remember a remark made by Scaliger upon Pontanus, that all his writings are filled with the same images; and that if you take from him his lilies and his roses, his satyrs and his dryads, he will have nothing left that can be called poetry. In like manner almost all the fictions of the last age will vanish, if you deprive them of a hermit and a wood, a battle and a shipwreck.

Why this wild strain of imagination found reception so long in polite and learned ages, it is not easy to conceive; but we cannot wonder that while readers could be procured, the authors were willing to continue it; for when a man had by practice gained some fluency of language, he had no further care than to retire to his closet, let loose his invention, and heat his mind with incredibilities; a book was thus produced without fear of criticism, without the toil of study, without knowledge of nature, or acquaintance with life.

The task of our present writers is very different; it requires, together with that learning which is to be gained from books, that experience which can never be attained by solitary diligence, but must arise from general converse and accurate observation of the living world. Their performances have, as Horace expresses it, "plus oneris quantum veniæ minus," little indulgence, and therefore more difficulty. They are engaged in portraits of which every one knows the original, and can detect any deviation from exactness of resemblance. Other writings are safe, except from the malice of learning, but these are in danger from every common reader; as the slipper ill executed was censured by a shoemaker, who happened to stop in his way at the Venus of Apelles.

But the fear of not being approved as just

copiers of human manners, is not the most important concern that an author of this sort ought to have before him. These books are written chiefly to the young, the ignorant, and the idle, to whom they serve as lectures of conduct, and introductions into life. They are the entertainment of minds unfurnished with ideas, and therefore easily susceptible of impressions; not fixed by principles, and therefore easily following the current of fancy; not informed by experience, and consequently open to every false suggestion and partial account.

That the highest degree of reverence should be paid to youth, and that nothing indecent should be suffered to approach their eyes or ears, are precepts extorted by sense and virtue from an ancient writer, by no means eminent for chastity of thought. The same kind, though not the same degree, of caution, is required in everything which is laid before them, to secure them from unjust prejudices, perverse opinions, and incongruous combinations of images.

In the romances formerly written, every transaction and sentiment was so remote from all that passes among men, that the reader was in very little danger of making any applications to himself; the virtues and crimes were equally beyond his sphere of activity; and he amused himself with heroes and with traitors, deliverers and persecutors, as with beings of another species, whose actions were regulated upon motives of their own, and who had neither faults nor excellencies in common with himself.

But when an adventurer is levelled with the rest of the world, and acts in such scenes of the universal drama, as may be the lot of any other man, young spectators fix their eyes upon him with closer attention, and hope, by observing his behavior and success, to regulate their own practices, when they shall be engaged in the like part.

For this reason these familiar histories may perhaps be made of greater use than the solemnities of professed morality, and convey the knowledge of vice and virtue with more efficacy than axioms and definitions. But if the power of example is so great as to take possession of the memory by a kind of violence, and produce effects almost without the intervention of the will, care ought to be taken, that, when the choice is unrestrained, the best examples only should be exhibited; and that which is likely to operate so strongly, should not be mischievous or uncertain in its effects.

The chief advantage which these fictions have over real life is, that their authors are at liberty, though not to invent, yet to select objects, and to cull from the mass of mankind, those individuals upon which the attention ought most to be employed; as a diamond, though it cannot be made, may be polished by art, and placed in such situation, as to display that lustre which before was buried among common stones.

It is justly considered as the greatest excellency of art, to imitate nature; but it is necessary to distinguish those parts of nature, which are most proper for imitation; greater care is still required in representing life, which is so often discolored by passion, or deformed by wickedness. If the world be promiscuously described, I cannot see of what use it can be to read the account; or why it may not be as safe to turn the eye immediately upon mankind as upon a mirror which shows all that presents itself without discrimination.

It is therefore not a sufficient vindication of a character, that it is drawn as it appears; for many characters ought never to be drawn: nor of a narrative, that the train of events is agreeable to observation and experience; for that observation which is called knowledge of the world, will be found much more frequently to make men cunning than good. The purpose of these writings is surely not only to show mankind, but to provide that they may be seen hereafter with less hazard; to teach the means of avoiding the snares which are laid by TREACHERY for INNOCENCE, without infusing any wish for that superiority with which the betrayer flatters his vanity; to give the power of counteracting fraud, without the temptation to practise it; to initiate youth by mock encounters in the art of necessary defense, and to increase prudence without impairing virtue.

Many writers, for the sake of following nature, so mingle good and bad qualities in their principal personages, that they are both equally conspicuous; and as we accompany them through their adventures with delight, and are led by degrees to interest ourselves in their favor, we lose the abhorrence of their faults, because they do not hinder our pleasure, or perhaps, regard them with some kindness, for being united with so much merit.

There have been men indeed splendidly wicked, whose endowments threw a brightness on their crimes, and whom scarce any

villany made perfectly detestable, because they never could be wholly divested of their excellencies; but such have been in all ages the great corrupters of the world, and their resemblance ought no more to be preserved, than the art of murdering without pain.

Some have advanced, without due attention to the consequence of this notion, that certain virtues have their correspondent faults, and therefore that to exhibit either apart is to deviate from probability. Thus men are observed by Swift to be "grateful in the same degree as they are resentful." This principle, with others of the same kind, supposes man to act from a brute impulse, and pursue a certain degree of inclination, without any choice of the object; for, otherwise, though it should be allowed that gratitude and resentment arise from the same constitution of the passions, it follows not that they will be equally indulged when reason is consulted; yet, unless that consequence be admitted, this sagacious maxim becomes an empty sound, without any relation to practice or to life.

Nor is it evident, that even the first motions to these effects are always in the same proportion. For pride, which produces quickness of resentment, will obstruct gratitude, by unwillingness to admit that inferiority which obligation implies; and it is very unlikely that he who cannot think he receives a favor, will acknowledge or repay it.

It is of the utmost importance to mankind, that positions of this tendency should be laid open and confuted; for while men consider good and evil as springing from the same root, they will spare the one for the sake of the other, and in judging, if not of others, at least of themselves, will be apt to estimate their virtues by their vices. To this fatal error all those will contribute, who confound the colors of right and wrong, and, instead of helping to settle their boundaries, mix them with so much art, that no common mind is able to disunite them.

In narratives where historical veracity has no place, I cannot discover why there should not be exhibited the most perfect idea of virtue; of virtue not angelical, nor above probability, for what we cannot credit, we shall never imitate, but the highest and purest that humanity can reach, which, exercised in such trials as the various revolutions of things shall bring upon it, may, by conquering some calamities, and enduring others, teach us what we may hope, and what we can perform. Vice, for vice is necessary to

be shown, should always disgust; nor should the graces of gaiety, or the dignity of courage, be so united with it, as to reconcile it to the mind. Wherever it appears, it should raise hatred by the malignity of its practices, and contempt by the meanness of its stratagems; for while it is supported by either parts or spirit, it will be seldom heartily abhorred. The Roman tyrant was content to be hated, if he was but feared; and there are thousands of the readers of romances willing to be thought wicked, if they may be allowed to be wits. It is therefore to be steadily inculcated, that virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness; and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in mistake, and ends in ignominy.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF AN AUTHOR

The Rambler, No. 14.

Saturday, May 5, 1750

— Nil fuit unquam

Sic impar sibi — HOR. Sat. 1, 3, 18, 19

Sure such a various creature ne'er was known.

FRANCIS

Among the many inconsistencies which folly produces, or infirmity suffers in the human mind, there has often been observed a manifest and striking contrariety between the life of an author and his writings; and Milton, in a letter to a learned stranger, by whom he had been visited, with great reason congratulates himself upon the consciousness of being found equal to his own character, and having preserved, in a private and familiar interview, that reputation which his works had procured him.

Those whom the appearance of virtue, or the evidence of genius, have tempted to a nearer knowledge of the writer in whose performances they may be found, have indeed had frequent reason to repent their curiosity; the bubble that sparkled before them has become common water at the touch; the phantom of perfection has vanished when they wished to press it to their bosom. They have lost the pleasure of imagining how far humanity may be exalted, and, perhaps, felt themselves less inclined to toil up the steeps of virtue, when they observe those who seem best able to point the way loitering below, as either afraid of the labor, or doubtful of the reward.

It has been long the custom of the Oriental monarchs to hide themselves in gardens and palaces, to avoid the conversation of mankind, and to be known to their subjects only by their edicts. The same policy is no less

necessary to him that writes, than to him that governs; for men would not more patiently submit to be taught, than commanded, by one known to have the same follies and weaknesses with themselves. A sudden intruder into the closet of an author would, perhaps, feel equal indignation with the officer who, having long solicited admission into the presence of Sardanapalus, saw him not consulting upon laws, inquiring into grievances, or modelling armies, but employed in feminine amusements, and directing the ladies in their work.

It is not difficult to conceive, however, that for many reasons a man writes much better than he lives. For without entering into refined speculations, it may be shown much easier to design than to perform. A man proposes his schemes of life in a state of abstraction and disengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the solicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depressions of fear, and is in the same state with him that teaches upon land the art of navigation, to whom the sea is always smooth, and the wind always prosperous.

The mathematicians are well acquainted with the difference between pure science, which has to do only with ideas, and the application of its laws to the use of life, in which they are constrained to submit to the imperfection of matter and the influence of accidents. Thus, in moral discussions, it is to be remembered that many impediments obstruct our practice, which very easily give way to theory. The speculatist is only in danger of erroneous reasoning; but the man involved in life has his own passions, and those of others, to encounter, and is embarrassed with a thousand inconveniencies, which confound him with variety of impulse, and either perplex or obstruct his way. He is forced to act without deliberation, and obliged to choose before he can examine; he is surprised by sudden alterations of the state of things, and changes his measures according to superficial appearances; he is led by others, either because he is indolent, or because he is timorous; he is sometimes afraid to know what is right, and sometimes finds friends or enemies diligent to deceive him.

We are, therefore, not to wonder that most fail, amidst tumult, and snares, and danger, in the observance of those precepts, which they lay down in solitude, safety, and tranquillity, with a mind unbiassed, and with liberty unobstructed. It is the condition

of our present state to see more than we can attain; the exactest vigilance and caution can never maintain a single day of unmingled innocence, much less can the utmost efforts of incorporated mind reach the summits of Cæsarean power.

It is, however, necessary for the idea of perfection to be proposed, that we may have some object to which our endeavors are to be directed; and he that is most deficient in the duties of life, makes some atonement for his faults, if he warns others against his own failings, and hinders, by the salubrity of his admonitions, the contagion of his example.

Nothing is more unjust, however common, than to charge with hypocrisy him that expresses zeal for those virtues which he neglects to practice; since he may be sincerely convinced of the advantages of conquering his passions, without having yet obtained the victory, as a man may be confident of the advantages of a voyage, or a journey, without having courage or industry to undertake it, and may honestly recommend to others those attempts which he neglects himself.

The interest which the corrupt part of mankind have in hardening themselves against every motive to amendment, has disposed them to give to these contradictions, when they can be produced against the cause of virtue, that weight which they will not allow them in any other case. They see men act in opposition to their interest, without supposing that they do not know it; those who give way to the sudden violence of passion, and forsake the most important pursuits for petty pleasures, are not supposed to have changed their opinions, or to approve their own conduct. In moral or religious questions alone, they determine the sentiments by the actions, and charge every man with endeavoring to impose upon the world, whose writings are not confirmed by his life. They never consider that themselves neglect or practise something every day inconsistently with their own settled judgment, nor discover that the conduct of the advocates for virtue can little increase, or lessen, the obligations of their dictates; argument is to be invalidated only by argument, and is in itself of the same force, whether or not it convinces him by whom it is proposed.

Yet since this prejudice, however unreasonable, is always likely to have some prevalence, it is the duty of every man to take care lest he should hinder the efficacy of his own instructions. When he desires to gain the

belief of others, he should show that he believes himself; and when he teaches the fitness of virtue by his reasonings, he should, by his example, prove its possibility. Thus much at least may be required of him, that he shall not act worse than others because he writes better, nor imagine that, by the merit of his genius, he may claim indulgence beyond mortals of the lower classes, and be excused for want of prudence, or neglect of virtue.

Bacon, in his *History of the Winds*, after having offered something to the imagination as desirable, often proposes lower advantages in its place to the reason as attainable. The same method may be sometimes pursued in moral endeavors which this philosopher has observed in natural inquiries; having first set positive and absolute excellence before us, we may be pardoned though we sink down to humbler virtue, trying, however, to keep our point always in view, and struggling not to lose ground, though we cannot gain it.

It is recorded of Sir Matthew Hale, that he for a long time concealed the consecration of himself to the stricter duties of religion, lest by some flagitious and shameful action he should bring piety into disgrace. For the same reason it may be prudent for a writer, who apprehends that he shall not enforce his own maxims by his domestic character to conceal his name, that he may not injure them.

There are, indeed, a great number whose curiosity to gain a more familiar knowledge of successful writers is not so much prompted by an opinion of their power to improve as to delight, and who expect from them not arguments against vice, or dissertations on temperance or justice, but flights of wit and sallies of pleasantry, or, at least, acute remarks, nice distinctions, justness of sentiment, and elegance of diction.

This expectation is, indeed, specious and probable, and yet, such is the fate of all human hopes, that it is very often frustrated, and those who raise admiration by their books, disgust by their company. A man of letters for the most part spends in the privacies of study that season of life in which the manners are to be softened into ease, and polished into elegance; and, when he has gained knowledge enough to be respected, has neglected the minuter acts by which he might have pleased. When he enters life, if his temper be soft and timorous, he is diffident and bashful, from the knowledge of his defects; or if he was born with

spirit and resolution, he is ferocious and arrogant from the consciousness of his merit: he is either dissipated by the awe of company, and unable to recollect his reading and arrange his arguments; or he is hot and dogmatical, quick in opposition and tenacious in defense, disabled by his own violence, and confused by his haste to triumph.

The graces of writing and conversation are of different kinds, and though he who excels in one might have been, with opportunities and application, equally successful in the other, yet as many please by extemporary talk, though utterly unacquainted with the more accurate method and more labored beauties which composition requires; so it is very possible that men wholly accustomed to works of study may be without that readiness of conception and affluence of language always necessary to colloquial entertainment. They may want address to watch the hints which conversation offers for the display of their particular attainments, or they may be so much unfurnished with matter on common subjects that discourse not professedly literary glides over them as heterogeneous bodies, without admitting their conceptions to mix in the circulation.

A transition from an author's book to his conversation is too often like an entrance into a large city after a distant prospect. Remotely, we see nothing but spires of temples and turrets of palaces, and imagine it the residence of splendor, grandeur, and magnificence; but, when we have passed the gates, we find it perplexed with narrow passages, disgraced with despicable cottages, embarrassed with obstructions, and clouded with smoke.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH

The Rambler, No. 50. Saturday, September 8, 1750

*Credebant quo grande nefas, et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat, et si
Barbato cuicumque puer, licet ipse videret
Plura domi fraga, et majores glandis acervos.*

JUV. 13, 54-7

And had not men the hoary head revered,
And boys paid reverence when a man appeared,
Both must have died, though richer skins they wore,
And saw more heaps of acorns in their store.

CREECH

I have always thought it the business of those who turn their speculations upon the living world, to commend the virtues, as well as to expose the faults of their contemporaries and to confute a false as well as to support a just accusation; not only because it is peculiarly the business of a monitor to keep his own reputation untainted, lest those who can

once charge him with partiality, should indulge themselves afterwards in disbelieving him at pleasure; but because he may find real crimes sufficient to give full employment to caution or repentance, without distracting the mind by needless scruples and vain solitudes.

There are certain fixed and stated reproaches that one part of mankind has in all ages thrown upon another, which are regularly transmitted through continued successions, and which he that has once suffered them is certain to use with the same undistinguishing vehemence, when he has changed his station, and gained the prescriptive right of inflicting on others what he had formerly endured himself.

To these hereditary imputations, of which no man sees the justice, till it becomes his interest to see it, very little regard is to be shown; since it does not appear that they are produced by ratiocination or inquiry, but received implicitly, or caught by a kind of instantaneous contagion, and supported rather by willingness to credit, than ability to prove them.

It has been always the practice of those who are desirous to believe themselves made venerable by length of time, to censure the new comers into life for want of respect to grey hairs and sage experience, for heady confidence in their own understandings, for hasty conclusions upon partial views, for disregard of counsels, which their fathers and grandsires are ready to afford them, and a rebellious impatience of that subordination to which youth is condemned by nature, as necessary to its security from evils into which it would be otherwise precipitated by the rashness of passion, and the blindness of ignorance.

Every old man complains of the growing depravity of the world, of the petulance and insolence of the rising generation. He recounts the decency and regularity of former times, and celebrates the discipline and sobriety of the age in which his youth was passed; a happy age, which is now no more to be expected, since confusion has broken in upon the world, and thrown down all the boundaries of civility and reverence.

It is not sufficiently considered how much he assumes who dares to claim the privilege of complaining; for as every man has, in his own opinion, a full share of the miseries of life, he is inclined to consider all clamorous uneasiness as a proof of impatience rather than of affliction, and to ask, "What merit

has this man to show, by which he has acquired a right to repine at the distributions of nature? Or, why does he imagine that exemptions should be granted him from the general condition of man?" We find ourselves excited rather to captiousness than pity, and instead of being in haste to soothe his complaints by sympathy and tenderness, we inquire whether the pain be proportionate to the lamentation; and whether, supposing the affliction real, it is not the effect of vice and folly, rather than calamity.

The querulousness and indignation which is observed so often to disfigure the last scene of life, naturally leads us to inquiries like these. For surely it will be thought at the first view of things, that if age be thus contemned and ridiculed, insulted and neglected, the crime must at least be equal on either part. They who have had opportunities of establishing their authority over minds ductile and unresisting, they who have been the protectors of helplessness, and the instructors of ignorance, and who yet retain in their own hands the power of wealth, and the dignity of command, must defeat their influence by their own misconduct, and make use of all these advantages with very little skill, if they cannot secure to themselves an appearance of respect, and ward off open mockery and declared contempt.

The general story of mankind will evince, that lawful and settled authority is very seldom resisted when it is well employed. Gross corruption, or evident imbecility, is necessary to the suppression of that reverence with which the majority of mankind look upon their governors, and on those whom they see surrounded by splendor, and fortified by power. For though men are drawn by their passions into forgetfulness of invisible rewards and punishments, yet they are easily kept obedient to those who have temporal dominion in their hands, till their veneration is dissipated by such wickedness and folly as can neither be defended nor concealed.

It may, therefore, very reasonably be suspected that the old draw upon themselves the greatest part of those insults which they so much lament, and that age is rarely despised but when it is contemptible. If men imagine that excess of debauchery can be made reverend by time, that knowledge is the consequence of long life, however idly or thoughtlessly employed, that priority of birth will supply the want of steadiness or honesty, can it raise much wonder that their

hopes are disappointed, and that they see their posterity rather willing to trust their own eyes in their progress into life, than enlist themselves under guides who have lost their way?

There are, indeed, many truths which time necessarily and certainly teaches, and which might, by those who have learned them from experience, be communicated to their successors at a cheaper rate: but dictates, though liberally enough bestowed, are generally without effect, the teacher gains few proselytes by instruction which his own behavior contradicts; and young men miss the benefit of counsel, because they are not very ready to believe that those who fall below them in practice, can much excel them in theory. Thus the progress of knowledge is retarded, the world is kept long in the same state, and every new race is to gain the prudence of their predecessors by committing and redressing the same miscarriages.

To secure to the old that influence which they are willing to claim, and which might so much contribute to the improvement of the arts of life, it is absolutely necessary that they give themselves up to the duties of declining years; and contentedly resign to youth its levity, its pleasures, its frolics, and its fopperies. It is a hopeless endeavor to unite the contrarieties of spring and winter; it is unjust to claim the privileges of age, and retain the playthings of childhood. The young always form magnificent ideas of the wisdom and gravity of men whom they consider as placed at a distance from them in the ranks of existence, and naturally look on those whom they find trifling with long beards, with contempt and indignation, like that which women feel at the effeminacy of men. If dotards will contend with boys in those performances in which boys must always excel them; if they will dress crippled limbs in embroidery, endeavor at gaiety with faltering voices, and darken assemblies of pleasure with the ghastliness of disease, they may well expect those who find their diversions obstructed will hoot them away; and that if they descend to competition with youth, they must bear the insolence of successful rivals.

*Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est.*

You've had your share of mirth, of meat and drink;
'Tis time to quit the scene — 'tis time to think.

ELPHINSTON

Another vice of age by which the rising

generation may be alienated from it is severity and censoriousness, that gives no allowance to the failings of early life, that expects artfulness from childhood and constancy from youth, that is peremptory in every command and inexorable to every failure. There are many who live merely to hinder happiness, and whose descendants can only tell of long life, that it produces suspicion, malignity, peevishness, and persecution; and yet even these tyrants can talk of the ingratitude of the age, curse their heirs for impatience, and wonder that young men cannot take pleasure in their father's company.

He that would pass the latter part of life with honor and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old; and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young. In youth he must lay up knowledge for his support, when his powers of acting shall forsake him; and in age forbear to animadvert with rigor on faults which experience only can correct.

THE BUSY LIFE OF A YOUNG LADY

The Rambler, No. 191.

Tuesday, January 14, 1752

Cereus in vitium flecti, monilioribus asper.

HOR. *Art of Poetry* 163

The youth —

Yielding like wax, th' impressive folly bears;
Rough to reproof, and slow to future cares.

FRANCIS

TO THE RAMBLER

DEAR MR. RAMBLER:

I have been four days confined to my chamber by a cold, which has already kept me from three plays, nine sales, five shows, and six card-tables, and put me seventeen visits behindhand; and the doctor tells my mamma, that if I fret and cry, it will settle in my head, and I shall not be fit to be seen these six weeks. But, dear Mr. Rambler, how can I help it? At this very time Melissa is dancing with the prettiest gentleman; she will breakfast with him to-morrow, and then run to two auctions, and hear compliments, and have presents; then she will be dressed, and visit, and get a ticket to the play; then go to cards and win, and come home with two flambeaux before her chair. Dear Mr. Rambler, who can bear it?

My aunt has just brought me a bundle of your papers for my amusement. She says, you are a philosopher, and will teach me to moderate my desires, and look upon the world with indifference. But, dear sir, I do not wish, nor intend, to moderate my de-

sires, nor can I think it proper to look upon the world with indifference, till the world looks with indifference on me. I have been forced, however, to sit this morning a whole quarter of an hour with your paper before my face; but just as my aunt came in, Phyllida had brought me a letter from Mr. Trip, which I put within the leaves; and read about "absence" and "inconsolableness," and "ardor," and "irresistible passion," and "eternal constancy," while my aunt imagined that I was puzzling myself with your philosophy, and often cried out, when she saw me look confused, "If there is any word that you do not understand, child, I will explain it."

Dear soul! How old people that think themselves wise may be imposed upon! But it is fit that they should take their turn, for I am sure, while they can keep poor girls close in the nursery, they tyrannize over us in a very shameful manner, and fill our imaginations with tales of terror, only to make us live in quiet subjection, and fancy that we can never be safe but by their protection.

I have a mamma and two aunts, who have all been formerly celebrated for wit and beauty, and are still generally admired by those that value themselves upon their understanding, and love to talk of vice and virtue, nature and simplicity, and beauty and propriety; but if there was not some hope of meeting me, scarcely a creature would come near them that wears a fashionable coat. These ladies, Mr. Rambler, have had me under their government fifteen years and a half, and have all that time been endeavoring to deceive me by such representations of life as I now find not to be true; but I know not whether I ought to impute them to ignorance or malice, as it is possible the world may be much changed since they mingled in general conversation.

Being desirous that I should love books, they told me that nothing but knowledge could make me an agreeable companion to men of sense, or qualify me to distinguish the superficial glitter of vanity from the solid merit of understanding; and that a habit of reading would enable me to fill up the vacuities of life without the help of silly or dangerous amusements, and preserve me from the snares of idleness and the inroads of temptation.

But their principal intention was to make me afraid of men; in which they succeeded so well for a time, that I durst not look in their faces, or be left alone with them in a

parlor; for they made me fancy that no man ever spoke but to deceive, or looked but to allure; that the girl who suffered him that had once squeezed her hand, to approach her a second time, was on the brink of ruin; and that she who answered a billet, without consulting her relations, gave love such power over her, that she would certainly become either poor or infamous.

From the time that my leading-strings were taken off, I scarce heard any mention of my beauty but from the milliner, the mantua-maker, and my own maid; for my mamma never said more, when she heard me commended, but "The girl is very well," and then endeavored to divert my attention by some inquiry after my needle, or my book.

It is now three months since I have been suffered to pay and receive visits, to dance at public assemblies, to have a place kept for me in the boxes, and to play at Lady Racket's rout; and you may easily imagine what I think of those who have so long cheated me with false expectations, disturbed me with fictitious terrors, and concealed from me all that I have found to make the happiness of woman.

I am so far from perceiving the usefulness or necessity of books, that if I had not dropped all pretensions to learning, I should have lost Mr. Trip, whom I once frightened into another box, by retailing some of Dryden's remarks upon a tragedy; for Mr. Trip declares that he hates nothing like hard words, and, I am sure, there is not a better partner to be found; his very walk is a dance. I have talked once or twice among ladies about principles and ideas, but they put their fans before their faces, and told me I was too wise for them, who for their part never pretended to read anything but the play-bill, and then asked me the price of my best head.

Those vacancies of time which are to be filled up with books I have never yet obtained; for, consider, Mr. Rambler, I go to bed late, and therefore cannot rise early; as soon as I am up, I dress for the gardens; then walk in the park; then always go to some sale or show, or entertainment at the little theatre; then must be dressed for dinner; then must pay my visits; then walk in the park; then hurry to the play; and from thence to the card-table. This is the general course of the day, when there happens nothing extraordinary; but sometimes I ramble into the country, and come back again to a ball; sometimes I am engaged for a whole day and part of the night. If, at any time, I can gain an

hour by not being at home, I have so many things to do, so many orders to give to the milliner, so many alterations to make in my clothes, so many visitants' names to read over, so many invitations to accept or refuse, so many cards to write, and so many fashions to consider, that I am lost in confusion, forced at last to let in company or step into my chair, and leave half my affairs to the direction of my maid.

This is the round of my day; and when shall I either stop my course, or so change it as to want a book? I suppose it cannot be imagined, that any of these diversions will soon be at an end. There will always be gardens, and a park, and auctions, and shows, and playhouses, and cards; visits will always be paid, and clothes always be worn; and how can I have time unemployed upon my hands?

But I am most at a loss to guess for what purpose they related such tragic stories of the cruelty, perfidy, and artifices of men, who, if they ever were so malicious and destructive, have certainly now reformed their manners. I have not, since my entrance into the world, found one who does not profess himself devoted to my service, and ready to live or die as I shall command him. They are so far from intending to hurt me, that their only contention is, who shall be allowed most closely to attend, and most frequently to treat me. When different places of entertainment or schemes of pleasure are mentioned, I can see the eye sparkle and the cheeks glow of him whose proposals obtain my approbation; he then leads me off in triumph, adores my condescension, and congratulates himself that he has lived to the hour of felicity. Are these, Mr. Rambler, creatures to be feared? Is it likely that any injury will be done me by those who can enjoy life only while I favor them with my presence?

As little reason can I yet find to suspect them of stratagems and fraud. When I play at cards, they never take advantage of my mistakes, nor exact from me a rigorous observation of the game. Even Mr. Shuffle, a grave gentleman, who has daughters older than myself, plays with me so negligently, that I am sometimes inclined to believe he loses his money by design, and yet he is so fond of play, that he says he will one day take me to his house in the country, that we may try by ourselves who can conquer. I have not yet promised him; but when the town grows a little empty, I shall think upon it,

for I want some trinkets, like Letitia's, to my watch. I do not doubt my luck, but must study some means of amusing¹ my relations.

For all these distinctions I find myself indebted to that beauty which I was never suffered to hear praised, and of which, therefore, I did not before know the full value. The concealment was certainly an intentional fraud, for my aunts have eyes like other people, and I am every day told that nothing but blindness can escape the influence of my charms. Their whole account of that world which they pretend to know so well, has been only one fiction entangled with another; and though the modes of life oblige me to continue some appearances of respect, I cannot think that they, who have been so clearly detected in ignorance or imposture, have any right to the esteem, veneration, or obedience of,

Sir, Yours,

BELLARIA

THE DECAY OF FRIENDSHIP

The Idler, No. 23.

Saturday, September 23, 1758

Life has no pleasure higher or nobler than that of friendship. It is painful to consider that this sublime enjoyment may be impaired or destroyed by innumerable causes, and that there is no human possession of which the duration is less certain.

Many have talked in very exalted language, of the perpetuity of friendship, of invincible constancy, and unalienable kindness; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affection has predominated over changes of fortune, and contrariety of opinion.

But these instances are memorable, because they are rare. The friendship which is to be practised or expected by common mortals, must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.

Many accidents therefore may happen by which the ardor of kindness will be abated, without criminal baseness or contemptible inconstancy on either part. To give pleasure is not always in our power; and little does he know himself who believes that he can be always able to receive it.

Those who would gladly pass their days together may be separated by the different course of their affairs; and friendship, like love, is destroyed by long absence.

¹ deceiving.

though it may be increased by short intermissions. What we have missed long enough to want it, we value more when it is regained; but that which has been lost till it is forgotten, will be found at last with little gladness, and with still less if a substitute has supplied the place. A man deprived of the companion to whom he used to open his bosom, and with whom he shared the hours of leisure and merriment, feels the day at first hanging heavy on him; his difficulties oppress, and his doubts distract him; he sees time come and go without his wonted gratification, and all is sadness within, and solitude about him. But this uneasiness never lasts long; necessity produces expedients, new amusements are discovered, and new conversation is admitted.

No expectation is more frequently disappointed, than that which naturally arises in the mind from the prospect of meeting an old friend after long separation. We expect the attraction to be revived, and the coalition to be renewed; no man considers how much alteration time has made in himself, and very few inquire what effect it has had upon others. The first hour convinces them that the pleasure which they have formerly enjoyed, is for ever at an end; different scenes have made different impressions; the opinions of both are changed; and that similitude of manners and sentiment is lost which confirmed them both in the approbation of themselves.

Friendship is often destroyed by opposition of interest, not only by the ponderous and visible interest which the desire of wealth and greatness forms and maintains, but by a thousand secret and slight competitions, scarcely known to the mind upon which they operate. There is scarcely any man without some favorite trifle which he values above greater attainments, some desire of petty praise which he cannot patiently suffer to be frustrated. This minute ambition is sometimes crossed before it is known, and sometimes defeated by wanton petulance; but such attacks are seldom made without the

loss of friendship; for whoever has once found the vulnerable part will always be feared, and the resentment will burn on in secret, of which shame hinders the discovery.

This, however, is a slow malignity, which a wise man will obviate as inconsistent with quiet, and a good man will repress as contrary to virtue; but human happiness is sometimes violated by some more sudden strokes.

A dispute begun in jest upon a subject which a moment before was on both parts regarded with careless indifference, is continued by the desire of conquest, till vanity kindles into rage, and opposition rankles into enmity. Against this hasty mischief, I know not what security can be obtained; men will be sometimes surprised into quarrels; and though they might both hasten to reconciliation, as soon as their tumult had subsided, yet two minds will seldom be found together, which can at once subdue their discontent, or immediately enjoy the sweets of peace without remembering the wounds of the conflict.

Friendship has other enemies. Suspicion is always hardening the cautious, and disgust repelling the delicate. Very slender differences will sometimes part those whom long reciprocation of civility or beneficence has united. Lonelove and Ranger retired into the country to enjoy the company of each other, and returned in six weeks, cold and petulant; Ranger's pleasure was to walk in the fields, and Lonelove's to sit in a bower; each had complied with the other in his turn, and each was angry that compliance had been exacted.

The most fatal disease of friendship is gradual decay, or dislike hourly increased by causes too slender for complaint, and too numerous for removal. Those who are angry may be reconciled; those who have been injured may receive a recompense: but when the desire of pleasing and willingness to be pleased is silently diminished, the renovation of friendship is hopeless; as, when the vital powers sink into languor, there is no longer any use of the physician.

JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795)

If one were to ask any competent literary jury to name the twelve greatest books in the English language, Boswell's *Life of Johnson* would be sure to receive a large number of votes; but if the same jury were asked instead to name the twenty greatest English authors, it is quite possible that Boswell would not appear on any of the lists. So great has been Boswell's success in portraying Johnson that the reader, absorbed by the subject of the biography, neglects the biographer whose excellent art and tireless industry have made it what it is. In more recent years Boswell has begun to receive more adequate attention. C. B. Tinker has published a scholarly edition of his letters (Ox-

ford University Press) and a delightful volume of biographical essays called *Young Boswell* (Atlantic Monthly Press). Boswell's *Account of Corsica* (1768) has recently been republished.

It was in 1763 that James Boswell, descendant of an old Scotch family with estates in Ayrshire, who had studied at Edinburgh and was then about to go to Utrecht in Holland to pursue the study of the law, first met Dr. Johnson. He was a young man of twenty-two; Johnson was thirty years his senior. Boswell had sought the meeting; for it was the passion of his life to associate with the great. His winning manners, his animation and gayety, his unfailing good nature, and his total lack of bashfulness, won him the affectionate acquaintance of the most distinguished men of his day, both in Great Britain and across the Channel. But of all his heroes, Samuel Johnson was the chief, and early in his acquaintance he determined to write Johnson's biography, a determination which received Johnson's approval and help.

In 1785, Boswell published his *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson*, which was in effect an advance section of the *Life* dealing with a single episode. Six years later, in 1791, appeared the *Life* itself, probably the greatest biography ever written. It is a full length portrait of Johnson — his greatness and his failings, his conversation and his mannerisms, — set against the background of the whole literary life of England in the second half of the eighteenth century.

The standard edition of the *Life* is that of G. B. Hill in six volumes (Oxford University Press); but numerous editions are available. C. G. Osgood has edited a skillful abridgment (Scribner), which reduces the book to about half its full length. By the kind permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, the passages printed below follow Professor Osgood's abridgment; but the omitted passages are indicated by points.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D

FROM THE YEAR 1763

This is to me a memorable year; for in it I had the happiness to obtain the acquaintance of that extraordinary man whose memoirs I am now writing; an acquaintance which I shall ever esteem as one of the most fortunate circumstances in my life. Though then but two-and-twenty, I had for several years read his works with delight and instruction, and had the highest reverence for their author, which had grown up in my fancy into a kind of mysterious veneration, by figuring to myself a state of solemn elevated abstraction, in which I supposed him to live in the immense metropolis of London. Mr. Gentleman, a native of Ireland, who passed some years in Scotland as a player, and as an instructor in the English language, a man whose talents and worth were depressed by misfortunes, had given me a representation of the figure and manner of

DICTIONARY JOHNSON! as he was then generally called; and during my first visit to London, which was for three months in 1760, Mr. Derrick the poet, who was Gentleman's friend and countryman, flattered me with hopes that he would introduce me to Johnson, an honor of which I was very ambitious. But he never found an opportunity; which made me doubt that he had promised to do what was not in his power; till Johnson some years afterwards told me, "Derrick, Sir, might very well have introduced you. I had a kindness for Derrick, and am sorry he is dead."

In the summer of 1761 Mr. Thomas Sheri-

dan was at Edinburgh, and delivered lectures upon the English Language and Public Speaking to large and respectable audiences. I was often in his company, and heard him frequently expatiate upon Johnson's extraordinary knowledge, talents, and virtues, repeat his pointed sayings, describe his particularities, and boast of his being his guest sometimes till two or three in the morning. At his house I hoped to have many opportunities of seeing the sage, as Mr. Sheridan obligingly assured me I should not be disappointed.

When I returned to London in the end of 1762, to my surprise and regret I found an irreconcilable difference had taken place between Johnson and Sheridan. A pension of two hundred pounds a year had been given to Sheridan. Johnson, who, as has been already mentioned, thought slightly of Sheridan's art, upon hearing that he was also pensioned, exclaimed, "What! have they given *him* a pension? Then it is time for me to give up mine." . . .

Johnson complained that a man who disliked him repeated his sarcasm to Mr. Sheridan, without telling him what followed, which was, that after a pause he added, "However, I am glad that Mr. Sheridan has a pension, for he is a very good man." Sheridan could never forgive this hasty contemptuous expression. It rankled in his mind; and though I informed him of all that Johnson said, and that he would be very glad to meet him amicably, he positively declined repeated offers which I made, and once went off abruptly from a house where he and I were engaged to dine, because he was told that Dr. Johnson was to be there. . . .

This rupture with Sheridan deprived Johnson of one of his most agreeable resources for amusement in his lonely evenings; for Sheridan's well-informed, animated, and bustling mind never suffered conversation to stagnate; and Mrs. Sheridan was a most agreeable companion to an intellectual man. She was sensible, ingenious, unassuming, yet communicative. I recollect, with satisfaction, many pleasing hours which I passed with her under the hospitable roof of her husband, who was to me a very kind friend. Her novel, entitled *Memoirs of Miss Sydney Biddulph*, contains an excellent moral while it inculcates a future state of retribution; and what it teaches is impressed upon the mind by a series of as deep distress as can affect humanity, in the amiable and pious heroine who goes to her grave unrelieved, but resigned, and full of hope of "heaven's mercy." Johnson paid her this high compliment upon it: "I know not, Madam, that you have a right, upon moral principles, to make your readers suffer so much."

Mr. Thomas Davies the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russel-street, Covent-garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

Mr. Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife, (who has been celebrated for her beauty,) though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of character; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them, as with any family which he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner, while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlor, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the

room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us, — he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his *Dictionary*, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation, which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." — "From Scotland," cried Davies roguishly. "Mr. Johnson, (said I) I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir, (said he, with a stern look,) I have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil.¹ I now felt myself much mortified,

¹ That this was a momentary sally against Garrick there can be no doubt; for at Johnson's desire he had

and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited. . . .

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigor of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."

A few days afterwards I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his Chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So upon Tuesday the 24th of May, after having been enlivened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His Chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner-Temple-lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Reverend Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having "found the Giant in his den;" an expression, which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. Dr. Blair had been presented to him by Dr. James Fordyce. At this time the controversy concerning the pieces published by Mr. James Macpherson, as translations of *Ossian*, was at its height. Johnson had all along denied their authenticity; and, what was still more provoking to their admirers, maintained that they had no merit. The

some years before, given a benefit-night at his theatre to this very person, by which she had got two hundred pounds. Johnson, indeed, upon all other occasions, when I was in his company, praised the very liberal charity of Garrick. I once mentioned to him, "It is observed, Sir, that you attack Garrick yourself, but will suffer nobody else to do it." JOHNSON, (smiling) "Why, Sir, that is true." (Boswell.)

subject having been introduced by Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Blair, relying on the internal evidence of their antiquity, asked Dr. Johnson whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems? Johnson replied, "Yes, Sir, many men, many women, and many children." Johnson, at this time, did not know that Dr. Blair had just published a *Dissertation*, not only defending their authenticity, but seriously ranking them with the poems of *Homer* and *Virgil*; and when he was afterwards informed of this circumstance, he expressed some displeasure at Dr. Fordyce's having suggested the topic, and said, "I am not sorry that they got thus much for their pains. Sir, it was like leading one to talk of a book when the author is concealed behind the door."

He received me very courteously; but, it must be confessed, that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, "Nay, don't go." "Sir, (said I,) I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you." He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me." I have preserved the following short minute of what passed this day:

"Madness frequently discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes of the world. My poor friend Smart shewed the disturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place. Now although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question."

Concerning this unfortunate poet, Christopher Smart, who was confined in a mad-house, he had, at another time, the following conversation with Dr. Burney: BURNLEY. "How does poor Smart do, Sir; is he likely to recover?" JOHNSON. "It seems as if his

mind had ceased to struggle with the disease; nor he grows fat upon it." BURNEY. "Perhaps, Sir, that may be from want of exercise." JOHNSON. "No, Sir; he has partly as much exercise as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was *carried* back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it." — Johnson continued. "Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labor; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it." . . .

Talking of Garrick, he said, "He is the first man in the world for sprightly conversation."

When I rose a second time he again pressed me to stay, which I did.

He told me, that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance of many years, my journal of this period, I wonder how, at my first visit, I ventured to talk to him so freely, and that he bore it with so much indulgence.

Before we parted, he was so good as to promise to favor me with his company one evening at my lodgings; and, as I took my leave, shook me cordially by the hand. It is almost needless to add, that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an acquaintance of which I had been so long ambitious.

I did not visit him again till Monday, June 13, at which time I recollect no part of his conversation, except that when I told him I had been to see Johnson ride upon three horses, he said, "Such a man, Sir, should be encouraged; for his performances shew the extent of the human powers in one instance, and thus tend to raise our opinion of the faculties of man. He shews what may be attained by persevering application; so that every man may hope, that by giving as much application, although perhaps he may never ride three horses at a time, or dance upon a wire, yet he may be equally expert in whatever profession he has chosen to pursue."

He again shook me by the hand at parting, and asked me why I did not come oftener to him. Trusting that I was now in his good graces, I answered, that he had not given me much encouragement, and reminded him of the check I had received from him at our first interview. "Poh, poh! (said he, with a complacent smile,) never mind these things. Come to me as often as you can. I shall be glad to see you."

I had learnt that his place of frequent resort was the Mitre tavern in Fleet-street, where he loved to sit up late, and I begged I might be allowed to pass an evening with him there soon, which he promised I should. A few days afterwards I met him near Temple-bar, about one o'clock in the morning, and asked if he would then go to the Mitre. "Sir, (said he) it is too late; they won't let us in. But I'll go with you another night with all my heart."

A revolution of some importance in my plan of life had just taken place; for instead of procuring a commission in the foot-guards, which was my own inclination, I had, in compliance with my father's wishes, agreed to study the law; and was soon to set out for Utrecht, to hear the lectures of an excellent Civilian in that University, and then to proceed on my travels. Though very desirous of obtaining Dr. Johnson's advice and instructions on the mode of pursuing my studies, I was at this time so occupied, shall I call it? or so dissipated, by the amusements of London, that our next meeting was not till Saturday, June 25, when happening to dine at Clifton's eating-house, in Butcher-row I was surprised to perceive Johnson come in and take his seat at another table. The mode of dining, or rather being fed, at such houses in London, is well known to many to be particularly unsocial, as there is no Ordinary, or united company, but each person has his own mess, and is under no obligation to hold any intercourse with any one. A liberal and full-minded man, however, who loves to talk, will break through this churlish and unsocial restraint. Johnson and an Irish gentleman got into a dispute concerning the cause of some part of mankind being black. "Why, Sir, (said Johnson,) it has been accounted for in three ways: either by supposing that they are the posterity of Ham, who was cursed; or that GOD at first created two kinds of men, one black and another white; or that by the heat of the sun the skin is scorched, and so acquires a sooty hue. This matter has been much canvassed

among naturalists, but has never been brought to any certain issue." What the Irishman said is totally obliterated from my mind; but I remember that he became very warm and intemperate in his expressions; upon which Johnson rose, and quietly walked away. When he had retired, his antagonist took his revenge, as he thought, by saying, "He has a most ungainly figure, and an affectation of pomposity, unworthy of a man of genius."

Johnson had not observed that I was in the room. I followed him, however, and he agreed to meet me in the evening at the Mitre. I called on him, and we went thither at nine. We had a good supper, and port wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle. The orthodox high-church sound of the MITRE, — the figure and manner of the celebrated SAMUEL JOHNSON, — the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experienced. I find in my journal the following minute of our conversation, which, though it will give but a very faint notion of what passed, is in some degree a valuable record; and it will be curious in this view, as shewing how habitual to his mind were some opinions which appear in his works.

"Colley Cibber, Sir, was by no means a blockhead; but by arrogating to himself too much, he was in danger of losing that degree of estimation to which he was entitled. His friends gave out that he *intended* his birthday *Odes* should be bad: but that was not the case, Sir; for he kept them many months by him, and a few years before he died he shewed me one of them, with great solicitude to render it as perfect as might be, and I made some corrections, to which he was not very willing to submit. I remember the following couplet in allusion to the King and himself:

'Perched on the eagle's soaring wing,
The lowly linnet loves to sing.'

Sir, he had heard something of the fabulous tale of the wren sitting upon the eagle's wing, and he had applied it to a linnet. Cibber's familiar style, however, was better than that which Whitehead has assumed. *Grand* nonsense is insupportable. Whitehead is but a little man to inscribe verses to players. . . .

"Sir, I do not think Gray a first-rate poet. He has not a bold imagination, nor much command of words. The obscurity in which

he has involved himself will not persuade us that he is sublime. His *Elegy in a Churchyard* has a happy selection of images, but I don't like what are called his great things. His *Ode*¹ which begins

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King,
Confusion on thy banners wait!'

has been celebrated for its abruptness, and plunging into the subject all at once. But such arts as these have no merit, unless when they are original. We admire them only once; and this abruptness has nothing new in it. We have had it often before. Nay, we have it in the old song of Johnny Armstrong:

'Is there ever a man in all Scotland
From the highest estate to the lowest degree,'
&c.

And then, Sir,

'Yes there is a man in Westmoreland,
And Johnny Armstrong they do him call.'

There, now, you plunge at once into the subject. You have no previous narration to lead you to it. The two next lines in that *Ode* are, I think, very good:

'Though fanned by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.'"

Finding him in a placid humor, and wishing to avail myself of the opportunity which I fortunately had of consulting a sage, to hear whose wisdom, I conceived in the ardor of youthful imagination, that men filled with a noble enthusiasm for intellectual improvement would gladly have resorted from distant lands; — I opened my mind to him ingenuously, and gave him a little sketch of my life, to which he was pleased to listen with great attention.

I acknowledged, that though educated very strictly in the principles of religion, I had for some time been misled into a certain degree of infidelity; but that I was come now to a better way of thinking, and was fully satisfied of the truth of the Christian revelation, though I was not clear as to every point considered to be orthodox. Being at all times a curious examiner of the human mind, and pleased with an undisguised display of what had passed in it, he called to me with warmth, "Give me your hand; I have taken a liking to you." He then began to descant upon the force of testimony, and

¹ *The Bard*.

the little we could know of final causes; so that the objections of, why was it so? or why was it not so? ought not to disturb us: adding, that he himself had at one period been guilty of a temporary neglect of religion, but that it was not the result of argument, but mere absence of thought.

After having given credit to reports of his bigotry, I was agreeably surprised when he expressed the following very liberal sentiment, which has the additional value of obviating an objection to our holy religion, founded upon the discordant tenets of Christians themselves: "For my part, Sir, I think all Christians, whether Papists or Protestants, agree in the essential articles, and that their differences are trivial, and rather political than religious."

We talked of belief in ghosts. He said, "Sir, I make a distinction between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination, and what imagination cannot possibly produce. Thus, suppose I should think that I saw a form, and heard a voice cry 'Johnson, you are a very wicked fellow, and unless you repent you will certainly be punished;'" my own unworthiness is so deeply impressed upon my mind, that I might *imagine* I thus saw and heard, and therefore I should not believe that an external communication had been made to me. But if a form should appear, and a voice should tell me that a particular man had died at a particular place, and a particular hour, a fact which I had no apprehension of, nor any means of knowing, and this fact, with all its circumstances, should afterwards be unquestionably proved, I should, in that case, be persuaded that I had supernatural intelligence imparted to me."

Here it is proper, once for all, to give a true and fair statement of Johnson's way of thinking upon the question, whether departed spirits are ever permitted to appear in this world, or in any way to operate upon human life. He has been ignorantly misrepresented as weakly credulous upon that subject; and, therefore, though I feel an inclination to disdain and treat with silent contempt so foolish a notion concerning my illustrious friend, yet as I find it has gained ground, it is necessary to refute it. The real fact then is, that Johnson had a very philosophical mind, and such a rational respect for testimony, as to make him submit his understanding to what was authentically proved, though he could not comprehend why it was so. Being thus disposed, he was

willing to inquire into the truth of any relation of supernatural agency, a general belief of which has prevailed in all nations and ages. But so far was he from being the dupe of implicit faith, that he examined the matter with a jealous attention, and no man was more ready to refute its falsehood when he had discovered it. Churchill, in his poem entitled *The Ghost*, availed himself of the absurd credulity imputed to Johnson, and drew a caricature of him under the name of "POMPOSO," representing him as one of the believers of the story of a Ghost in Cock-lane, which, in the year 1762, had gained very general credit in London. Many of my readers, I am convinced, are to this hour under an impression that Johnson was thus foolishly deceived. It will therefore surprise them a good deal when they are informed upon undoubted authority, that Johnson was one of those by whom the imposture was detected. The story had become so popular, that he thought it should be investigated; and in this research he was assisted by the Reverend Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, the great detector of impostures; who informs me, that after the gentlemen who went and examined into the evidence were satisfied of its falsity, Johnson wrote in their presence an account of it, which was published in the newspapers and *Gentleman's Magazine*, and undeceived the world.

Our conversation proceeded. "Sir, (said he) I am a friend to subordination, as most conducive to the happiness of society. There is a reciprocal pleasure in governing and being governed."

"Dr. Goldsmith is one of the first men we now have as an author, and he is a very worthy man too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right." . . .

I complained to him that I had not yet acquired much knowledge, and asked his advice as to my studies. He said, "Don't talk of study now. I will give you a plan; but it will require some time to consider of it." "It is very good in you (I replied,) to allow me to be with you thus. Had it been foretold to me some years ago that I should pass an evening with the author of *The Rambler*, how should I have exulted!" What I then expressed, was sincerely from the heart. He was satisfied that it was, and cordially answered, "Sir, I am glad we have met. I hope we shall pass many evenings and mornings too, together." We finished a couple of bottles of port, and sat till between one and two in the morning. . . .

As Dr. Oliver Goldsmith will frequently appear in this narrative, I shall endeavor to make my readers in some degree acquainted with his singular character. He was a native of Ireland, and a contemporary with Mr. Burke at Trinity College, Dublin, but did not then give much promise of future celebrity. He, however, observed to Mr. Malone, that "though he made no great figure in mathematics, which was a study in much repute there, he could turn an Ode of Horace into English better than any of them." He afterwards studied physic at Edinburgh, and upon the Continent; and I have been informed, was enabled to pursue his travels on foot, partly by demanding at Universities to enter the lists as a disputant, by which, according to the custom of many of them, he was entitled to the premium of a crown, when luckily for him his challenge was not accepted; so that, as I once observed to Dr. Johnson, he *disputed* his passage through Europe. He then came to England, and was employed successively in the capacities of an usher to an academy, a corrector of the press, a reviewer, and a writer for a news-paper. He had sagacity enough to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged by the contemplation of such a model. To me and many others it appeared that he studiously copied the manner of Johnson, though, indeed, upon a smaller scale.

At this time I think he had published nothing with his name, though it was pretty generally known that *one Dr. Goldsmith* was the author of *An Enquiry into the present State of polite Learning in Europe*, and of *The Citizen of the World*, a series of letters supposed to be written from London by a Chinese. No man had the art of displaying with more advantage as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he made. "*Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*" His mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed that he was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable con-

fusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un étourdi*, and from vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young ladies with their mother on a tour in France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him; and once at the exhibition of the *Fantoccini* in London, when those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed with some warmth, "Pshaw! I can do it better myself."

He boasted to me at this time of the power of his pen in commanding money, which I believe was true in a certain degree, though in the instance he gave he was by no means correct. He told me that he had sold a novel for four hundred pounds. This was his *Vicar of Wakefield*. But Johnson informed me, that he had made the bargain for Goldsmith, and the price was sixty pounds. "And, Sir, (said he,) a sufficient price too, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his *Traveller*; and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after *The Traveller* had appeared. Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money."

Mrs. Piozzi and Sir John Hawkins have strangely misstated the history of Goldsmith's situation and Johnson's friendly interference, when this novel was sold. I shall give it authentically from Johnson's own exact narration:—"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was drest, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would

1 "He touched nothing without adorning it."

be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

My next meeting with Johnson was on Friday the 1st of July, when he and I and Dr. Goldsmith supped together at the Mitre. I was before this time pretty well acquainted with Goldsmith, who was one of the brightest ornaments of the Johnsonian school. Goldsmith's respectful attachment to Johnson was then at its height; for his own literary reputation had not yet distinguished him so much as to excite a vain desire of competition with his great Master. He had increased my admiration of the goodness of Johnson's heart, by incidental remarks in the course of conversation, such as, when I mentioned Mr. Levet, whom he entertained under his roof, "He is poor and honest, which is recommendation enough to Johnson;" and when I wondered that he was very kind to a man of whom I had heard a very bad character, "He is now become miserable, and that insures the protection of Johnson."

He talked very contemptuously of Churchill's poetry, observing, that "it had a temporary currency, only from its audacity of abuse, and being filled with living names, and that it would sink into oblivion." I ventured to hint that he was not quite a fair judge, as Churchill had attacked him violently. JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, I am a very fair judge. He did not attack me violently till he found I did not like his poetry; and his attack on me shall not prevent me from continuing to say what I think of him, from an apprehension that it may be ascribed to resentment. No, Sir, I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I will call him a blockhead still. However, I will acknowledge that I have a better opinion of him now, than I once had; for he has shewn more fertility than I expected. To be sure, he is a tree that cannot produce good fruit: he only bears crabs. But, Sir, a tree that produces a great many crabs is better than a tree which produces only a few."

Let me here apologize for the imperfect manner in which I am obliged to exhibit Johnson's conversation at this period. In

the early part of my acquaintance with him, I was so wrapt in admiration of his extraordinary colloquial talents, and so little accustomed to his peculiar mode of expression, that I found it extremely difficult to recollect and record his conversation with its genuine vigor and vivacity. In progress of time, when my mind was, as it were, *strongly impregnated with the Johnsonian æther*, I could, with much more facility and exactness, carry in my memory and commit to paper the exuberant variety of his wisdom and wit.

At this time Miss Williams, as she was then called, though she did not reside with him in the Temple under his roof, but had lodgings in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, had so much of his attention, that he every night drank tea with her before he went home, however late it might be, and she always sat up for him. This, it may be fairly conjectured, was not alone a proof of his regard for her, but of his own unwillingness to go into solitude, before that unseasonable hour at which he had habituated himself to expect the oblivion of repose. Dr. Goldsmith, being a privileged man, went with him this night, strutting away, and calling to me with an air of superiority, like that of an esoteric over an exoteric disciple of a sage of antiquity. "I go to Miss Williams." I confess, I then envied him this mighty privilege, of which he seemed so proud; but it was not long before I obtained the same mark of distinction.

On Tuesday the 5th of July, I again visited Johnson. . . .

Talking of London, he observed, "Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists." . . .

On Wednesday, July 6, he was engaged to sup with me at my lodgings in Downing-street, Westminster. But on the preceding night my landlord having behaved very rudely to me and some company who were with me, I had resolved not to remain another night in his house. I was exceedingly uneasy at the awkward appearance I supposed I should make to Johnson and the other gentlemen whom I had invited, not being able to receive them at home, and being obliged to order supper at the Mitre.

I went to Johnson in the morning, and talked of it as a serious distress. He laughed, and said, "Consider, Sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence." — Were this consideration to be applied to most of the little vexatious incidents of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it would prevent many painful sensations. I have tried it frequently, with good effect. "There is nothing (continued he) in this mighty misfortune; nay, we shall be better at the Mitre." . . .

I had as my guests this evening at the Mitre tavern, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Thomas Davies, Mr. Eccles, an Irish gentleman, for whose agreeable company I was obliged to Mr. Davies, and the Reverend Mr. John Ogilvie, who was desirous of being in company with my illustrious friend, while I, in my turn, was proud to have the honor of shewing one of my countrymen upon what easy terms Johnson permitted me to live with him.

Goldsmith, as usual, endeavored, with too much eagerness, to *shine*, and disputed very warmly with Johnson against the well-known maxim of the British constitution, "the King can do no wrong;" affirming, that "what was morally false could not be politically true; and as the King might, in the exercise of his regal power, command and cause the doing of what was wrong, it certainly might be said, in sense and in reason, that he could do wrong." JOHNSON. "Sir, you are to consider, that in our constitution, according to its true principles, the King is the head; he is supreme; he is above every thing, and there is no power by which he can be tried. Therefore, it is, Sir, that we hold the King can do no wrong; that whatever may happen to be wrong in government may not be above our reach, by being ascribed to Majesty. Redress is always to be had against oppression, by punishing the immediate agents. The King, though he should command, cannot force a Judge to condemn a man unjustly; therefore it is the Judge whom we prosecute and punish. Political institutions are formed upon the consideration of what will most frequently tend to the good of the whole, although now and then exceptions may occur. Thus it is better in general that a nation should have a supreme legislative power, although it may at times be abused. And then, Sir, there is this consideration, that *if the abuse be enormous, Nature will rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system.*" I

mark this animated sentence with peculiar pleasure, as a noble instance of that truly dignified spirit of freedom which ever glowed in his heart, though he was charged with slavish tenets by superficial observers; because he was at all times indignant against that false patriotism, that pretended love of freedom, that unruly restlessness, which is inconsistent with the stable authority of any good government. . . .

"Bayle's *Dictionary* is a very useful work for those to consult who love the biographical part of literature, which is what I love most."

Talking of the eminent writers in Queen Anne's reign, he observed, "I think Dr. Arbuthnot the first man among them. He was the most universal genius, being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning, and a man of much humor. Mr. Addison was, to be sure, a great man; his learning was not profound; but his morality, his humor, and his elegance of writing, set him very high."

Mr. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topic of his conversation the praises of his native country. He began with saying, that there was very rich land round Edinburgh. Goldsmith, who had studied physics there, contradicted this, very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, Mr. Ogilvie then took new ground, where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe; for he observed, that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects. JOHNSON. "I believe, Sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England!" This unexpected and pointed sally produced a roar of applause. After all, however, those, who admire the rude grandeur of Nature, cannot deny it to Caledonia.

On Saturday, July 9, I found Johnson surrounded with a numerous levee, but have not preserved any part of his conversation. On the 14th we had another evening by ourselves at the Mitre. It happening to be a very rainy night, I made some common-place observations on the relaxation of nerves and depression of spirits which such weather occasioned; adding, however, that it was good for the vegetable creation. Johnson, who, as we have already seen, denied that the temperature of the air had any influence on the human frame, answered, with a smile of

ridicule. "Why yes, Sir, it is good for vegetables, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals." This observation of his aptly enough introduced a good supper; and I soon forgot, in Johnson's company, the influence of a moist atmosphere.

Feeling myself now quite at ease as his companion, though I had all possible reverence for him, I expressed a regret that I could not be so easy with my father, though he was not much older than Johnson, and certainly however respectable had not more learning and greater abilities to depress me. I asked him the reason of this. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, I am a man of the world. I live in the world, and I take, in some degree, the color of the world as it moves along. Your father is a Judge in a remote part of the island, and all his notions are taken from the old world. Besides, Sir, there must always be a struggle between a father and son, while one aims at power and the other at independence." . . .

He enlarged very convincingly upon the excellence of rhyme over blank verse in English poetry. I mentioned to him that Dr. Adam Smith, in his lectures upon composition, when I studied under him in the College of Glasgow, had maintained the same opinion strenuously, and I repeated some of his arguments. JOHNSON. "Sir, I was once in company with Smith, and we did not take to each other; but had I known that he loved rhyme as much as you tell me he does, I should have HUGGED him." . . .

"Idleness is a disease which must be combated; but I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. I myself have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good. A young man should read five hours in a day, and so may acquire a great deal of knowledge." . . .

To such a degree of unrestrained frankness had he now accustomed me, that in the course of this evening I talked of the numerous reflections which had been thrown out against him on account of his having accepted a pension from his present Majesty. "Why, Sir, (said he, with a hearty laugh,) it is a mighty foolish noise that they make.¹ I have accepted of a pension as a reward which has been thought due to my literary merit; and now that I have this pension, I am the

same man in every respect that I have ever been; I retain the same principles. It is true, that I cannot now curse (smiling) the House of Hanover; nor would it be decent for me to drink King James's health in the wine that King George gives me money to pay for. But, Sir, I think that the pleasure of cursing the House of Hanover, and drinking King James's health, are amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year."

There was here, most certainly, an affectation of more Jacobitism than he really had. . . . Yet there is no doubt that at earlier periods he was wont often to exercise both his pleasantry and ingenuity in talking Jacobitism. My much respected friend, Dr. Douglass, now Bishop of Salisbury, has favored me with the following admirable instance from his Lordship's own recollection. One day, when dining at old Mr. Langton's where Miss Roberts, his niece, was one of the company, Johnson, with his usual complacent attention to the fair sex, took her by the hand and said, "My dear, I hope you are a Jacobite." Old Mr. Langton, who, though a high and steady Tory, was attached to the present Royal Family, seemed offended, and asked Johnson, with great warmth, what he could mean by putting such a question to his niece? "Why, Sir, (said Johnson) I meant no offence to your niece, I meant her a great compliment. A Jacobite, Sir, believes in the divine right of Kings. He that believes in the divine right of Kings believes in a Divinity. A Jacobite believes in the divine right of Bishops. He that believes in the divine right of Bishops believes in the divine authority of the Christian religion. Therefore, Sir, a Jacobite is neither an Atheist nor a Deist. That cannot be said of a Whig; for *Whiggism is a negation of all principle.*"²

He advised me, when abroad, to be as much as I could with the Professors in the Universities, and with the Clergy; for from their conversation I might expect the best accounts of every thing in whatever country I should be, with the additional advantage of keeping my learning alive.

It will be observed, that when giving me advice as to my travels, Dr. Johnson did not dwell upon cities, and palaces, and pictures,

¹ When I mentioned the same idle clamor to him several years afterwards, he said, with a smile, "I wish my pension were twice as large, that they might make twice as much noise." (Boswell.)

² He used to tell, with great humor, from my relation to him, the following little story of my early years, which was literally true: "Boswell, in the year 1745, was a fine boy, wore a white cockade, and prayed for King James, till one of his uncles (General Cochran) gave him a shilling on condition that he should pray for King George, which he accordingly did. So you see (says Boswell) that *Whigs of all ages are made the same way.*" (Boswell.)

and shows, and Arcadian scenes. He was of Lord Essex's opinion, who advises his kinsman Roger Earl of Rutland, "rather to go an hundred miles to speak with one wise man, than five miles to see a fair town."

I described to him an impudent fellow from Scotland, who affected to be a savage, and railed at all established systems. JOHNSON. "There is nothing surprising in this, Sir. He wants to make himself conspicuous. He would tumble in a hogstye, as long as you looked at him and called to him to come out. But let him alone, never mind him, and he'll soon give it over."

I added, that the same person maintained that there was no distinction between virtue and vice. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, if the fellow does not think as he speaks, he is lying; and I see not what honor he can propose to himself from having the character of a liar. But if he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, Sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons." . . .

He recommended to me to keep a journal of my life, full and unreserved. He said it would be a very good exercise, and would yield me great satisfaction when the particulars were faded from my remembrance. I was uncommonly fortunate in having had a previous coincidence of opinion with him upon this subject, for I had kept such a journal for some time; and it was no small pleasure to me to have this to tell him, and to receive his approbation. He counselled me to keep it private, and said I might surely have a friend who would burn it in case of my death. From this habit I have been enabled to give the world so many anecdotes, which would otherwise have been lost to posterity. I mentioned that I was afraid I put into my journal too many little incidents. JOHNSON. "There is nothing, Sir, too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible."

Next morning Mr. Dempster happened to call on me, and was so much struck even with the imperfect account which I gave him of Dr. Johnson's conversation, that to his honor be it recorded, when I complained that drinking port and sitting up late with him affected my nerves for some time after, he said, "One had better be palsied at eighteen than not keep company with such a man."

On Tuesday, July 18, I found tall Sir

Thomas Robinson sitting with Johnson. Sir Thomas said, that the king of Prussia valued himself upon three things;—upon being a hero, a musician, and an author. JOHNSON.

"Pretty well, Sir, for one man. As to his being an author, I have not looked at his poetry; but his prose is poor stuff. He writes just as you might suppose Voltaire's footboy to do, who has been his amanuensis. He has such parts as the valet might have, and about as much of the coloring of the style as might be got by transcribing his works." When I was at Ferney, I repeated this to Voltaire, in order to reconcile him somewhat to Johnson, whom he, in affecting the English mode of expression, had previously characterized as "a superstitious dog"; but after hearing such a criticism on Frederick the Great, with whom he was then on bad terms, he exclaimed, "An honest fellow!" . . .

Mr. Levet this day shewed me Dr. Johnson's library, which was contained in two garrets over his Chambers, where Lintot, son of the celebrated bookseller of that name, had formerly his warehouse. I found a number of good books, but very dusty and in great confusion. The floor was strewn with manuscript leaves, in Johnson's own handwriting, which I beheld with a degree of veneration, supposing they perhaps might contain portions of *The Rambler* or of *Rasselas*. I observed an apparatus for chymical experiments, of which Johnson was all his life very fond. The place seemed to be very favorable for retirement and meditation. Johnson told me, that he went up thither without mentioning it to his servant, when he wanted to study, secure from interruption; for he would not allow his servant to say he was not at home when he really was. "A servant's strict regard for truth, (said he) must be weakened by such a practice. A philosopher may know that it is merely a form of denial; but few servants are such nice distinguishers. If I accustom a servant to tell a lie for me, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell many lies for himself." . . .

Mr. Temple, now vicar of St. Gluvias, Cornwall, who had been my intimate friend for many years, had at this time chambers in Farrar's-buildings, at the bottom of Inner Temple-lane, which he kindly lent me upon my quitting my lodgings, he being to return to Trinity Hall, Cambridge. I found them particularly convenient for me, as they were so near Dr. Johnson's.

On Wednesday, July 20, Dr. Johnson, Mr.

Dempster, and my uncle Dr. Boswell, who happened to be now in London, supped with me at these Chambers. JOHNSON. "Pity is not natural to man. Children are always cruel. Savages are always cruel. Pity is acquired and improved by the cultivation of reason. We may have uneasy sensations from seeing a creature in distress, without pity; for we have not pity unless we wish to relieve them. When I am on my way to dine with a friend, and finding it late, have bid the coachman make haste, if I happen to attend when he whips his horses, I may feel unpleasantly that the animals are put to pain, but I do not wish him to desist. No, Sir, I wish him to drive on."

Rousseau's treatise on the inequality of mankind was at this time a fashionable topic. It gave rise to an observation by Mr. Dempster, that the advantages of fortune and rank were nothing to a wise man, who ought to value only merit. JOHNSON. "If man were a savage, living in the woods by himself, this might be true; but in civilized society we all depend upon each other, and our happiness is very much owing to the good opinion of mankind. Now, Sir, in civilized society, external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a bad one. Sir, you may analyze this, and say what is there in it? But that will avail you nothing, for it is a part of a general system. Pound St. Paul's Church into atoms, and consider any single atom; it is, to be sure, good for nothing; but, put all these atoms together, and you have St. Paul's Church. So it is with human felicity, which is made up of many ingredients, each of which may be shewn to be very insignificant. In civilized society, personal merit will not serve you so much as money will. Sir, you may make the experiment. Go into the street, and give one man a lecture on morality, and another a shilling, and see which will respect you most. If you wish only to support nature, Sir William Petty fixes your allowance at three pounds a year; but as times are much altered, let us call it six pounds. This sum will fill your belly, shelter you from the weather, and even get you a strong lasting coat, supposing it to be made of good bull's hide. Now, Sir, all beyond this is artificial, and is desired in order to obtain a greater degree of respect from our fellow-creatures. And, Sir, if six hundred pounds a year procure a man more consequence, and, of course, more happiness

than six pounds a year, the same proportion will hold as to six thousand, and so on as far as opulence can be carried. Perhaps he who has a large fortune may not be so happy as he who has a small one; but that must proceed from other causes than from his having the large fortune: for, *ceteris paribus*,¹ he who is rich in a civilized society, must be happier than he who is poor; as riches, if properly used, (and it is a man's own fault if they are not,) must be productive of the highest advantages. Money, to be sure, of itself is of no use; for its only use is to part with it. Rousseau, and all those who deal in paradoxes, are led away by a childish desire of novelty. When I was a boy, I used always to choose the wrong side of a debate, because most ingenious things, that is to say, most new things, could be said upon it. Sir, there is nothing for which you may not muster up more plausible arguments, than those which are urged against wealth and other external advantages. Why, now, there is stealing; why should it be thought a crime? When we consider by what unjust methods property has been often acquired, and that what was unjustly got it must be unjust to keep, where is the harm in one man's taking the property of another from him? Besides, Sir, when we consider the bad use that many people make of their property, and how much better use the thief may make of it, it may be defended as a very allowable practice. Yet, Sir, the experience of mankind has discovered stealing to be so very bad a thing, that they make no scruple to hang a man for it. When I was running about this town a very poor fellow, I was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty; but I was, at the same time, very sorry to be poor. Sir, all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil, shew it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people laboring to convince you that you may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune. — So you hear people talking how miserable a King must be; and yet they all wish to be in his place."

It was suggested that Kings must be unhappy, because they are deprived of the greatest of all satisfactions, easy and unreserved society. JOHNSON. "That is an ill-founded notion. Being a King does not exclude a man from such society. Great Kings have always been social. The King of Prussia,² the only great King at present, is very social. Charles the Second, the last

¹ other things being equal.

² Frederick the Great.

King of England who was a man of parts, was social; and our Henrys and Edwards were all social."

Mr. Dempster having endeavored to maintain that intrinsic merit *ought* to make the only distinction amongst mankind. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, mankind have found that this cannot be. How shall we determine the proportion of intrinsic merit? Were that to be the only distinction amongst mankind, we should soon quarrel about the degrees of it. Were all distinctions abolished, the strongest would not long acquiesce, but would endeavor to obtain a superiority by their bodily strength. But, Sir, as subordination is very necessary for society, and contentions for superiority very dangerous, mankind, that is to say, all civilized nations, have settled it upon a plain invariable principle. A man is born to hereditary rank; or his being appointed to certain offices, gives him a certain rank. Subordination tends greatly to human happiness. Were we all upon an equality, we should have no other enjoyment than mere animal pleasure." . . .

He took care to guard himself against any possible suspicion that his settled principles of reverence for rank and respect for wealth were at all owing to mean or interested motives; for he asserted his own independence as a literary man. "No man (said he) who ever lived by literature, has lived more independently than I have done." He said he had taken longer time than he needed to have done in composing his *Dictionary*. He received our compliments upon that great work with complacency, and told us that the *Accademia della Crusca*¹ could scarcely believe that it was done by one man. . . .

At night Mr. Johnson and I supped in a private room at the Turk's Head coffee-house, in the Strand. "I encourage this house (said he;) for the mistress of it is a good civil woman, and has not much business."

"Sir, I love the acquaintance of young people; because, in the first place, I don't like to think myself growing old. In the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then, Sir, young men have more virtue than old men: they have more generous sentiments in every respect. I love the young dogs of this age: they have more wit and humor and knowledge of life than we had; but then the dogs are not so good scholars. Sir, in my early

years I read very hard. It is a sad reflection, but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now. My judgement, to be sure, was not so good; but I had all the facts. I remember very well, when I was at Oxford, an old gentleman said to me, 'Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task.' " . . .

He again insisted on the duty of maintaining subordination of rank. "Sir, I would no more deprive a nobleman of his respect, than of his money. I consider myself as acting a part in the great system of society, and I do to others as I would have them to do to me. I would behave to a nobleman as I should expect he would behave to me, were I a nobleman and he Sam. Johnson. Sir, there is one Mrs. Macaulay¹ in this town, a great republican. One day when I was at her house, I put on a very grave countenance, and said to her, 'Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, Madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us.' I thus, Sir, shewed her the absurdity of the levelling doctrine. She has never liked me since. Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves. They would all have some people under them; why not then have some people above them?" I mentioned a certain author who disgusted me by his forwardness, and by shewing no deference to noblemen into whose company he was admitted. JOHNSON. "Suppose a shoemaker should claim an equality with him, as he does with a Lord; how he would stare. 'Why, Sir, do you stare? (says the shoemaker,) I do great service to society. 'Tis true I am paid for doing it; but so are you, Sir: and I am sorry to say it, paid better than I am, for doing something not so necessary. For mankind could do better without your books, than without my shoes.' Thus, Sir, there would be a perpetual struggle for precedence, were there no fixed invariable rules for the distinction of rank, which creates no jealousy, as it is allowed to be accidental." . . .

He said he would go to the Hebrides with

¹ This Academy had compiled a dictionary of the Italian language.

¹ This one Mrs. Macaulay was the same personage who afterwards made herself so much known as "the celebrated female historian." (Boswell.)

me, when I returned from my travels, unless some very good companion should offer when I was absent, which he did not think probable; adding, "There are few people to whom I take so much to as you." And when I talked of my leaving England, he said with a very affectionate air, "My dear Boswell, I should be very unhappy at parting, did I think we were not to meet again." I cannot too often remind my readers, that although such instances of his kindness are doubtless very flattering to me, yet I hope my recording them will be ascribed to a better motive than to vanity; for they afford unquestionable evidence of his tenderness and complacency, which some, while they were forced to acknowledge his great powers, have been so strenuous to deny.

He maintained that a boy at school was the happiest of human beings. I supported a different opinion, from which I have never yet varied, that a man is happier; and I enlarged upon the anxiety and sufferings which are endured at school. JOHNSON. "Ah! Sir, a boy's being flogged is not so severe as a man's having the hiss of the world against him." . . .

On Tuesday, July 26, I found Mr. Johnson alone. It was a very wet day, and I again complained of the disagreeable effects of such weather. JOHNSON. "Sir, this is all imagination, which physicians encourage; for man lives in air, as a fish lives in water; so that if the atmosphere press heavy from above, there is an equal resistance from below. To be sure, bad weather is hard upon people who are obliged to be abroad; and men cannot labor so well in the open air in bad weather, as in good: but, Sir, a smith or a tailor, whose work is within doors, will surely do as much in rainy weather, as in fair. Some very delicate frames, indeed, may be affected by wet weather; but not common constitutions."

We talked of the education of children; and I asked him what he thought was best to teach them first. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is no matter what you teach them first, any more than what leg you shall put into your breeches first. Sir, you may stand disputing which is best to put in first, but in the mean time your breech is bare. Sir, while you are considering which of two things you should teach your child first, another boy has learnt them both."

On Thursday, July 28, we again supped in private at the Turk's Head coffee-house. JOHNSON. "Swift has a higher reputation

than he deserves. His excellence is strong sense; for his humor, though very well, is not remarkably good. I doubt whether *The Tale of a Tub* be his; for he never owned it, and it is much above his usual manner."

"Thomson, I think, had as much of the poet about him as most writers. Every thing appeared to him through the medium of his favorite pursuit. He could not have viewed those two candles burning but with a poetical eye." . . .

"As to the Christian religion, Sir, besides the strong evidence which we have for it, there is a balance in its favor from the number of great men who have been convinced of its truth, after a serious consideration of the question. Grotius was an acute man, a lawyer, a man accustomed to examine evidence, and he was convinced. Grotius was not a recluse, but a man of the world, who certainly had no bias to the side of religion. Sir Isaac Newton set out an infidel, and came to be a very firm believer."

He this evening recommended to me to perambulate Spain. I said it would amuse him to get a letter from me dated at Salamanca. JOHNSON. "I love the University of Salamanca; for when the Spaniards were in doubt as to the lawfulness of their conquering America, the University of Salamanca gave it as their opinion that it was not lawful." He spoke this with great emotion, and with that generous warmth which dictated the lines in his *London*, against Spanish encroachment.

I expressed my opinion of my friend Derrick as but a poor writer. JOHNSON. "To be sure, Sir, he is; but you are to consider that his being a literary man has got for him all that he has. It has made him King of Bath. Sir, he has nothing to say for himself but that he is a writer. Had he not been a writer, he must have been sweeping the crossings in the streets, and asking halfpence from every body that past."

In justice, however, to the memory of Mr. Derrick, who was my first tutor in the ways of London, and shewed me the town in all its variety of departments, both literary and sportive, the particulars of which Dr. Johnson advised me to put in writing, it is proper to mention what Johnson, at a subsequent period, said of him both as a writer and an editor: "Sir, I have often said, that if Derrick's letters had been written by one of a more established name, they would have been thought very pretty letters." And, "I sent Derrick to Dryden's relations to gather

materials for his life; and I believe he got all that I myself should have got." . . .

Johnson said once to me, "Sir, I honor Derrick for his presence of mind. One night, when Floyd, another poor author, was wandering about the streets in the night, he found Derrick fast asleep upon a bulk; upon being suddenly waked, Derrick started up, 'My dear Floyd, I am sorry to see you in this destitute state; will you go home with me to my lodgings?'"

I again begged his advice as to my method of study at Utrecht. "Come, (said he) let us make a day of it. Let us go down to Greenwich and dine, and talk of it there." The following Saturday was fixed for this excursion.

As we walked along the Strand to-night, arm in arm, a woman of the town accosted us, in the usual enticing manner. "No, no, my girl, (said Johnson) it won't do." He, however, did not treat her with harshness, and we talked of the wretched life of such women; and agreed, that much more misery than happiness, upon the whole, is produced by illicit commerce between the sexes.

On Saturday, July 30, Dr. Johnson and I took a sculler at the Temple-stairs, and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages an essential requisite to a good education. JOHNSON. "Most certainly, Sir; for those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not. Nay, Sir, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it." "And yet, (said I) people go through the world very well, and carry on the business of life to good advantage, without learning." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning, as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors." He then called to the boy, "What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts?" "Sir, (said the boy,) I would give what I have." Johnson was much pleased with his answer, and we gave him a double fare. Dr. Johnson then turning to me, "Sir (said he) a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being, whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge."

We landed at the Old Swan, and walked to

Billingsgate, where we took oars, and moved smoothly along the silver Thames. It was a very fine day. We were entertained with the immense number and variety of ships that were lying at anchor, and with the beautiful country on each side of the river.

I talked of preaching, and of the great success which those called Methodists have. JOHNSON. "Sir, it is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people, and which clergymen of genius and learning ought to do from a principle of duty, when it is suited to their congregations; a practice, for which they will be praised by men of sense. To insist against drunkenness as a crime, because it debases reason, the noblest faculty of man, would be of no service to the common people: but to tell them that they may die in a fit of drunkenness, and shew them how dreadful that would be, cannot fail to make a deep impression. Sir, when your Scotch clergy give up their homely manner, religion will soon decay in that country." Let this observation, as Johnson meant it, be ever remembered.

I was much pleased to find myself with Johnson at Greenwich, which he celebrates in his *London* as a favorite scene. I had the poem in my pocket, and read the lines aloud with enthusiasm:

"On Thames's banks in silent thought we stood:
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood:
Pleased with the seat which gave ELIZA birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth."

Afterwards he entered upon the business of the day, which was to give me his advice as to a course of study. . . .

We walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He asked me, I suppose, by way of trying my disposition, "Is not this very fine?" Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of Nature, and being more delighted with "the busy hum of men," I answered, "Yes, Sir; but not equal to Fleet-street." JOHNSON. "You are right, Sir."

I am aware that many of my readers may censure my want of taste. Let me, however, shelter myself under the authority of a very fashionable Baronet in the brilliant world, who, on his attention being called to the fragrance of a May evening in the country, observed, "This may be very well; but, for my part, I prefer the smell of a flambeau at the playhouse."

We stayed so long at Greenwich, that our sail up the river, in our return to London,

was by no means so pleasant as in the morning; for the night air was so cold that it made me shiver. I was the more sensible of it from having sat up all the night before, recollecting and writing in my journal what I thought worthy of preservation; an exertion, which, during the first part of my acquaintance with Johnson, I frequently made. I remember having sat up four nights in one week, without being much incommoded in the day time.

Johnson, whose robust frame was not in the least affected by the cold, scolded me, as if my shivering had been a paltry effeminacy, saying, "Why do you shiver?" Sir William Scott, of the Commons, told me, that when he complained of a head-ache in the post-chaise, as they were travelling together to Scotland, Johnson treated him in the same manner: "At your age, Sir, I had no head-ache."

We concluded the day at the Turk's Head coffee-house very socially. He was pleased to listen to a particular account which I gave him of my family, and of its hereditary estate, as to the extent and population of which he asked questions, and made calculations; recommending, at the same time, a liberal kindness to the tenantry, as people over whom the proprietor was placed by Providence. He took delight in hearing my description of the romantic seat of my ancestors. "I must be there, Sir," (said he) and we will live in the old castle; and if there is not a room in it remaining, we will build one. I was highly flattered, but could scarcely indulge a hope that Auchinleck would indeed be honored by his presence, and celebrated by a description, as it afterwards was, in his *Journey to the Western Islands*.

After we had again talked of my setting out for Holland, he said, "I must see thee out of England; I will accompany you to Harwich." I could not find words to express what I felt upon this unexpected and very great mark of his affectionate regard.

Next day, Sunday, July 31, I told him I had been that morning at a meeting of the people called Quakers, where I had heard a woman preach. JOHNSON. "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

On Tuesday, August 2 (the day of my departure from London having been fixed for the 5th,) Dr. Johnson did me the honor to pass a part of the morning with me at my chambers. He said, that "he always felt an

inclination to do nothing." I observed, that it was strange to think that the most indolent man in Britain had written the most laborious work, *The English Dictionary*. . . .

I had now made good my title to be a privileged man, and was carried by him in the evening to drink tea with Miss Williams, whom, though under the misfortune of having lost her sight, I found to be agreeable in conversation; for she had a variety of literature, and expressed herself well; but her peculiar value was the intimacy in which she had long lived with Johnson, by which she was well acquainted with his habits, and knew how to lead him on to talk.

After tea he carried me to what he called his walk, which was a long narrow paved court in the neighborhood, overshadowed by some trees. There we sauntered a considerable time; and I complained to him that my love of London and of his company was such, that I shrunk almost from the thought of going away, even to travel, which is generally so much desired by young men. He roused me by manly and spirited conversation. He advised me, when settled in any place abroad, to study with an eagerness after knowledge, and to apply to Greek an hour every day; and when I was moving about, to read diligently the great book of mankind.

On Wednesday, August 3, we had our last social evening at the Turk's Head coffee-house, before my setting out for foreign parts. I had the misfortune, before we parted, to irritate him unintentionally. I mentioned to him how common it was in the world to tell absurd stories of him, and to ascribe to him very strange sayings. JOHNSON. "What do they make me say, Sir?" BOSWELL. "Why, Sir, as an instance very strange indeed, (laughing heartily as I spoke,) David Hume told me, you said that you would stand before a battery of cannon, to restore the Convocation to its full powers." Little did I apprehend that he had actually said this: but I was soon convinced of my error; for, with a determined look, he thundered out "And would I not, Sir? Shall the Presbyterian *Kirk* of Scotland have its General Assembly, and the Church of England be denied its Convocation?" He was walking up and down the room while I told him the anecdote; but when he uttered this explosion of high-church zeal, he had come close to my chair, and his eyes flashed with indignation. I bowed to the storm, and diverted the force of it, by leading him to expatiate on the influence which religion derived from maintaining the

church with great external respectability. . . .

On Friday, August 5, we set out early in the morning in the Harwich stage coach. A fat elderly gentlewoman, and a young Dutchman, seemed the most inclined among us to conversation. At the inn where we dined, the gentlewoman said that she had done her best to educate her children; and particularly that she had never suffered them to be a moment idle. JOHNSON. "I wish, madam, you would educate me too; for I have been an idle fellow all my life." "I am sure, Sir, (said she) you have not been idle." JOHNSON. "Nay, Madam, it is very true; and that gentleman there (pointing to me,) has been idle. He was idle at Edinburgh. His father sent him to Glasgow, where he continued to be idle. He then came to London, where he has been very idle; and now he is going to Utrecht, where he will be as idle as ever." I asked him privately how he could expose me so. JOHNSON. "Poh, poh! (said he) they knew nothing about you, and will think of it no more." In the afternoon the gentlewoman talked violently against the Roman Catholics, and of the horrors of the Inquisition. To the utter astonishment of all the passengers but myself, who knew that he could talk upon any side of a question, he defended the Inquisition, and maintained, that "false doctrine should be checked on its first appearance; that the civil power should unite with the church in punishing those who dared to attack the established religion, and that such only were punished by the Inquisition." He had in his pocket *Pomponius Mela de situ Orbis*, in which he read occasionally, and seemed very intent upon ancient geography. Though by no means niggardly, his attention to what was generally right was so minute, that having observed at one of the stages that I ostentatiously gave a shilling to the coachman, when the custom was for each passenger to give only six-pence, he took me aside and scolded me, saying that what I had done would make the coachman dissatisfied with all the rest of the passengers, who gave him no more than his due. This was just reprimand; for in whatever way a man may indulge his generosity or his vanity in spending his money, for the sake of others he ought not to raise the price of any article for which there is a constant demand. . . .

At supper this night he talked of good eating with uncommon satisfaction. "Some people (said he,) have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very

studiously, and very carefully; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else." He now appeared to me *Jean Bull philosophe*,¹ and he was, for the moment, not only serious but vehement. Yet I have heard him, upon other occasions, talk with great contempt of people who were anxious to gratify their palates; and the 206th number of his *Rambler* is a masterly essay against gulosity. His practice, indeed, I must acknowledge, may be considered as casting the balance of his different opinions upon this subject; for I never knew any man who relished good eating more than he did. When at table, he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment; his looks seemed rivetted to his plate; nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite, which was so fierce, and indulged with such intenseness, that while in the act of eating, the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible. To those whose sensations were delicate, this could not but be disgusting; and it was doubtless not very suitable to the character of a philosopher, who should be distinguished by self-command. But it must be owned, that Johnson, though he could be rigidly *abstemious*, was not a *temperate* man either in eating or drinking. He could refrain, but he could not use moderately. He told me, that he had fasted two days without inconvenience, and that he had never been hungry but once. They who beheld with wonder how much he eat upon all occasions when his dinner was to his taste, could not easily conceive what he must have meant by hunger; and not only was he remarkable for the extraordinary quantity which he eat, but he was, or affected to be, a man of very nice discernment in the science of cookery. He used to descant critically on the dishes which had been at table where he had dined or supped, and to recollect very minutely what he had liked. I remember, when he was in Scotland, his praising "*Gordon's palates*," (a dish of palates at the Honorable Alexander Gordon's) with a warmth of expression which might have done honor to more important subjects. "As for Maclaurin's imitation of a *made dish*, it was a wretched attempt." He about the same time was so much displeased with the performances of a nobleman's French cook, that he exclaimed with vehemence, "I'd throw

¹ John Bull as philosopher.

such a rascal into the river;" and he then proceeded to alarm a lady at whose house he was to sup, by the following manifesto of his skill: "I, Madam, who live at a variety of good tables, am a much better judge of cookery, than any person who has a very tolerable cook, but lives much at home; for his palate is gradually adapted to the taste of his cook; whereas, Madam, in trying by a wider range, I can more exquisitely judge." When invited to dine, even with an intimate friend, he was not pleased if something better than a plain dinner was not prepared for him. I have heard him say on such an occasion, "This was a good dinner enough, to be sure; but it was not a dinner to *ask* a man to." On the other hand, he was wont to express, with great glee, his satisfaction when he had been entertained quite to his mind. One day when we had dined with his neighbor and landlord in Bolt-court, Mr. Allen, the printer, whose old housekeeper had studied his taste in every thing, he pronounced this eulogy: "Sir, we could not have had a better dinner had there been a *Synod of Cooks*."

While we were left by ourselves, after the Dutchman had gone to bed, Dr. Johnson talked of that studied behavior which many have recommended and practised. He disapproved of it; and said, "I never considered whether I should be a grave man, or a merry man, but just let inclination, for the time, have its course."

I teased him with fanciful apprehensions of unhappiness. A moth having fluttered round the candle, and burnt itself, he laid hold of this little incident to admonish me; saying, with a sly look, and in a solemn but quiet tone, "That creature was its own tormentor, and I believe its name was BOSWELL."

Next day we got to Harwich to dinner; and my passage in the packet-boat to Helvoetsluys being secured, and my baggage put on board, we dined at our inn by ourselves. I happened to say it would be terrible if he should not find a speedy opportunity of returning to London, and be confined to so dull a place. JOHNSON. "Don't Sir, accustom yourself to use big words for little matters. It would *not* be terrible, though I *were* to be detained some time here."

We went and looked at the church, and having gone into it and walked up to the altar, Johnson, whose piety was constant and fervent, sent me to my knees, saying, "Now that you are going to leave your native country, recommend yourself to the protection of your CREATOR and REDEEMER."

After we came out of the church, we stood talking for some time together of Bishop Berkeley's ingenious sophistry to prove the non-existence of matter, and that every thing in the universe is merely ideal. I observed, that though we are satisfied his doctrine is not true, it is impossible to refute it. I never shall forget the alacrity with which Johnson answered, striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone, till he rebounded from it, "I refute it *thus*."

My revered friend walked down with me to the beach, where we embraced and parted with tenderness, and engaged to correspond by letters. I said, "I hope, Sir, you will not forget me in my absence." JOHNSON. "Nay, Sir, it is more likely you should forget me, than that I should forget you." As the vessel put out to sea, I kept my eyes upon him for a considerable time, while he remained rolling his majestic frame in his usual manner: and at last I perceived him walk back into the town, and he disappeared.

FROM THE YEAR 1776

I am now to record a very curious incident in Dr. Johnson's Life, which fell under my own observation; of which *pars magna fui*,¹ and which I am persuaded will, with the liberal-minded, be much to his credit.

My desire of being acquainted with celebrated men of every description, had made me, much about the same time, obtain an introduction to Dr. Samuel Johnson and to John Wilkes, Esq.² Two men more different could perhaps not be selected out of all mankind. They had even attacked one another with some asperity in their writings; yet I lived in habits of friendship with both. I could fully relish the excellence of each; for I have ever delighted in that intellectual chemistry, which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person.

Sir John Pringle, "mine own friend and my Father's friend," between whom and Dr. Johnson I in vain wished to establish an acquaintance, as I respected and lived in intimacy with both of them, observed to me once, very ingeniously, "It is not in friendship as in mathematics where two things each equal to a third, are equal between themselves. You agree with Johnson as a middle quality, and you agree with me as a middle quality; but Johnson and I should not agree." Sir John was not sufficiently flexible; so I desisted; knowing, indeed, that the repulsion

¹ I was myself no small part.

² A radical politician and political agitator.

was equally strong on the part of Johnson; who, I know not from what cause, unless his being a Scotchman, had formed a very erroneous opinion of Sir John. But I conceived an irresistible wish, if possible, to bring Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wilkes together. How to manage it, was a nice and difficult matter.

My worthy booksellers and friends, Messieurs Dilly in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and well-covered table I have seen a greater number of literary men, than at any other, except that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, had invited me to meet Mr. Wilkes and some more gentlemen on Wednesday, May 15. "Pray (said I,) let us have Dr. Johnson." — "What with Mr. Wilkes? not for the world, (said Mr. Edward Dilly:) Dr. Johnson would never forgive me." — "Come, (said I,) if you'll let me negotiate for you, I will be answerable that all shall go well." DILLY. "Nay, if you will take it upon you, I am sure I shall be very happy to see them both here."

Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, "Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?" he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered, "Dine with Jack Wilkes, Sir! I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch." I therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus: — "Mr. Dilly, Sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be happy if you would do him the honor to dine with him on Wednesday next along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland." JOHNSON. "Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him —" BOSWELL. "Provided, Sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have, is agreeable to you." JOHNSON. "What do you mean, Sir? What do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?" BOSWELL. "I beg your pardon, Sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotic friends with him." JOHNSON. "Well, Sir, and what then? What care I for his patriotic friends? Poh!" BOSWELL. "I

should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes there." JOHNSON. "And if Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to me, Sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you; but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally." BOSWELL. "Pray forgive me, Sir: I meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes, for me." Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him very well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed.

Upon the much-expected Wednesday, I called on him about half an hour before dinner, as I often did when we were to dine out together, to see that he was ready in time, and to accompany him. I found him buffeting his books, as upon a former occasion, covered with dust, and making no preparation for going abroad. "How is this, Sir? (said I.) Don't you recollect that you are to dine at Mr. Dilly's?" JOHNSON. "Sir, I did not think of going to Dilly's: it went out of my head. I have ordered dinner at home with Mrs. Williams." BOSWELL. "But, my dear Sir, you know you were engaged to Mr. Dilly, and I told him so. He will expect you, and will be much disappointed if you don't come." JOHNSON. "You must talk to Mrs. Williams about this."

Here was a sad dilemma. I feared that what I was so confident I had secured would yet be frustrated. He had accustomed himself to shew Mrs. Williams such a degree of humane attention, as frequently imposed some restraint upon him; and I knew that if she should be obstinate, he would not stir. I hastened down stairs to the blind lady's room, and told her I was in great uneasiness, for Dr. Johnson had engaged to me to dine this day at Mr. Dilly's, but that he had told me he had forgotten his engagement, and had ordered dinner at home. "Yes, Sir, (said she, pretty peevishly,) Dr. Johnson is to dine at home." — "Madam, (said I,) his respect for you is such, that I know he will not leave you unless you absolutely desire it. But as you have so much of his company, I hope you will be good enough to forego it for a day; as Mr. Dilly is a very worthy man, has frequently had agreeable parties at his house for Dr. Johnson, and will be vexed if the Doctor neglects him to-day. And then, Madam, be pleased to consider my situation; I carried the message, and I assured Mr. Dilly that Dr. Johnson was to come, and no doubt he has made a dinner, and invited a

I A famous public executioner of the seventeenth century, whose name was later applied to any hangman.

company, and boasted of the honor he expected to have. I shall be quite disgraced if the Doctor is not there." She gradually softened to my solicitations, which were certainly as earnest as most entreaties to ladies upon any occasion, and was graciously pleased to empower me to tell Dr. Johnson, "That all things considered, she thought he should certainly go." I flew back to him, still in dust, and careless of what should be the event, "indifferent in his choice to go or stay;" but as soon as I had announced to him Mrs. Williams' consent, he roared, "Frank,¹ a clean shirt," and was very soon drest. When I had him fairly seated in a hackney-coach with me, I exulted as much as a fortune-hunter who has got an heiress into a post-chaise with him to set out for Gretna-Green.

When we entered Mr. Dilly's drawing room, he found himself in the midst of a company he did not know. I kept myself snug and silent, watching how he would conduct himself. I observed him whispering to Mr. Dilly, "Who is that gentleman, Sir?" — "Mr. Arthur Lee." — JOHNSON. "Too, too, too," (under his breath,) which was one of his habitual mutterings. Mr. Arthur Lee could not but be very obnoxious to Johnson, for he was not only a *patriot* but an *American*. He was afterwards minister from the United States at the court of Madrid. "And who is the gentleman in lace?" — "Mr. Wilkes, Sir." This information confounded him still more; he had some difficulty to restrain himself, and taking up a book, sat down upon a window-seat and read, or at least kept his eye upon it intently for some time, till he composed himself. His feelings, I dare say, were awkward enough. But he no doubt recollected his having rated me for supposing that he could be at all disconcerted by any company, and he, therefore, resolutely set himself to behave quite as an easy man of the world, who could adapt himself at once to the disposition and manners of those whom he might chance to meet.

The cheering sound of "Dinner is upon the table," dissolved his reverie, and we all sat down without any symptom of ill humor. There were present, beside Mr. Wilkes, and Mr. Arthur Lee, who was an old companion of mine when he studied physic at Edinburgh, Mr. (now Sir John) Miller, Dr. Lettson, and Mr. Slater the druggist. Mr. Wilkes placed himself next to Dr. Johnson, and behaved to him with so much attention and politeness, that he gained upon him in-

sensibly. No man eat more heartily than Johnson, or loved better what was nice and delicate. Mr. Wilkes was very assiduous in helping him to some fine veal. "Pray give me leave, Sir: — It is better here — A little of the brown — Some fat, Sir — A little of the stuffing — Some gravy — Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter — Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange; — or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest." — "Sir, Sir, I am obliged to you, Sir," cried Johnson, bowing, and turning his head to him with a look for some time of "surly virtue," but, in a short while, of complacency.

Footè,² being mentioned, Johnson said, "He is not a good mimic." One of the company added, "A merry Andrew, a buffoon." JOHNSON. "But he has wit too, and is not deficient in ideas, or in fertility and variety of imagery, and not empty of reading; he has knowledge enough to fill up his part. One species of wit he has in an eminent degree, that of escape. You drive him into a corner with both hands; but he's gone, Sir, when you think you have got him — like an animal that jumps over your head. Then he has a great range for wit; he never lets truth stand between him and a jest, and he is sometimes mighty coarse. Garrick is under many restraints from which Foote is free." WILKES. "Garrick's wit is more like Lord Chesterfield's." JOHNSON. "The first time I was in company with Foote was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back upon my chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, Sir, he was irresistible. He upon one occasion experienced, in an extraordinary degree, the efficacy of his powers of entertaining. Amongst the many and various modes which he tried of getting money, he became a partner with a small-beer brewer, and he was to have a share of the profits for procuring customers amongst his numerous acquaintance. Fitzherbert was one who took his small-beer; but it was so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it. They were at some loss how to notify their resolution, being afraid of offending their master, who they knew liked Foote much as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little

¹ Francis Barber, Johnson's negro servant.

² Samuel Foote, dramatist and actor.

black boy, who was rather a favorite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; and having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr. Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's small-beer no longer. On that day Foote happened to dine at Fitzherbert's, and this boy served at table; he was so delighted with Foote's stories, and merriment, and grimace, that when he went down stairs, he told them, 'This is the finest man I have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small-beer.'

Somebody observed that Garrick could not have done this. WILKES. "Garrick would have made the small-beer still smaller. He is now leaving the stage; but he will play *Scrub* all his life." I knew that Johnson would let nobody attack Garrick but himself, as Garrick once said to me, and I had heard him praise his liberality; so to bring out his commendation of his celebrated pupil, I said, loudly, "I have heard Garrick is liberal." JOHNSON. "Yes, Sir, I know that Garrick has given away more money than any man in England that I am acquainted with, and that not from ostentatious views. Garrick was very poor when he began life; so when he came to have money, he probably was very unskilful in giving away, and saved when he should not. But Garrick began to be liberal as soon as he could; and I am of opinion, the reputation of avarice which he has had, has been very lucky for him, and prevented his having many enemies. You despise a man for avarice, but do not hate him. Garrick might have been much better attacked for living with more splendor than is suitable to a player: if they had had the wit to have assaulted him in that quarter, they might have galled him more. But they have kept clamoring about his avarice, which has rescued him from much obloquy and envy."

Talking of the great difficulty of obtaining authentic information for biography, Johnson told us, "When I was a young fellow I wanted to write the *Life of Dryden*, and in order to get materials, I applied to the only two persons then alive who had seen him; these were old Swinney, and old Cibber. Swinney's information was no more than this, "That at Will's coffee-house Dryden had a particular chair for himself, which was set by the fire in winter, and was then called his winter-chair; and that it was carried out for him to the balcony in summer, and was then called his summer-chair." Cibber could

tell no more but 'That he remembered him a decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes at Will's.' You are to consider that Cibber was then at a great distance from Dryden, had perhaps one leg only in the room, and durst not draw in the other." BOSWELL. "Yet Cibber was a man of observation?" JOHNSON. "I think not." BOSWELL. "You will allow his *Apology* to be well done." JOHNSON. "Very well done, to be sure, Sir. That book is a striking proof of the justice of Pope's remark:

'Each might his several province well command
Would all but stoop to what they understand.'

BOSWELL. "And his plays are good." JOHNSON. "Yes; but that was his trade; *l'esprit du corps*: he had been all his life among players and play-writers. I wondered that he had so little to say in conversation, for he had kept the best company, and learnt all that can be got by the ear. He abused Pindar to me, and then shewed me an Ode of his own, with an absurd couplet, making a linnet soar on an eagle's wing. I told him that when the ancients made a simile, they always made it like something real."

Mr. Wilkes remarked, that "among all the bold flights of Shakespeare's imagination, the boldest was making Birnam-wood march to Dunsinane; creating a wood where there never was a shrub; a wood in Scotland! ha! ha! ha!" And he also observed, that "the clannish slavery of the Highlands of Scotland was the single exception to Milton's remark of 'The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty,' being worshipped in all hilly countries." — "When I was at Inverary (said he,) on a visit to my old friend, Archibald, Duke of Argyle, his dependents congratulated me on being such a favorite of his Grace. I said, 'It is then, gentlemen, truly lucky for me; for if I had displeased the Duke, and he had wished it, there is not a Campbell among you but would have been ready to bring John Wilkes's head to him in a charger. It would have been only

'Off with his head! So much for Aylesbury.'

I was then member for Aylesbury." . . .

Mr. Arthur Lee mentioned some Scotch who had taken possession of a barren part of America, and wondered why they should choose it. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, all barrenness is comparative. The Scotch would not know it to be barren." BOSWELL. "Come, come, he is flattering the English. You have now been in Scotland, Sir, and say if you did

not see meat and drink enough there."

JOHNSON. "Why yes, Sir; meat and drink enough to give the inhabitants sufficient strength to run away from home." All these quick and lively sallies were said sportively, quite in jest, and with a smile, which showed that he meant only wit. Upon this topic he and Mr. Wilkes could perfectly assimilate; here was a bond of union between them, and I was conscious that as both of them had visited Caledonia, both were fully satisfied of the strange narrow ignorance of those who imagine that it is a land of famine. But they amused themselves with persevering in the old jokes. When I claimed a superiority for Scotland over England in one respect, that no man can be arrested there for a debt merely because another swears it against him; but there must first be the judgement of a court of law ascertaining its justice; and that a seizure of the person, before judgement is obtained, can take place only, if his creditor should swear that he is about to fly from the country, or, as it is technically expressed, is *in meditatione fugæ*: WILKES. "That, I should think, may be safely sworn of all the Scotch nation." JOHNSON. (to Mr. Wilkes,) "You must know, Sir, I lately took my friend Boswell and shewed him genuine civilized life in an English provincial town. I turned him loose at Lichfield, my native city, that he might see for once real civility: for you know he lives among savages in Scotland, and among rakes in London." WILKES. "Except when he is with grave, sober, decent people like you and me." JOHNSON. (smiling,) "And we ashamed of him."

They were quite frank and easy. Johnson told the story of his asking Mrs. Macaulay to allow her footman to sit down with them, to prove the ridiculousness of the argument for the equality of mankind; and he said to me afterwards, with a nod of satisfaction, "You saw Mr. Wilkes acquiesced." Wilkes talked with all imaginable freedom of the ludicrous title given to the Attorney-General, *Diabolus Regis*;¹ adding, "I have reason to know something about that officer; for I was prosecuted

¹ the king's devil.

for a libel." Johnson, who many people would have supposed must have been furiously angry at hearing this talked of so lightly, said not a word. He was now, *indeed*, "a good-humored fellow."

After dinner we had an accession of Mrs. Knowles, the Quaker lady, well known for her various talents, and of Mr. Alderman Lee. Amidst some patriotic groans, somebody (I think the Alderman) said, "Poor old England is lost." JOHNSON. "Sir, it is not so much to be lamented that Old England is lost, as that the Scotch have found it." WILKES. "Had Lord Bute governed Scotland only, I should not have taken the trouble to write his eulogy, and dedicate *Mortimer* to him."¹

Mr. Wilkes held a candle to shew a fine print of a beautiful female figure which hung in the room, and pointed out the elegant contour of the bosom with the finger of an arch connoisseur. He afterwards, in a conversation with me, waggishly insisted, that all the time Johnson shewed visible signs of a fervent admiration of the corresponding charms of the fair Quaker.

This record, though by no means so perfect as I could wish, will serve to give a notion of a very curious interview, which was not only pleasing at the time, but had the agreeable and benignant effect of reconciling any animosity, and sweetening any acidity, which in the various bustle of political contest, had been produced in the minds of two men, who though widely different, had so many things in common — classical learning, modern literature, wit, and humor, and ready repartee — that it would have been much to be regretted if they had been forever at a distance from each other.

Mr. Burke gave me much credit for this successful *negotiation*; and pleasantly said, that "there was nothing to equal it in the whole history of the *Corps Diplomatique*."

I attended Dr. Johnson home, and had the satisfaction to hear him tell Mrs. Williams how much he had been pleased with Mr. Wilkes's company, and what an agreeable day he had passed.

¹ The eulogy and dedication were ironical attacks.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774)

Goldsmith is one of the most versatile of English authors. He died at the age of forty-six, and his serious work as a man of letters did not begin till he was over thirty; but during these fifteen years he produced masterpieces in four different types of writing. *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773) is one of the most delightful comedies in the language; *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766), though inferior to the work of Fielding and of Smollett, is probably the best known novel of the eighteenth century; *The Citizen of the World* (1760-61) is one of the most brilliant collections of witty, satirical essays; *The Traveller* (1764) and *The Deserted Village* (1770) are masterpieces of reflective and descriptive poetry.

Goldsmith found his true vocation as an author only after false starts at all the other professions. Born in Ireland, the son of a country clergyman of the English Church, he spent his boyhood in the village of Lissoy (later idealized as the "Auburn" of *The Deserted Village*), and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was in frequent hot water with the college authorities. He was first intended for the Church, decided next to study law, and finally at the age of twenty-four actually studied medicine, first at Edinburgh, later at Leyden. After a penniless tour of the Continent which lasted a full year, a journey made for the most part on foot, he came to London in 1756, where he made for the next half-dozen years a precarious living by hack-writing, by teaching in a boys' school, and by a most desultory practice of his profession as a doctor. In 1761, he met Dr. Johnson, whose warm friendship seems to have given to his vagabond genius the discipline and intellectual fibre necessary to sustained literary effort.

As a poet, Goldsmith held to the tradition of Dryden and Pope. With Johnson, he was a bitter enemy of blank verse and of the Pindaric ode as practiced by Gray. But his use of the heroic couplet is different from that of Pope. There is less of antithesis and balance, and the sense flows more freely from one couplet to the next. *The Deserted Village* is a didactic poem. Pope would have called it a "Moral Essay on Wealth and Population"; but Goldsmith has made the descriptive dominate over the argumentative. He has given to it a tone of kindly tenderness and reminiscent sadness which is in sharp contrast with the epigrammatic brilliance of Pope.

Goldsmith's works have been frequently republished. A good biography is that of Austin Dobson in the Great Writers Series.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

DEAR SIR, — I can have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deploras is nowhere to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all

possible pains in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, dear sir, your sincere friend, and
ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labor-
ing swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms
delayed:

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease, 5
Seats of my youth, when every sport could
please:

How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each
scene!

How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm; 10
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbor-
ing hill,

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the
shade,

For talking age and whispering lovers made!

How often have I blest the coming day, 15
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading
tree;

While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old sur-
veyed; 20

And many a gambol frolicked o'er the
ground,

And sleights of art and feats of strength went
round.

And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought re-
nown, 25

By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks
reprove. 30

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports
like these,

With sweet succession taught even toil to
please;

These round thy bowers their cheerful influ-
ence shed,

These were thy charms — but all these
charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the
lawn, 35

Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-
drawn;

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:

One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain; 40
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,

The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies, 45
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering
wall;

And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's
hand, 49

Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has
made:

But a bold peasantry, their country's
pride, 55

When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs
began,

When every rood of ground maintained its
man;

For him light labor spread her wholesome
store,

Just gave what life required, but gave no
more: 60

His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling
train

Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets
rose, 65

Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp re-
pose;

And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.

Those gentle hours that plenty bade to
bloom,

Those calm desires that asked but little
room, 70

Those healthful sports that graced the peace-
ful scene,

Lived in each look, and brightened all the
green;

These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blissful
hour, 75

Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's
power.

Here, as I take my solitary rounds,

Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined
grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn
grew, 80
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to
pain.
In all my wanderings round this world of
care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my
share —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown, 85
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned
skill, 90
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pur-
sue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she
flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past, 95
Here to return — and die at home at last.
O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns, in shades like
these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease; 100
Who quits a world where strong temptations
try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous
deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state, 105
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While Resignation gently slopes the way; 110
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be
past.
Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's
close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I past with careless steps and
slow, 115
The mingling notes came softened from
below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their
young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,

The playful children just let loose from
school, 120
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whis-
pering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant
mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the
shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had
made.
But now the sounds of population fail, 125
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway
tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled;
All but yon widowed solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for
bread, 131
To strip the brook with mantling cresses
spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train, 135
The sad historian of the pensive plain.
Near yonder copse, where once the garden
smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows
wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place
disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion
rose. 140
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change
his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power, 145
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to
rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant
train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their
pain; 150
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged
breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims
allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, 155
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and shewed how fields
were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned
to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe; 160
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt, at every call, 165
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for
all:

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the
skies,

He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the
way. 170

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dis-
mayed,

The reverend champion stood. At his con-
trol

Despair and anguish fled the struggling
soul;

Comfort came down the trembling wretch to
raise, 175

And his last faltering accents whispered
praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;

Truth from his lips prevailed with double
sway,

And fools, who came to scoff, remained to
pray. 180

The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran:

E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good
man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares
distrest; 186

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were
given,

But all his serious thoughts had rest in
heaven.

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
storm, 190

Though round its breast the rolling clouds
are spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the
way

With blossomed furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to
rule, 195

The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,

I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face; 200
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he
frowned;

Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught, 205
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides
presage,

And even the story ran that he could
gauge: 210

In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished, he could argue
still;

While words of learned length and thunder-
ing sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder
grew 215

That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing
eye, 220

Low lies that house where nut-brown
draughts inspired,

Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil
retired,

Where village statesmen talked with looks
profound,

And news much older than their ale went
round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace 225
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded
floor,

The varnished clock that clicked behind the
door:

The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day; 230
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of
goose;

The hearth, except when winter chilled the
day,

With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel
gay;

While broken teacups, wisely kept for
show, 235

Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall?

Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's
heart; 240

Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall
clear, 245

Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to
hear;

The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest. 250

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its
play, 255

The soul adopts, and owns their first-born
sway;

Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquer-
ade,

With all the freaks of wanton wealth
arrayed, 260

In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts
decoy,

The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who
survey 265

The rich man's joys increase, the poor's
decay,

'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted
ore,

And shouting Folly hails them from her
shore; 270

Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a
name,

That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and
pride 275

Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended
bounds,

Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half
their growth; 280

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green,
Around the world each needful product flies.
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall. 286

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her
reign,

Slights every borrowed charm that dress
supplies,

Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms
are frail, 291

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:

Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed; 295
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed:
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;

While, scourged by famine, from the smiling
land,

The mournful peasant leads his humble
band; 300

And while he sinks, without one arm to save
The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty
blade, 306

Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth
divide,

And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped — What waits him
there?

To see profusion that he must not share; 310
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind:

To see those joys the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.

Here, while the courtier glitters in bro-
cade, 315

There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp
display,

There the black gibbet glooms beside the
way;

The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight
reign,

Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous
train; 320

Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing
square,

The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!

Sure these denote one universal joy!
 Are these thy serious thoughts? — Ah, turn
 thine eyes 325
 Where the poor houseless shivering female
 lies:

She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the
 thorn; 330

Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from
 the shower,

With heavy heart, deplores that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town, 335
 She left her wheel and robes of country
 brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the love-
 liest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
 Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little
 bread! 340

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary
 scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes be-
 tween,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they
 go,
 Where wild Altama¹ murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there from all that charmed
 before, 345

The various terrors of that horrid shore;
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward
 ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to
 sing,

But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling; 350
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance
 crowned,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death
 around:

Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless
 prey, 355

And savage men more murderous still than
 they:

While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the
 skies.

Far different these from every former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove, 361
 That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

¹ A river in Georgia.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that
 parting day,
 That called them from their native walks
 away;

When the poor exiles, every pleasure past, 365
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked
 their last,

And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main;
 And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
 Returned and wept, and still returned to
 weep. 370

The good old sire the first prepared to go,
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others'
 woe;

But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears, 375
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her
 woes,

And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
 And kissed her thoughtless babes with many
 a tear, 381

And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly
 dear;

Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief. 384

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
 How ill exchanged are things like these for
 thee!

How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigor not their own: 390
 At every draught more large and large they
 grow,

A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
 Till sapped their strength, and every part
 unsound,

Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin
 round.

Even now the devastation is begun, 395
 And half the business of destruction done;
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I
 stand,

I see the rural Virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads
 the sail,

That idly waiting flaps with every gale, 400
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the
 strand.

Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness are there;
 And piety with wishes placed above, 405

And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest
 fame; 410

Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st
 me so;

Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee
 well; 416

Farewell! and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs,¹ or Pambamarca's² side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow, 420
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;

Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
 Teach him, that states of native strength
 possess, 425

Though very poor, may still be very blest;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift
 decay,

As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.³ 430

1770.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song;
 And if you find it wondrous short, —
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man, 5
 Of whom the world might say,
 That still a godly race he ran, —
 Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had, 10
 To comfort friends and foes;
 The naked every day he clad, —
 When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, 15
 And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
 But when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain his private ends,
 Went mad, and bit the man. 20

Around from all the neighboring streets
 The wondering neighbors ran,
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad 25
 To every Christian eye;
 And, while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That showed the rogues they lied; 30
 The man recovered of the bite,
 The dog it was that died.

1766.

STANZAS ON WOMAN

From THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

When lovely Woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom — is, to die.

1766.

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

The Citizen of the World (1760–61) is a series of essays which first appeared in *The Public Ledger* with the title of "Chinese Letters." The letters are supposed to be written to friends in the Orient by a Chinese philosopher resident in London, who is interested and puzzled by the strange ways of European civilization. This device of looking at Europe through Oriental eyes was popularized for the eighteenth century by the *Lettres Persanes* of Montesquieu. In the tone of his satire, Goldsmith continues the tradition of Addison and Steele, whom he surpasses in genial kindliness.

LETTER XXI

At the Play-house

The English are as fond of seeing plays acted as the Chinese; but there is a vast difference in the manner of conducting them. We play our pieces in the open air, the English theirs under cover; we act by daylight, 5 they by the blaze of torches. One of our plays continues eight or ten days successively:

¹ In Sweden.

² A mountain in Ecuador.

³ The last four lines of the poem were written by Dr. Johnson.

an English piece seldom takes up above four hours in the representation.

My companion in black, with whom I am now beginning to contract an intimacy, introduced me a few nights ago to the play-house, where we placed ourselves conveniently at the foot of the stage. As the curtain was not drawn before my arrival, I had an opportunity of observing the behavior of the spectators, and indulging those reflections which novelty generally inspires.

The rich in general were placed in the lowest seats, and the poor rose above them in degrees proportioned to their poverty. The order of precedence seemed here inverted; those who were undermost all the day, now enjoyed a temporary eminence, and became masters of the ceremonies. It was they who called for the music, indulging every noisy freedom, and testifying all the insolence of beggary in exaltation.

They who held the middle region seemed not so riotous as those above them, nor yet so tame as those below: to judge by their looks, many of them seemed strangers there as well as myself; they were chiefly employed, during this period of expectation, in eating oranges, reading the story of the play, or making as-signations.

Those who sat in the lowest rows, which are called the pit, seemed to consider themselves as judges of the merits of the poet and the performers; they were assembled partly to be amused, and partly to show their taste; appearing to labor under that restraint which an affectation of superior discernment generally produces. My companion, however, informed me, that not one in a hundred of them knew even the first principles of criticism: that they assumed the right of being censors because there was none to contradict their pretensions; and that every man who now called himself a connoisseur, became such to all intents and purposes.

Those who sat in the boxes appeared in the most unhappy situation of all. The rest of the audience came merely for their own amusement; these rather to furnish out a part of the entertainment themselves. I could not avoid considering them as acting parts in dumb show — not a courtesy or a nod, that was not the result of art; not a look nor a smile that was not designed for murder. Gentlemen and ladies ogled each other through spectacles; for my companion observed, that blindness was of late become fashionable; all affected indifference and ease, while their hearts at the same time

burned for conquest. Upon the whole, the lights, the music, the ladies in their gayest dresses, the men with cheerfulness and expectation in their looks, all conspired to make a most agreeable picture, and to fill a heart that sympathizes at human happiness with inexpressible serenity.

The expected time for the play to begin at last arrived; the curtain was drawn, and the actors came on. A woman, who personated a queen, came in courtseying to the audience, who clapped their hands upon her appearance. Clapping of hands is, it seems, the manner of applauding in England; the manner is absurd, but every country, you know, has its peculiar absurdities. I was equally surprised, however, at the submission of the actress, who should have considered herself as a queen, as at the little discernment of the audience who gave her such marks of applause before she attempted to deserve them. Preliminaries between her and the audience being thus adjusted, the dialogue was supported between her and a most hopeful youth, who acted the part of her confidant. They both appeared in extreme distress, for it seems the queen had lost a child some fifteen years before, and still keeps its dear resemblance next to her heart, while her kind companion bore a part in her sorrows.

Her lamentations grew loud; comfort is offered, but she detests the very sound: she bids them preach comfort to the winds. Upon this her husband comes in, who, seeing the queen so much afflicted, can himself hardly refrain from tears, or avoid partaking in the soft distress. After thus grieving through three scenes, the curtain dropped for the first act.

"Truly," said I to my companion; "these kings and queens are very much disturbed at no very great misfortune: certain I am, were people of humbler stations to act in this manner, they would be thought divested of common sense." I had scarce finished this observation, when the curtain rose, and the king came on in a violent passion. His wife had, it seems, refused his proffered tenderness, had spurned his royal embrace; and he seemed resolved not to survive her fierce disdain. After he had thus fretted, and the queen had fretted through the second act, the curtain was let down once more.

"Now," says my companion, "you perceive the king to be a man of spirit; he feels at every pore: one of your phlegmatic sons of clay would have given the queen her own way, and let her come to herself by degrees:

but the king is for immediate tenderness, or instant death: death and tenderness are leading passions of every modern buskined hero; this moment they embrace, and the next stab, mixing daggers and kisses in every period."

I was going to second his remarks, when my attention was engrossed by a new object: a man came in balancing a straw upon his nose, and the audience were clapping their hands in all the raptures of applause. "To what purpose," cried I, "does this unmeaning figure make his appearance? is he a part of the plot?" "Unmeaning, do you call him?" replied my friend in black; "this is one of the most important characters of the whole play; nothing pleases the people more than seeing a straw balanced: there is a great deal of meaning in the straw; there is something suited to every apprehension in the sight; and a fellow possessed of talents like these is sure of making his fortune."

The third act now began with an actor who came to inform us that he was the villain of the play, and intended to show strange things before all was over. He was joined by another, who seemed as much disposed for mischief as he; their intrigues continued through this whole division. "If that be a villain," said I, "he must be a very stupid one to tell his secrets without being asked; such soliloquies of late are never admitted in China."

The noise of clapping interrupted me once more; a child of six years old was learning to dance on the stage, which gave the ladies and mandarins infinite satisfaction. "I am sorry," said I, "to see the pretty creature so early learning so bad a trade; dancing being, I presume, as contemptible here as in China." "Quite the reverse," interrupted my companion, "dancing is a very reputable and genteel employment here; men have a greater chance for encouragement from the merit of their heels than their heads. One who jumps up and flourishes his toes three times before he comes to the ground, may have three hundred a-year; he who flourishes them four times, gets four hundred; but he who arrives at five is inestimable, and may demand what salary he thinks proper. The female dancers, too, are valued for this sort of jumping and crossing; and it is a cant word among them, that she deserves most who shows highest. But the fourth act is begun; let us be attentive."

In the fourth act the queen finds her long-lost child, now grown up into a youth of

smart parts and great qualifications; wherefore she wisely considers that the crown will fit his head better than that of her husband whom she knows to be a driveller. The king discovers her design, and here comes on the deep distress: he loves the queen, and he loves the kingdom; he resolves, therefore, in order to possess both, that her son must die. The queen exclaims at his barbarity, is frantic with rage, and at length, overcome with sorrow, falls into a fit; upon which the curtain drops, and the act is concluded.

"Observe the art of the poet," cries my companion. "When the queen can say no more, she falls into a fit. While thus her eyes are shut, while she is supported in the arms of her Abigail, what horrors do we not fancy! We feel it in every nerve: take my word for it, that fits are the true aposiopesis of modern tragedy."

The fifth act began, and a busy piece it was. Scenes shifting, trumpets sounding, mobs hallooing, carpets spreading, guards bustling from one door to another: gods, demons, daggers, racks, and ratsbane. But whether the king was killed, or the queen was drowned, or the son poisoned, I have absolutely forgotten.

When the play was over, I could not avoid observing, that the persons of the drama appeared in as much distress in the first act as the last: "How is it possible," said I, "to sympathize with them through five long acts! Pity is but a short-lived passion; I hate to hear an actor mouthing trifles; neither startings, strainings, nor attitudes affect me, unless there be cause: after I have been once or twice deceived by those unmeaning alarms, my heart sleeps in peace, probably unaffected by the principal distress. There should be one great passion aimed at by the actor as well as the poet; all the rest should be subordinate, and only contribute to make that the greater; if the actor, therefore, exclaims upon every occasion in the tones of despair, he attempts to move us too soon; he anticipates the blow, he ceases to affect, though he gains our applause."

I scarcely perceived that the audience were almost all departed; wherefore mixing with the crowd, my companion and I got into the street; where, essaying an hundred obstacles from coach-wheels and palanquin poles, like birds in their flight through the branches of a forest, after various turnings we both at length got home in safety. Adieu.

LETTER LI

The Bookseller

As I was yesterday seated at breakfast, over a pensive dish of tea, my meditations were interrupted by my old friend and companion, who introduced a stranger; dressed pretty much like himself. The gentleman made several apologies for his visit, begged of me to impute his intrusion to the sincerity of his respect, and the warmth of his curiosity.

As I am very suspicious of my company when I find them very civil without any apparent reason, I answered the stranger's caresses at first with reserve; which my friend perceiving, instantly let me into my visitant's trade and character, asking Mr. Fudge, whether he had lately published any thing new? I now conjectured that my guest was no other than a bookseller, and his answer confirmed my suspicions.

"Excuse me, Sir," says he, "it is not the season; books have their time as well as cucumbers. I would no more bring out a new work in summer, than I would sell pork in the dog-days. Nothing in my way goes off in summer, except very light goods indeed. A review, a magazine, or a sessions' paper, may amuse a summer reader; but all our stock of value we reserve for a spring and winter trade." "I must confess, Sir," says I, "a curiosity to know what you call a valuable stock; which can only bear a winter perusal." "Sir," replied the bookseller, "it is not my way to cry up my own goods; but, without exaggeration, I will venture to show with any of the trade: my books at least have the peculiar advantage of being always new; and it is my way to clear off my old to the trunk-makers every season. I have ten new title-pages now about me, which only want books to be added to make them the finest things in nature. Others may pretend to direct the vulgar: I always let the vulgar direct me; wherever popular clamor arises, I always echo the million. For instance, should the people in general say, that such a man is a rogue, I instantly give orders to set him down in print a villain; thus every man buys the book, not to learn new sentiments, but to have the pleasure of seeing his own reflected." "But, Sir," interrupted I, "you speak as if you yourself wrote the books you published; may I be so bold as to ask a sight of some of those intended publications which are shortly to surprise the world?" "As to that, Sir," replied the talkative bookseller, "I only draw out the plans myself; and though I am very

cautious of communicating them to any, yet, as in the end I have a favor to ask, you shall see a few of them. Here, Sir, here they are; diamonds of the first water, I assure you. *Imprimis*, a translation of several medical precepts for the use of such physicians as do not understand Latin. *Item*, the young clergyman's art of placing patches regularly, with a dissertation on the different manners of smiling without distorting the face. *Item*, the whole art of love made perfectly easy, by a broker of 'Change Alley. *Item*, the proper manner of cutting black-lead pencils, and making crayons; by the Right Hon. the Earl of * * *. *Item*, the muster-master-general, or the review of reviews —" "Sir," cried I, interrupting him, "my curiosity, with regard to title-pages, is satisfied; I should be glad to see some longer manuscript, a history or an epic poem." "Bless me," cries the man of industry, "now you speak of an epic poem, you shall see an excellent farce. Here it is; dip into it where you will, it will be found replete with true modern humor. Strokes, Sir; it is filled with strokes of wit and satire in every line." "Do you call these dashes of the pen strokes," replied I, "for I must confess I can see no other?" "And pray, Sir," returned he, "what do you call them? Do you see any thing good now-a-days, that is not filled with strokes — and dashes? — Sir, a well-placed dash makes half the wit of our writers of modern humor. I bought a piece last season that had no other merit upon earth than nine hundred and ninety-five breaks, seventy-two ha ha's, three good things, and a garter. And yet it played off, and bounced, and cracked, and made more sport than a fire work." "I fancy, then, Sir, you were a considerable gainer?" "It must be owned the piece did pay; but, upon the whole, I cannot much boast of last winter's success: I gained by two murders; but then I lost by an ill-timed charity sermon. I was a considerable sufferer by my Direct Road to an Estate, but the Infernal Guide brought me up again. Ah, Sir, that was a piece touched off by the hand of a master; filled with good things from one end to the other. The author had nothing but the jest in view; no dull moral lurking beneath, nor ill-natured satire to sour the reader's good-humor; he wisely considered, that moral and humor at the same time were quite overdoing the business." "To what purpose was the book then published?" cried I. "Sir, the book was published in order to be sold; and no book sold better, except the criticisms upon it,

which came out soon after: of all kinds of writings, that goes off best at present; and I generally fasten a criticism upon every selling book that is published.

"I once had an author who never left the least opening for the critics! close was the word, always very right, and very dull, ever on the safe side of an argument; yet with all his qualifications, incapable of coming into favor. I soon perceived that his bent was for criticism; and, as he was good for nothing else, supplied him with pens and paper, and planted him at the beginning of every month as a censor on the works of others. In short, I found him a treasure; no merit could escape him: but what is most remarkable of all, he ever wrote best and bitterest when drunk." "But are there not some works," interrupted I, "that, from the very manner of their composition, must be exempt from criticism; particularly such as profess to disregard its laws?" "There is no work whatsoever but he can criticise," replied the bookseller; "even though you wrote in Chinese, he would have a pluck at you. Suppose you should take it into your head to publish a book, let it be a volume of Chinese letters, for instance; write how you will, he shall show the world you could have written better. Should you, with the most local exactness, stick to the manners and customs of the country from whence you come; should you confine yourself to the narrow limits of Eastern knowledge, and be perfectly simple, and perfectly natural, he has then the strongest reason to exclaim. He may with a sneer send you back to China for readers. He may observe, that after the first or second letter, the iteration of the same simplicity is insupportably tedious: but the worst of all is, the public in such a case will anticipate his censures, and leave you, with all your uninstructional simplicity, to be mauled at discretion."

"Yes," cried I, "but in order to avoid his indignation, and what I should fear more that of the public, I would, in such a case, write with all the knowledge I was master of. As I am not possessed of much learning, at least I would not suppress what little I had; nor would I appear more stupid than nature has made me." "Here, then," cries the bookseller, "we should have you entirely in our power: unnatural, uneastern; quite out of character; erroneously sensible, — would be the whole cry: Sir, we should then hunt you down like a rat." "Head of my father!" said I, "sure there are but two ways; the door must either be shut, or it must be open. It

must either be natural or unnatural." "Be what you will, we shall criticise you," returned the bookseller, "and prove you a dunce in spite of your teeth. But, Sir, it is time that I should come to business. I have just now in the press a history of China; and if you will but put your name to it as the author, I shall repay the obligations with gratitude." "What, Sir," replied I, "put my name to a work which I have not written! Never, while I retain a proper respect for the public and myself." The bluntness of my reply quite abated the ardor of the bookseller's conversation; and after about half an hour's disagreeable reserve, he, with some ceremony, took his leave, and withdrew. Adieu.

LETTER LIV

The Character of Beau Tibbs

Though naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive, I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward; work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigor.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when, stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed: we now turned to the right, then to the left, as we went forward he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment: so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us

with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Drybone," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, "where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country." During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion: his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance: "Pshaw, pshaw, Will," cried the figure, "no more of that, if you love me: you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do: but there are a great many damned honest fellows among them; and we must not quarrel with one half, because the other wants breeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. Ned, says he to me, Ned, says he, I'll hold gold to silver, I can tell where you were poaching last night. Poaching, my lord, says I; faith you have missed already; for I staid at home, and let the girls poach for me. That's my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey — stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth."

"Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow," cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity; "I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?" "Improved," replied the other; "you shall know, — but let it go no farther, — a great secret — five hundred a-year to begin with. — My lord's word of honor for it — his lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a *tête-à-tête* dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else." "I fancy you forget, Sir," cried I, "you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town." "Did I say so?" re-

plied he coolly; "to be sure if I said so, it was so — dined in town: egad, now I do remember, I did dine in town, but I dined in the country too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that: We were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's, an affected piece, but let it go no farther; a secret: well, there happened to be no assa-fœtida in the sauce to a turkey, upon which, says I, I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say, done first, that — but dear Drybone, you are an honest creature, lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till — but hearkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you."

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. "His very dress," cries my friend, "is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day, you find him in rags; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarcely a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor, and while all the world perceive his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence: but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all; condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright the children into obedience." Adieu.

LETTER LV

Beau Tibbs at Home

I am apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance whom it will be no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier

shirt, a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, "Blast me," cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the park so thin in my life before? there's no company at all to-day; not a single face to be seen." "No company!" interrupted I peevishly; "no company where there is such a crowd? why, man, there's too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?" "Lord, my dear," returned he, with the utmost good humor, "you seem immensely chagrined: but blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke's sake. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day; I must insist on't: I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of Allnight. A charming body of voice; but no more of that, she will give us a song. You shall see my little girl too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature! I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that's in friendship, let it go no farther; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar: I'll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply,

he took me by the arm, and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded, whether I delighted in prospects; to which answering in the affirmative, "Then," says he, "I shall show you one of the most charming in the world, out of my window: we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip-top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may visit me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded, who's there? My conductor answered that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady? "Good troth," replied she in a peculiar dialect, "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer." "My two shirts," cried he in a tone that faltered with confusion, "what does the idiot mean?" "I ken what I mean weel enough," replied the other: "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because—" "Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations," cried he; "go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of her's, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs's arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry unframed pictures, which, he observed, were all his own drawing. "What do you think, Sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? there's the true keeping in it; it is my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a Countess offered me a hundred for its fellow; I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical you know."

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed all night at the Gardens¹ with the Countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And, indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "his lordship drank your health in a bumper." — "Poor Jack," cries he, "a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me. But I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us; something elegant, and little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, a —" "Or what do you think, my dear," interrupts the wife, "of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?" — "The very thing," replies he, "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer: but be sure to let us have the sauce his Grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat, that is country all over; extremely disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life."

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase: the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy; I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and, after having shown my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mr. Tibbs assuring me, that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

¹ Vauxhall.

LETTER LXXI

Beau Tibbs at Vauxhall

The people of London are as fond of walking as our friends at Pekin of riding, one of the principal entertainments of the citizens here in summer, is to repair about nightfall to a garden not far from town, where they walk about, show their best clothes and best faces, and listen to a concert provided for the occasion.

I accepted an invitation a few evenings ago from my old friend, the man in black, to be one of a party that was to sup there; and at the appointed hour waited upon him at his lodgings. There I found the company assembled, and expecting my arrival. Our party consisted of my friend in superlative finery, his stockings rolled, a black velvet waistcoat, which was formerly new, and his grey wig combed down in imitation of hair. A pawnbroker's widow, of whom, by the bye, my friend was a professed admirer, dressed out in green damask, with three gold rings on every finger. Mr. Tibbs, the second-rate beau I have formerly described, together with his lady in flimsy silk, dirty gauze instead of linen, and a hat as big as an umbrella.

Our first difficulty was in settling how we should set out. Mrs. Tibbs had a natural aversion to the water, and the widow being a little in flesh, as warmly protested against walking; a coach was therefore agreed upon; which being too small to carry five, Mr. Tibbs consented to sit in his wife's lap.

In this manner, therefore, we set forward, being entertained by the way with the bodings of Mr. Tibbs, who assured us he did not expect to see a single creature for the evening above the degree of a cheesemonger: that this was the last night of the Gardens, and that consequently we should be pestered with the nobility and gentry from Thames-street and Crooked-lane, with several other prophetic ejaculations, probably inspired by the uneasiness of his situation.

The illuminations began before we arrived, and I must confess, that upon entering the gardens I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure; the lights every where glimmering through the scarcely moving trees, the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of the night, the natural concert of birds, in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art: the company gaily dressed, looking satisfaction, and the tables spread with various delicacies, all conspired to fill my imagination

with the visionary happiness of the Arabian lawgiver, and lifted me into an ecstasy of admiration. "Head of Confucius," cried I to my friend, "this is fine! this unites rural beauty with courtly magnificence! if we except the virgins of immortality, that hang on every tree, and may be plucked at every desire, I do not see how this falls short of Mahomet's paradise!" "As for virgins," cries my friend, "it is true they are a fruit that do not much abound in our gardens here; but if ladies, as plenty as apples in autumn, and as complying as any houri of them all, can content you, I fancy we have no need to go to heaven for paradise."

I was going to second his remarks, when we were called to a consultation by Mr. Tibbs and the rest of the company, to know in what manner we were to lay out the evening to the greatest advantage. Mrs. Tibbs was for keeping the genteel walk of the garden, where, she observed, there was always the very best company; the widow, on the contrary, who came but once a season, was for securing a good standing place to see the water-works, which she assured us would begin in less than an hour at farthest; a dispute therefore began, and as it was managed between two of very opposite characters, it threatened to grow more bitter at every reply. Mrs. Tibbs wondered how people could pretend to know the polite world, who had received all their rudiments of breeding behind a counter; to which the other replied, that though some people sat behind counters, yet they could sit at the head of their own tables too, and carve three good dishes of hot meat whenever they thought proper; which was more than some people could say for themselves, that hardly knew a rabbit and onions from a green goose and gooseberries.

It is hard to say where this might have ended, had not the husband, who probably knew the impetuosity of his wife's disposition, proposed to end the dispute, by adjourning to a box, and try if there was any thing to be had for supper that was supportable. To this we all consented; but here a new distress arose: Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs would sit in none but a genteel box, a box where they might see and be seen, one, as they expressed it, in the very focus of public view; but such a box was not easy to be obtained, for though we were perfectly convinced of our own gentility, and the gentility of our appearance, yet we found it a difficult matter to persuade the keepers of the boxes to be of our opinion; they chose to reserve genteel

boxes for what they judged more genteel company.

At last, however, we were fixed, though somewhat obscurely, and supplied with the usual entertainment of the place. The widow found the supper excellent, but Mrs. Tibbs thought every thing detestable. "Come, come, my dear," cries the husband, by way of consolation, "to be sure we can't find such dressing here as we have at Lord Crump's or Lady Crimp's; but for Vauxhall dressing it is pretty good: it is not their victuals indeed I find fault with, but their wine; their wine," cries he, drinking off a glass, "indeed, is most abominable."

By this last contradiction, the widow was fairly conquered in point of politeness. She perceived now that she had no pretensions in the world to taste; her very senses were vulgar, since she had praised detestable custard, and smacked at wretched wine; she was therefore content to yield the victory, and for the rest of the night to listen and improve. It is true, she would now and then forget herself, and confess she was pleased, but they soon brought her back again to miserable refinement. She once praised the painting of the box in which we were sitting, but was soon convinced that such paltry pieces ought rather to excite horror than satisfaction; she ventured again to commend one of the singers, but Mrs. Tibbs soon let her know, in the style of a connoisseur, that the singer in question had neither ear, voice, nor judgment.

Mr. Tibbs, now willing to prove that his wife's pretensions to music were just, entreated her to favor the company with a song; but to this she gave a positive denial — "for you know very well, my dear," says she, "that I am not in voice to-day, and when one's voice is not equal to one's judgment, what signifies singing; besides, as there is no accompaniment it would be but spoiling music." All these excuses, however, were overruled by the rest of the company, who, though one would think they already had music enough, joined in the entreaty. But particularly the widow, now willing to convince the company of her breeding, pressed so warmly, that she seemed determined to take no refusal. At last then the lady complied, and after humming for some minutes, began with such a voice, and such affectation, as I could perceive, gave but little satisfaction to any except her husband. He sat with rapture in his eye, and beat time with his hand on the table.

You must observe, my friend, that it is the

custom of this country, when a lady or gentleman happens to sing, for the company to sit as mute and motionless as statues. Every feature, every limb, must seem to correspond in fixed attention; and while the song continues, they are to remain in a state of universal petrification. In this mortifying situation we had continued for some time, listening, and looking with tranquillity, when the master of the box came to inform us, that the water-works were just going to begin. At this information I could instantly perceive the widow bounce from her seat; but correcting herself, she sat down again, repressed by motives of good breeding. Mrs. Tibbs, who had seen the water-works a hundred times, resolving not to be interrupted, continued her song without any share of mercy, nor had the smallest pity on our impatience. The widow's face, I own, gave me high entertainment; in it I could plainly read the struggle she felt between good breeding and curiosity: she talked of the water-works the whole evening before, and seemed to have come merely in order to see them; but then she could not bounce out in the very middle of a song, for that would be forfeiting all pretensions to high life, or high-lived company, ever after. Mrs. Tibbs therefore kept on singing, and we continued to listen, till at last, when the song was just concluded, the waiter came to inform us that the water-works were over.

"The water-works over!" cried the widow; "the water-works over already! that's impossible! they can't be over so soon!" — "It is not my business," replied the fellow, "to contradict your ladyship; I'll run again and see." He went, and soon returned with a confirmation of the dismal tidings. No ceremony could now bind my friend's disappointed mistress, she testified her displeasure in the openest manner; in short, she now began to find fault in turn, and at last insisted upon going home, just at the time that Mr. and Mrs. Tibbs assured the company, that the polite hours were going to begin, and that the ladies would instantaneously be entertained with the horns. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVII

The London Shop-Keeper

The shops of London are as well furnished as those of Pekin. Those of London have a picture hung at their door; informing the passengers what they have to sell, as those at Pekin have a board to assure the buyer that they have no intention to cheat him.

I was this morning to buy silk for a nightcap; immediately upon entering the mercer's shop, the master and his two men, with wigs plastered with powder, appeared to ask my commands. They were certainly the civilest people alive; if I but looked, they flew to the place where I cast my eye; every motion of mine sent them running round the whole shop for my satisfaction. I informed them that I wanted what was good, and they showed me not less than forty pieces, and each was better than the former, the prettiest pattern in nature, and the fittest in the world for nightcaps. "My very good friend," said I to the mercer, "you must not pretend to instruct me in silks; I know these in particular to be no better than your mere flimsy Bungees." — "That may be," cried the mercer, who I afterwards found had never contradicted a man in his life; "I cannot pretend to say but they may; but I can assure you, my lady Trail has had a sack from this piece this very morning." — "But friend," said I, "though my lady has chosen a sack from it, I see no necessity that I should wear it for a nightcap." — "That may be," returned he again, "yet what becomes a pretty lady, will at any time look well on a handsome gentleman." This short compliment was thrown in so very seasonably upon my ugly face, that even though I disliked the silk, I desired him to cut me off the pattern of a nightcap.

While this business was consigned to his journeymen, the master himself took down some pieces of silk still finer than any I had yet seen, and spreading them before me, "There," cries he, "there's beauty; My Lord Snakeskin has bespoke the fellow to this for the birth-night this very morning; it would look charmingly in waistcoats." — "But I don't want a waistcoat," replied I. — "Not want a waistcoat!" returned the mercer, "then I would advise you to buy one; when waistcoats are wanted, you may depend upon it they will come dear. Always buy before you want, and you are sure to be well used, as they say in Cheapside." There was so much justice in his advice, that I could not refuse taking it; besides, the silk, which was a really good one, increased the temptation; so I gave orders for that too.

As I was waiting to have my bargains measured and cut, which, I know not how, they executed but slowly, during the interval the mercer entertained me with the modern manner of some of the nobility receiving company in their morning gowns; "Perhaps,

Sir," adds he, "you have a mind to see what kind of silk is universally worn." Without waiting for my reply, he spreads a piece before me, which might be reckoned beautiful even in China. "If the nobility," continues he, "were to know I sold this to any under a Right Honorable, I should certainly lose their custom; you see, my Lord, it is at once rich, tasty, and quite the thing." — "I am no Lord," interrupted I. — "I beg pardon," cried he; "but be pleased to remember, when you intend buying a morning gown, that you had an offer from me of something worth money. Conscience, Sir, conscience is my way of dealing; you may buy a morning gown now, or you may stay till they become dearer and less fashionable; but it is not my business to advise." In short, most reverend Fum, he persuaded me to buy a morning gown also, and would probably have persuaded me to have bought half the goods in his shop, if I had stayed long enough, or was furnished with sufficient money.

Upon returning home, I could not help reflecting with some astonishment, how this very man, with such a confined education and capacity, was yet capable of turning me as he thought proper, and moulding me to his inclinations! I knew he was only answering his own purposes, even while he attempted to appear solicitous about mine; yet, by a voluntary infatuation, a sort of passion, compounded of vanity and good-nature, I walked into the snare with my eyes open, and put myself to future pain in order to give him immediate pleasure. The wisdom of the ignorant somewhat resembles the instinct of animals; it is diffused in but a very narrow sphere, but within that circle it acts with vigor, uniformity, and success. Adieu.

EDMUND BURKE (1729-1797)

Edmund Burke was born in Dublin, Jan. 12, 1729, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated bachelor of arts at the age of nineteen. In 1750 he went to London as a law-student at the Middle Temple; and his whole life was henceforth lived in England. For a whole generation he was the dominant figure in English politics, and the associate of the most distinguished men of letters of his day. In 1756 he established himself as an author by his *Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas on the Sublime and the Beautiful*. He was a member of The Club, the literary circle presided over by Dr. Johnson. In 1766 he was elected to Parliament, and at once declared himself a friend of the American colonies. In 1771 he became agent at London for the Assembly of the Colony of New York; and in 1775 he delivered his great speech *On Conciliation with America*. From 1788 to 1794 he conducted on behalf of the House of Commons the protracted trial before the House of Lords of Warren Hastings, impeached at Burke's instance of high crimes and misdemeanors in his administration of affairs in India.

Throughout his public life, Burke was the ardent champion of constitutional liberty, urging the rights of the American colonists, of the Roman Catholics in Ireland, of the oppressed masses of India, bringing to all these causes the clear power of his intellect and the vivid poetry of his imagination. He was one of the early adherents to the movement for the abolition of negro slavery. But in the French Revolution Burke saw not the cause of liberty, but an attack on the settled institutions of society, which in his belief were the only basis and guarantee of human liberty. He loved "liberty only in the guise of order." The tyranny of the Paris mob was to him more hateful than the tyranny which it had overthrown. He became the outspoken champion of the oppressed aristocracy and the shamefully treated royal family of France, and still more of the established order of Christian civilization which the Revolution was seeking to destroy.

English radicals had hailed the Revolution with delight; and on November 4, 1789, an English clergyman had delivered before the Society for Commemorating the Revolution (of 1688) in Great Britain an address extolling the Revolution in France. This was the immediate occasion of Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, in the form of a letter addressed to "a gentleman of Paris," published in 1790. Though written as a letter, its manner is that of splendid and impassioned oratory. There are few pages of English prose written with such magnificent rhetoric and such intensity of emotion as the famous passage from the *Reflections* printed below. Burke declared that when he wrote it the paper was wetted with his tears.

An excellent brief biography of Burke is that of John Morley in the English Men of Letters series. The *Reflections on the Revolution in France* is reprinted in Everyman's Library. A good volume of selections from Burke is that of L. N. Broughton in the Modern Student's Library (Scribner).

REFLECTIONS ON THE
REVOLUTION IN FRANCE

(1790)

THE EVENTS OF OCTOBER 6, 1789

In France you are now in the crisis of a revolution, and in the transit from one form of government to another — you cannot see that character of men exactly in the same situation in which we see it in this country. With us it is militant; with you it is triumphant; and you know how it can act when its power is commensurate to its will. I would not be supposed to confine those observations to any description of men, or to comprehend all men of any description within them — No! far from it. I am as incapable of that injustice, as I am of keeping terms with those who profess principles of extremities; and who, under the name of religion, teach little else than wild and dangerous politics. The worst of these politics of revolution is this: they temper and harden the breast, in order to prepare it for the desperate strokes which are sometimes used in extreme occasions. But as these occasions may never arrive, the mind receives a gratuitous taint; and the moral sentiments suffer not a little, when no political purpose is served by the deprivation. This sort of people are so taken up with their theories about the rights of man, that they have totally forgotten his nature. Without opening one new avenue to the understanding, they have succeeded in stopping up those that lead to the heart. They have perverted in themselves, and in those that attend to them, all the well-placed sympathies of the human breast.

This famous sermon¹ of the Old Jewry breathes nothing but this spirit through all the political part. Plots, massacres, assassinations, seem to some people a trivial price for obtaining a revolution. A cheap, bloodless reformation, a guiltless liberty, appear flat and vapid in their taste. There must be a great change of scene; there must be a magnificent stage effect; there must be a grand spectacle to rouse the imagination, grown torpid with the lazy enjoyment of sixty years' security, and the still unanimating repose of public prosperity. The preacher found them all in the French Revolution. This inspires a juvenile warmth through his

whole frame. His enthusiasm kindles as he advances; and when he arrives at his peroration it is in a full blaze. Then viewing, from the Pisgah² of his pulpit, the free, moral, happy, flourishing, and glorious state of France, as in a bird's-eye landscape of a promised land, he breaks out into the following rapture:

"What an eventful period is this! I am thankful that I have lived to it; I could almost say, *Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.* — I have lived to see a diffusion of knowledge, which has undermined superstition and error. — I have lived to see the rights of men better understood than ever; and nations panting for liberty which seemed to have lost the idea of it. — I have lived to see thirty millions of people, indignant and resolute, spurning at slavery, and demanding liberty with an irresistible voice. Their king led in triumph and an arbitrary monarch surrendering himself to his subjects."³ . . .

I find a preacher of the gospel profaning the beautiful and prophetic ejaculation, commonly called "*nunc dimittis*,"³ made on the first presentation of our Saviour in the temple, and applying it, with an inhuman and unnatural rapture, to the most horrid, atrocious, and afflicting spectacle that perhaps ever was exhibited to the pity and indignation of mankind. This "*leading in triumph*," a thing in its best form unmanly and irreligious, which fills our preacher with such unhallowed transports, must shock, I believe, the moral taste of every well-born mind. Several English were the stupefied and indignant spectators of that triumph.

It was (unless we have been strangely deceived) a spectacle more resembling a procession of American savages, entering into Onondaga, after some of their murders called victories, and leading into hovels hung round with scalps, their captives, overpowered with the scoffs and buffets of women as ferocious as themselves, much more than it resembled the triumphal pomp of a civilized, martial nation; — if a civilized nation, or any men

¹ The mountain from which Moses viewed the promised land of Canaan.

² Another of these reverend gentlemen, who was witness to some of the spectacles which Paris has lately exhibited, expresses himself thus: — "*A king dragged in submissive triumph by his conquering subjects*, is one of those appearances of grandeur which seldom rise in the prospect of human affairs, and which, during the remainder of my life, I shall think of with wonder and gratification." These gentlemen agree marvellously in their feelings. (Burke's note.)

³ The first words of the Vulgate version of Luke II, 29: "*Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.*"

¹ An address by Dr. Richard Price, delivered before the Society for Commemorating the Revolution in Great Britain, at a meeting held in the street called Old Jewry.

who had a sense of generosity, were capable of a personal triumph over the fallen and afflicted.

This, my dear Sir, was not the triumph of France. I must believe that, as a nation, it overwhelmed you with shame and horror. I must believe that the National Assembly find themselves in a state of the greatest humiliation in not being able to punish the authors of this triumph, or the actors in it; and that they are in a situation in which any inquiry they may make upon the subject must be destitute even of the appearance of liberty or impartiality. The apology of that assembly is found in their situation; but when we approve what they *must* bear, it is in us the degenerate choice of a vitiated mind.

With a compelled appearance of deliberation, they vote under the dominion of a stern necessity. They sit in the heart, as it were, of a foreign republic: they have their residence in a city whose constitution has emanated neither from the charter of their king, nor from their legislative power. They are surrounded by an army not raised either by the authority of their crown, or by their command: and which, if they should order to dissolve itself, would instantly dissolve them. There they sit, after a gang of assassins had driven away some hundreds of the members; whilst those who held the same moderate principles, with more patience or better hope, continued every day exposed to outrageous insults and murderous threats. There a majority, sometimes real, sometimes pretended, captive itself, compels a captive king to issue as royal edicts, at third hand, the polluted nonsense of their most licentious and giddy coffee-houses. It is notorious, that all their measures are decided before they are debated. It is beyond doubt, that under the terror of the bayonet, and the lamp-post, and the torch to their houses, they are obliged to adopt all the crude and desperate measures suggested by clubs composed of a monstrous medley of all conditions, tongues, and nations. Among these are found persons, in comparison of whom Catiline would be thought scrupulous, and Cethegus ¹ a man of sobriety and moderation. Nor is it in these clubs alone that the public measures are deformed into monsters. They undergo a previous distortion in academies, intended as so many seminaries for these clubs, which are set up in all the places of public resort. In these meetings of all sorts, every counsel, in

proportion as it is daring, and violent, and perfidious, is taken for the mark of superior genius. Humanity and compassion are ridiculed as the fruits of superstition and ignorance. Tenderness to individuals is considered as treason to the public. Liberty is always to be estimated perfect as property is rendered insecure. Amidst assassination, massacre, and confiscation, perpetrated or meditated, they are forming plans for the good order of future society. Embracing in their arms the carcases of base criminals, and promoting their relations on the title of their offenses, they drive hundreds of virtuous persons to the same end, by forcing them to subsist by beggary or by crime.

The assembly, their organ, acts before them the farce of deliberation with as little decency as liberty. They act like the comedians of a fair before a riotous audience; they act amidst the tumultuous cries of a mixed mob of ferocious men, and of women lost to shame, who, according to their insolent fancies, direct, control, applaud, explode ² them; and sometimes mix and take their seats amongst them; domineering over them with a strange mixture of servile petulance and proud, presumptuous authority. As they have inverted order in all things, the gallery is in the place of the house. This assembly, which overthrows kings and kingdoms, has not even the physiognomy and aspect of a grave legislative body — *nec color imperii, nec frons ulla senatûs*.² They have a power given to them, like that of the evil principle, to subvert and destroy; but none to construct, except such machines as may be fitted for further subversion and further destruction.

Who is it that admires, and from the heart is attached to, national representative assemblies, but must turn with horror and disgust from such a profane burlesque, and abominable perversion of that sacred institute? Lovers of monarchy, lovers of republics, must alike abhor it. The members of your assembly must themselves groan under the tyranny of which they have all the shame, none of the direction, and little of the profit. I am sure many of the members who compose even the majority of that body must feel as I do, notwithstanding the applauses of the Revolution Society. Miserable king! miserable assembly! How must that assembly be silently scandalized with those of their members, who could call a day which

¹ hiss from the stage.

² "neither the outward show of an empire, nor any feature of a Senate" — a phrase from Lucan's *Pharsalia*, IX. 207.

¹ An associate of Catiline in his conspiracy against the Roman republic.

seemed to blot the sun out of the heavens, "*unbeau jour!*"¹ How must they be inwardly indignant at hearing others, who thought fit to declare to them, "that the vessel of the state would fly forward in her course towards regeneration with more speed than ever," from the stiff gale of treason and murder, which preceded our preacher's triumph! What must they have felt, whilst, with outward patience, and inward indignation, they heard of the slaughter of innocent gentlemen in their houses, that "the blood spilled was not the most pure!" What must they have felt, when they were besieged by complaints of disorder which shook their country to its foundations, at being compelled coolly to tell the complainants, that they were under the protection of the law, and that they would address the king (the captive king) to cause the laws to be enforced for their protection; when the enslaved ministers of that captive king had formally notified to them, that there was neither law, nor authority, nor power left to protect! What must they have felt at being obliged, as a felicitation on the present new year, to request their captive king to forget the stormy period of the last, on account of the great good which *he* was likely to produce to his people; to the complete attainment of which good they adjourned the practical demonstrations of their loyalty, assuring him of their obedience, when he should no longer possess any authority to command!

This address was made with much good nature and affection, to be sure. But among the revolutions in France must be reckoned a considerable revolution in their ideas of politeness. In England we are said to learn manners at second-hand from your side of the water, and that we dress our behavior in the frippery of France. If so, we are still in the old cut; and have not so far conformed to the new Parisian mode of good breeding, as to think it quite in the most refined strain of delicate compliment (whether in condolence or congratulation) to say, to the most humiliated creature that crawls upon the earth, that great public benefits are derived from the murder of his servants, the attempted assassination of himself and of his wife, and the mortification, disgrace, and degradation, that he has personally suffered. It is a topic of consolation which our ordinary² of Newgate would be too humane to use to a criminal at the foot of the gallows.

I should have thought that the hangman of Paris, now that he is liberalized by the vote of the National Assembly, and is allowed his rank and arms in the herald's college of the rights of men, would be too generous, too gallant a man, too full of the sense of his new dignity, to employ that cutting consolation to any of the persons whom the *leze nation*³ might bring under the administration of his *executive power*.

A man is fallen indeed, when he is thus flattered. The anodyne draught of oblivion, thus drugged, is well calculated to preserve a galling wakefulness, and to feed the living ulcer of a corroding memory. Thus to administer the opiate potion of amnesty, powdered with all the ingredients of scorn and contempt, is to hold to his lips, instead of "the balm of hurt minds," the cup of human misery full to the brim, and to force him to drink it to the dregs.

Yielding to reasons, at least as forcible as those which were so delicately urged in the compliment on the new year, the king of France will probably endeavor to forget these events and that compliment. But history, who keeps a durable record of all our acts, and exercises her awful censure over the proceedings of all sorts of sovereigns, will not forget either those events, or the era of this liberal refinement in the intercourse of mankind. History will record, that on the morning of the 6th of October, 1789, the king and queen of France, after a day of confusion, alarm, dismay, and slaughter, lay down, under the pledged security of public faith, to indulge nature in a few hours of respite, and troubled, melancholy repose. From this sleep the queen was first startled by the voice of the sentinel at her door, who cried out to her to save herself by flight — that this was the last proof of fidelity he could give — that they were upon him, and he was dead. Instantly he was cut down. A band of cruel ruffians and assassins, reeking with his blood, rushed into the chamber of the queen, and pierced with a hundred strokes of bayonets and poniards the bed, from whence this persecuted woman had but just time to fly almost naked, and, through ways unknown to the murderers, had escaped to seek refuge at the feet of a king and husband, not secure of his own life for a moment.

This king, to say no more of him, and this queen, and their infant children, (who once would have been the pride and hope of a great and generous people,) were then forced

¹ 6th of October, 1789. (Burke's note).
² clergyman attached to the prison.

³ treason against the nation.

to abandon the sanctuary of the most splendid palace¹ in the world, which they left swimming in blood, polluted by massacre, and strewed with scattered limbs and mutilated carcases. Thence they were conducted into the capital of their kingdom. Two had been selected from the unprovoked, unresisted, promiscuous slaughter, which was made of the gentlemen of birth and family who composed the king's body guard. These two gentlemen, with all the parade of an execution of justice, were cruelly and publicly dragged to the block, and beheaded in the great court of the palace. Their heads were stuck upon spears, and led the procession; whilst the royal captives who followed in the train were slowly moved along, amidst the horrid yells, and shrilling screams, and frantic dances, and infamous contumelies, and all the unutterable abominations of the furies of hell, in the abused shape of the vilest of women. After they had been made to taste, drop by drop, more than the bitterness of death, in the slow torture of a journey of twelve miles, protracted to six hours, they were, under a guard, composed of those very soldiers who had thus conducted them through this famous triumph, lodged in one of the old palaces of Paris now converted into a bastille for kings.

Is this a triumph to be consecrated at altars? to be commemorated with grateful thanksgiving? to be offered to the divine humanity with fervent prayer and enthusiastic ejaculation? — These Theban and Thracian orgies, acted in France, and applauded only in the Old Jewry, I assure you, kindle prophetic enthusiasm in the minds but of very few people in this kingdom: although a saint and apostle, who may have revelations of his own, and who has so completely vanquished all the mean superstitions of the heart, may incline to think it pious and decorous to compare it with the entrance into the world of the Prince of Peace, proclaimed in a holy temple by a venerable sage, and not long before not worse announced by the voice of angels to the quiet innocence of shepherds.

At first I was at a loss to account for this fit of unguarded transport. I knew, indeed, that the sufferings of monarchs make a delicious repast to some sort of palates. There were reflections which might serve to keep this appetite within some bounds of temperance. But when I took one circumstance into my consideration, I was obliged to

confess, that much allowance ought to be made for the society, and that the temptation was too strong for common discretion; I mean, the circumstance of the *Io Pæan* of the triumph, the animating cry which called "for *all* the BISHOPS to be hanged on the lamp-posts,"² might well have brought forth a burst of enthusiasm on the foreseen consequences of this happy day. I allow to so much enthusiasm some little deviation from prudence. I allow this prophet to break forth into hymns of joy and thanksgiving on an event which appears like the precursor of the Millennium, and the projected fifth monarchy, in the destruction of all church establishments. There was, however, (as in all human affairs there is,) in the midst of this joy, something to exercise the patience of these worthy gentlemen, and to try the long-suffering of their faith. The actual murder of the king and queen, and their child, was wanting to the other auspicious circumstances of this "*beautiful day*." The actual murder of the bishops, though called for by so many holy ejaculations, was also wanting. A group of regicide and sacrilegious slaughter, was indeed boldly sketched, but it was only sketched. It unhappily was left unfinished, in this great history-piece of the massacre of innocents. What hardy pencil of a great master, from the school of the rights of men, will finish it, is to be seen hereafter. The age has not yet the complete benefit of that diffusion of knowledge that has undermined superstition and error; and the king of France wants another object or two to consign to oblivion, in consideration of all the good which is to arise from his own sufferings, and the patriotic crimes of an enlightened age.

Although this work of our new light and knowledge did not go to the length that in all probability it was intended it should be carried, yet I must think that such treatment of any human creatures must be shocking to any but those who are made for accomplishing revolutions. But I cannot stop here. Influenced by the inborn feelings of my nature, and not being illuminated by a single ray of this new-sprung modern light, I confess to you, Sir, that the exalted rank of the persons suffering, and particularly the sex, the beauty, and the amiable qualities of the descendant of so many kings and emperors, with the tender age of royal infants, insensible only through infancy and innocence of the cruel outrages to which their parents were exposed, instead of being a subject of

¹ The Tuileries.

² Tous les Evêques à la lanterne. (Burke's note.)

exultation, adds not a little to my sensibility on that most melancholy occasion.

I hear that the august person,¹ who was the principal object of our preacher's triumph, though he supported himself, felt much on that shameful occasion. As a man, it became him to feel for his wife and his children, and the faithful guards of his person, that were massacred in cold blood about him; as a prince, it became him to feel for the strange and frightful transformation of his civilized subjects, and to be more grieved for them than solicitous for himself. It derogates little from his fortitude, while it adds infinitely to the honor of his humanity. I am very sorry to say it, very sorry indeed, that such personages are in a situation in which it is not becoming in us to praise the virtues of the great.

I hear, and I rejoice to hear, that the great lady,² the other object of the triumph, has borne that day, (one is interested that beings made for suffering should suffer well,) and that she bears all the succeeding days, that she bears the imprisonment of her husband, and her captivity, and the exile of her friends, and the insulting adulation of addresses, and the whole weight of her accumulated wrongs, with a serene patience, in a manner suited to her rank and race, and becoming the offspring of a sovereign³ distinguished for her piety and her courage; that, like her, she has lofty sentiments; that she feels with the dignity of a Roman matron; that in the last extremity she will save herself from the last disgrace; and that, if she must fall, she will fall by no ignoble hand.⁴

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, — glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in

a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

This mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry; and the principle, though varied in its appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss I fear will be great. It is this which has given its character to modern Europe. It is this which has distinguished it under all its forms of government, and distinguished it to its advantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this, which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws to be subdued by manners.

But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions, which made power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off.

¹ Louis XVI. ² Marie Antoinette.

³ Maria Theresa.

⁴ Marie Antoinette carried poison on her person.

All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns, and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked, shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.

On this scheme of things, a king is but a man, a queen is but a woman; a woman is but an animal, and an animal not of the highest order. All homage paid to the sex in general as such, and without distinct views, is to be regarded as romance and folly. Regicide, and parricide, and sacrilege, are but fictions of superstition, corrupting jurisprudence by destroying its simplicity. The murder of a king, or a queen, or a bishop, or a father, are only common homicide; and if the people are by any chance, or in any way, gainers by it, a sort of homicide much the most pardonable, and into which we ought not to make too severe a scrutiny.

On the scheme of this barbarous philosophy, which is the offspring of cold hearts and muddy understandings, and which is as void of solid wisdom as it is destitute of all taste and elegance, laws are to be supported only by their own terrors, and by the concern which each individual may find in them from his own private speculations, or can spare to them from his own private interests. In the groves of *their* academy, at the end of every vista, you see nothing but the gallows. Nothing is left which engages the affections on the part of the commonwealth. On the principles of this mechanic philosophy, our institutions can never be embodied, if I may use the expression, in persons; so as to create in us love, veneration, admiration, or attachment. But that sort of reason which banishes the affections is incapable of filling their place. These public affections, combined with manners, are required sometimes as supplements, sometimes as correctives, always as aids to law. The precept given by a wise man, as well as a great critic, for the construction of poems, is equally true as to states: *Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia suntu.*¹ There ought to be a system of manners in every nation, which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely.

But power, of some kind or other, will survive the shock in which manners and opin-

ions perish; and it will find other and worse means for its support. The usurpation which, in order to subvert ancient institutions, has destroyed ancient principles, will hold power by arts similar to those by which it has acquired it. When the old feudal and chivalrous spirit of *fealty*, which, by freeing kings from fear, freed both kings and subjects from the precautions of tyranny, shall be extinct in the minds of men, plots and assassinations will be anticipated by preventive murder and preventive confiscation, and that long roll of grim and bloody maxims, which form the political code of all power, not standing on its own honor, and the honor of those who are to obey it. Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle.

When ancient opinions and rules of life are taken away, the loss cannot possibly be estimated. From that moment we have no compass to govern us; nor can we know distinctly to what port we steer. Europe, undoubtedly, taken in a mass, was in a flourishing condition the day on which your revolution was completed. How much of that prosperous state was owing to the spirit of our old manners and opinions is not easy to say; but as such causes cannot be indifferent in their operation, we must presume, that, on the whole, their operation was beneficial.

We are but too apt to consider things in the state in which we find them, without sufficiently adverting to the causes by which they have been produced, and possibly may be upheld. Nothing is more certain, than that our manners, our civilization, and all the good things which are connected with manners and with civilization, have, in this European world of ours, depended for ages upon two principles; and were indeed the result of both combined; I mean the spirit of a gentleman, and the spirit of religion. The nobility and the clergy, the one by profession, the other by patronage, kept learning in existence, even in the midst of arms and confusions, and whilst governments were rather in their causes, than formed. Learning paid back what it received to nobility and to priesthood; and paid it with usury, by enlarging their ideas, and by furnishing their minds. Happy if they had all continued to know their indissoluble union, and their proper place! Happy if learning, not debauched by ambition, had been satisfied to continue the instructor, and not aspired to be the master! Along with its natural protectors and guardians, learning will be cast

¹ "It is not enough that poems be beautiful; they must also be pleasing." — Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 99.

into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.

If, as I suspect, modern letters owe more than they are always willing to own to ancient manners, so do other interests which we value full as much as they are worth. Even commerce, and trade, and manufacture, the gods of our economical politicians, are themselves perhaps but creatures; are themselves but effects, which, as first causes, we choose to worship: They certainly grew under the same shade in which learning flourished. They too may decay with their natural protecting principles. With you, for the present at least, they all threaten to disappear together. Where trade and manufactures are wanting to a people, and the spirit of nobility and religion remains, sentiment supplies, and not always ill supplies, their place; but if commerce and the arts should be lost in an experiment to try how well a state may stand without these old fundamental principles, what sort of a thing must be a nation of gross, stupid, ferocious, and, at the same time, poor and sordid, barbarians, destitute of religion, honor, or manly pride, possessing nothing at present, and hoping for nothing hereafter?

I wish you may not be going fast, and by the shortest cut, to that horrible and disgusting situation. Already there appears a poverty of conception, a coarseness and vulgarity, in all the proceedings of the Assembly and of all their instructors. Their liberty is not liberal. Their science is presumptuous ignorance. Their humanity is savage and brutal.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

Warren Hastings (1732–1818) was the first British Governor-General of India (1773–85). In 1786 he was impeached by the House of Commons on charges of maladministration and corruption. Burke, who had been instrumental in securing the impeachment, was made principal manager on behalf of the Commons of the trial of Hastings before the tribunal of the House of Lords. The trial, begun in 1788, dragged on for seven years, and ended in 1795 with the acquittal of the defendant, an acquittal which, with some reservations, the verdict of history has confirmed. The charges of personal corruption were certainly without foundation. The charges of wanton cruelty to the native population of India did not sufficiently take into account the difficulty of the problems which confronted the British rulers. The

public outcry against Warren Hastings, and the passionate indignation which informs Burke's denunciation of him, are symptoms of the newly awakened social conscience and the humanitarian zeal against oppression which mark the later decades of the eighteenth century.

THE CHARGE

February 19, 1788

I, therefore, charge Mr. Hastings with having destroyed, for private purposes, the whole system of government by the six provincial councils, which he had no right to destroy.

I charge him with having delegated to others that power which the act of parliament had directed him to preserve unalienably in himself.

I charge him with having formed a committee to be mere instruments and tools, at the enormous expenses of £62,000 per annum.

I charge him with having appointed a person their dewan,¹ to whom these Englishmen were to be subservient tools; whose name, to his own knowledge, was by the general voice of India, by the general recorded voice of the Company,² by recorded official transactions, by everything that can make a man known, abhorred and detested, stamped with infamy; and with giving him the whole power which he had thus separated from the council-general and from the provincial councils.

I charge him with taking bribes of Gunga Govin Sing.

I charge him with not having done that bribe service which fidelity even in iniquity requires at the hands of the worst of men.

I charge him with having robbed those people of whom he took the bribes.

I charge him with having fraudulently alienated the fortunes of widows.

I charge him with having, without right, title, or purchase, taken the lands of orphans, and given them to wicked persons under him.

I charge him with having removed the natural guardians of a minor Rajah, and with having given that trust to a stranger, Debi Sing, whose wickedness was known to himself, and all the world; and by whom the Rajah, his family and dependants were cruelly oppressed.

I charge him with having committed to the management of Debi Sing three great provinces; and thereby, with having wasted

¹ financial agent. ² The East-India Company.

the country, ruined the landed interest, cruelly harassed the peasants, burnt their houses, seized their crops, tortured and degraded their persons, and destroyed the honor of the whole female race of that country.

In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villany upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? — No, my lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. — Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My lords, is it a prosecutor you want? — You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and, I believe, my lords, that the sun in his beneficent progress round the world does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community; — all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. My lords, here we see virtually in the mind's eye that sacred majesty of the Crown, under whose authority you sit, and whose power you exercise. We see in that invisible authority, what we all feel in reality and life, the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his Majesty. We have here the heir-apparent to the Crown, such as the fond wishes of the people of England wish an heir-apparent of the Crown to be. We have here all the branches of the royal family in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject, — offering a pledge in that situation for the support of the rights of the Crown and the liberties of the people, both which extremities they touch. My lords, we have a great hereditary peerage here; those who have their own honor, the honor of their ancestors,

and of their posterity, to guard; and who will justify, as they have always justified, that provision in the constitution by which justice is made an hereditary office. My lords, we have here a new nobility, who have risen and exalted themselves by various merits, by great military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun: we have those who by various civil merits and various civil talents have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve, and in which they will justify the favor of their sovereign, and the good opinion of their fellow-subjects, and make them rejoice to see those virtuous characters, that were the other day upon a level with them, now exalted above them in rank, but feeling with them in sympathy what they felt in common with them before. We have persons exalted from the practice of the law, from the place in which they administered high though subordinate justice, to a seat here, to enlighten with their knowledge and to strengthen with their votes those principles which have distinguished the courts in which they have presided.

My lords, you have here also the lights of our religion; you have the bishops of England. My lords, you have that true image of the primitive church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions. You have the representatives of that religion which says that their God is love, that the very vital spirit of their institution is charity; a religion which so much hates oppression, that when the God whom we adore appeared in human form, he did not appear in a form of greatness and majesty, but in sympathy with the lowest of the people, — and thereby made it a firm and ruling principle, that their welfare was the object of all government; since the person, who was the Master of Nature, chose to appear himself in a subordinate situation. These are the considerations which influence them, which animate them, and will animate them, against all oppression; knowing, that He who is called first among them, and first among us all, both of the flock that is fed and of those who feed it, made Himself "the servant of all."

My lords, these are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of this House. We know them, we reckon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and of humanity

into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esq., of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people in India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

PERORATION

June 16, 1794

My lords, I have done; the part of the Commons is concluded. With a trembling solicitude we consign this product of our long, long labors to your charge. Take it! — take it! It is a sacred trust. Never before was a cause of such magnitude submitted to any human tribunal.

My lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand. — We call this nation, we call the world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor; that we have been guilty of no prevarication; that we have made no compromise with crime; that we have not feared any odium whatsoever, in the long warfare which we have carried on with the crimes — with the vices — with the exorbitant wealth — with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption. This war, my lords, we have waged for twenty-two years, and the conflict has been fought at your lordships' bar for the last seven years. My lords, twenty-two years is a great space in the scale of the life of man; it is no inconsiderable space in the history of a great nation. A business which has so long occupied the councils and the tribunals of Great Britain, cannot possibly be huddled

over in the course of vulgar, trite, and transitory events. Nothing but some of those great revolutions that break the traditional chain of human memory, and alter the very face of nature itself, can possibly obscure it. My lords, we are all elevated to a degree of importance by it; the meanest of us will, by means of it, more or less become the concern of posterity, if we are yet to hope for such a thing in the present state of the world¹ as a recording, retrospective, civilized posterity; but this is in the hands of the great Disposer of events: it is not ours to settle how it shall be. My lords, your House yet stands; it stands as a great edifice; but let me say, that it stands in the midst of ruins; in the midst of the ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed and shattered this globe of ours. My lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state, that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation; that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself; I mean justice; that justice, which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and which will stand after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.

My lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your lordships; there is nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we shall not be involved; and if it should so happen that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen — if it should happen that your lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder, upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates who supported their thrones, may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony!

My lords, there is a consolation, and a great consolation it is, which often happens to oppressed virtue and fallen dignity; it often happens that the very oppressors and

¹ Burke was speaking at the height of the French Revolution.

persecutors themselves are forced to bear testimony in its favor. I do not like to go for instances a great way back into antiquity. I know very well that length of time operates so as to give an air of the fabulous to remote events, which lessens the interest and weakens the application of examples. I wish to come nearer to the present time. Your lordships know and have heard, for which of us has not known and heard, of the parliament of Paris? The parliament of Paris had an origin very, very similar to that of the great court before which I stand; the parliament of Paris continued to have a great resemblance to it in its constitution, even to its fall; the parliament of Paris, my lords, was; it is gone! It has passed away; it has vanished like a dream! It fell, pierced by the sword of the Comte de Mirabeau. And yet I will say, that that man, at the time of his inflicting the death wound of that parliament, produced at once the shortest and the grandest funeral oration that ever was or could be made upon the departure of a great court of magistracy. Though he had himself smarted under its lash, as every one knows who knows his history (and he was elevated to dreadful notoriety in history), yet when he pronounced the death sentence upon that parliament, and inflicted the mortal wound, he declared that his motives for doing it were merely political, and that their hands were as pure as those of justice itself, which they administered — a great and glorious exit, my lords, of a great and glorious body! And never was a eulogy pronounced upon a body more deserved. They were persons in nobility of rank, in amplitude of fortune, in weight of authority, in depth of learning, inferior to few of those that hear me. My lords, it was but the other day that they submitted their necks to the axe; but their honor was unwounded. Their enemies, the persons who sentenced them to death, were lawyers, full of subtlety; they were enemies, full of malice; yet lawyers full of subtlety, and enemies full of malice, as they were, they did not dare to reproach them with having supported the wealthy, the great, and powerful, and of having oppressed the weak and feeble, in any of their judgments, or of having perverted justice in any one instance whatever, through favor, through interest, or cabal.

My lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! But if you stand, and stand I trust you will, together with the fortune of this ancient monarchy — together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom, may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power; may you stand not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants; may you stand the refuge of afflicted nations; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)

William Cowper was born in 1731 in a quiet country village, where his father was rector of the parish. He came of a good family; many of his relatives were people of influence and distinction. His first sorrow came to him at the age of six, when he lost his mother, his childhood memories of whom are touchingly recorded in his poem *On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture*. At the age of ten he was sent to Westminster School, whence he went at eighteen to the Middle Temple in London as a student of the law. He was called to the bar at the age of twenty-three.

While still a law-student, he suffered from his first attack of mental disorder. After some ten years of not very exacting legal practice, years in which he had much leisure for reading and social conversation, his disease returned in a very violent form of religious melancholia with suicidal mania. He believed that he had committed the unpardonable sin, and that he was irrevocably damned. For more than a year he was confined in a private mad-house. Then suddenly came upon him a sense of God's love and forgiveness, and he was discharged as cured. But he had no heart to return to the life of London. He took lodgings at Huntingdon, near Cambridge, in the family of a clergyman named Unwin, whose gracious and lovely wife, Mary, a woman seven years older than Cowper, became the closest and dearest friend of his life, an elder sister, almost a mother, to him until her death four years before his own. Lovers of English poetry owe a lasting debt of gratitude to Mary Unwin. Cowper's own sense of what he owed her is expressed in his lines *To Mary*. After her husband's death, she and Cowper went to live at the little village of Olney in Buckinghamshire, attracted thither by the fame of an evangelical clergyman. Their life was one

of cheerful but intense and deep religious piety, which is reflected in Cowper's hymns and in the pages of *The Task*. Mary Unwin's devotion to Cowper nursed him through repeated relapses into his mental trouble. It was in one of these periods of depression that he wrote *The Castaway*. Cowper died in 1800.

It was for a means of escape from his distress of mind and spirit that Cowper turned to the serious work of a poet. As a younger man, he had occasionally written verse; but the work for which he is remembered was not done till he was fifty years old. In 1782 appeared a volume of Poems, written in heroic couplet, on such themes as "The Progress of Error," "Truth," "Conversation." Then in 1785 came his greatest work, *The Task*. A friend, Lady Austen, asked him to write in blank verse, and playfully assigned him as subject the parlor sofa. But the "task" so assigned rapidly developed beyond its playful beginning. Its six books have no single subject. In them Cowper passes in the manner of conversation from one theme to another, though always with graceful transitions. What we have is a picture of his own daily life, of the life of the surrounding countryside, and of the thoughts which fill his mind. The manner is conversational, colored by tender sentiment, lightened by quiet wit and humor, with an occasional flash of indignation at the spread of evil manners. The poem has in the highest degree the quality of poetic truth. Cowper describes what he has himself seen, and with minute accuracy of detail. Even more than Wordsworth, whom he in many ways resembles, he writes with his eye on the object. His own thoughts and feelings he records with an intimate sincerity of self-revelation wholly unlike the writing of most eighteenth-century poets. Indeed the charm of his poetry is in large measure the charm of his own gracious, kindly soul.

A convenient single-volume edition of Cowper is that edited by H. S. Milford for the Oxford University Press. An interesting biography is that of Goldwin Smith in the English Men of Letters series. A selection from his charming personal letters is published in Everyman's Library (Dutton).

WALKING WITH GOD

Gen. v, 24

O! for a closer walk with GOD,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the LORD?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of JESUS, and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still! 10
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn, 15
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee. 20

So shall my walk be close with GOD,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

1771-72

THE TASK

1785

BOOK IV

THE WINTER EVENING

Argument of the Fourth Book: The post comes in — The newspaper is read — The world contemplated at a distance — Address to winter — The rural amusements of a winter evening compared with the fashionable ones — Address to evening — A brown study — Fall of snow in the evening — The waggoner — A poor family-piece — The rural thief — Public houses — The multitude of them censured — The farmer's daughter: what she was — what she is — The simplicity of country manners almost lost — Causes of the change — Desertion of the country by the rich — Neglect of magistrates — The militia principally in fault — The new recruit and his transformation — Reflection on bodies corporate — The love of rural objects natural to all, and never to be totally extinguished.

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder
bridge,

That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the
moon

Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright; —
He comes, the herald of a noisy world, 5
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and
frozen locks;

News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load
behind,

Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn: 10
And, having dropped th' expected bag, pass
on.

He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;

To him indifferent whether grief or joy. 15
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
 Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
 With tears, that trickled down the writer's
 cheeks
 Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
 Or charged with amorous sighs of absent
 swains, 20
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
 His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
 But oh th' important budget! ushered in
 With such heart-shaking music, who can say
 What are its tidings? have our troops
 awaked? 25
 Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
 Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave?
 Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
 And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
 Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
 The popular harangue, the tart reply, 31
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh—I long to know them
 all;
 I burn to set th' imprisoned wranglers free,
 And give them voice and utterance once
 again. 35
 Now stir the fire, and close the shutters
 fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each, 40
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
 Not such his evening, who with shining face
 Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeezed
 And bored with elbow-points through both
 his sides,
 Out-scolds the ranting actor on the stage: 45
 Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
 And his head thumps, to feed upon the
 breath
 Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
 Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
 This folio of four pages, happy work! 50
 Which not even critics criticise; that holds
 Inquisitive attention, while I read,
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which the
 fair,
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to
 break;
 What is it, but a map of busy life, 55
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
 Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
 That tempts ambition. On the summit see
 The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
 He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At
 his heels, 60
 Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,

And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him
 down,
 And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
 Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
 Meanders lubricate the course they take; 65
 The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
 T' engross a moment's notice, and yet begs.
 Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
 However trivial all that he conceives.
 Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this
 praise, 70
 The dearth of information and good sense
 That it foretells us always comes to pass.
 Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
 There forests of no meaning spread the page,
 In which all comprehension wanders, lost; 75
 While fields of pleasantries amuse us there
 With merry descants on a nation's woes.
 The rest appears a wilderness of strange
 But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
 And lilies for the brows of faded age, 80
 Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
 Heaven, earth, and ocean, plundered of their
 sweets,
 Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
 Sermons, and city feasts, and favorite airs,
 Æthereal journies, submarine exploits, 85
 And Katterfelto,¹ with his hair on end
 At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
 'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of
 retreat
 To peep at such a world; to see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd; 90
 To hear the roar she sends through all her
 gates
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjured ear.
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and its concerns, I seem ad-
 vanced. 95
 To some secure and more than mortal height,
 That liberates and exempts me from them all.
 It turns submitted to my view, turns round
 With all its generations; I behold
 The tumult, and am still. The sound of
 war 100
 Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
 Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the
 pride
 And avarice that make man a wolf to man;
 Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats
 By which he speaks the language of his
 heart, 105
 And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
 He travels and expatiates, as the bee
 From flower to flower, so he from land to land;

¹ A popular sleight-of-hand performer, who advertised with the phrase: "Wonders! Wonders! Wonders!"

The manners, customs, policy of all
 Pay contribution to the store he gleans; 110
 He sucks intelligence in every clime,
 And spreads the honey of his deep research
 At his return — a rich repast for me.
 He travels, and I too: I tread his deck,
 Ascend his topmast, through his peering
 eyes 115

Discover countries, with a kindred heart
 Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
 While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

Oh Winter, ruler of th' inverted year, 120
 Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
 Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy
 cheeks

Fringed with a beard made white with other
 snows

Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in
 clouds,

A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy
 throne 125

A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slippery way,
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the
 sun

A prisoner in the yet undawning east, 130
 Shortening his journey between morn and
 noon,

And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
 Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease, 135
 And gathering, at short notice, in one group
 The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
 Not less dispersed by day-light and its cares.
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,
 Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happi-
 ness, 140

And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
 Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
 No rattling wheels stop short before these
 gates;

No powdered pert, proficient in the art 145
 Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
 Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
 Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the
 sound,

The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
 But here the needle plies its busy task, 150
 The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
 Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
 Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and
 sprigs,

And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
 Follow the nimble finger of the fair; 155

A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that
 blow

With most success when all besides decay.
 The poet's or historian's page, by one
 Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest;
 The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet
 sounds

The touch from many a trembling chord
 shakes out; 161

And the clear voice symphonious, yet
 distinct,

And in the charming strife triumphant still;
 Beguile the night, and set a keener edge

On female industry: the threaded steel 165
 Flies swiftly, and, unfelt, the task proceeds.

The volume closed, the customary rites
 Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal;

Such as the mistress of the world once found
 Delicious, when her patriots of high note, 170

Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
 And under an old oak's domestic shade,

Enjoyed — spare feast! — a radish and an
 egg!

Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
 Nor such as with a frown forbids the play 175

Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:
 Nor do we madly, like an impious world,

Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
 That made them an intruder on their joys,

Start at his awful name, or deem his praise 180
 A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,

Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
 While we retrace with memory's pointing

wand,
 That calls the past to our exact review,

The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken
 snare, 185

The disappointed foe, deliverance found
 Unlooked for, life preserved and peace re-

stored —
 Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.

Oh evenings worthy of the gods! exclaimed
 The Sabine bard. Oh evenings, I reply, 190

More to be prized and coveted than yours,
 As more illumined, and with nobler truths,

That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.
 Is winter hideous in a garb like this?

Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of
 lamps, 195

The pent-up breath of an unsavory throng,
 To thaw him into feeling; or the smart

And snappish dialogue, that flippant wits
 Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile?

The self-complacent actor, when he views 200
 (Stealing a side-long glance at a full house)

The slope of faces, from the floor to th' roof,
 (As if one master-spring controlled them all)

Relaxed into an universal grin,

Sees not a countenance there that speaks of
 joy 205
 Half so refined or so sincere as our's.
 Cards were superfluous here, with all the
 tricks
 That idleness has ever yet contrived
 To fill the void of an unfurnished brain,
 To palliate dulness, and give time a shove. 210
 Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,
 Unsoiled, and swift, and of a silken sound;
 But the world's time is time in masquerade!
 Their's, should I paint him, has his pinions
 fledged
 With motley plumes; and, where the peacock
 shows 215
 His azure eyes, is tinctured black and red
 With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
 Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
 And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.
 What should be and what was an hour-glass
 once,
 Becomes a dice-box, and a billiard mast 221
 Well does the work of his destructive scythe.
 Thus decked, he charms a world whom
 fashion blinds
 To his true worth, most pleased when idle
 most;
 Whose only happy are their wasted hours. 225
 Even misses, at whose age their mothers wore
 The back-string and the bib, assume the
 dress
 Of womanhood, sit pupils in the school
 Of card-devoted time, and, night by night,
 Placed at some vacant corner of the board, 230
 Learn every trick, and soon play all the game.
 But truce with censure. Roving as I rove,
 Where shall I find an end, or how proceed?
 As he that travels far oft turns aside
 To view some rugged rock or mouldering
 tower, 235
 Which, seen, delights him not; then, coming
 home,
 Describes and prints it, that the world may
 know
 How far he went for what was nothing worth;
 So I, with brush in hand and pallet spread,
 With colors mixed for a far different use, 240
 Paint cards and dolls, and every idle thing
 That fancy finds in her excursive flights.
 Come, Evening, once again, season of peace;
 Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
 Methinks I see thee in the streaky west, 245
 With matron-step slow-moving, while the
 night
 Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand em-
 ployed
 In letting fall the curtain of repose
 On bird and beast, the other charged for man

With sweet oblivion of the cares of day: 250
 Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
 Like homely featured night, of clustering
 gems;
 A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
 Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
 No less than her's, not worn indeed on high 255
 With ostentatious pageantry, but set
 With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
 Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
 Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary
 calm,
 Or make me so. Composure is thy gift: 260
 And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
 To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
 To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
 Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
 When they command whom man was born
 to please; 265
 I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.
 Just when our drawing-rooms begin to
 blaze
 With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
 From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
 Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk 270
 Whole, without stooping, towering crest and
 all,
 My pleasures, too, begin. But me, perhaps,
 The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile
 With faint illumination, that uplifts
 The shadow to the ceiling, there by fits 275
 Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.
 Not undelightful is an hour to me
 So spent in parlor twilight: such a gloom
 Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
 The mind contemplative, with some new
 theme 280
 Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all.
 Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial
 powers,
 That never feel a stupor, know no pause,
 Nor need one; I am conscious, and confess,
 Fearless, a soul that does not always think. 285
 Me oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,
 Soothed with a waking dream of houses,
 towers,
 Trees, churches, and strange visages, ex-
 pressed
 In the red cinders, while with poring eye
 I gazed, myself creating what I saw. 290
 Nor less amused have I quiescent watched
 The sooty films that play upon the bars,
 Pendulous, and foreboding, in the view
 Of superstition, prophesying still,
 Though still deceived, some stranger's near
 approach. 295
 'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
 In indolent vacuity of thought,

And sleeps and is refreshed. Meanwhile the
face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation, as the man 300
Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed and
lost.
Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour
At evening, till at length the freezing blast,
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons
home
The recollected powers; and, snapping
short 305
The glassy threads, with which the fancy
weaves
Her brittle toys, restores me to myself.
How calm is my recess; and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear
The silence and the warmth enjoyed
within! 310
I saw the woods and fields, at close of day,
A variegated show; the meadows green,
Though faded; and the lands, where lately
waved
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturned so lately by the forceful share. 315
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His favorite herb; while all the leafless groves,
That skirt th' horizon, wore a sable hue, 320
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve.
To-morrow brings a change, a total change!
Which even now, though silently performed,
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes. 325
Fast falls a fleecy shower: the downy flakes,
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle; and the
green 330
And tender blade, that feared the chilling
blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.
In such a world; so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted; or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side; 335
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguished than ourselves; that
thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathise with others, suffering
more. 340
Ill fares the traveller now, and he that stalks
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close

To the clogged wheels; and in its sluggish
pace, 345
Noiseless, appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While every breath, by respiration strong
Forced downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, formed to
bear 350
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and puckered cheeks,
and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
One hand secures his hat, save when with
both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip, 355
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.
Oh happy; and, in my account, denied
That sensibility of pain with which
Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou!
Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed 360
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpaired.
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vigorous pulse; and the unhealthful east,
That breathes the spleen, and searches
every bone
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee. 365
Thy days roll on, exempt from household care;
The waggon is thy wife; and the poor beasts,
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy
care.
Ah, treat them kindly! rude as thou ap-
pear'st, 370
Yet show that thou hast mercy! which the
great,
With needless hurry whirled from place to
place,
Humane as they would seem, not always
show.
Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat;
Such claim compassion in a night like this, 375
And have a friend in every feeling heart.
Warmed, while it lasts, by labor, all day
long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad and fed but sparsely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles when she
lights 380
Her scanty stock of brush-wood, blazing
clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The few small embers left she nurses well;
And, while her infant race, with outspread
hands
And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the
sparks, 385
Retires, content to quake, so they be
warmed.

The man feels least, as more inured than she
To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly moved by his severer toil;
Yet he, too, finds his own distress in
their's.

The taper soon extinguished, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end
Just when the day declined, and the brown
loaf

Lodged on the shelf, half eaten, without sauce
Of savory cheese, or butter, costlier still; 395
Sleep seems their only refuge: for, alas,
Where penury is felt the thought is chained,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few!
With all this thrift they thrive not. All the
care

Ingenious parsimony takes but just 400
Saves the small inventory, bed, and stool,
Skillet, and old carved chest, from public
sale.

They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands; but other boast have
none

To soothe their honest pride, that scorns to
beg, 405

Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.
I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,
For ye are worthy; choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust, hard earned,
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure 410
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs

Of knaves in office, partial in the work
Of distribution; liberal of their aid
To clamorous importunity in rags,
But oft-times deaf to suppliants, who would
blush 415

To wear a tattered garb however coarse,
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth:
These ask with painful shyness, and, refused
Because deserving, silently retire!
But be ye of good courage! Time itself 420
Shall much befriend you. Time shall give
increase;

And all your numerous progeny, well-trained,
But helpless, in few years shall find their
hands,

And labor too. Meanwhile ye shall not want
What, conscious of your virtues, we can
spare; 425
Nor what a wealthier than ourselves may
send.

I mean the man, who, when the distant poor
Need help, denies them nothing but his name.

But poverty, with most who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe; 430
Th' effect of laziness or sottish waste.

Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad
For plunder; much solicitous how best

He may compensate for a day of sloth
By works of darkness and nocturnal
wrong. 435

Woe to the gardener's pale, the farmer's
hedge,

Plashed neatly, and secured with driven
stakes

Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by
strength,

Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame
To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil — 440

An ass's burden — and, when laden most
And heaviest, light of foot, steals fast away.

Nor does the boarded hovel better guard
The well-stacked pile of riven logs and roots

From his pernicious force. Nor will he
leave. 445

Unwrenched the door, however well secured,
Where Chanticleer amidst his haram sleeps

In unsuspecting pomp: Twitched from the
perch,

He gives the princely bird, with all his wives,
To his voracious bag, struggling in vain, 450

And loudly wondering at the sudden
change. —

Nor this to feed his own! 'Twere some
excuse

Did pity of their sufferings warp aside
His principle, and tempt him into sin

For their support, so destitute. — But
they 455

Neglected pine at home; themselves, as more
Exposed than others, with less scruple made

His victims, robbed of their defenceless all.
Cruel is all he does. 'Tis quenchless thirst

Of ruinous ebriety that prompts 460
His every action, and imbrutes the man.

Oh for a law to noose the villain's neck
Who starves his own; who persecutes the
blood

He gave them in his children's veins, and
hates

And wrongs the woman he has sworn to
love! 465

Pass where we may, through city or
through town,

Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,
Though lean and beggared, every twentieth

pace

Conducts th' unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth-issuing from the
styes 470

That law has licensed, as makes temperance
reel.

There sit, involved and lost in curling clouds
Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,

The lackey, and the groom: the craftsman
there

Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil; 475
 Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the
 shears,
 And he that kneads the dough; all loud alike,
 All learned, and all drunk! The fiddle
 screams
 Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wailed
 Its wasted tones and harmony unheard: 480
 Fierce the dispute, whate'er the theme;
 while she,
 Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,
 Perched on the sign-post, holds with even
 hand
 Her undecisive scales. In this she lays
 A weight of ignorance; in that, of pride; 485
 And smiles, delighted with th' eternal poise.
 Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin sound
 The cheek-distending oath, not to be praised
 As ornamental, musical, polite,
 Like those which modern senators employ,
 Whose oath is rhetoric, and who swear for
 fame! 491
 Behold the schools in which plebeian minds,
 Once simple, are initiated in arts
 Which some may practise with politer grace,
 But none with readier skill! — 'tis here they
 learn 495
 The road that leads, from competence and
 peace,
 To indigence and rapine; till at last
 Society, grown weary of the load,
 Shakes her encumbered lap, and casts them
 out.
 But censure profits little: vain th' attempt 500
 To advertise in verse a public pest,
 That, like the filth with which the peasant
 feeds
 His hungry acres, stinks, and is of use.
 Th' excise is fattened with the rich result
 Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks, 505
 For ever dribbling out their base contents,
 Touched by the Midas finger of the state,
 Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
 Drink, and be mad, then; 'tis your country
 bids!
 Gloriously drunk, obey th' important call! 510
 Her cause demands th' assistance of your
 throats; —
 Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.
 Would I had fallen upon those happier
 days
 That poets celebrate; those golden times,
 And those Arcadian scenes; that Maro
 sings, 515
 And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.
 Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had
 hearts
 That felt their virtues: innocence, it seems,

From courts dismissed, found shelter in the
 groves;
 The footsteps of simplicity, impressed 520
 Upon the yielding herbage, (so they sing)
 Then were not all effaced: then speech pro-
 fane,
 And manners profligate, were rarely found;
 Observed as prodigies, and soon reclaimed.
 Vain wish! those days were never: airy
 dreams 525
 Sat for the picture; and the poet's hand,
 Imparting substance to an empty shade,
 Imposed a gay delirium for a truth.
 Grant it: — I still must envy them an age
 That favored such a dream; in days like
 these 530
 Impossible, when virtue is so scarce,
 That to suppose a scene where she presides,
 Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief.
 No: we are polished now! the rural lass,
 Whom once her virgin modesty and grace, 535
 Her artless manners, and her neat attire,
 So dignified, that she was hardly less
 Than the fair shepherdess of old romance,
 Is seen no more. The character is lost! 539
 Her head, adorned with lappets pinned aloft,
 And ribbands streaming gay, superbly raised,
 And magnified beyond all human size,
 Indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand
 For more than half the tresses it sustains;
 Her elbows ruffled, and her tottering form 545
 Ill propped upon French heels, she might be
 deemed
 (But that the basket dangling on her arm
 Interprets her more truly) of a rank
 Too proud for dairy work, or sale of eggs.
 Expect her soon with foot-boy at her heels, 550
 No longer blushing for her awkward load,
 Her train and her umbrella all her care!
 The town has tinged the country; and the
 stain
 Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,
 The worse for what it soils. The fashion
 runs 555
 Down into scenes still rural; but, alas,
 Scenes rarely graced with rural manners now!
 Time was when, in the pastoral retreat,
 Th' unguarded door was safe; men did not
 watch
 T' invade another's right, or guard their
 own. 560
 Then sleep was undisturbed by fear, unscared
 By drunken howlings; and the chilling tale
 Of midnight murder was a wonder heard
 With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes.
 But farewell now to unsuspecting nights, 565
 And slumbers unalarmed! Now, ere you
 sleep,

See that your polished arms be primed with
care,
And drop the night-bolt;—ruffians are
abroad;

And the first larum of the cock's shrill throat
May prove a trumpet, summoning your
ear 570

To horrid sounds of hostile feet within.
Even day-light has its dangers; and the walk
Through pathless wastes and woods, un-
conscious once

Of other tenants than melodious birds,
Or harmless flocks, is hazardous and bold. 575
Lamented change! to which full many a
cause

Inveterate, hopeless of a cure, conspires.
The course of human things from good to ill,
From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails. 579
Increase of power begets increase of wealth;
Wealth luxury, and luxury excess;
Excess, the scrofulous and itchy plague
That seizes first the opulent, descends
To the next rank contagious, and in time
Taints downward all the graduated scale 585
Of order, from the chariot to the plough.
The rich, and they that have an arm to check
The license of the lowest in degree,
Desert their office; and themselves, intent
On pleasure, haunt the capital, and thus 590
To all the violence of lawless hands
Resign the scenes their presence might pro-
tect.

Authority herself not seldom sleeps,
Though resident, and witness of the wrong.
The plump convivial parson often bears 595
The magisterial sword in vain, and lays
His reverence and his worship both to rest
On the same cushion of habitual sloth.
Perhaps timidity restrains his arm;
When he should strike he trembles, and sets
free, 600
Himself enslaved by terror of the band,
Th' audacious convict, whom he dares not
bind.

Perhaps, though by profession ghostly pure,
He too may have his vice, and sometimes
prove 604
Less dainty than becomes his grave outside
In lucrative concerns. Examine well
His milk-white hand; the palm is hardly
clean—

But here and there an ugly smutch appears.
Foh! 'twas a bribe that left it: he has touched
Corruption! Whoso seeks an audit here 610
Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fish,
Wild-fowl or venison; and his errand speeds.

But faster far, and more than all the rest,
A noble cause, which none who bears a spark

Of public virtue ever wished removed, 615
Works the deplored and mischievous effect.
'Tis universal soldiership has stabbed
The heart of merit in the meaner class.
Arms, through the vanity and brainless rage
Of those that bear them, in whatever
cause, 620

Seem most at variance with all moral good,
And incompatible with serious thought.
The clown, the child of nature, without guile,
Blest with an infant's ignorance of all
But his own simple pleasures; now and
then 625

A wrestling-match, a foot-race, or a fair;
Is ballotted, and trembles at the news:
Sheepish he doffs his hat, and, mumbling,
swears

A bible-oath to be whate'er they please,
To do he knows not what! The task per-
formed, 630

That instant he becomes the sergeant's
care,

His pupil, and his torment, and his jest.
His awkward gait, his introverted toes,
Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejected
looks,

Procure him many a curse. By slow
degrees, 635

Unapt to learn, and formed of stubborn stuff,
He yet by slow degrees puts off himself,
Grows conscious of a change, and likes it well:
He stands erect; his slouch becomes a walk;
He steps right onward, martial in his air, 640
His form and movement; is as smart above
As meal and larded locks can make him;
wears

His hat, or his plumed helmet, with a grace;
And, his three years of heroship expired,
Returns indignant to the slighted plough. 645
He hates the field, in which no fife or drum
Attends him; drives his cattle to a march;
And sighs for the smart comrades he has left.
'Twere well if his exterior change were all—
But with his clumsy port the wretch has
lost 650

His ignorance and harmless manners too!
To swear, to game, to drink; to show at home
By lewdness, idleness, and sabbath-breach,
The great proficiency he made abroad;
T' astonish and to grieve his gazing friends, 655
To break some maiden's and his mother's
heart;

To be a pest where he was useful once;
Are his sole aim, and all his glory, now!

Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed: 'tis there alone 660
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use.

But man, associated and leagued with man
By regal warrant, or self-joined by bond
For interest-sake, or swarming into clans 665
Beneath one head for purposes of war,
Like flowers selected from the rest, and bound
And bundled close to fill some crowded vase,
Fades rapidly, and, by compression marred,
Contracts defilement not to be endured. 670
Hence chartered boroughs are such public
plagues;

And burghers, men immaculate perhaps
In all their private functions, once com-
bined,

Become a loathsome body, only fit
For dissolution, hurtful to the main. 675
Hence merchants, unimpeachable of sin
Against the charities of domestic life,
Incorporated, seem at once to lose
Their nature; and, disclaiming all regard
For mercy and the common rights of man, 680
Build factories with blood, conducting trade
At the sword's point, and dyeing the white
robe

Of innocent commercial justice red.
Hence, too, the field of glory, as the world
Misdeems it, dazzled by its bright array, 685
With all its majesty of thundering pomp,
Enchanting music, and immortal wreaths,
Is but a school where thoughtlessness is
taught

On principle, where foppery atones
For folly, gallantry for every vice. 690

But, slighted as it is, and by the great
Abandoned, and, which still I more regret,
Infected with the manners and the modes
It knew not once, the country wins me still.
That flattered me with hopes of earthly
bliss, 695

I never framed a wish, or formed a plan,
But there I laid the scene. There early
strayed

My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural; rural, too, 700
The first-born efforts of my youthful muse,
Sportive, and jingling her poetic bells
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their powers.
No bard could please me but whose lyre was
tuned

To Nature's praises. Heroes and their
feats 705

Fatigued me, never weary of the pipe
Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,
The rustic throng beneath his favorite beech.
Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms:
New to my taste, his Paradise surpassed 710
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue
To speak its excellence. I danced for joy.

I marvelled much that, at so ripe an age
As twice seven years, his beauties had then
first

Engaged my wonder; and, admiring still, 715
And still admiring, with regret supposed
The joy half lost because not sooner found.
Thee too, enamored of the life I loved,
Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit
Determined, and possessing it at last 720
With transports such as favored lovers feel,
I studied, prized, and wished that I had
known,

Ingenious Cowley! and, though now re-
claimed

By modern lights from an erroneous taste,
I cannot but lament thy splendid wit 725
Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools.
I still revere thee, courtly though retired;
Though stretched at ease in Chertsey's silent
bowers,

Not unemployed; and finding rich amends
For a lost world in solitude and verse. 730
'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's
works

Is an ingredient in the compound man,
Infused at the creation of the kind.
And, though th' Almighty Maker has
throughout

Discriminated each from each, by strokes 735
And touches of his hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points — yet this obtains in
all,

That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste them: minds that have been
formed 740

And tutored, with a relish more exact,
But none without some relish, none un-
moved.

It is a flame that dies not even there,
Where nothing feeds it: neither business,
crowds,

Nor habits of luxurious city-life; 745
Whatever else they smother of true worth
In human bosoms; quench it, or abate.
The villas with which London stands begirt,
Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,
Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air, 750
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they
cheer

The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
Even in the stifling bosom of the town,
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has
charms

That soothe the rich possessor; much con-
soled, 755

That here and there some sprigs of mournful
mint,

Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint
That nature lives; that sight-refreshing green
Is still the livery she delights to wear, 760
Though sickly samples of th' exuberant
whole.

What are the casements lined with creeping
herbs,

The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling? are they not all
proofs 765

That man, immured in cities, still retains
His inborn inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts, the best he may?
The most unfurnished with the means of
life, 770

And they that never pass their brick-wall
bounds

To range the fields and treat their lungs with
air,

Yet feel the burning instinct: over head
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
And watered duly. There the pitcher
stands 775

A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there;
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardor he contrives
A peep at nature, when he can no more.

Hail, therefore, patroness of health, and
ease, 780

And contemplation, heart-consoling joys
And harmless pleasures, in the thronged
abode

Of multitudes unknown! hail, rural life!
Address himself who will to the pursuit
Of honors, or emolument, or fame; 785
I shall not add myself to such a chase,
Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.
Some must be great. Great offices will
have

Great talents. And God gives to every
man

The virtue, temper, understanding, taste, 790
That lifts him into life; and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.

To the deliverer of an injured land
He gives a tongue t' enlarge upon, an heart
To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs; 795

To monarchs dignity; to judges sense;
To artists ingenuity and skill;

To me an unambitious mind, content
In the low vale of life, that early felt

A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long 800
Found here that leisure and that ease I
wished.

1 Mignonette. [Cowper.]

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

The Royal George, flagship of Admiral Kempenfelt, while refitting at Portsmouth, was heeled over to repair a leak below the water-line. Suddenly the vessel went down with the loss of eight hundred lives, including that of the admiral. The date of the disaster was August, 1782. In the preceding year, Kempenfelt had won a brilliant victory over a greatly superior French fleet under De Guichen.

Toll for the brave —

The brave! that are no more:

All sunk beneath the wave,

Fast by their native shore.

Eight hundred of the brave, 805

Whose courage well was tried,

Had made the vessel heel

And laid her on her side;

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,

And she was overset; 810

Down went the Royal George,

With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave —

Brave Kempenfelt is gone,

His last sea-fight is fought, 815

His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle,

No tempest gave the shock,

She sprang no fatal leak,

She ran upon no rock; 820

His sword was in the sheath,

His fingers held the pen,

When Kempenfelt went down

With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up, 825

Once dreaded by our foes,

And mingle with your cup

The tears that England owes;

Her timbers yet are sound,

And she may float again, 830

Full charged with England's thunder,

And plough the distant main;

But Kempenfelt is gone,

His victories are o'er;

And he and his Eight hundred 835

Must plough the wave no more.

1782.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK

Oh that those lips had language! Life has
passed

With me but roughly since I heard thee last

Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smiles
I see,

The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears
away!"

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the
same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
Oh welcome guest, though unexpected, here!
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief —
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,

A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast
dead,

Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unseen, a
kiss;

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
Ah that maternal smile! it answers — Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window,
drew

A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? — It was. — Where thou
art gone

Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my con-
cern,

Oft gave me promise of a quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er
forgot,

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no
more,

Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt

In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our
own.

Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness
there,

Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly
laid;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and
glowed;

All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no
fall,

Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and
brakes

That humor interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so, to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed
here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the
hours,

When, playing with thy vesture's tissued
flowers,

The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the
while,

Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head
and smile)

Could those few pleasant hours again
appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish
them here?

I would not trust my heart — the dear
delight

Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might. —
But no — what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's
coast

(The storms all weathered and the ocean
crossed)

Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons
smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers
gay; 95

So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached
the shore

"Where tempests never beat nor billows
roar," 1

And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since, has anchored at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest, 100
Always from port withheld, always dis-
tressed —

Me howling winds drive devious, tempest
tossed,

Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass
lost,

And day by day some current's thwarting
force

Sets me more distant from a prosperous
course. 105

But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and
he!

That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions
rise — 110

The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell — time, unrevoked, has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is
done.

By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t' have lived my childhood o'er
again; 115

To have renewed the joys that once were
mine,

Without the sin of violating thine:

And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic shew of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft —
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me
left. 121

1790.

TO MARY

The twentieth year is well-nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah would that this might be the last!

My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow, 5
I see thee daily weaker grow —

'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

* Garth. [Cowper.]

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore, 10
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will, 15
My Mary!

But well thou played'st the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary! 20

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright, 25
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see? 30
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine, 35
My Mary!

And then I feel that still I hold
A richer store ten thousandfold
Than misers fancy in their gold,
My Mary! 40

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill, 45
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show 50
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last. 55
My Mary!

1793.

THE CASTAWAY

Obscurest night involved the sky,
 Th' Atlantic billows roared,
 When such a destined wretch as I,
 Washed headlong from on board,
 Of friends, of hope, of all bereft, 5
 His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
 Than he with whom he went,
 Nor ever ship left Albion's coast,
 With warmer wishes sent. 10
 He loved them both, but both in vain,
 Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
 Expert to swim, he lay;
 Nor soon he felt his strength decline, 15
 Or courage die away;
 But waged with death a lasting strife,
 Supported by despair of life.

He shouted: nor his friends had failed
 To check the vessel's course, 20
 But so the furious blast prevailed,
 That, pitiless perforce,
 They left their outcast mate behind,
 And scudded still before the wind.

Some succor yet they could afford; 25
 And, such as storms allow,
 The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
 Delayed not to bestow.
 But he (they knew) nor ship, nor shore,
 Whate'er they gave, should visit more. 30

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
 Their haste himself condemn,
 Aware that flight, in such a sea,
 Alone could rescue them;

Yet bitter felt it still to die 35
 Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
 In ocean, self-upheld;
 And so long he, with unspent power,
 His destiny repelled; 40
 And ever, as the minutes flew,
 Entreated help, or cried — Adieu!

At length, his transient respite past,
 His comrades, who before
 Had heard his voice in every blast, 45
 Could catch the sound no more.
 For then, by toil subdued, he drank
 The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him: but the page
 Of narrative sincere, 50
 That tells his name, his worth, his age,
 Is wet with Anson's¹ tear.
 And tears by bards or heroes shed
 Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream, 55
 Descanting on his fate,
 To give the melancholy theme
 A more enduring date:
 But misery still delights to trace
 Its semblance in another's case. 60

No voice divine the storm allayed,
 No light propitious shone;
 When, snatched from all effectual aid,
 We perished, each alone:
 But I beneath a rougher sea, 65
 And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

1799.

¹ Lord Anson, admiral of the fleet, and author of a *Voyage Around the World*, in which the story is told.

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Robert Burns was born at Alloway, near Ayr, in south-western Scotland, in 1759. His father, a tenant-farmer who had built with his own hands the clay cottage in which the poet was born, was an intelligent man, sincerely religious and of admirable character, but never successful in his calling. The household in which Burns grew to manhood is pictured with some idealizing in the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. Burns had a few years of schooling, during which he read all the stray books on which he could lay his hands, and acquired a fair reading knowledge of French. But when he was a lad of fifteen, he was already doing the full work of a farm-laborer. One must never forget that Burns was a peasant, though a very extraordinary one. Until he was twenty-eight he had never travelled more than ten miles from his birthplace. His poems and songs were written in the first instance for his friends and neighbors in rural Scotland. Discouraged by the hardship and poverty of his life, he decided to emigrate to Jamaica. To raise money for his voyage, he published in 1786, at the near-by town of Kilmarnock, a collection of his poems. It cleared him twenty pounds, and made a small sensation. This edition exhausted, he decided to print another, this time

at Edinburgh. Late in the year Burns went himself to Edinburgh, where he stayed off and on for a little over a year. The fashionable and literary society of the capital made much of him. The Edinburgh edition of 1787 brought him in five hundred pounds, out of which he made a generous gift to his brother Gilbert, still struggling on at the old farm in Ayrshire. His Edinburgh friends dined him and wined him; but for practical encouragement of his genius they could do nothing better than get him an appointment in the excise service, where he was to measure beer-barrels and prevent smuggling. He took a farm at Ellisland near Dumfries, and combined farming with his duties as exciseman. There, and later at the town of Dumfries, he lived for the ten years that remained to him of life, composing in his leisure time the songs which are the most popular part of his work. For them he refused to receive any remuneration; they were done for old Scotland's sake as a patriotic service of love. These years were not happy. His duties in the excise did not interest him; his outspoken sympathy with the cause of the French Revolution prevented any advancement. The old poverty was closing in about him. He frequently drank to excess. In 1796 he died, a disappointed man, only thirty-seven years old, and Scotland lost her most famous poet.

Burns's songs are many of them love songs, and Burns "dearly loved the lasses, O." A rather bewildering multiplicity of them appear in his verses. In the spring of 1786, Jean Armour, daughter of a master mason at Mauchline, was found to be with child by him; and Burns gave her a written paper acknowledging her as his wife. But Jean's father refused to recognize the marriage. Burns found a new love in Mary Campbell, "Highland Mary," to whom he betrothed himself, and whom he planned to take with him to Jamaica. She died of a fever before the end of the year. In 1788 he was formally married to Jean Armour. But Jean and Mary are but two among many; Burns was always in love.

The fame of Burns spread rapidly. He was hailed as the "peasant-poet," the "child of nature," who owed nothing to the schools — the triumphant justification of the romantic revolt against civilization. But this view of him is at most only part of the truth. The *Cotter's Saturday Night* owes much to the literary tradition of Gray's *Elegy* and Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. The lines *To a Mouse* echo the school of eighteenth-century "sensibility." More important is the debt which Burns owes to the literature of his native Scotland, from which he derived the suggestions for most of his songs, his homely realism and love of the grotesque, and many of his metrical forms. But what he borrowed he transformed by the power of his own original genius. His is the fire and energy, the passionate intensity, the love of his fellows which can make us feel that "a man's a man for a' that," even when his setting is the disreputable squalor of the *Jolly Beggars*. His is the vividness of realization which makes us half believe the grotesque rollicking tale of *Tam o'Shanter*. When he resings them, the old popular songs become masterpieces of lyric art.

Burns could write, when he chose, in standard English; but when he so wrote he was seldom himself. The reader who would really know him must accept him in the dialect of his own rural district.

The standard edition of Burns is the Centenary Edition of 1896 in four volumes. The text of this edition, and its brilliant introductory essay by W. E. Henley, are reproduced in the Cambridge Poets edition (Houghton Mifflin Company).

THE TWA DOGS

A TALE

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle
That bears the name of auld King Coil,¹
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang² at hame, 5
Forgathered ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for "his Honor's" pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,³
Shewed he was nane o' Scotland's dogs; 10
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod.⁴

His lockèd, lettered, braw brass collar
Shewed him the gentleman an' scholar;

But tho' he was o' high degree, 15
The fient⁵ a pride, nae pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipsy's messin;⁶
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke,⁷ tho' e'er sae duddie,⁸ 20
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
An' stroan't⁹ on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,⁶
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him, 25
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,⁷
Was made lang syne — Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash⁸ an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.⁹ 30

1 i.e. Kyle, the middle district of Ayrshire.
2 busy. 3 ears. 4 i.e. Newfoundland.

1 devil. 2 cur. 3 no dog with matted hair.
4 ragged. 5 make water. 6 fellow.
7 i.e. in Macpherson's "Ossian."
8 wise. 9 leaped a ditch or wall.

His honest, sonsie,¹ baws'nt² a face
 Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
 His breast was white, his tousie back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
 His gawsie³ tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung owre his hurdies⁴ wi' a swirl.

35

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 And unco pack an' thick thegither;⁵
 Wi' social nose whyles snuffed an' snowkit;⁶
 Whyles mice an' moudieworts⁷ they how-
 kit;⁸
 Whyles scoured awa' in lang excursion,
 An' worryed ither in diversion;
 Till tired at last wi' monie a farce,
 They sat them down upon their arse,
 An' there began a lang digression⁹
 About the "lords o' the creation."

40

CÆSAR

I've aften wondered, honest Luath,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies lived ava.⁹

50

Our laird gets in his rackèd rents,
 His coals, his kain,¹⁰ an' a' his stents;¹¹
 He rises when he likes himsel;
 His flunkies answer at the bell;
 He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
 He draws a bonie silken purse,
 As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,¹²
 The yellow lettered Geordie keeks.¹³

55

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
 An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,¹⁴
 Yet ev'n the ha' folk¹⁵ fill their pechan¹⁶
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, an sic like trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie:
 Our whipper-in, wee, blastit wonner,¹⁷
 Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
 Better than onie tenant-man
 His Honor has in a' the lan';
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,¹⁸
 I own it's past my comprehension.

70

LUATH

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't¹⁹
 enough:
 A cotter howkin in a sheugh,²⁰

Wi' dirty stanes biggin¹ a dyke,
 Baring a quarry, an' sic like;
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,²
 An' nought but his han' darg³ to keep
 Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.⁴

75

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger:
 But how it comes, I never kend yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
 An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,⁵
 Are brèd in sic a way as this is.

85

CÆSAR

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
 How huffed, an' cuffed, an' disrespeckit!
 Lord, man, our gentry care as little
 For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
 They gang as saucy by poor folk,
 As I wad by a stinking brock.⁶

90

I've noticed, on our laird's court-day,
 (An' monie a time my heart's been wae),
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
 How they maun thole⁷ a factor's snash;⁸
 He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear
 He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;⁹
 While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
 An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

100

I see how folk live that hae riches;
 But surely poor-folk maun be wretches!

LUATH

They're nae sae wretched's anè wad think;
 Tho' constantly on poortith's¹⁰ brink,
 They're sae accustomed wi' the sight,
 The view o't gies them little fright.

105

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
 They're ay in less or mair provided;
 An' tho' fatigued wi' close employment,
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

110

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie¹¹ weans an' faithfu' wives;
 The prattling things are just their pride,
 That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy¹²
 Can mak the bodies unco happy:

1 pleasant. 2 white-streaked.
 3 big and joyous. 4 buttocks.
 5 very confidential together. 6 sniffed.
 7 moles. 8 dug out. 9 at all.
 10 rents paid in kind. 11 dues. 12 stitches.
 13 peeps. 14 stuffing. 15 hall-folk (servants).
 16 stomach. 17 wonder (used ironically).
 18 put in their paunch. 19 worried.
 20 digging in the ditch.

1 building. 2 A litter of small ragged children.
 3 hand-labor. 4 thatch and rope (i.e. a roof).
 5 stalwart fellows and clever young women.
 6 badger. 7 endure. 8 abuse.
 9 seize their goods. 10 poverty's. 11 growing. 12 ale.

They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs;
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, 120
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie ¹ at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-faced Hallowmass ² returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,³
When rural life, of ev'ry station, 125
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty win's; 130
The nappy reeks ⁴ wi' mantling ream,⁵
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin ⁶ pipe, an' sneeshin mill,⁷
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie ⁸ auld folks crackin crouse,⁹ 135
The young anes ranting thro' the house —
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said
Sic game is now owre aften played; 140
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont ¹⁰ folk,
Are riven out baith root an' branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster 145
In favor wi' some gentle master,
Wha, aiblins ¹¹ thrang ¹² a parliamentin',
For Britain's guid his saul indentin' —

CÆSAR

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it: 149
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
Say rather, gaun ¹³ as Premiers lead him:
An' saying aye or no's they bid him:
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
Or maybe, in a frolic daft, 155
To Hague or Calais taks a waft,
To mak a tour an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton*, an' see the worl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails; 160
Or by Madrid he taks the rout,
To thrum guitars an' fecht wi' nowt;¹⁴
Or down Italian vista startles,
Whore-hunting amang groves o' myrtles;

Then bowses drumlie ¹ German-water, 165
To mak himsel look fair an' fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.

For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud an' faction. 170

LUATH

Hech, man! dear sirs! is that the gate ²
They waste sae monie a brow estate!
Are we sae foughten an' harassed
For gear ta gang that gate at last?

O would they stay aback frae courts, 175
An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, an' the cotter!
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient haet ³ o' them's ill-hearted fellows: 180
Except for breakin o' their timmer,⁴
Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,⁵
Or shootin of a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, master Cæsar: 185
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer ⁶ them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR

Lord, man, were ye but whyles where I am,
The gentles, ye wad ne'er envy 'em! 190

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,⁷
An' fill auld-age wi' grips an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools, 195
For a' their colleges an' schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them;
An' ay the less they hae to sturt ⁸ them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them. 200

A countra fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's tilled, he's right enugh;
A countra girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel;
But gentlemen, an' ladies warst, 205
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst;
They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy;
Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy:
Their days insipid, dull an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang an' restless. 210

1 marvel. 2 All Saints' Day (November 1).
3 harvest-homes. 4 smokes. 5 foam.
6 smoking. 7 i.e. snuff-box. 8 lively.
9 talking cheerfully. 10 seemly. 11 perhaps.
12 busy. 13 going. 14 fight with cattle (bulls).

1 muddy. 2 way. 3 not one (the devil have it).
4 timber. 5 mistress. 6 stir, molest.
7 crack their bones. 8 worry.

An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping through public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party-matches, 215
Then sowther¹ a' in deep debauches;
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' whor-
ing,
Niest day their life is past enduring.

The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great an' gracious a' as sisters; 220
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal-potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks 225
Pore owre the devil's pictured beuks;²
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exceptions, man an' woman;
But this is Gentry's life in common. 230

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloamin brought the night;
The bum-clock³ hummed wi' lazy drone;
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;⁴
When up they gat, an' shook their lugs, 235
Rejoiced they were na *men*, but *dogs*.
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolved to meet some ither day.

1786.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
GRAY.

I

My loved, my honored, much respected
friend!⁵

No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
praise:

To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays, 5
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless
ways;

What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier
there I ween!

2

November chill blows loud wi' angry sugh; 10
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their
repose:

The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes —
This night his weekly moil is at an end, 15
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his
hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does
hameward bend.

3

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree; 20
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher¹
through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin'² noise and
glee.

His wee bit ingle,³ blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's
smile,

The lisping infant, prattling on his knee, 25
Does a' his weary kiaugh⁴ and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and
his toil.

4

Belyve,⁵ the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie⁶
rin 30

A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman
grown,

In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame; perhaps, to shew a braw⁷
new gown,

Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee, 35
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship
be.

5

With joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters
meet,

And each for other's weelfare kindly
spiers:⁸

The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed
fleet;

1 solder. 2 i.e. playing cards.
3 humming beetle. 4 bellowing in the lane.
5 Robert Aiken, one of the poet's Ayrshire friends.

1 stagger. 2 fluttering. 3 fire.
4 anxiety. 5 by-and-by. 6 watchful.
7 fine. 8 asks.

Each tells the uncos¹ that he sees or
hears. 40

The parents partial eye their hopeful
years;

Anticipation forward points the view;

The mother, wi' her needle and her sheers,
Gars² auld claes look amais³ as weel's the
new;

The father mixes a' wi' admonition due. 45

6

Their master's and their mistress's command
The youngers a' are warnèd to obey;

And mind their labors wi' an eydent³ hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk⁴ or
play:

"And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway, 50
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night;
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the
Lord aright."

7

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door; 55
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,

To do some errands, and convoy her
home.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;

With heart-struck anxious care, enquires
his name, 61

"While Jenny hafflins⁵ is afraid to speak;
Weel-pleasèd the mother hears, it's nae
wild, worthless rake.

8

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him
ben; 6

A strappin' youth, he takes the mother's
eye; 65

Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
The father cracks⁷ of horses, pleughs, and
kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi'
joy,

But blate and laithfu',⁸ scarce can weel be-
have;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can
spy 70

What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae
grave;

Weel-pleasèd to think her bairn's respected
like the lave.⁹

1 strange things. 2 makes. 3 diligent.
4 dally. 5 half. 6 in. 7 talks.
8 bashful and sheepish. 9 rest.

9

O happy love! where love like this is found;
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond com-
pare!

I've paced much this weary, mortal round, 75
And sage experience bids me this de-
clare: —

"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure
spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms, breathe out the tender
tale 80
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
ev'ning gale."

10

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling,
smooth! 86

Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?

Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their
child?

Then paints the ruined maid, and their dis-
traction wild? 90

11

But now the supper crowns their simple
board,

The healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's
food;

The soupe their only hawkie¹ does afford,
That 'yont the hallan² snugly chows her
cood;

The dame brings forth, in complimentary
mood, 95

To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck,³
fell; 4

And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond⁵ auld, sin' lint was i'
the bell.

12

The chearfu' supper done, wi' serious
face, 100

They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,

The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride.

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets⁶ wearing thin and bare; 105

1 cow. 2 beyond the partition.
3 well-saved cheese. 4 pungent.
5 twelve-month. 6 gray temples.

Those strains that once did sweet in Zion
glide,
He wales ¹ a portion with judicious care,
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with
solemn air.

13

They chant their artless notes in simple
guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest
aim;
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling measures
rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;
Or noble *Elgin* beats ² the heaven-ward
flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are
tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's
praise.

14

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage;
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or, how the royal Bard ³ did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

15

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme:
How guiltless blood for guilty man was
shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second
name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His
head;
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced
by Heaven's command.

16

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal
King,
The saint, the father, and the husband
prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant
wing," ⁴

That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an
eternal sphere.

17

Compared with this, how poor Religion's
pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art;
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart,
The Power, incensed, the pageant will
desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleased, the language of the
soul,
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor
enroll.

18

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm re-
quest,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous
nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the
best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with Grace
Divine preside.

19

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur
springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered
abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of
kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of
God;"
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refined!

20

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is
sent!

¹ From Pope's *Essay on Man*.

¹ chooses. ² kindles. ³ i.e. David.
⁴ From Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet
 content! 175
 And O! may Heaven their simple lives pre-
 vent
 From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be
 rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-
 loved Isle. 180

21

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide,
 That streamed thro' Wallace's undaunted
 heart,
 Who dared to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part:
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou
 art, 185
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and
 guard!
 1785-6.

TO A MOUSE

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH
 THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785

1

Wee, sleekit,¹ cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty
 Wi' bickering brattle!²
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee, 5
 Wi' murdering pattle!³

2

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle 10
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion
 An' fellow mortal!

3

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen icker in a thrave⁴ 15
 'S a sma' request;
 I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,⁵
 An' never miss 't!

1 sleek. 2 with hurrying scamper.
 3 plow-staff.
 4 An occasional ear in a pile of twenty-four sheaves.
 5 remainder.

4

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin! 20
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's win's ensuin,
 Baith snell¹ an' keen!

5

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste, 25
 An' weary winter comin fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell. 30

6

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
 Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,²
 To thole³ the winter's sleety dribble, 35
 An' cranreuch⁴ cauld!

7

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain:
 The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft agley,⁵ 40
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
 For promised joy!

8

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But och! I backward cast my e'e,
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, tho' I canna see, 45
 I guess an' fear!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH
 IN APRIL, 1786

1

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure⁶
 Thy slender stem:
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r, 5
 Thou bonie gem.

2

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonie lark, companion meet,

1 biting. 2 without house or holding.
 3 endure. 4 hoar-frost. 5 askew. 6 dust.

Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' spreckled breast! 10
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.

3

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth 15
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce reared above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

4

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield:
 But thou, beneath the random bield¹ 21
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie² stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

5

There, in thy scanty mantle clad, 25
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies! 30

6

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betrayed,
 And guileless trust;
 Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid 35
 Low i' the dust.

7

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On Life's rough ocean luckless starred!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore, 40
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

8

Such fate to suffering Worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n 45
 To mis'ry's brink;
 Till, wrenched of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruined, sink!

9

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine — no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's plough-share drives elate, 50

1 shelter.

2 bare.

Full on thy bloom,
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom!

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD, APRIL 1, 1785

I

While briers an' woodbines budding green,
 And pairtricks¹ scaichin loud at e'en,
 An' morning poussie² whiddin³ seen,
 Inspire my Muse,
 This freedom, in an unknown frien' 5
 I pray excuse.

2

On Fasten-e'en⁴ we had a rockin,⁵
 To ca' the crack⁶ and weave our stockin;
 And there was muckle fun and jokin,
 Ye need na doubt; 10
 At length we had a hearty yokin,⁷
 At "sang about."

3

There was ae sang, among the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
 That some kind husband had address 15
 To some sweet wife:
 It thirled⁸ the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

4

I've scarce heard ought described sae weel,
 What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel; 20
 Thought I, "Can this be Pope or Steele,
 Or Beattie's wark?"
 They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
 About Muirkirk.

5

It pat me fidgin-fain⁹ to hear 't, 25
 An' sae about him there I spier 't;¹⁰
 Then a' that kent him round declared
 He had ingine;¹¹
 That nane excelled it, few cam near 't,
 It was sae fine: 30

6

That, set him to a pint of ale,
 An' either douce¹² or merry tale,
 Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
 Or witty catches,
 'Tween Inverness an' Teviotdale, 35
 He had few matches.

1 partridges.

2 hare.

3 scudding.

4 The eve of Ash Wednesday.

5 social meeting.

6 have a chat.

7 spell.

8 thrilled.

9 It made me fidget with eagerness.

10 inquired.

11 genius.

12 serious.

7

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,
 Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,¹
 Or die a cadger pownie's ² death,
 At some dyke-back,³ 40
 A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
 To hear your crack.⁴

8

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
 Amaist as soon as I could spell,
 I to the crambo-jingle ⁵ fell; 45
 Tho' rude an' rough —
 Yet crooning to a body's sel,
 Does weel enuegh.

9

I am nae poet, in a sense;
 But just a rhymer like by chance, 50
 An' hae to learning nae pretence;
 Yet, what the matter?
 Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
 I jingle at her.

10

Your critic-folk may cock their nose, 55
 And say, "How can you e'er propose,
 You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
 To mak a sang?"
 But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
 Ye're maybe wrang. 60

11

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
 Your Latin names for horns an' stools?
 If honest Nature made you fools,
 What sairs ⁶ your grammars?
 Ye'd better taen up spades and shoals, 65
 Or knappin-hammers.

12

A set o' dull, conceited hashers ⁷
 Confuse their brains in college-classes,
 They gang in stirks,⁸ and come out asses,
 Plain truth to speak; 70
 An' syne ⁹ they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek!

13

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire;
 Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire 75
 At pleugh or cart,
 My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

14

O for a spunk o' Allan's ¹ glee,
 Or Fergusson's, the bauld an' slee, 80
 Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
 If I can hit it!
 That would be lear ² enuegh for me,
 If I could get it.

15

Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow, 85
 Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few;
 Yet, if your catalogue be fow,³
 I se no insist:
 But, gif ye want ae friend that's true,
 I'm on your list. 90

16

I winna blaw about mysel,
 As ill I like my fauts to tell;
 But friends, an' folks that wish me well,
 They sometimes roose ⁴ me;
 Tho', I maun own, as monie still 95
 As far abuse me.

17

There's ae wee faut they whyles lay to me,
 I like the lasses — Gude forgie me!
 For monie a plack ⁵ they wheedle frae me
 At dance or fair; 100
 Maybe some ither thing they gie me,
 They weel can spare.

18

But Mauchline Race or Mauchline Fair,
 I should be proud to meet you there:
 We 'se gie ae night's discharge to care, 105
 If we forgather;
 And hae a swap o' rhymin-ware ⁶
 Wi' ane anither.

19

The four-gill chap,⁷ we'se gar ⁸ him clatter,
 An' kirsen him wi' reekin water; ⁹ 110
 Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,¹⁰
 To cheer our heart;
 An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
 Before we part.

20

Awa ye selfish, warly race, 115
 Wha think that havins,¹¹ sense, an' grace,

¹ Allan Ramsay (1686-1758) and Robert Fergusson (1750-74), Scotch poets.

² learning. ³ full. ⁴ praise.

⁵ coin. ⁶ i.e. exchange poems.

⁷ i.e. the light drinker. ⁸ make.

⁹ And christen himself with steaming water.

¹⁰ hearty draught. ¹¹ good manners.

¹ tools. ² hawker's pony's. ³ back of a fence.

⁴ talk. ⁵ rhyming. ⁶ serves.

⁷ dunderheads. ⁸ young bullocks. ⁹ then.

Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
To Catch-the-Plack!¹
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.² 120

21

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
"Each aid the others,"
Come to my bowl, come to my arms, 125
My friends, my brothers!

22

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the gristle,
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fistle,³
Who am most fervent, 130
While I can either sing or whistle,
Your friend and servant.

1785.

TAM O' SHANTER

A TALE

Of Brownie and of Bogillie full is this Buke.
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

The ruined church of Alloway stands on the banks of the Doon, about three-quarters of a mile from the poet's birthplace, so that the scene of the story is intimately familiar to Burns and to his friends. The poem, first published in *The Edinburgh Magazine* for March, 1791, is a superb example of that mingling of humor and horror which we call the grotesque, and admirable in the rapid movement and vividness of its narrative.

When chapman billies⁴ leave the street,
And drouthy⁵ neebors neebors meet;
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;⁶
While we sit bousing at the nappy,⁷
An' getting fou and unco⁸ happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps,⁹ and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame, 10
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses, 15
For honest men and bonie lasses).

1 hunt-the-coin. 2 talk.
3 make me tingle (with delight). 4 pedlar-fellows.
5 thirsty. 6 go home. 7 ale.
8 uncommonly. 9 gates.

O Tam, had'st thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,¹
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;²
That frae November till October, 21
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder³ wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on, 25
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied, that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in
Doon, 30
Or caught wi' warlocks⁵ in the mirk⁹
By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

Ah! gentle dames, it gars me greet,⁷
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthened, sage advices 35
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle,⁸ bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats,⁹ that drank divinely; 40
And at his elbow, Souter¹⁰ Johnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronie;
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter; 45
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious
Wi' secret favors, sweet and precious:
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus: 50
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himsel among the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, 55
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread:
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed; 60
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white — then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form 65
Evanishing amid the storm.

1 good-for-nothing. 2 babbler. 3 grinding.
4 That every time a nag was shoed. 5 wizards.
6 dark. 7 makes me weep.
8 fireplace. 9 foaming ale. 10 cobbler.

Nae man can tether time or tide;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride:
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-
 stane,
 That dreary hour Tam mounts his beast in;
 And sic a night he taks the road in, 71
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last;
 The rattling showers rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
 Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed:
 That night, a child might understand, 77
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg,
 A better never lifted leg, 80
 Tam skelpit¹ on thro' dub² and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots
 sonnet,
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares, 85
 Lest bogles³ catch him unawares:
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;⁴ 90
 And past the birks⁵ and meikle stane,
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
 And thro' the whins,⁶ and by the cairn,⁷
 Where hunters fand the murdered bairn;⁸
 And near the thorn, aboon the well, 95
 Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
 Near and more near the thunders roll: 100
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze,⁹
 Thro' ilka bore¹⁰ the beams were glancing,
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn, 105
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
 Wi' tippenny,¹¹ we fear nae evil;
 Wi' usquabae,¹² we'll face the Devil!
 The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.¹³ 110
 But Maggie stood, right sair astonished,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
 She ventured forward on the light;
 And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance: 115
 Nae cotillion, brent new¹ frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 A winnock-bunker² in the east,
 There sat Auld Nick, in shape o' beast; 120
 A tousie tyke,³ black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge:
 He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,⁴
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.⁵
 Coffins stood round, like open presses, 125
 That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
 And, by some devilish cantraip⁶ sleight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light:
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table, 130
 A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airns;⁷
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;
 A thief new-cutted frae a rape —
 Wi' his last gasp his gab⁸ did gape;
 Five tomahawks wi' bluid red-crusted; 135
 Five scymitars wi' murder crusted;
 A garter which a babe had strangled;
 A knife a father's throat had mangled —
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft —
 The grey-hairs yet stack to the heft; 140
 Wi' mair of horrible and awefu',
 Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed, and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
 The piper loud and louder blew, 145
 The dancers quick and quicker flew,
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they
 cleekit,⁹
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,¹⁰
 And coost her duddies¹¹ to the wark,
 And linket¹² at it in her sark¹³! 150

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,¹⁴
 A' plump and strapping in their teens!
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie¹⁵ flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen! —
 Thir¹⁶ breeks o' mine, my only pair, 155
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies¹⁷
 For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

But withered beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie¹⁸ hags wad spean¹⁹ a foal, 160
 Louping and flinging on a crummock,²⁰
 I wonder did na turn thy stomach!

1 hastened. 2 puddle. 3 hobgoblins.
 4 smothered. 5 birches. 6 furze.
 7 pile of stones. 8 child. 9 blaze.
 10 opening. 11 two-penny ale. 12 whiskey.
 13 he cared not a farthing for devils.

1 brand-new. 2 window-seat. 3 A shaggy dog.
 4 made them squeal. 5 ring. 6 magic.
 7 irons. 8 mouth. 9 clutched.
 10 Till each old hag sweated and steamed.
 11 threw off her clothes. 12 tripped.
 13 shirt. 14 lasses. 15 greasy. 16 these.
 17 buttocks. 18 ancient. 19 wean (by disgust).
 20 crooked staff.

But Tam kend what was what fu' braw-
lie:¹

There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,²
That night enlisted in the core,³ 165
Lang after kend on Carrick shore
(For monie a beast to dead she shot,
An' perished monie a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,⁴
And kept the country-side in fear). 170
Her cutty sark,⁵ o' Paisley harn,⁶
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.⁷ . . .
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie, 175
That sark she coft⁸ for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her power: 180
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jad she was and strang),
And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glowered, and fidget⁹ fu' fain, 185
And hotched¹⁰ and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint¹¹ his reason a' thegither,
And roars out: "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark; 190
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,¹²
When plundering herds assail their byke; 195
As open pussie's¹⁴ mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud:
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch¹⁵ skriech and hollo. 200

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin! 16
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, 205
And win the key-stane of the brig;
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross!
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient¹⁷ a tail she had to shake; 210
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,

And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;¹
But little wist she Maggie's mettle!
Ae spring brought off her master hale, 215
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin² claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man, and mother's son, take heed: 220
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear:
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

A CANTATA

The Jolly Beggars, fragment though it be, is in some ways Burns's masterpiece. The poet once entered in his commonplace book the observation "that every man, even the worst, has something good about him." In this poem he has taken humanity at its lowest pitch of wretched squalor, and chosen for his setting a disreputable and dirty tavern. His beggars are drunken, lustful vagabonds, to all appearance "down and out." He has concealed nothing, and has made no apologies; but he has found in them a gayety and courage which is not mere bravado. The poem is the triumphant justification of the assertion that "a man's a man for a' that." It was written in 1785, but was not published till after the poet's death.

RECITATIVO

I

When lyart³ leaves bestrow the yird,⁴
Or, wavering like the bauckie-bird,⁵
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;
When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,⁶ 5
And infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch⁷ drest;
Ae night at e'en a merry core⁸
O' randie, gangrel bodies⁹
In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore,¹⁰
To drink their orra duddies: 11 10
Wi' quaffing and laughing
They ranted¹² an' they sang,
Wi' jumping an' thumping
The vera girdle rang.

2

First, niest¹³ the fire, in auld red rags 15
Ane sat, weel braced wi' mealy bags

1 finely. 2 well-built. 3 corps. 4 barley.
5 short shirt. 6 coarse cloth. 7 proud.
8 bought. 9 fidgeted. 10 hitched his arm.
11 lost. 12 fuss. 13 hive. 14 a hare's.
15 unearthly. 16 reward. 17 devil.

1 aim. 2 witch. 3 faded. 4 earth.
5 bat. 6 spirt. 7 hoar-frost. 8 company
9 Of lawless vagabonds. 10 carousal.
11 To sell their extra clothes for drink.
12 rollicked. 13 next.

And knapsack a' in order;
 His doxy lay within his arm;
 Wi' usquebae ¹ an' blankets warm,
 She blinket ² on her sodger.
 An' ay he gies the tozie ³ drab
 The tither skelpin ⁴ kiss,
 While she held up her greedy gab ⁵
 Just like an aumous dish: ⁶
 Ilk smack still did crack still
 Like onie cadger's ⁷ whup;
 Then, swaggering an' staggering,
 He roared this ditty up:—

AIR

TUNE: *Soldiers Joy*

I

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many
 wars,
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I
 come:
 This here was for a wench, and that other in
 a trench
 When welcoming the French at the sound
 of the drum.

Lal de daudle, etc.

2

My prenticeship I past, where my leader
 breathed his last,
 When the bloody die was cast on the
 heights of Abrám; ⁸
 And I servèd out my trade when the gallant
 game was played,
 And the Moro ⁹ low was laid at the sound
 of the drum.

3

I lastly was with Curtis among the floating
 batt'ries, ¹⁰
 And there I left for witness an arm and a
 limb;
 Yet let my country need me, with Eliott ¹¹ to
 head me
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of
 the drum.

4

And now, tho' I must beg with a wooden arm
 and leg
 And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my
 bum,

¹ whiskey. ² smirked. ³ tipsy.
⁴ smacking. ⁵ mouth. ⁶ alms basin.
⁷ hawker's. ⁸ i.e. at Quebec (1759).
⁹ The fortress at Santiago de Cuba, stormed by the
 British in 1762.
¹⁰ At Gibraltar (1782).
¹¹ The heroic defender of Gibraltar (1779-82).

I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and
 my callet
 As when I used in scarlet to follow a drum

5

What tho' with hoary locks I must stand the
 winter shocks,
 Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes
 for a home?
 When the tother bag I sell, and the tother
 bottle tell,
 I could meet a troop of Hell at the sound
 of a drum.

Lal de daudle, etc.

RECITATIVO

He ended; and the kebars ¹ sheuk
 Aboon the chorus roar;
 While frightened rattons backward leuk,
 An' seek the benmost bore: ²
 A fairy fiddler frae the neuk, ³
 He skirled ⁴ out *Encore!*
 But up arose the martial chuck,
 An' laid the loud uproar:—

AIR

TUNE: *Sodger Laddie*

I

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
 And still my delight is in proper young men
 Some one of a troop of dragoons was my
 daddie:
 No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie!
 Sing, lal de dal, etc.

2

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade:
 To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
 His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so
 ruddy,
 Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

3

But the godly old chaplain left him in the
 lurch;
 The sword I forsook for the sake of the
 church;
 He riskèd the soul, and I ventured the body:
 'Twas then I proved false to my sodger
 laddie.

4

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot.
 The regiment at large for a husband I got

¹ rafters. ² the inmost hole.
³ corner. ⁴ screamed.

From the gilded spontoon¹ to the fife I was
ready:

I askèd no more but a sodger laddie. 75

5

But the Peace it reduced me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham Fair;
His rags regimental they fluttered so gaudy:
My heart it rejoiced at a sodger laddie.

6

And now I have lived — I know not how long!
But still I can join in a cup and a song; 81
And whilst with both hands I can hold the
glass steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie!
Sing, *lal de dal*, etc.

RECITATIVO

Poor Merry-Andrew² in the neuk 85
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler-hizzie;³
They mind 't na wha the chorus teuk,
Between themselves they were sae busy,
At length, wi' drink an' courting dizzy,
He stoitered⁴ up an' made a face; 90
Then turned an' laid a smack on Grizzie,
Syne⁵ tuned his pipes wi' grave grimace: —

AIR

TUNE: *Auld Sir Symon*

I

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou;⁶
Sir Knave is a fool in a session:
He's there but a prentice I trow, 95
But I am a fool by profession.

2

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
An' I held awa to the school:
I fear I my talent misteuk,
But what will ye hae of a fool? 100

3

For drink I wad venture my neck;
A hizzie's the half of my craft:
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that's avowedly daft?

4

I ance was tyed up like a stirk⁷ 105
For civilly swearing and quaffing;
I ance was abused i' the kirk
For towsing a lass i' my daffin.⁸

¹ short pike (carried by infantry officers).

² acrobat and clown.

³ tinkler-wench.

⁴ staggered. ⁵ then. ⁶ full.

⁷ young bullock. ⁸ sky-larkin.

5

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport
Let naebody name wi' a jeer: 110
There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court
A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

6

Observed ye yon reverend lad
Mak faces to tickle the mob?
He rails at our mountebank squad — 115
It's rivalryship just i' the job!

7

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith! I'm confoundedly dry:
The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
Guid Lord! he's far dafter than I. 120

RECITATIVO

Then niest outspak a raucle¹ carlin,²
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterlin,³
For monie a pursie she had hookèd,
An' had in monie a well been doukèd.
Her love had been a Highland laddie, 125
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!⁴
Wi' sighs an' sobs she thus began
To wail her braw⁵ John Highlandman: —

AIR

TUNE: *O An' Ye Were Dead, Guidman*

I

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lalland⁶ laws he held in scorn, 130
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan' 135
Was match for my John Highlandman!

2

With his philibeg,⁷ an' tartan plaid,
An' guid claymore⁸ down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman. 140

3

We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' lived like lords an' ladies gay,
For a Lalland face he fearèd none,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

¹ sturdy. ² old woman.

³ Who knew full well how to snatch money.

⁴ But bad luck to the woful gallows!

⁵ gayly dressed. ⁶ Lowland.

⁷ kilt. ⁸ sword.

4

They banished him beyond the sea, 145
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.

5

But, Och! they caught him at the last, 150
And bound him in a dungeon fast.
My curse upon them every one —
They've hanged my braw John Highland-
man!

6

And now a widow I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can 155
When I think on John Highlandman.

CHORUS

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman! 160

RECITATIVO

I

A pigmy scraper on a fiddle,
Wha used to trystes¹ an' fairs to driddle,²
Her strappin limb an' gawsie³ middle
(He reached nae higher)
Had holed his heartie like a riddle,⁴ 165
An' blawn 't on fire.

2

Wi' hand on hainch⁵ and upward e'e,
He crooned his gamut, one, two, three,
Then in an *arioso* key

The wee Apollo 170
Set off wi' *allegretto* glee
His *giga* solo: —

AIR

TUNE: *Whistle Owre the Lave O't*

I

Let me ryke⁶ up to dight⁷ that tear;
An' go wi' me an' be my dear,
An' then your every care an' fear 175
May whistle owre the lave⁸ o't.

CHORUS

I am a fiddler to my trade,
An' a' the tunes that e'er I played,
The sweetest still to wife or maid
Was *Whistle Owre the Lave O't*. 180

1 cattle-markets. 2 toddle. 3 buxom. 4 sieve.
5 haunch. 6 reach. 7 wipe. 8 rest.

2

At kirns¹ an' weddins we'se be there,
An' O, sae nicely 's we will fare!
We'll bowse about till Daddie Care
Sing *Whistle Owre the Lave O't*.

3

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,² 185
An' sun oursels about the dyke;
An' at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll — whistle owre the lave o't!

4

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
An' while I kittle hair on thairms,³ 190
Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms
May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS

I am a fiddler to my trade,
An' a' the tunes that e'er I played,
The sweetest still to wife or maid 195
Was *Whistle Owre the Lave O't*.

RECITATIVO

I

Her charms had struck a sturdy caird⁴
As weel as poor gut-scraper;
He tak the fiddler by the beard,
An' draws a roosty rapier; 200
He swoor by a' was swearing worth
To speet⁵ him like a pliver,⁶
Unless he would from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever.

2

Wi' ghastly e'e poor Tweedle-Dee 205
Upon his hunkers⁷ bended,
An' prayed for grace wi' ruefu' face,
An' sae the quarrel ended.
But tho' his little heart did grieve
When round the tinkler prest her, 210
He feigned to snirtle⁸ in his sleeve
When thus the caird addressed her: —

AIR

TUNE: *Clout the Cauldron*

I

My bonie lass, I work in brass,
A tinkler is my station;
I've travelled round all Christian ground 215
In this my occupation;

1 harvest-homes. 2 pick.
3 tickle the hair (of my bow) on the catgut.
4 tinkler. 5 run through. 6 plover.
7 buttocks. 8 sniggie.

I've taen the gold, an' been enrolled
 In many a noble squadron;
 But vain they searched when off I marched
 To go an' clout ¹ the cauldron. 220

2

Despise that shrimp, that withered imp,
 With a' his noise an' cap'rin,
 An' take a share wi' those that bear
 The budget ² and the apron!
 And by that stowp, ³ my faith an' houpe! 225
 And by that dear Kilbaigie! ⁴
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weet my craigie! ⁵

RECITATIVO

I

The caird prevailed: th' unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk, 230
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
 An' partly she was drunk.
 Sir Violino, with an air
 That showed a man o' spunk,
 Wished unison between the pair, 235
 An' made the bottle clunk ⁶
 To their health that night.

2

But hurchin ⁷ Cupid shot a shaft,
 That played a dame a shavie: ⁸
 The fiddler raked her fore and aft 240
 Behint the chicken cavie; ⁹
 Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft, ¹⁰
 Tho' limpin' wi' the spavie, ¹¹
 He hirpled ¹² up, an' lap like daft,
 An' shored ¹³ them "Dainty Davie" 245
 O' boot ¹⁴ that night.

3

He was a care-defying blade
 As ever Bacchus listed!
 Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart, she ever missed it. 250
 He had no wish but — to be glad,
 Nor want but — when he thristed,
 He hated nought but — to be sad;
 An' thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night. 255

AIR

TUNE: *For A' That, An' A' That*

I

I am a Bard, of no regard
 Wi' gentle folks an' a' that,

1 patch. 2 tinker's bag of tools. 3 drinking cup.
 4 A brand of whiskey. 5 throat. 6 gurgle.
 7 urchin. 8 trick. 9 chicken-coop.
 10 i.e., a ballad-singer. 11 spavin.
 12 hobbled. 13 offered. 14 gratis.

But Homer-like the glowrin byke, ¹
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS

For a' that, an' a' that, 260
 An' twice as muckle 's a' that,
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
 I've wife enough for a' that.

2

I never drank the Muses' stank, ²
 Castalia's burn, ³ an' a' that; 265
 But there it streams, an' richly reams ⁴ —
 My Helicon I ca' that.

3

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave an' a' that;
 But lordly will, I hold it still 270
 A mortal sin to thraw ⁵ that.

4

In raptures sweet this hour we meet
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that;
 But for how lang the flie may stang,
 Let inclination law ⁶ that! 275

5

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
 They've taen me in, an' a' that;
 But clear your decks, an' here's the Sex!
 I like the jads for a' that.

CHORUS

For a' that, an' a' that, 280
 An' twice as muckle 's a' that,
 My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
 They're welcome till 't for a' that!

RECITATIVO

So sung the Bard, and Nansie's wa's
 Shook with a thunder of applause, 285
 Re-echoed from each mouth!
 They toomed their pocks, ⁷ they pawned their
 duds,
 They scarcely left to coor their fuds, ⁸
 To quench their lowin drouth. ⁹
 Then owre again the jovial thrang 290
 The Poet did request
 To lowse his pack, an' wale ¹⁰ a sang,
 A ballad o' the best:
 He rising, rejoicing
 Between his twa Deborahs, 295
 Looks round him, an' found them
 Impatient for the chorus: —

1 the staring crowd. 2 pool. 3 brook.
 4 foams. 5 thwart. 6 decide.
 7 emptied their wallets. 8 cover their tails.
 9 burning thirst. 10 choose.

AIR

TUNE: *Jolly Mortals, Fill Your Glasses*

I

See the smoking bowl before us!
 Mark our jovial, ragged ring!
 Round and round take up the chorus, 300
 And in raptures let us sing:

CHORUS

A fig for those by law protected!
 Liberty's a glorious feast,
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest! 305

2

What is title, what is treasure,
 What is reputation's care?
 If we lead a life of pleasure,
 'Tis no matter how or where!

3

With the ready trick and fable 310
 Round we wander all the day;
 And at night in barn or stable
 Hug our doxies on the hay.

4

Does the train-attended carriage
 Thro' the country lighter rove? 315
 Does the sober bed of marriage
 Witness brighter scenes of love?

5

Life is all a variorum,
 We regard not how it goes;
 Let them prate about decorum, 320
 Who have character to lose.

6

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
 Here's to all the wandering train!
 Here's our ragged brats and callets! 325
 One and all, cry out, Amen!

CHORUS

A fig for those by law protected!
 Liberty's a glorious feast,
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest!

MY NANIE, O

I

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows
 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,

1 wench.

The wintry sun the day has closed,
 And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

2

The westlin wind blows loud an' shill,¹ 5
 The night's baith mirk² and rainy, O;
 But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
 An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

3

My Nanie's charming, sweet, an' young;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O: 10
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nanie, O!

4

Her face is fair, her heart is true;
 As spotless as she's bonie, O,
 The op'ning gowan,³ wat wi' dew, 15
 Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

5

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few they be?
 I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O. 20

6

My riches a's my penny-fee,⁴
 An' I maun guide it cannie,⁵ O;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' — my Nanie, O.

7

Our auld guidman⁶ delights to view 25
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

8

Come weel, come woe, I care na by;
 I'll tak what Heav'n will send me, O: 30
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

1784.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O

CHORUS

Green grow the rashes,⁷ O;
 Green grow the rashes, O;
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

1 shrill. 2 dark. 3 daisy. 4 wages.
 5 carefully. 6 husbandman. 7 rushes

1

There's nought but care on ev'ry han', 5
 In every hour that passes, O:
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twere nae for the lasses, O.

2

The war'ly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O; 10
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

3

But gie me a cannie¹ hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O,
 An' war'ly cares an' war'ly men 15
 May a' gae tapsalteerie,² O!

4

For you sae douce,³ ye sneer at this;
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,⁴
 He dearly loved the lasses, O. 20

5

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O:
 Her prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.

CHORUS

Green grow the rushes, O; 25
 Green grow the rushes, O;
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
 Are spent among the lasses, O.
 1786.

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY

1

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 And leave auld Scotia's shore?
 Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 Across th' Atlantic roar?

2

O, sweet grows the lime and the orange, 5
 And the apple on the pine;
 But a' the charms o' the Indies
 Can never equal thine.

3

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
 I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true, 10

And sae may the Heavens forget me,
 When I forget my vow!

4

O, plight me your faith, my Mary,
 And plight me your lily-white hand!
 O, plight me your faith, my Mary, 15
 Before I leave Scotia's strand!

5

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
 In mutual affection to join;
 And curst be the cause that shall part us!
 The hour and the moment o' time! 20
 1786.

THE SILVER TASSIE

1

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie,¹
 That I may drink before I go
 A service to my bonie lassie!
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith, 5
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Ferry,
 The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,
 And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

2

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are rankèd ready, 10
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes deep and bloody.
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry,
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar: 15
 It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary!
 1788.

OF A' THE AIRTS

1

Of a' the airts² the wind can blaw
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best.
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,³ 5
 And monie a hill between,
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

2

I see her in the dewy flowers —
 I see her sweet and fair.
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds —
 I hear her charm the air.

1 quiet. 2 topsy-turvy.
 3 sedate. 4 i.e. Solomon.

1 cup. 2 directions. 3 roll.

There's not a bonie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw,¹ or green,
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

1788? Published 1790.

AULD LANG SYNE

CHORUS

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

I

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne!

2

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,²
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

3

We twa hae run about the braes,³
And pou'd the gowans⁴ fine,
But we've wandered monie a weary fit⁵
Sin' auld lang syne.

4

We twa hae paidled in the burn⁶
Frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

5

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,⁷
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught⁸
For auld lang syne!

CHORUS

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

1788.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

I

John Anderson my jo,⁹ John,
When we were first acquent,

1 wood. 2 pint-cup. 3 hillsides.
4 picked the daisies. 5 foot. 6 brook.
7 comrade. 8 draught of good will. 9 sweetheart.

Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;²
But now your brow is beld,² John,
Your locks are like the snaw,
But blessings on your frosty pow,³
John Anderson my jo!

2

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie⁴ day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo!

Published 1790.

TAM GLEN

I

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,⁵
Some counsel unto me come len'.
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

2

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw⁶ fellow
In poortith⁷ I might mak a fen'.⁸
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

3

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller:
"Guid day to you," brute! he comes
ben.⁹
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

4

My minnie¹⁰ does constantly deave¹¹ me,
And bids me beware o' young men.
They flatter, she says, to deceive me —
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

5

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'd gie me guid hunder marks ten.
But if it's ordained I maun take him,
O, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

6

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten,¹²

1 straight. 2 bald. 3 head. 4 cheerful.
5 sister. 6 fine. 7 poverty. 8 shift.
9 in. 10 mother. 11 deafen. 12 gave a leap.

For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written "Tam Glen!"

7

The last Halloween I was waukin¹ 25
My droukit sark-sleeve,² as ye ken —
His likeness came up the house staukin,³
And the very grey breeks⁴ o' Tam Glen!

8

Come, counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry!
I'll gie ye my bonie black hen, 30
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

Published 1790.

WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT

CHORUS

We are na fou,⁵ we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e!
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley-bree!

1

O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut, 5
And Rob and Allan cam to see.
Three blyther hearts that lee-lang⁶ night
Ye wad na found in Christendie.

2

Here are we met three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we; 10
And monie a night we've merry been,
And monie mae⁷ we hope to be!

3

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift⁸ sae hie:
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame, 15
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

4

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the King amang us three! 20

CHORUS

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e!

The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley-bree!

1789.

AE FOND KISS

1

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, and then forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him, 5
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

2

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy:
Naething could resist my Nancy! 10
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted — 15
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

3

Fare-the-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-the-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka¹ joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure! 20
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae farewell, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Published 1792.

SWEET AFTON

1

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
braes!²
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
praise!
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream —
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream!

2

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro'
the glen, 5
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny
den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming
forbear —

I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair!

1 each. 2 hillsides.

1 watching. 2 my drenched shirt-sleeve.
3 stalking. 4 breeches. 5 full.
6 live-long. 7 more. 8 sky.

3

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring
hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding
rills! 10
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my
eye.

4

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies
below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses
blow!
There oft, as mild Ev'ning weeps over the
lea, 15
The sweet-scented birk¹ shades my Mary
and me.

5

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it
glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary
resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy
clear wave! 20

6

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
braes!
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my
lays!
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream —
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream!

1789.

YE FLOWERY BANKS

I

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

2

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird, 5
That sings upon the bough:
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luve was true!

3

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate: 10
1 birch.

For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate!

4

Aft hae I roved by bonie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka² bird sang o' its luve, 15
And sae did I o' mine.

5

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause luvver staw my rose,
But left the thorn wi' me. 20

1791?

A RED, RED ROSE

I

O, my luve is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.
O, my luve is like the melody,
That's sweetly played in tune.

2

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I,
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

3

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun! 10
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

4

And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve, 15
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

Published 1796.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOR

I

Last May a braw woor cam down the lang
glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave² me.
I said there was naething I hated like men:
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, be-
lieve me —
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me! 5

2

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black een,
And vowed for my love he was diein.
1 each. 2 deafen.

I said, he might die when he liket for Jean:
The Lord forgie me for liein, for liein —
The Lord forgie me for liein! 10

3
A weel-stocket mailen,¹ himself for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand were his proffers:
I never loot on that I kenned it, or cared,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur
offers —
But thought I might hae waur offers. 15

4
But what wad ye think? In a fortnight or
less
(The Deil tak his taste to gae near her!)
He up the Gate-Slack to my black cousin,
Bess!
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her,
could bear her —
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her. 20

5
But a' the niest week, as I petted² wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste³ o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there?
I glowered as I'd seen a warlock,⁴ a war-
lock —
I glowered as I'd seen a warlock. 25

6
But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy.
My wooer he capered as he'd been in drink,
And vowed I was his dear lassie, dear
lassie —
And vowed I was his dear lassie! 30

7
I spiered⁵ for my cousin fu' couthy⁶ and
sweet:
Gin she had recovered her hearin?
And how her new shoon fit her auld, shachled⁷
feet?
But heavens! how he fell a swearin, a
swearin —
But heavens! how he fell a swearin! 35

8
He beggèd for gude sake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-
morrow —
I think I maun wed him to-morrow! 40

Published 1799.

1 farm. 2 sulked. 3 fair. 4 wizard.
5 asked. 6 kind. 7 shapeless.

SCOTS, WHA HAE

I
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victorie!

2
Now's the day, and now's the hour:
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slaverie!

3
Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave? —
Let him turn, and flee!

4
Wha for Scotland's King and Law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me! 11

5
By Oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free! 21

6
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

1794.

HIGHLAND MARY

I
Ye banks and braes¹ and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!²
There Summer first unfold her robes, 5
And there the longest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary!

2
How sweetly bloomed the gay, green birk,³
How rich the hawthorn's blossom, 10
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!

1 hillsides. 2 muddy. 3 birch.

The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie:
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

15

3
Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursel's asunder.
20 But O, fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

20

4
O, pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly;
And closed for ay, the sparkling glance
That dwalt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
30 But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

25

30

1792.

IS THERE FOR HONEST POVERTY

I

Is there for honest poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by —
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd¹ for a' that.

5

2

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin² grey, an' a' that?
10 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine —
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
15 Is king o' men for a' that.

15

3

Ye see yon birkie³ ca'd "a lord,"
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that?
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif⁴ for a' that.
20 For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that,

20

1 gold. 2 homespun. 3 fellow. 4 ninny.

The man o' independent mind,
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

4

A prince can mak a belted knight,
25 A marquis, duke, an' a' that!
But an honest man's aboon his might —
Guid faith, he mauna fa' ¹ that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
30 The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that.

25

30

5

Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for a' that)
That Sense and Worth o'er a' the earth
35 Shall bear the gree² an' a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that.
40

1795.

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

I

O, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,³
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
5 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield⁴ should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

5

2

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
10 The desert were a Paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch of the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
15 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

1796.

MARY MORISON

I

O Mary, at thy window be!
It is the wished, the trysted hour.
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor.

1 claim. 2 have the first place.
3 direction of the wind. 4 shelter.

How blythely wad I bide the stoure,¹ 5
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure —
 The lovely Mary Morison!

2

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha', 10
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard or saw:
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,

1 conflict.

I sighed and said amang them a': — 15
 "Ye are na Mary Morison!"

3

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his
 Whase only faut is loving thee? 20
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown:
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

Pub. 1800.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827)

William Blake was born in London in 1757. He was a painter and an engraver as well as a poet, often combining all his arts in the production of a piece. Nearly all his books, in fact, were published by Blake himself. He engraved the poem upon a plate, with the illustration or design to fit it; and his devoted wife bound the printed sheets into a book. His best lyrics appeared in *Poetical Sketches* (1783), *Songs of Innocence* (1789), and *Songs of Experience* (1794). In addition to his poems, he composed a large number of "prophetic books," weird in their fantasy, obscure, and difficult. Among his drawings, his illustrations for the Book of Job are considered the best. He died in 1827.

Blake is one of the most baffling figures in English literature. His eccentric but powerful imagination produced the confusing "prophetic books"; yet it produced, also, the perfect lyrics in *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience*. All that he did, in literature and in drawing, was stamped by originality. If there is a clue or key to his later compositions, it is his mysticism. The mystic believes that he can free himself of the physical world, and, transcending things material, come directly in touch with the infinite, or ultimate truth. Blake often had moments of ecstasy, during which he saw visions and wrote as under a spell. As a man, he was simple and devout, living an isolated but contented life, happy in his home associations and in his work.

A good collection of his poems is the edition prepared, with a memoir, by William Michael Rossetti (Bell). Among numerous biographies may be mentioned those by Chesterton, Gilchrist, Swinburne, and Symons. James Thomson (B.V.) has an essay on Blake's poetical method in *Biographical and Critical Studies*. Among recent studies, most useful are S. Foster Damon's, and the critical edition of the prophetic writings by D. J. Sloss and J. P. R. Wallis (Oxford).

SONG

My silks and fine array,
 My smiles and languished air,
 By love are driv'n away;
 And mournful lean Despair
 Brings me yew to deck my grave: 5
 Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven,
 When springing buds unfold;
 O why to him was't given
 Whose heart is wintry cold? 10
 His breast is love's all-worshiped
 tomb,
 Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
 Bring me a winding-sheet;

When I my grave have made 15
 Let winds and tempests beat:
 Then down I'll lie as cold as clay.
 True love doth pass away!

Pub. 1783.

MAD SONG

The wild winds weep,
 And the night is a-cold;
 Come hither, Sleep,
 And my griefs unfold:
 But lo! the morning peeps 5
 Over the eastern steeps,
 And the rustling beds of dawn
 The earth do scorn.

Lo! to the vault
 Of paved heaven, 10

With sorrow fraught,
 My notes are driven:
 They strike the ear of night,
 Make weep the eyes of day;
 They make mad the roaring winds, 15
 And with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud,
 With howling woe
 After night I do crowd,
 And with night will go; 20
 I turn my back to the east
 From whence comforts have increased;
 For light doth seize my brain
 With frantic pain.

Pub. 1783.

SONG

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
 And tasted all the summer's pride;
 Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
 Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed me lilies for my hair, 5
 And blushing roses for my brow;
 And led me through his gardens fair,
 Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
 And Phœbus fired my vocal rage; 10
 He caught me in his silken net,
 And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
 Then laughing sports and plays with me;
 Then stretches out my golden wing, 15
 And mocks my loss of liberty.

Pub. 1783.

TO THE MUSES

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
 Or in the chambers of the East,
 The chambers of the sun, that now
 From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair, 5
 Or the green corners of the earth,
 Or the blue regions of the air
 Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
 Beneath the bosom of the sea, 10
 Wandering in many a coral grove,
 Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!

How have you left the ancient love
 That bards of old enjoyed in you!
 The languid strings do scarcely move! 13
 The sound is forced, the notes are few!

Pub. 1783.

INTRODUCTION *to* SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Piping down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!" 5
 So I piped with merry cheer.
 "Piper, pipe that song again;"
 So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer!" 10
 So I sang the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
 In a book, that all may read."
 So he vanished from my sight, 15
 And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
 And I stained the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear. 20

Pub. 1789.

THE LAMB

Little Lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee?
 Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
 By the stream and o'er the mead;
 Gave thee clothing of delight, 5
 Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
 Gave thee such a tender voice,
 Making all the vales rejoice?
 Little Lamb, who made thee?
 Dost thou know who made thee? 10

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
 Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
 He is called by thy name,
 For He calls Himself a Lamb,
 He is meek, and He is mild; 15
 He became a little child.
 I a child, and thou a lamb,
 We are called by His name.
 Little Lamb, God bless thee!
 Little Lamb, God bless thee! 20

Pub. 1789.

INFANT JOY

"I have no name;
I am but two days old."
— What shall I call thee?
"I happy am;
Joy is my name."
— Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy, but two days old;
Sweet joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile:
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pub. 1789.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O my soul is
white!

White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree, 5
And, sitting down before the heat of
day,

She took me on her lap and kissèd me,
And, pointing to the east, began to say:

"Look on the rising sun; — there God does
live,
And gives his light, and gives his heat
away; 10

And flowers and trees and beasts and men re-
ceive

Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-
day.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of
love;

And these black bodies and this sunburnt
face 15

Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learned the heat to
bear,

The cloud will vanish, we shall hear his
voice,

Saying: 'Come out from the grove, my love
and care,

And round my golden tent like lambs re-
joice.'" 20

Thus did my mother say, and kissèd me;
And thus I say to little English boy.

When I from black, and he from white cloud
free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we
joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can
bear 25

To lean in joy upon our father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver
hair,

And be like him, and he will then love
me.

Pub. 1789.

A CRADLE SONG

Sweet dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head!
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams!

Sweet sleep, with soft down 5
Weave thy brows an infant crown.
Sweet sleep, Angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child!

Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight; 10
Sweet smiles, mother's smile,
All the livelong night beguile.

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thy eyes.
Sweet moans, sweeter smile, 15
All the dovelike moans beguile.

Sleep, sleep, happy child,
All creation slept and smiled;
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee thy mother weep. 20

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace.
Sweet babe, once like thee,
Thy Maker lay and wept for me:

Wept for me, for thee, for all, 25
When He was an infant small.
Thou His image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee!

Smiles on thee, on me, on all:
Who became an infant small. 30
Infant smiles are His own smiles;
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

Pub. 1789.

CRADLE SONG

FROM SONGS OF EXPERIENCE

Sleep! sleep! beauty bright,
 Dreaming o'er the joys of night;
 Sleep! sleep! in thy sleep
 Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face 5
 Soft desires I can trace,
 Secret joys and secret smiles,
 Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
 Smiles as of the morning steal 10
 O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
 Where thy little heart does rest.

O, the cunning wiles that creep
 In thy little heart asleep!
 When thy little heart does wake, 15
 Then the dreadful light shall break.

Pub. 1794.

THE TIGER

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies 5
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
 On what wings dare he aspire?
 What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart? 10
 And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
 In what furnace was thy brain?
 What the anvil? what dread grasp 15
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
 And watered heaven with their tears,
 Did he smile his work to see? 19
 Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Pub. 1794.

THE CLOD AND THE PEBBLE

"Love seeketh not itself to please,
 Nor for itself hath any care,
 But for another gives its ease,
 And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair."

So sung a little clod of clay, 5
 Trodden with the cattle's feet,
 But a pebble of the brook
 Warbled out these meters meet:

"Love seeketh only Self to please,
 To bind another to its delight, 10
 Joys in another's loss of ease,
 And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite."

Pub. 1794.

A LITTLE BOY LOST

"Nought loves another as itself,
 Nor venerates another so,
 Nor is it possible to thought
 A greater than itself to know:

"And, Father, how can I love you 5
 Or any of my brothers more?
 I love you like the little bird
 That picks up crumbs around the door."

The Priest sat by and heard the child,
 In trembling zeal he seized his hair: 10
 He led him by his little coat,
 And all admired the priestly care.

And standing on the altar high,
 "Lo! what a fiend is here," said he,
 "One who sets reason up for judge 15
 Of our most holy mystery."

The weeping child could not be heard,
 The weeping parents wept in vain;
 They stripped him to his little shirt,
 And bound him in an iron chain; 20

And burned him in a holy place,
 Where many had been burned before.
 The weeping parents wept in vain.
 Are such things done on Albion's¹ shore?

Pub. 1794.

NIGHT

The sun descending in the west,
 The evening star does shine;
 The birds are silent in their nest,
 And I must seek for mine.

¹ England's.

The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

5

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,
Where flocks have ta'en delight;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright:
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
On each sleeping bosom.

10

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm.
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

20

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep,
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful,
The angels most heedful
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

25

30

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold:
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying: "Wrath by His meekness,
And by His health sickness,
Are driven away
From our immortal day.

35

40

"And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee, and weep.

For, washed in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold,
As I guard o'er the fold."

45

Pub. 1794.

STANZAS *from* MILTON

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

5

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

10

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

15

Pub. 1804.

LOVE'S SECRET

Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind doth move
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears: —
Ah! she did depart.

5

Soon after she was gone from me
A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly:
He took her with a sigh.

20

Pub. 1804.

THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

The nineteenth century opened upon Europe distracted by war. The French Revolution, begun as a movement for freedom and the extension of political rights to the people, culminated in the general struggle between France and the other powers. In Great Britain, the doctrines of the Revolution at first were eagerly welcomed by many, as reflecting that spirit of individualism and revolt against society which was spreading through Europe in the latter part of the eighteenth century. On the other hand, the conservative mind, which sees in established institutions, social, political, and religious, the sacred results of a kind of instinctive wisdom on the part of the race, reacted vigorously against the subversive movement. The chief spokesman of this view was Edmund Burke. After the execution of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, Great Britain declared war against France, and from that time on was the chief mover in the various coalitions against that country. Especially after Napoleon came into power, and tried to force Europe into a tariff union which threatened British trade, Great Britain was involved in a national crisis comparable to that which she had experienced under Elizabeth. Once more the country was threatened with invasion. And as the struggle with Philip II had led to an extraordinary outburst of patriotism, so did that with Napoleon: the height of national glory reached in the repulse of the Armada was touched again in Nelson's victory at Trafalgar and Wellington's at Waterloo.

The wars which followed the French Revolution were the first in which the people of the nation were deeply involved. Accordingly we find the Government resorting to espionage and punishment to suppress opinion hostile to the war. After the fall of Napoleon the Governments of the Great Powers formed a holy alliance to prevent any future revolutionary movement; and although Great Britain did not join this alliance, the policy continued of repressing sternly all popular demands for reform of institutions or freedom of discussion. These demands assumed a menacing character in consequence of a change in character on the part of the country — the most significant in its history since the Norman Conquest. Up to the close of the eighteenth century, Great Britain had remained in the main an agricultural country, with trade centering in a few large towns. A delightful picture of English middle-class society, unconcerned with any problem save that of perpetuating itself, is given in Miss Austen's novels. Early in the nineteenth century, however, a series of mechanical inventions led to the great advance in manufacturing which is called the Industrial Revolution. In the case of cloth, for example, in place of a hand loom operated by a weaver in his cottage, the power loom was installed in great buildings, which, located together, made the nucleus of industrial cities, from which goods were sent over the world. Between 1770 and 1831 the population of Liverpool multiplied five times. The population of Manchester rose from 41,000, in 1774, to 270,000, in 1831. The population of the entire country between 1800 and 1850 rose from 9,000,000, to 18,000,000. As there was no legislation to control the industrial development, there was great suffering on the part of the workers. The first step necessary to fit the government of Great Britain to these new conditions was a change in representation in Parliament, in which the landed interest controlled most of the seats. Postponed by the war with France, this reform was urged by the Whig Party after 1815, and finally carried amid great popular clamor in 1832.

The careers of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey may be regarded as typical of the changing attitude of men in this period. All three were in their early twenties when the French Revolution broke out, and all enthusiastically supported it, and opposed the war with France. All suffered somewhat from the persecution, political and social, which was directed against the pro-French. Later they rallied to the support of established institutions, accepting Burke's view of their sanction by divine guidance and human experience. They became opposed to democratic reforms in State, Church, and education. Sir Walter Scott was from his youth an advocate of aristocratic control. His martial poetry was an inspiration to his countrymen in time of war; and his novels threw a glamour about the aristocratic institutions which the country was fighting to defend. On the other hand, a group of poets of the succeeding generation were representative of the altered feeling of the time. Byron expressed the weariness of the human spirit in bondage to conventions and institutions, and became to all Europe a voice of protest and revolt. Shelley was a more sincere revolutionist, who had a program of doing away with authority and placing the relations of men and women on a basis of mutual trust and good will. A lesser poet, Thomas Hood, expressed in a few memorable lyrics the sufferings of the exploited workers.

All of these poets worked under the impulse, felt increasingly since the middle of the eighteenth century, toward the enlargement of the boundaries of poetry in subject-matter and technical forms. Wordsworth was the most important influence in this direction. He advanced the theory that the proper subject of poetry was the actual experience of simple country-folk, and its suitable language the words in which they naturally spoke. This was in opposition to the limitations which the early eighteenth century had accepted as to subject-matter and style. The enlargement of the subject-matter and technique of poetry took place in other directions also, under the impulse of that spirit of individual freedom and impatience of social restraint which we call romanticism.

The poets of the eighteenth century had tended, in their revival of classical tradition, to live together in London, and to seek uniformity in their habits and interests as well as their style. Among the early nineteenth-century poets, the most powerful impulse was escape. They did not congregate in London. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey settled near Lake Windermere and became known as the "Lake Poets." Wordsworth made specifically the greatest contribution to modern poetry in giving to it natural scenery as its subject-matter. Coleridge let his imagination feed upon his own consciousness, enriched by reading of remote times and places. Scott indulged in romantic reproductions of past ages. Byron and Shelley were both exiles from their native land; and both expressed imaginatively their spirit of revolt, the one in poetic tales of individual adventure, the other in dreams of the golden age. Keats escaped from the tedium of conventional life into the region of art. And all developed rare and wonderful forms of poetry, to fit themes which could not be dealt with in the prescribed forms of heroic couplet or pentameter blank verse. Altogether this period is one of immense expansion in poetry through the play of the imagination set free from social or conventional standards by the impulse of escape which we call romantic.

In prose literature the predominant forms, the novel and the essay, were inherited from the eighteenth century; but they experienced a similar enlargement. The work of Jane Austen, indeed, is the perfect flowering of the novel of manners and social life which came in with Richardson; but the fiction of her contemporaries, Jane Porter and Sir Walter Scott, showed the imaginative lure of the past. The essays of Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt are lineal descendants from *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, but they are infinitely richer in imagination and resources of style. Thomas De Quincey, like Coleridge, used his inner life as material for his most characteristic work; and his vast range of subject-matter is largely chosen for its quality of yielding to imaginative treatment. One enterprise which appealed to the romantic spirit of the age was the discovery of the half-forgotten writers of the seventeenth century. Lamb published specimens of their dramatic poetry; Hazlitt made them known by his lectures; and Lamb and Hazlitt with De Quincey were influenced by them in style. On the other hand, the new critical journals — the *Edinburgh Review*, founded in 1805, *The Quarterly* in 1809, *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1817 — were in the main concerned with the maintenance of accepted literary standards.

The literature of the early nineteenth century does not, on the whole, suggest the period of industrial problems, political strife, and social tension which was beginning. Scott, Coleridge, and Wordsworth dealt with the French Revolution: the latter celebrated the achievements and heroes of the war in splendid occasional verse. Shelley pictured the golden age returning; but of the Industrial Revolution through which Great Britain was passing they seem unconscious. Literature, although no longer resident extensively in London, was still something of an institution apart carried on by a special caste for a selected audience. Of the changes which were to break down this seclusion, to enlarge this audience from a group interested in literature as an art, to the vast mass of men and women concerned in their reading primarily with life and its issues, the first took place with the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832. Five years later, Queen Victoria succeeded to the throne, and the Victorian Age was officially begun.

The student will find the following works useful: O. Elton, *Survey of English Literature*, Vols. I and II; H. D. Traill, *Social England*, Vol. IV; W. L. Courthope, *History of English Poetry*, Vol. VI; E. Dowden, *The French Revolution and English Literature*; Beers, *History of English Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century*; C. H. Herford, *Age of Wordsworth*; H. A. Taine, *History of English Literature*, Vol. IV; A. Symonds, *The Romantic Movement in English Poetry*.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)

William Wordsworth's life was long. Like his poetry, it was simple, calm, and sincere, with only here and there a flare-up of passion or vigorous action. He was born on April 7, 1770, at Cockermouth, in the Lake Country with which his name is forever linked. His mother died when he was eight, and his father five years later. After an elementary education at the village school in Hawkshead, he entered, in 1787, St. John's College, Cambridge, where he carried on his studies, evidently, in erratic fashion. During the year before his graduation he took a walking trip through the Alps, and in 1791, after taking his B.A., he went to France for over a year. The results of this visit are significant in the poet's development. Here he became engaged in a romantic love affair (recently uncovered sympathetically by Professors Harper and Legouis); his faith in nature and in childhood, already strong through the teachings of Rousseau and the circumstances of his upbringing, was increased; and his natural sympathy for the poor and lowly led him, under the influence of the French Revolution, to rebel against all shams and injustice in the social order.

Returning home, without funds and somewhat disillusioned by the Reign of Terror, he decided definitely to become a poet, a determination which was helped measurably by a small legacy from a

friend. He accordingly settled with his ever helpful and inspiring sister Dorothy, in Racedown, in Dorsetshire. In 1797 he became a neighbor of Coleridge's at Alfoxden, in Somersetshire. Here Wordsworth planned a monumental work, *The Recluse*, of which *The Recluse*, 1800, *The Prelude*, 1798-1805, and *The Excursion*, 1797-1814, long as they are, are but fragments of the unfinished whole. Here, too, with Coleridge he planned, and published in 1798, the famous *Lyrical Ballads*, in which Wordsworth was to make wonderful the familiar, and Coleridge was to familiarize the wonderful.

After eight months in Germany, 1798-99, Wordsworth moved with his sister to Grasmere. In 1802 he married Dorothy's friend, Mary Hutchinson. Of their five children two died in 1812. In 1814 he moved to Rydal Mount, where he had among his neighbors De Quincey, Coleridge, and Southey. The year 1843 brought him the laureateship. He died on April 23, 1850.

Wordsworth's life breaks in the middle. During the first half, he was of the eighteenth century trusting his reason and his senses, with the fearlessness and hopefulness of youth. He was courageously non-conforming, with a vigorous optimism and a spontaneity almost pagan. During the latter half of his life these qualities are largely lacking. He foreshadows the "mid-Victorian." His optimism is argued. It is one's duty not to be pessimistic. He is serene, but it is not the serenity that he achieved from the struggle, as in his earlier years, but the calmness of the onlooker. He writes much, but his work is perfunctory, seldom inspired. *The Ode to Duty*, 1805, is, as Legouis points out, significant of a vital change in Wordsworth.

To Wordsworth poetry is the record and analysis of the human spirit. He strives truthfully to bring out of the chaos of life order and symmetry and all that makes for beauty. This beauty he finds most often when man is in close touch and in harmony with nature. It is for a good reason that he himself lived in the country, in daily association with the out-of-doors. From nature he derived most of his subjects; and in nature he found God manifested.

Wordsworth is often called a philosophic poet. This is not quite accurate, for he elaborates no great system. He has ideas, but they are the thoughts that come from intuition, what Shelley calls the visitations of the divine to man. His greatness lies in his ability to group details or feelings that every one recognizes into a poetic pattern which brings out the larger or the inner truth. He does not argue, but arranges and composes. His simplicity and directness in description of natural scenery, his sincerity and kindliness, his meditative pathos, flash from his poems with a quiet, unexpected beauty. His genius removes what Coleridge calls "the film of familiarity," and shows us in simple things the sublime and wonderful that was hitherto hidden.

Wordsworth has written much that is commonplace. His best, however, places him among the greatest of English poets.

Excellent one-volume editions of the poems are the Cambridge (Houghton Mifflin Company), the Globe (Macmillan), and the Oxford. The best critical biographies are by Legouis, Harper, and Sir Walter Raleigh. See also the essays by Matthew Arnold, Pater, and Swinburne. For reminiscences and contemporary accounts, see Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journals*, De Quincey, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Jeffrey.

In the following selections Wordsworth's own headnotes are given whenever they exist. These are the notes that Wordsworth dictated to Miss Isabella Fenwick about 1843.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

"Actually composed while I was sitting by the side of the brook that runs down from the Comb, in which stands the village of Alford, through the grounds of Alfoxden. It was a chosen resort of mine. The brook fell down a sloping rock so as to make a waterfall considerable for that country, and across the pool below had fallen a tree, an ash if I rightly remember, from which rose perpendicularly, boughs in search of the light intercepted by the deep shade above. The boughs bore leaves of green that for want of sunshine had faded into almost lily-white; and from the underside of this natural sylvan bridge depended long and beautiful tresses of ivy which waved gently in the breeze that might poetically speaking be called the breath of the waterfall. This motion varied of course in proportion to the power of water in the brook. When, with dear friends, I revisited

this spot, after an interval of more than forty years, this interesting feature of the scene was gone. To the owner of the place I could not but regret that the beauty of this retired part of the grounds had not tempted him to make it more accessible by a path, not broad or obtrusive, but sufficient for persons who love such scenes to creep along without difficulty." — (Wordsworth.)

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What Man has made of Man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;

And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure, —
But the least motion which they made 15
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there. 20

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What Man has made of Man?
1798.

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY

"This poem is a favorite among the Quakers, as I have learnt on many occasions. It was composed in front of the house at Alfoxden, in the spring of 1798." — (Wordsworth.)

"Why, William, on that old gray stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?

"Where are your books? — that light be-
queathed 5
To beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

"You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you; 10
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake, 15
And thus I made reply: —

"The eye; — it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will. 20

"Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum 25
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come
But we must still be seeking?

"Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may, 30
I sit upon this old gray stone,
And dream my time away."
1798.

THE TABLES TURNED

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT

Up! up! my friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head, 5
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long, green fields has
spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet, 10
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things, 15
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless, —
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness. 20

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings, 25
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things, —
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves; 30
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.
1798.

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN
 ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF
 THE WYE DURING A TOUR
 JULY 13, 1798

"No poem of mine was composed under circumstances more pleasant for me to remember than this. I began it upon leaving Tintern, after crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was entering Bristol in the evening, after a ramble of four or five days, with my Sister. Not a line of it was altered, and not any part of it written down till I reached Bristol. It was published almost immediately after in the *Lyrical Ballads*." — (Wordsworth.)

Five years have past; five summers, with the length

Of five long winters! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs

With a soft inland murmur. — Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs, 5
 That on a wild, secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.

The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view 10
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,

Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves

'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines 15

Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,

Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods, 20
 Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
 The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
 Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye: 24
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
 And passing even into my purer mind,
 With tranquil restoration: — feelings too 30
 Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
 As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts 34
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,

To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood
 In which the burden of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world, 40
 Is lightened: — that serene and blessed mood,

In which the affections gently lead us on, —
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep 45
 In body, and become a living soul:
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

If this
 Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft — 50
 In darkness and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart —
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee, 55
 O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,

How often has my spirit turned to thee!
 And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity, 60
 The picture of the mind revives again:
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts

That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope, 65
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was
 when first

I came among these hills; when like a roe
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
 Wherever nature led: more like a man 70
 Flying from something that he dreads, than
 one

Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
 And their glad animal movements all gone by)

To me was all in all. — I cannot paint 75
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,

Their colors and their forms, were then to me

An appetite; a feeling and a love, 80
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, nor any interest

Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is
past,

And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this 85
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompence. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour 89
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample
power

To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime 95
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels 100
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am
I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty
world 105

Of eye, and ear, — both what they half
create,

And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and
soul 110

Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:

For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend;¹ and in thy voice I
catch 116

The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once, 120
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform 125
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil
tongues,

Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish
men,

¹ His sister, Dorothy.

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life, 131
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk; 135
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms, 140
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh!
then,

If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing
thoughts

Of tender joy wilt thou remember me, 145
And these my exhortations! Nor, per-
chance —

If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes
these gleams

Of past existence — wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long 151
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love — oh! with far deeper
zeal 154

Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty
cliffs,

And this green pastoral landscape, were to
me

More dear, both for themselves and for thy
sake!

1798.

LUCY

Who Lucy was is not known. The only information that Wordsworth has given in regard to the five poems is that they were composed in Germany in 1799 — "Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower" in the Hartz Forest.

I

Strange fits of passion have I known:

And I will dare to tell,
But in the Lover's ear alone,
What once to me befell.

When she I loved looked every day 5
Fresh as a rose in June,
I to her cottage bent my way,
Beneath an evening-moon.

- Upon the moon I fixed my eye,
All over the wide lea; 10
With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
Those paths so dear to me.
- And now we reached the orchard-plot;
And, as we climbed the hill,
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot 15
Came near, and nearer still.
- In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!
And all the while my eyes I kept
On the descending moon. 20
- My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopped:
When down behind the cottage roof,
At once, the bright moon dropped.
- What fond and wayward thoughts will
slide 25
Into a Lover's head!
"O mercy!" to myself I cried,
"If Lucy should be dead!"
- 2
- She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove; 30
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.
- A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye!
— Fair as a star, when only one 35
Is shining in the sky.
- She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me! 40
- 3
- I travelled among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.
- 'Tis past, that melancholy dream! 45
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.
- Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire; 50
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.
- Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played;
And thine too is the last green field 55
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.
- 4
- Three years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown:
This Child I to myself will take; 60
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.
- "Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The girl, in rock and plain, 65
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.
- "She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn 70
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.
- "The floating clouds their state shall lend 75
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Ev'n in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mold the maiden's form
By silent sympathy. 80
- "The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound 85
Shall pass into her face.
- "And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give 90
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."
- Thus Nature spake — The work was done —
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me 95
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.
- 5
- A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears: 100

She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course 105
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

1799.

LUCY GRAY

OR, SOLITUDE

"Written at Goslar in Germany. It was founded on a circumstance told me by my Sister, of a little girl who, not far from Halifax in Yorkshire, was bewildered in a snow-storm. Her footsteps were traced by her parents to the middle of the lock of a canal, and no other vestige of her, backward or forward, could be traced. The body however was found in the canal. The way in which the incident was treated and the spiritualising of the character might furnish hints for contrasting the imaginative influences which I have endeavored to throw over common life with Crabbe's matter of fact style of treating subjects of the same kind. This is not spoken to his disparagement, far from it, but to direct the attention of thoughtful readers, into whose hands these notes may fall, to a comparison that may both enlarge the circle of their sensibilities, and tend to produce in them a catholic judgment." — (Wordsworth.)

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day,
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew; 5
She dwelt on a wide moor, —
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green; 10
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night, —
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light 15
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father! will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon, —
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!" 20

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band;

He plied his work; — and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe: 25
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down; 30
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight 35
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on the hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door. 40

They wept, — and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet!" —
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge 45
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same; 50
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank; 55
And further there were none!

— Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild. 60

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

1799.

THE SIMPLON PASS

——— Brook and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow step. The immeasurable height

Of woods decaying, never to be decayed, 5
 The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
 And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
 Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn,
 The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
 The rocks that muttered close upon our
 ears, 10
 Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-
 side
 As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
 And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
 The unfettered clouds and region of the
 heavens,
 Tumult and peace, the darkness and the
 light — 15
 Were all like workings of one mind, the
 features
 Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
 Characters of the great Apocalypse,
 The types and symbols of Eternity,
 Of first, and last, and midst, and without
 end. 20

1799.

MICHAEL

A PASTORAL POEM

"Written at Town-end, Grasmere, about the same time as *The Brothers*. The Sheepfold, on which so much of the poem turns, remains, or rather the ruins of it. The character and circumstances of Luke were taken from a family to whom had belonged, many years before, the house we lived in at Town-end, along with some fields and woodlands on the eastern shore of Grasmere. The name of the Evening Star was not in fact given to this house, but to another on the same side of the valley, more to the north." — (Wordsworth.)

If from the public way you turn your steps
 Up the tumultuous brook of Greenhead
 Ghyll,
 You will suppose that with an upright path
 Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent
 The pastoral mountains front you, face to
 face. 5
 But, courage! for around that boisterous
 brook
 The mountains have all opened out them-
 selves,
 And made a hidden valley of their own.
 No habitation can be seen; but they
 Who journey thither find themselves alone 10
 With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and
 kites
 That overhead are sailing in the sky.
 It is in truth an utter solitude;

Nor should I have made mention of this Dell
 But for one object which you might pass
 by, 15
 Might see and notice not. Beside the brook
 Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones!
 And to that simple object appertains
 A story — unenriched with strange events,
 Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside, 20
 Or for the summer shade. It was the first
 Of those domestic tales that spake to me
 Of shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
 Whom I already loved; not verily
 For their own sakes, but for the fields and
 hills 25
 Where was their occupation and abode.
 And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
 Careless of books, yet having felt the power
 Of Nature, by the gentle agency
 Of natural objects, led me on to feel 30
 For passions that were not my own, and
 think
 (At random and imperfectly indeed)
 On man, the heart of man, and human life.
 Therefore, although it be a history
 Homely and rude, I will relate the same 35
 For the delight of a few natural hearts;
 And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake
 Of youthful Poets, who among these hills
 Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale 40
 There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his
 name;
 An old man, stout of heart, and strong of
 limb.
 His bodily frame had been from youth to age
 Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,
 Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs, 45
 And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
 And watchful more than ordinary men.
 Hence had he learned the meaning of all
 winds,
 Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,
 When others heeded not, he heard the
 South 50
 Make subterraneous music, like the noise
 Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
 The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
 Bethought him, and he to himself would say,
 "The winds are now devising work for
 me!" 55
 And, truly, at all times, the storm, that
 drives
 The traveller to a shelter, summoned him
 Up to the mountains: he had been alone
 Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
 That came to him, and left him, on the
 heights. 60

So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
 And grossly that man errs, who should suppose
 That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,
 Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.
 Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed
 The common air; hills, which with vigorous step
 He had so often climbed; which had impressed
 So many incidents upon his mind
 Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;
 Which, like a book, preserved the memory
 Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,
 Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts
 The certainty of honorable gain;
 Those fields, those hills — what could they less? — had laid
 Strong hold on his affections, were to him
 A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
 The pleasure which there is in life itself.
 His days had not been passed in singleness.
 His Helpmate was a comely matron, old,
 Though younger than himself full twenty years.
 She was a woman of a stirring life,
 Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she had
 Of antique form; this large, for spinning wool;
 That small, for flax; and if one wheel had rest,
 It was because the other was at work.
 The Pair had but one inmate in their house,
 An only Child, who had been born to them
 When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
 To deem that he was old, — in shepherd's phrase,
 With one foot in the grave. This only Son,
 With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,
 The one of an inestimable worth,
 Made all their household. I may truly say,
 That they were as a proverb in the vale
 For endless industry. When day was gone,
 And from their occupations out of doors
 The Son and Father were come home, even then,
 Their labor did not cease; unless when all
 Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there,
 Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk,

Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes,
 And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when the meal
 Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)
 And his old Father both betook themselves
 To such convenient work as might employ
 Their hands by the fireside; perhaps to card
 Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair
 Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
 Or other implement of house or field.
 Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge,
 That in our ancient uncouth country style
 With huge and black projection overbrowed
 Large space beneath, as duly as the light
 Of day grew dim, the Housewife hung a lamp;
 An aged utensil, which had performed
 Service beyond all others of its kind.
 Early at evening did it burn — and late,
 Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
 Which, going by from year to year, had found,
 And left, the couple neither gay perhaps
 Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,
 Living a life of eager industry.
 And now, when Luke had reached his eighteenth year,
 There by the light of this old lamp they sate
 Father and Son, while far into the night
 The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,
 Making the cottage through the silent hours
 Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
 This light was famous in its neighborhood,
 And was a public symbol of the life
 That thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
 Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
 Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
 High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,
 And westward to the village near the lake;
 And from this constant light, so regular
 And so far seen, the House itself, by all
 Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
 Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR.
 Thus living on through such a length of years,
 The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
 Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's heart
 This son of his old age was yet more dear —
 Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
 Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood
 of all —

Than that a child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking
thoughts,

And stirrings of inquietude, when they
By tendency of nature needs must fail. 150
Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
His heart and his heart's joy! For often-
times

Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
Had done him female service, not alone
For pastime and delight, as is the use 155
Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked
His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy
Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love,
Albeit of a stern unbending mind, 161
To have the Young-one in his sight, when he
Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's
stool

Sat with a fettered sheep before him
stretched

Under the large old oak, that near his door
Stood single, and, from matchless depth of
shade, 166

Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the
sun,

Thence in our rustic dialect was called
The CLIPPING TREE,¹ a name which yet it
bears.

There, while they two were sitting in the
shade, 170

With others round them, earnest all and
blithe,

Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
By catching at their legs, or with his shouts
Scared them, while they lay still beneath the
shears. 176

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy
grew up

A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
Two steady roses that were five years old,
Then Michael from a winter coppice cut 180
With his own hand a sapling, which he
hooped

With iron, making it throughout in all
Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt
He as a watchman oftentimes was placed
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock; 186
And, to his office prematurely called,
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
Something between a hindrance and a help;

¹ Clipping is the word used in the North of England for shearing. (Wordsworth.)

And for this cause not always, I believe, 190
Receiving from his Father hire of praise;
Though nought was left undone which staff,
or voice,

Or looks, or threatening gestures, could per-
form.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could
stand

Against the mountain blasts; and to the
heights, 193

Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
He with his Father daily went, and they
Were as companions, why should I relate
That objects which the Shepherd loved be-
fore

Were dearer now? that from the Boy there
came 200

Feelings and emanations — things which
were

Light to the sun and music to the wind;
And that the old Man's heart seemed born
again?

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew
up:

And now, when he had reached his eighteenth
year, 205

He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household
lived

From day to day, to Michael's ear there came
Distressful tidings. Long before the time
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been
bound 211

In surety for his brother's son, a man
Of an industrious life, and ample means;
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
Had prest upon him; and old Michael now
Was summoned to discharge the forfei-
ture, 215

A grievous penalty, but little less
Than half his substance. This unlooked-for
claim,

At the first hearing, for a moment took
More hope out of his life than he supposed
That any old man ever could have lost. 220
As soon as he had armed himself with
strength

To look his trouble in the face, it seemed
The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at once
A portion of his patrimonial fields.

Such was his first resolve; he thought
again, 225

And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said he,
Two evenings after he had heard the news,
"I have been toiling more than seventy years,
And in the open sunshine of God's love
Have we all lived; yet if these fields of ours
Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think 231

That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
 Our lot is a hard lot; the sun himself
 Has scarcely been more diligent than I;
 And I have lived to be a fool at last 235
 To my own family. An evil man
 That was, and made an evil choice, if he
 Were false to us; and if he were not false,
 There are ten thousand to whom loss like
 this
 Had been no sorrow. I forgive him; —
 but 240
 'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.
 "When I began, my purpose was to speak
 Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
 Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land
 Shall not go from us, and it shall be free; 245
 He shall possess it, free as is the wind
 That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
 Another kinsman, — he will be our friend
 In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
 Thriving in trade, — and Luke to him shall
 go, 250
 And with his kinsman's help and his own
 thrift
 He quickly will repair this loss, and then
 He may return to us. If here he stay,
 What can be done? Where every one is poor,
 What can be gained?"
 At this the old Man paused,
 And Isabel sat silent, for her mind 256
 Was busy, looking back into past times.
 There's Richard Bateman, thought she to
 herself,
 He was a parish-boy; — at the church-
 door
 They made a gathering for him, shillings,
 pence 260
 And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbors
 bought
 A basket, which they filled with pedlar's
 wares;
 And, with this basket on his arm, the lad
 Went up to London, found a master there,
 Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy 265
 To go and overlook his merchandise
 Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous
 rich,
 And left estates and monies to the poor,
 And, at his birth-place, built a chapel,
 floored
 With marble which he sent from foreign
 lands. 270
 These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
 Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
 And her face brightened. The old Man was
 glad,
 And thus resumed: — "Well, Isabel! this
 scheme

These two days, has been meat and drink to
 me. 275
 Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
 — We have enough; — I wish indeed that I
 Were younger; — but this hope is a good
 hope.
 — Make ready Luke's best garments, of the
 best 279
 Buy for him more, and let us send him forth
 To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:
 — If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-night."
 Here Michael ceased, and to the fields
 went forth
 With a light heart. The Housewife for five
 days
 Was restless morn and night, and all day
 long 285
 Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
 Things needful for the journey of her son.
 But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
 To stop her in her work: for, when she lay
 By Michael's side, she through the last two
 nights 290
 Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep:
 And when they rose at morning she could
 see
 That all his hopes were gone. That day at
 noon
 She said to Luke, while they two by them-
 selves 294
 Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not go:
 We have no other Child but thee to lose,
 None to remember; — do not go away,
 For if thou leave thy Father he will die."
 The Youth made answer with a jocund
 voice;
 And Isabel, when she had told her fears, 300
 Recovered heart. That evening her best
 fare
 Did she bring forth, and all together sat
 Like happy people round a Christmas fire.
 With daylight Isabel resumed her work; 304
 And all the ensuing week the house appeared
 As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length
 The expected letter from their kinsman came,
 With kind assurances that he would do
 His utmost for the welfare of the Boy;
 To which, requests were added, that forth-
 with 310
 He might be sent to him. Ten times or more
 The letter was read over; Isabel
 Went forth to show it to the neighbors
 round;
 Nor was there at that time on English land
 A prouder heart than Luke's. When
 Isabel 315
 Had to her house returned, the old Man said,
 "He shall depart to-morrow." To this word

The Housewife answered, talking much of things
Which, if at such short notice he should go, 319
Would surely be forgotten. But at length
She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.
Near the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,
In that deep valley, Michael had designed
To build a Sheepfold; and, before he heard
The tidings of his melancholy loss, 325
For this same purpose he had gathered up
A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge
Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
With Luke that evening thitherward he walked:
And soon as they had reached the place he stopped, 330
And thus the old Man spake to him: — "My Son,
To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart
I look upon thee, for thou art the same
That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,
And all thy life has been my daily joy. 335
I will relate to thee some little part
Of our two histories; 'twill do thee good
When thou art from me, even if I should touch
On things thou canst not know of. — After thou 339
First cam'st into the world — as oft befalls
To new-born infants — thou didst sleep away
Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue
Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,
And still I loved thee with increasing love.
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds 345
Than when I heard thee by our own fireside
First uttering, without words, a natural tune;
While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy
Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month, 349
And in the open fields my life was passed
And on the mountains; else I think that thou
Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.
But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills,
As well thou knowest, in us the old and young 354
Have played together, nor with me didst thou
Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."
Luke had a manly heart; but at these words
He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his hand,

And said, "Nay, do not take it so — I see
That these are things of which I need not speak. 360
— Even to the utmost I have been to thee
A kind and a good Father: and herein
I but repay a gift which I myself
Received at others' hands; for, though now old
Beyond the common life of man, I still 365
Remember them who loved me in my youth.
Both of them sleep together: here they lived,
As all their Forefathers had done; and when
At length their time was come, they were not loth
To give their bodies to the family mold. 370
I wished that thou should'st live the life they lived:
But, 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,
And see so little gain from threescore years.
These fields were burthened when they came to me;
Till I was forty years of age, not more 375
Than half of my inheritance was mine.
I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work,
And till these three weeks past the land was free.
— It looks as if it never could endure 379
Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
That thou should'st go."
At this the old Man paused;
Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood,
Thus, after a short silence, he resumed: 384
"This was a work for us; and now, my Son,
It is a work for me. But, lay one stone, —
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
Nay, Boy, be of good hope; — we both may live
To see a better day. At eighty-four
I still am strong and hale; — do thou thy part; 390
I will do mine. — I will begin again
With many tasks that were resigned to thee:
Up to the heights, and in among the storms,
Will I without thee go again, and do
All works which I was wont to do alone, 395
Before I knew thy face. — Heaven bless thee,
Boy!
Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast
With many hopes; it should be so; — yes — yes —
I knew that thou could'st never have a wish
To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound to me 400

Only by links of love: when thou art gone,
What will be left to us! — But, I forget
My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone,
As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,
When thou art gone away, should evil men
Be thy companions, think of me, my Son, ⁴⁰⁶
And of this moment; hither turn thy
thoughts,

And God will strengthen thee: amid all
fear

And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou
May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers
lived, ⁴¹⁰

Who, being innocent, did for that cause
Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee
well;

When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt
see

A work which is not here: a covenant
'Twill be between us; but, whatever fate ⁴¹⁵
Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

The Shepherd ended here; and Luke
stooped down,

And, as his Father had requested, laid
The first stone of the Sheepfold. At the
sight ⁴²⁰

The old Man's grief broke from him; to his
heart

He pressed his Son, he kissèd him and wept;
And to the house together they returned.

— Hushed was that House in peace, or seem-
ing peace,

Ere the night fell: — with morrow's dawn the
Boy ⁴²⁵

Began his journey, and when he had reached
The public way, he put on a bold face;
And all the neighbors, as he passed their
doors,

Came forth with wishes and with farewell
prayers, ⁴²⁹

That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their Kinsman
come,

Of Luke and his well-doing; and the Boy
Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,
Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were
throughout ⁴³⁴

"The prettiest letters that were ever seen."

Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.
So, many months passed on: and once again

The Shepherd went about his daily work
With confident and cheerful thoughts; and
now ⁴³⁹

Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour
He to that valley took his way, and there
Wrought at the Sheepfold. Meantime Luke
began

To slacken in his duty; and, at length,
He in the dissolute city gave himself
To evil courses: ignominy and shame ⁴⁴⁵
Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else ⁴⁴⁹
Would overset the brain, or break the heart:
I have conversed with more than one who
well

Remember the old Man, and what he was
Years after he had heard this heavy news.
His bodily frame had been from youth to
age ⁴⁵⁴

Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,
And listened to the wind; and, as before,
Performed all kinds of labor for his sheep,
And for the land, his small inheritance. ⁴⁵⁹

And to that hollow dell from time to time
Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
The pity which was then in every heart
For the old Man — and 'tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither went,
And never lifted up a single stone. ⁴⁶⁶

There, by the Sheepfold, sometimes was he
seen

Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
The length of full seven years, from time to
time, ⁴⁷⁰

He at the building of this Sheepfold wrought,
And left the work unfinished when he died.

Three years, or little more, did Isabel
Survive her Husband: at her death the estate
Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand.
The Cottage which was named the EVENING
STAR ⁴⁷⁶

Is gone; — the ploughshare has been through
the ground

On which it stood; great changes have been
wrought

In all the neighborhood: — yet the oak is
left

That grew beside their door; and the remains
Of the unfinished Sheepfold may be seen ⁴⁸¹
Beside the boisterous brook of Greenhead
Ghyll.

1800.

THE PRELUDE

The poem is dedicated to "a dear friend, most
distinguished for his knowledge and genius," —
Coleridge.

In this long poem Wordsworth meant to em-
body his views on "man, nature, and society,"
to quote his own words. It is his poetic auto-

biography and confession of faith, in which are found his reactions to the events in his life, and the development of his philosophy, especially his belief that love of nature leads to love of man, that knowledge comes not so much from thinking as from deep feeling, and that this lofty feeling arises most often when one is in communion with nature.

From BOOK FIRST

INTRODUCTION — CHILDHOOD AND
SCHOOL-TIME

And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile 426
The cottage windows blazed through twilight
gloom,
I heeded not their summons: happy time
It was indeed for all of us — for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six, — I wheeled
about, 431
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with
steel,
We hissed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase 435
And woodland pleasures, — the resounding
horn,
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we
flew,
And not a voice was idle; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud; 440
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the
west 445
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous
throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star 450
That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spin-
ning still 455
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me — even as if the earth had
rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round! 460
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,

Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

From BOOK NINTH

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE

A band of military Officers, 125
Then stationed in the city, were the chief
Of my associates: some of these wore swords
That had been seasoned in the wars, and all
Were men well-born; the chivalry of France.
In age and temper differing, they had yet
One spirit ruling in each heart; alike 131
(Save only one, hereafter to be named)
Were bent upon undoing what was done:
This was their rest and only hope; therewith
No fear had they of bad becoming worse,
For worst to them was come; nor would have
stirred, 136
Or deemed it worth a moment's thought to
stir,
In anything, save only as the act
Looked thitherward. One, reckoning by
years, 139
Was in the prime of manhood, and erewhile
He had sat lord in many tender hearts;
Though heedless of such honors now, and
changed:
His temper was quite mastered by the times,
And they had blighted him, had eaten away
The beauty of his person, doing wrong 145
Alike to body and to mind: his port,
Which once had been erect and open, now
Was stooping and contracted, and a face,
Endowed by Nature with her fairest gifts
Of symmetry and light and bloom, expressed,
As much as any that was ever seen, 151
A ravage out of season, made by thoughts
Unhealthy and vexatious. With the hour,
That from the press of Paris duly brought
Its freight of public news, the fever came,
A punctual visitant, to shake this man, 156
Disarmed his voice and fanned his yellow
cheek
Into a thousand colors; while he read,
Or mused, his sword was haunted by his
touch
Continually, like an uneasy place 160
In his own body. 'Twas in truth an hour
Of universal ferment; mildest men
Were agitated; and commotions, strife
Of passion and opinion, filled the walls
Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds. 165
The soil of common life was, at that time,
Too hot to tread upon. Oft said I then,
And not then only, "What a mockery this
Of history, the past and that to come!
Now do I feel how all men are deceived, 17"

Reading of nations and their works, in faith,
Faith given to vanity and emptiness;
Oh! laughter for the page that would reflect
To future times the face of what now is!"

The land all swarmed with passion, like a
plain 175

Devoured by locusts, — Carra, Gorsas, —
add

A hundred other names, forgotten now,
Nor to be heard of more; yet, they were
powers,

Like earthquakes, shocks repeated day by
day,

And felt through every nook of town and
field. 180

Meantime, day by day, the roads
Were crowded with the bravest youth of
France,

And all the promptest of her spirits, linked
In gallant soldiery, and posting on 265
To meet the war upon her frontier bounds.

Yet at this very moment do tears start
Into mine eyes: I do not say I weep —
I wept not then, — but tears have dimmed
my sight,

In memory of the farewells of that time,
Domestic severings, female fortitude 271

At dearest separation, patriot love
And self-devotion, and terrestrial hope,
Encouraged with a martyr's confidence; 274

Even files of strangers merely seen but once,
And for a moment, men from far with sound
Of music, martial tunes, and banners spread,
Entering the city, here and there a face,

Or person, singled out among the rest, 279
Yet still a stranger and beloved as such;

Even by these passing spectacles my heart
Was oftentimes uplifted, and they seemed
Arguments sent from Heaven to prove the
cause

Good, pure, which no one could stand up
against, 284

Who was not lost, abandoned, selfish, proud,
Mean, miserable, wilfully depraved,
Hater perverse of equity and truth.

Among that band of Officers was one,
Already hinted at, of other mold —

A patriot, thence rejected by the rest, 290
And with an oriental loathing spurned,

As of a different caste. A meeker man
Than this lived never, nor a more benign,

Meek though enthusiastic. Injuries 294
Made *him* more gracious, and his nature

then

Did breathe its sweetness out most sensibly,
As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf.

When foot hath crushed them. He through
the events

Of that great change wandered in perfect
faith, 29

As through a book, an old romance, or tale
Of Fairy, or some dream of actions wrought
Behind the summer clouds. By birth he
ranked

With the most noble, but unto the poor
Among mankind he was in service bound,
As by some tie invisible, oaths professed 30

To a religious order. Man he loved
As man; and, to the mean and the obscure,

And all the homely in their homely works,
Transferred a courtesy which had no air
Of condescension; but did rather seem 31

A passion and a gallantry, like that
Which he, a soldier, in his idler day

Had paid to woman: somewhat vain he was
Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity,

But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy 31
Diffused around him, while he was intent

On works of love or freedom, or revolved
Complacently the progress of a cause,

Whereof he was a part: yet this was meek
And placid, and took nothing from the man
That was delightful. Oft in solitude 32

With him did I discourse about the end
Of civil government, and its wisest forms;

Of ancient loyalty, and chartered rights,
Custom and habit, novelty and change; 32

Of self-respect, and virtue in the few
For patrimonial honor set apart,

And ignorance in the laboring multitude.
For he, to all intolerance indisposed, 33

Balanced these contemplations in his mind:
And I, who at that time was scarcely dippe

Into the turmoil, bore a sounder judgment
Than later days allowed; carried about me,

With less alloy to its integrity, 33
The experience of past ages, as, through hel

Of books and common life, it makes sure wa
To youthful minds, by objects over near

Not pressed upon, nor dazzled or misled
By struggling with the crowd for present
ends.

But though not deaf, nor obstinate to find
Error without excuse upon the side 34

Of them who strove against us, more delight
We took, and let this freely be confessed,

In painting to ourselves the miseries
Of royal courts, and that voluptuous life 34

Unfeeling, where the man who is of soul
The meanest thrives the most; where dignity
True personal dignity, abideth not;

A light, a cruel, and vain world cut off 34
From the natural inlets of just sentiment,

rom lowly sympathy and chastening truth;
Where good and evil interchange their names,
And thirst for bloody spoils abroad is paired
With vice at home. We added dearest
themes —

fan and his noble nature, as it is 355
The gift which God has placed within his
power,

his blind desires and steady faculties
Capable of clear truth, the one to break
bondage, the other to build liberty
On firm foundations, making social life, 360
Through knowledge spreading and imperish-
able,

as just in regulation, and as pure
As individual in the wise and good.

We summoned up the honorable deeds
Of ancient Story, thought of each bright
spot, 365

That would be found in all recorded time,
Of truth preserved and error passed away;
Of single spirits that catch the flame from
Heaven,

and how the multitudes of men will feed
and fan each other; thought of sects, how
keen 370

They are to put the appropriate nature on,
Triumphant over every obstacle
Of custom, language, country, love, or hate,
and what they do and suffer for their creed;
How far they travel, and how long endure;
How quickly mighty Nations have been
formed, 376

From least beginnings; how, together locked
By new opinions, scattered tribes have made
One body, spreading wide as clouds in
heaven.

To aspirations then of our own minds 380

Did we appeal; and, finally, beheld
A living confirmation of the whole
before us, in a people from the depth
Of shameful imbecility uprisen, 384

fresh as the morning star. Elate we looked
upon their virtues; saw, in rudest men,
Self-sacrifice the firmest; generous love,
And continence of mind, and sense of right,
Uppermost in the midst of fiercest strife.

? 1799.

From BOOK ELEVENTH

FRANCE (*concluded*)

O pleasant exercise of hope and joy! 1 105
or mighty were the auxiliars which then
stood

1 These lines were originally published in Coleridge's
magazine, *The Friend*, with the title, *French Revolution*,
as it appeared to Enthusiasts at its Commencement

Upon our side, us who were strong in love!
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven! — O
times,

In which the meagre, stale, forbidding
ways 110

Of custom, law, and statute took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!
When Reason seemed the most to assert her
rights,

When most intent on making of herself 114

A prime enchantress — to assist the work,
Which then was going forward in her name!
Not favored spots alone, but the whole earth
The beauty wore of promise — that which
sets

(As at some moments might not be unfelt
Among the bowers of Paradise itself) 126

The budding rose above the rose full-blown.
What temper at the prospect did not wake
To happiness unthought of? The inert
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!
They who had fed their childhood upon
dreams, 125

The playfellows of fancy, — who had made
All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength
Their ministers, — who in lordly wise had
stirred

Among the grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they four'd
there 130

As if they had within some lurking right
To wield it; — they, too, who of gentle mood
Had watched all gentle motions, and to these
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers
more mild,

And in the region of their peaceful selves; —
Now was it that both found, the meek and
lofty 135

Did both find, helpers to their hearts' desire,
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish;
Were called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia, subterranean fields, 140
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows
where!

But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us, — the place where, in the end,
We find our happiness, or not at all!

1805.

MY HEART LEAPS UP

"Written at Town-end, Grasmere." —
(Wordsworth.)

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,

So be it when I shall grow old
 Or let me die!
 The Child is father of the Man:
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.¹

1802.

TO THE CUCKOO

"Composed in the orchard, Town-end,
 Grasmere." — (Wordsworth.)

O blithe New-comer! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice.
 O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
 Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
 Thy twofold shout I hear,
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
 Of sunshine and of flowers,
 Thou bringest unto me a tale
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
 Even yet thou art to me
 No bird, but an invisible thing,
 A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
 I listened to; that cry
 Which made me look a thousand ways,
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
 Through woods and on the green;
 And thou wert still a hope, a love;
 Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
 Can lie upon the plain
 And listen, till I do beget
 That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace
 Again appears to be
 An unsubstantial, faery place,
 That is fit home for thee!

1804.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE

"Written at Town-end, Grasmere. This old
 Man I met a few hundred yards from my cot-

¹ I.e. reverence for God as He appears in nature.

tage; and the account of him is taken from his
 own mouth. I was in the state of feeling de-
 scribed in the beginning of the poem, while
 crossing over Barton Fell from Mr. Clarkson's,
 at the foot of Ullswater, towards Askham. The
 image of the hare I then observed on the ridge
 of the Fell." — (Wordsworth.)

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
 The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
 But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
 The birds are singing in the distant woods;
 Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove
 broods;
 The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters;
 And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of
 waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
 The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
 The grass is bright with rain-drops; — on the
 moors

The hare is running races in her mirth;
 And with her feet she from the plashy earth
 Raises a mist; that, glittering in the sun,
 Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth
 run.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor;
 I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
 I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
 Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
 The pleasant season did my heart employ:
 My old remembrances went from me
 wholly;
 And all the ways of men, so vain and melan-
 choly.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
 Of joy in minds that can no further go,
 As high as we have mounted in delight
 In our dejection do we sink as low;
 To me that morning did it happen so;
 And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
 Dim sadness, and blind thoughts, I knew not,
 nor could name.

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky;
 And I bethought me of the playful hare:
 Even such a happy child of earth am I;
 Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
 Far from the world I walk, and all from care;
 But there may come another day to me, —
 Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and pov-
 erty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant
 thought,
 As if life's business were a summer mood;

As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can he expect that others should 40
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed
at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
Of him ² who walked in glory and in joy, 45
Following his plough, along the mountain-
side:

By our own spirits we are deified:
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and
madness.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace, 50
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had
striven,

Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven,
I saw a man before me unawares: 55
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore
gray hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence,
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and
whence: 60

So that it seems a thing endued with sense;—
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a
shelf

Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun
itself;—

Such seemed this man, not all alive nor
dead,

Nor all asleep, in his extreme old age: 65
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame
had cast. 70

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale
face,

Upon a long gray staff of shaven wood:
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood, 75
That heareth not the loud winds when they
call.

And moveth all together, if it move at all.

¹ Burns.

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon that muddy water, which he conned,
As if he had been reading in a book: 81
And now a stranger's privilege I took;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
"This morning gives us promise of a glorious
day."

A gentle answer did the old man make, 85
In courteous speech which forth he slowly
drew;

And him with further words I thus bespake:
"What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you."
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise 90
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet vivid
eyes.

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
But each in solemn order followed each,
With something of a lofty utterance drest, —
Choice word and measured phrase, above the
reach 95

Of ordinary men; a stately speech;
Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and man
their dues.

He told, that to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor: 100
Employment hazardous and wearisome!
And he had many hardships to endure:

From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to
moor,

Housing, with God's good help, by choice or
chance:

And in this way he gained an honest mainte-
nance. 105

The old man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I
divide;

And the whole body of the man did seem
Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
Or like a man from some far region sent, 111
To give me human strength, by apt admon-
ishment.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that
kills

And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labor, and all fleshly ills; 115
And mighty poets in their misery dead.
— Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew,
"How is it that you live, and what is it you
do?"

He with a smile did then his words repeat; 120
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and
wide

He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
"Once I could meet with them on every side;
But they have dwindled long by slow de-
cay; 125
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I
may."

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old man's shape, and speech, — all
troubled me:

In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually, 130
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pur-
sued,

He, having made a pause, the same discourse
renewed.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanor kind, 135
But stately in the main; and when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn, to find
In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
"God," said I, "be my help and stay secure;
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely
moor!" 140

1802.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMIN- STER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare, 5
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples
lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky, —
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill; 10
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

1802.

COMPOSED BY THE SEASIDE NEAR CALAIS, AUGUST 1802

Fair Star of evening, Splendor of the west,
Star of my Country! — on the horizon's brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink

On England's bosom; yet well pleased to rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest: 5
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
Should'st be my Country's emblem; and
should'st wink,

Bright Star! with laughter on her banners,
drest

In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot
Beneath thee, that is England; there she
lies. 10

Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,
One life, one glory! — I, with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger here.

1802.

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING CALM AND FREE

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the
Sea: 5

Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder — everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me
here,

If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine: 11
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

1802.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC²

Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee
And was the safeguard of the West; the
worth

Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.
She was a maiden city, bright and free; 5
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse³ the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength de-
cay, — 10

Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day:

¹ Wordsworth's French daughter, Caroline.

² By Napoleon, in 1797.

³ Referring to the annual ceremony when the Doge of Venice married the Adriatic by tossing a ring into its waters.

Men are we, and must grieve when even the
shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.
1802.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE¹

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless
den; —

O miserable Chieftain! where and when 5
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do
thou

Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left
behind

Powers that will work for thee; air, earth,
and skies; 10

There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

1802.

NEAR DOVER, SEPTEMBER

1802

Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air was
clear,

The coast of France — the coast of France
how near!

Drawn almost into frightful neighborhood.

I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood 5

Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,

A span of waters; yet what power is there!

What mightiness for evil and for good!

Even so doth God protect us if we be

Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters

roll, 10

Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity;

Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree

Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul

Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

1802

WRITTEN IN LONDON, 1802

"This was written immediately after my re-
turn from France to London, when I could not
but be struck, as here described, with the vanity
and parade of our own country, especially in

¹ The Haitian general, son of African slaves, who
abolished slavery on the island of Santo Domingo. After
a successful resistance to the French, he was captured in
1801 and imprisoned in Paris, where he died the following
year, shortly after Wordsworth's sonnet was written.

great towns and cities, as contrasted with the
quiet, and I may say the desolation, that the
revolution had produced in France. This must
be borne in mind, or else the reader may think
that in this and the succeeding Sonnets I have
exaggerated the mischief engendered and fos-
tered among us by undisturbed wealth. It
would not be easy to conceive with what a depth
of feeling I entered into the struggle carried on
by the Spaniards for their deliverance from the
usurped power of the French. Many times
have I gone from Allan Bank in Grasmere vale,
where we were then residing, to the top of the
Raise-gap as it is called, so late as two o'clock in
the morning, to meet the carrier bringing the
newspaper from Keswick. Imperfect traces of
the state of mind in which I then was may be
found in my Tract on the Convention of Cintra,
as well as in these Sonnets." — (Wordsworth.)

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd
To think that now our life is only drest

For show; mean handy-work of craftsman,
cook,

Or groom! — We must run glittering like a
brook 5

In the open sunshine, or we are unblest;

The wealthiest man among us is the best.

No grandeur now in nature or in book

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,

This is idolatry; and these we adore: 10

Plain living and high thinking are no more:

The homely beauty of the good old cause

Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,

And pure religion breathing household laws.

LONDON, 1802

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:

England hath need of thee: she is a fen

Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,

Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower 5

Of inward happiness. We are selfish men:

Oh! raise us up, return to us again;

And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the

sea, 10

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free;

So didst thou travel on life's common way

In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart

The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

TO THE DAISY

"Composed in the orchard, Town-end,
Grasmere." — (Wordsworth.)

With little here to do or see

Of things that in the great world be,

Sweet Daisy! oft I talk to thee
 For thou art worthy,
 Thou unassuming Common-place
 Of Nature, with that homely face,
 And yet with something of a grace
 Which Love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
 I sit and play with similes,
 Loose types of things through all degrees,
 Thoughts of thy raising;
 And many a fond and idle name
 I give to thee, for praise or blame
 As is the humor of the game,
 While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port;
 Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
 In thy simplicity the sport
 Of all temptations;
 A queen in crown of rubies drest;
 A starveling in a scanty vest;
 Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
 Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye
 Staring to threaten and defy,
 That thought comes next — and instantly
 The freak is over,
 The shape will vanish, and behold!
 A silver shield with boss of gold
 That spreads itself, some faery bold
 In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar —
 And then thou art a pretty star,
 Not quite so fair as many are
 In heaven above thee!
 Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest; —
 May peace come never to his nest
 Who shall reprove thee!

Sweet Flower! for by that name at last
 When all my reveries are past
 I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
 Sweet silent Creature!
 That breath'st with me in sun and air,
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
 My heart with gladness, and a share
 Of thy meek nature!

1802.

WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN MEMORY

When I have borne in memory what has
 tamed
 Great nations; how ennobling thoughts depart

When men change swords for ledgers, and
 desert
 The student's bower for gold, — some fears
 unnamed
 I had, my Country! — am I to be blamed?
 Now, when I think of thee, and what thou
 art,
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
 For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
 And I by my affection was beguiled:
 What wonder if a Poet now and then,
 Among the many movements of his mind,
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

1802.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS

1803

"For illustration, see my Sister's Journal."
 — (Wordsworth.)

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH

I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold,
 At thought of what I now behold:
 As vapors breathed from dungeons cold,
 Strike pleasure dead,
 So sadness comes from out the mould
 Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
 And thou forbidden to appear?
 As if it were thyself that's here
 I shrink with pain;
 And both my wishes and my fear
 Alike are vain.

Off weight — nor press on weight! — away
 Dark thoughts! — they came, but not to
 stay;
 With chastened feelings would I pay
 The tribute due
 To him, and aught that hides his clay
 From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth
 He sang, his genius "glinted" forth,
 Rose like a star that touching earth,
 For so it seems,
 Doth glorify its humble birth
 With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
 The struggling heart, where be they now?
 Full soon the Aspirant of the plough,
 The prompt, the brave,

Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
And silent grave. 30

I mourned with thousands, but as one
More deeply grieved, for He was gone
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
And showed my youth
How Verse may build a princely throne 35
On humble truth.

Alas! where'er the current tends,
Regret pursues and with it blends, —
Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
By Skiddaw¹ seen, — 40
Neighbors we were, and loving friends
We might have been;

True friends though diversely inclined;
But heart with heart and mind with mind,
Where the main fibres are entwined, 45
Through Nature's skill,
May even by contraries be joined
More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow;
Thou "poor Inhabitant below," 50
At this dread moment — even so —
Might we together
Have sat and talked where gowans² blow,
Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been
placed 55
Within my reach; of knowledge graced
By fancy what a rich repast!
But why go on? —
Oh! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
His grave grass-grown. 60

There, too, a Son, his joy and pride,
(Not three weeks past the Stripling died,)
Lies gathered to his Father's side,
Soul-moving sight!
Yet one to which is not denied 65
Some sad delight:

For *he* is safe, a quiet bed
Hath early found among the dead,
Harbored where none can be misled,
Wronged, or distressed; 70
And surely here it may be said
That such are blest.

And oh for Thee, by pitying grace
Checked oft-times in a devious race,
May He who halloweth the place 75
Where Man is laid

Receive thy Spirit in the embrace
For which it prayed!

Sighing I turned away; but ere
Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear, 80
Music that sorrow comes not near,
A ritual hymn,
Chaunted in love that casts out fear
By Seraphim.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

This and the preceding poem were written in Scotland during the tour that Wordsworth made with his sister and Coleridge.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain, 5
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands 10
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas 15
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago: 20
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang 25
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending; —
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill, 30
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

1803.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

'Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The germ of this poem was four lines composed as a part of the verse on the Highland Girl. Though

¹ A mountain in Cumberland, not far from Scotland.
² daisies.

beginning in this way, it was written from my heart, as is sufficiently obvious." — (Wordsworth.)

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet 15
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene 21
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death:
The reason firm, the temperate will, 25
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light. 30

1804.

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

"Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The Daffodils grew and still grow on the margin of Ullswater, and probably may be seen to this day as beautiful in the month of March, nodding their golden heads beside the dancing and foaming waves." — (Wordsworth.)

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees, 5
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay: 10

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay, 15
In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood, 20
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

1804.

ELEGIAC STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE
IN A STORM, PAINTED BY SIR
GEORGE BEAUMONT

"Sir George Beaumont painted two pictures of this subject, one of which he gave to Mrs. Wordsworth, saying she ought to have it; but Lady Beaumont interfered, and after Sir George's death she gave it to Sir Uvedale Price, in whose house at Foxley I have seen it." — (Wordsworth.)

I was thy neighbor once, thou rugged Pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air! 5
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! it seemed no
sleep;
No mood, which season takes away, or
brings: 10
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah! then, if mine had been the Painter's
hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the
gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land, 15
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile,
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss. 20

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house
divine
Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven; —
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine,
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A picture had it been of lasting ease, 25
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have
made: 30
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been, — 'tis so no
more;
I have submitted to a new control;
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humanized my soul. 36

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind
serene. 40

Then, Beaumont, friend! who would have
been the friend,
If he had lived, of him¹ whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but com-
mend;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

Oh, 'tis a passionate work! — yet wise and
well, 45
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That hulk which labors in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time, 51
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling
waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the
kind!

Such happiness, wherever it be known, 55
Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!

Such sights, or worse, as are before me
here.
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn. 60
1805.

ODE TO DUTY

"This ode is on the model of Gray's Ode to Adversity, which is copied from Horace's Ode to Fortune. Many and many a time have I been twitted by my wife and sister for having forgotten this dedication of myself to the stern lawgiver. Transgressor indeed I have been, from hour to hour, from day to day: I would fain hope, however, not more flagrantly or in a worse way than most of my tuneful brethren. But these last words are in a wrong strain. We should be rigorous to ourselves and forbearing, if not indulgent, to others; and, if we make comparisons at all, it ought to be with those who have morally excelled us.

"*Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.*" — (Wordsworth.)

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law 5
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail human-
ity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth 10
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced 15
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power!
around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright
And happy will our nature be
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security. 20
And they a blissful course may hold
Ev'n now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to
their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried, 25
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred 30

¹ Wordsworth's brother John, a sea-captain, who was lost with his ship in 1805.

The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if
I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control, 35
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name;
I long for a repose that ever is the same. 40

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds, 45
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens, through
Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend 50
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
O let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give; 55
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me
live.

1805.

TO A SKYLARK

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing, 5
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a Faery, 10
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky. 15

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou wouldst be loth 20

To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain river
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both! 25

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must
wind;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on, 30
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day
is done.

1805.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

"The course of the great war with the French naturally fixed one's attention upon the military character, and, to the honor of our country, there were many illustrious instances of the qualities that constitute its highest excellence. Lord Nelson carried most of the virtues that the trials he was exposed to in his department of the service necessarily call forth and sustain, if they do not produce the contrary vices. But his public life was stained with one great crime, so that, though many passages of these lines were suggested by what was generally known as excellent in his conduct, I have not been able to connect his name with the poem as I could wish, or even to think of him with satisfaction in reference to the idea of what a warrior ought to be. For the sake of such of my friends as may happen to read this note I will add, that many elements of the character here portrayed were found in my brother John, who perished by shipwreck as mentioned elsewhere. His mess-mates used to call him the Philosopher, from which it must be inferred that, the qualities and dispositions I allude to had not escaped their notice. He often expressed his regret, after the war had continued some time, that he had not chosen the Naval, instead of the East India Company's service, to which his family connection had led him. He greatly valued moral and religious instruction for youth, as tending to make good sailors. The best, he used to say, came from Scotland; the next to them, from the North of England, especially from Westmoreland and Cumberland, where thanks to the piety and local attachments of our ancestors, endowed, or, as they are commonly called, free, schools abound." — (Wordsworth.)

In the above lines Wordsworth has given his account of the genesis of the poem. His happy warrior, however, is not a military man in the narrow sense of the word. He is not a Nelson or a Wellington, but rather Wordsworth himself or his brother John. Note in the poem

the recurrence of some of Wordsworth's favorite themes; the glories of childhood; nature and intuition as sources of wisdom; the insistence upon duty, especially in keeping to a trust or to a "law in calmness made"; and the emphasis upon moral goodness, simplicity, gentleness, and faith.

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous spirit, who, when
brought

Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish
thought: 5

Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always
bright:

Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to
learn; 9

Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with pain,
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power 15
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, be-
reaves

Of their bad influence, and their good re-
ceives:

By objects, which might force the soul to
abate 19

Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable, — because occasions rise
So often that demands such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more
pure,

As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress; 25
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness:

— 'Tis he whose law is reason; who de-
pends

Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted
still

To evil for a guard against worse ill, 30
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest;
He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:

— Who, if he rise to station of command, 35
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire:

Who comprehends his trust, and to the
same

Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim; 40

And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in
wait

For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow, on whose head
must fall,

Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common
strife, 45

Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has
joined

Great issues, good or bad for human kind, 50
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the
law

In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed, 55
Come when it will, is equal to the need:

— He who, though thus endued as with a
sense

And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be, 61
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to
love: —

'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high, 65
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity, —

Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays, in the many games of life, that one 70
Where what he most doth value must be
won:

Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand
fast,

Looks forward, persevering to the last, 75
From well to better, daily self-surpast:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the
earth

Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name, 80
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering,
draws

His breath in confidence of Heaven's ap-
plause, —

This is the happy Warrior; this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be. 85

ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF
EARLY CHILDHOOD

"This was composed during my residence at Town-end, Grasmere. Two years at least passed between the writing of the four first stanzas and the remaining part. To the attentive and competent reader the whole sufficiently explains itself; but there may be no harm in adverting here to particular feelings or *experiences* of my own mind on which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. I have said elsewhere —

'A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death!' —

But it was not so much from feelings of animal vivacity that *my* difficulty came as from a sense of the indomitableness of the Spirit within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated, in something of the same way, to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed in the lines —

'Obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;' etc.

To that dream-like vividness and splendor which invest objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here: but having in the poem regarded it as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it right to protest against a conclusion, which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith, as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind that, though the idea is not advanced in revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of Man presents an analogy in its favor. Accordingly, a pre-existent state has entered into the popular creeds of many nations; and, among all persons acquainted with classic literature, is known as an ingredient in Platonic philosophy. Archimedes said that he

could move the world if he had a point whereon to rest his machine. Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards the world of his own mind? Having to wield some of its elements when I was impelled to write this poem on the 'Immortality of the Soul,' I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorising me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as a poet.

'The Child is Father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.'

(Wordsworth.)

There was a time when meadow, grove, and
stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream. 5
It is not now as it hath been of yore; —
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see
no more.

The rainbow comes and goes, 10
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are
bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair; 15
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the
earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound 20
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the
steep; — 25
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong:
I hear the echoes through the mountains
throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of
sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea 30
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday; —
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
happy
Shepherd-boy!

Ye bless'd Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
 My heart is at your festival, 40
 My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning
 This sweet May-morning; 45
 And the children are culling
 On every side
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines
 warm

And the babe leaps up on his mother's
 arm: — 50
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 — But there's a tree, of many, one,
 A single field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is
 gone:

The pansy at my feet 55
 Doth the same tale repeat:
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star, 60
 Hath had elsewhere its setting
 And cometh from afar;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come 65
 From God, who is our home:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it
 flows, 70
 He sees it in his joy;

The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended; 75
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her
 own;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a mother's
 mind 80

And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
 Forget the glories he hath
 known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came. 85

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he
 lies,

Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's
 eyes! 90

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human
 life,

Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral; 95

And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song:
 Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
 But it will not be long 100
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part;
 Filling from time to time his "humorous
 stage"

With all the Persons, down to palsied Age, 105
 That life brings with her in her equipage;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity; 110

Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal
 deep,

Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind, —
 Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest

Which we are toiling all our lives to find, 117
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave, 120
 A Presence which is not to be put by;
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's
 height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou pro-
 voke

The years to bring the inevitable yoke, 125
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly
 freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers 130
 Is something that doth live,
 That Nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed 135
 For that which is most worthy to be blest,
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
 breast: —

— Not for these I raise 140

The song of thanks and praise;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings;
 Blank misgivings of a creature 145
 Moving about in worlds not realized,
 High instincts, before which our mortal
 nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections, 150

Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to
 make

Our noisy years seem moments in the
 being 155

Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
 To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad en-
 deavor,

Nor man nor boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy, 160
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence, in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither; 165
 Can in a moment travel thither —

And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
 And let the young lambs bound 170
 As to the tabor's sound!

We, in thought, will join your throng
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May! 175

What though the radiance which was once
 so bright

Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the
 hour

Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the
 flower; 179

We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains be-
 hind;

In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever
 be;

In the soothing thoughts that
 spring

Out of human suffering; 185
 In the faith that looks through
 death,

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and
 Groves,

Forbode not any severing of our loves!
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your
 might; 190

I only have relinquished one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway:
 I love the brooks which down their channels
 fret

Even more than when I tripped lightly as
 they;

The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet; 196

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are
 won. 200

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can
 give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
 1802-06.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our
 powers:

Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid
 boon!

The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon; 3
 The winds that will be howling at all hours
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping
 flowers;

For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn, — 10
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less for-
 lorn;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

1806.

SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE

UPON THE RESTORATION¹ OF LORD CLIFFORD,²
THE SHEPHERD, TO THE ESTATES AND
HONORS OF HIS ANCESTORS

"This poem was composed at Coleorton while I was walking to and fro along the path that led from Sir George Beaumont's Farm-house, where we resided, to the Hall which was building at that time." — (Wordsworth.)

High in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate,
And Emont's murmur mingled with the
Song. —

The words of ancient time I thus translate,
A festal strain that hath been silent long: —
"From town to town, from tower to tower, 5
The red rose³ is a gladsome flower.
Her thirty years of winter past,
The red rose is revived at last;
She lifts her head for endless spring,
For everlasting blossoming: 10
Both roses flourish, red and white: 4
In love and sisterly delight
The two that were at strife are blended,
And all old troubles now are ended. —
Joy! joy to both! but most to her 15
Who is the flower of Lancaster!
Behold her how She smiles to-day
On this great throng, this bright array!
Fair greeting doth she send to all
From every corner of the hall; 20
But chiefly from above the board
Where sits in state our rightful Lord,
A Clifford to his own restored!

They came with banner, spear, and shield,
And it was proved in Bosworth-field. 25
Not long the Avenger was withstood, —
Earth helped him with the cry of blood:
St. George was for us, and the might
Of blessed Angels crowned the right.
Loud voice the Land has uttered forth, 30
We loudest in the faithful North:
Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,
Our streams proclaim a welcoming;
Our strong-abodes and castles see
The glory of their loyalty. 35

How glad is Skipton at this hour —
Though lonely, a deserted Tower;
Knight, squire, and yeoman, page and
groom:

We have them at the feast of Brough'm.

¹ When Henry VII became king.

² He was forced to flee by the Yorkists during the War of the Roses, and for twenty-four years lived, deprived of his estates, as a shepherd.

³ The symbol or badge of the house of Lancaster.

⁴ i.e. the house of York.

⁵ Scene of the last battle in the War of the Roses, where Richard III was overthrown in 1485.

How glad Pendragon — though the sleep 40
Of years be on her! — She shall reap
A taste of this great pleasure, viewing
As in a dream her own renewing.
Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem
Beside her little humble stream; 45
And she that keepeth watch and ward
Her statelier Eden's course to guard;
They both are happy at this hour,
Though each is but a lonely Tower: —
But here is perfect joy and pride 50
For one fair House by Emont's side,
This day, distinguished without peer
To see her Master and to cheer —
Him, and his Lady-mother dear!

Oh! it was a time forlorn 55
When the fatherless was born —
Give her wings that she may fly,
Or she sees her infant die!
Swords that are with slaughter wild
Hunt the Mother and the Child. 60
Who will take them from the light?
— Yonder is a man in sight —
Yonder is a house — but where?
No, they must not enter there.
To the caves, and to the brooks, 65
To the clouds of heaven she looks;
She is speechless, but her eyes
Pray in ghostly agonies.
Blissful Mary, Mother mild,
Maid and Mother undefiled, 70
Save a Mother and her Child!

Now who is he that bounds with joy
On Carrock's side, a Shepherd-boy?
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that
pass

Light as the wind along the grass. 75
Can this be He who hither came
In secret, like a smothered flame?
O'er whom such thankful tears were shed
For shelter, and a poor man's bread!
God loves the Child; and God hath willed 80
That those dear words should be fulfilled,
The Lady's words, when forced away,
The last she to her Babe did say:
'My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest
I may not be; but rest thee, rest, 85
For lowly shepherd's life is best!'

Alas! when evil men are strong
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The Boy must part from Mosedale's groves,
And leave Blencathara's rugged coves, 90
And quit the flowers that summer brings
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;
Must vanish, and his careless cheer
Be turned to heaviness and fear.
— Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise! 95
Hear it, good man, old in days!

Thou tree of covert and of rest
 For this young Bird that is distress;
 Among thy branches safe he lay,
 And he was free to sport and play, 100
 When falcons were abroad for prey.

A recreant harp, that sings of fear
 And heaviness in Clifford's ear!
 I said, when evil men are strong,
 No life is good, no pleasure long, 105
 A weak and cowardly untruth!
 Our Clifford was a happy Youth,
 And thankful through a weary time,
 That brought him up to manhood's
 prime.

— Again he wanders forth at will, 110
 And tends a flock from hill to hill:
 His garb is humble; ne'er was seen
 Such garb with such a noble mien;
 Among the shepherd grooms no mate
 Hath he, a Child of strength and state!
 Yet lacks not friends for simple glee, 116
 Nor yet for higher sympathy.

To his side the fallow-deer
 Came, and rested without fear;
 The eagle, lord of land and sea, 120
 Stooped down to pay him fealty;
 And both the undying fish that swim
 Through Bowscale-tarn did wait on him;
 The pair were servants of his eye
 In their immortality; 125
 And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,
 Moved to and fro, for his delight.

He knew the rocks which Angels haunt
 Upon the mountains visitant;
 He hath kenned them taking wing: 130
 And into caves where Faeries sing
 He hath entered; and been told
 By Voices how men lived of old.
 Among the heavens his eye can see
 The face of thing that is to be; 135
 And, if that men report him right,
 His tongue could whisper words of might.

— Now another day is come,
 Fitter hope, and nobler doom;
 He hath thrown aside his crook, 140
 And hath buried deep his book;
 Armor rusting in his halls
 On the blood of Clifford calls: —
 'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance —
 Bear me to the heart of France, 145
 Is the longing of the Shield —
 Tell thy name, thou trembling Field;
 Field of death, where'er thou be,
 Groan thou with our victory!
 Happy day, and mighty hour, 150
 When our Shepherd, in his power,
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
 To his ancestors restored

Like a re-appearing Star,
 Like a glory from afar, 155
 First shall head the flock of war!"

Alas! the impassioned minstrel did not know
 How, by Heaven's grace, this Clifford's heart
 was framed,
 How he, long forced in humble walks to go,
 Was softened into feeling, soothed, and
 tamed. 160

Love had he found in huts where poor men
 lie;
 His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
 The silence that is in the starry sky,
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the Race, 165
 Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were
 dead:

Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
 The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage
 hearth;

The Shepherd-lord was honored more and
 more; 170

And, ages after he was laid in earth,
 "The good Lord Clifford" was the name he
 bore.

1807.

LAODAMIA

"Written at Rydal Mount. The incident of
 the trees growing and withering put the subject
 into my thoughts, and I wrote with the hope of
 giving it a loftier tone than, so far as I know,
 has been given to it by any of the Ancients who
 have treated of it. It cost me more trouble
 than almost anything of equal length I have
 ever written." — (Wordsworth.)

"With sacrifice before the rising morn
 Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
 And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades for-
 lorn

Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I re-
 quired:

Celestial pity I again implore; — 15
 Restore him to my sight — great Jove,
 restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
 With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts
 her hands;
 While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
 Her countenance brightens — and her eye
 expands; 10

Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature
grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived? — O joy!
What doth she look on? — whom doth she
behold?

Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy? 15
His vital presence? his corporeal mold?
It is — if sense deceive her not — 'tis He!
And a God leads him, winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake — and touched her with
his wand
That calms all fear: "Such grace hath
crowned thy prayer, 20
Laodamía! that at Jove's command
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper
air:

He comes to tarry with thee three hours'
space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord
to clasp; 25
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The Phantom parts — but parts to re-unite,
And re-assume his place before her sight. 30

"Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
This is our palace, — yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will
rejoice.

Not to appal me have the gods bestowed 35
This precious boon; and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamía! doth not leave
His gifts imperfect: — Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity. 40
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle fore-
told
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan
strand
Should die; but me the threat could not
withhold: 45

A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief — by Hector slain."

"Supreme of Heroes — bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more, 50

Which then, when tens of thousands were
deprest
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st — and I forgive thee — here
thou art —
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest
deed, 55
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath
decreed
Thou should'st elude the malice of the grave:
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian
air. 60

"No Spectre greets me, — no vain Shadow
this;
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my
side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial
kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!"
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious
Parcæ¹ threw 65
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even if
the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth de-
stroys 70
Those raptures duly — Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide — majestic
pains.

"Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul; 75
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn —"

"Ah, wherefore? — Did not Hercules by
force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the
tomb 80
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal
bloom?

Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

"The Gods to us are merciful — and they 85
Yet further may relent: for mightier far

Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble
woman's breast. 90

"But if thou goest, I follow —" "Peace!" he
said; —

She looked upon him and was calmed and
cheered;

The ghastly color from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, ap-
peared

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace, 95
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away — no strife to heal —
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic acts in graver mood 101
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous — imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air, 105
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the bright-
est day

Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath
earned

That privilege by virtue. — "Ill," said he, 110

"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain de-
light,

While tears were thy best pastime, day and
night;

"And while my youthful peers before my
eyes 115

(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports, — or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

"The wished-for wind was given: — I then
revolved 121

The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved

That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the
strand, — 125

Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan
sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life, —
The paths which we had trod — these foun-
tains, flowers, — 131

My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

"But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
'Behold they tremble! — haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die?' 135
In soul I swept the indignity away:

Old frailties then recurred: — but lofty
thought,

In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And Thou, though strong in love, art all too
weak

In reason, in self-government too slow; 140
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek

Our blest re-union in the shades below.

The invisible world with thee hath sympa-
thized;

Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to as-
cend — 145

Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven —
That self might be annulled: her bondage
prove

The fetters of a dream, opposed to
love." — 150

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes re-appears!
Round the dear Shade she would have clung,
— 'tis vain:

The hours are past — too brief had they been
years;

And him no mortal effort can detain:
Swift, toward the realms that know not
earthly day, 155

He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,
By the just Gods, whom no weak pity
moved, 160

Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

— Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man
alone, 166

As fondly he believes. — Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she
died; 170

And ever, when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;
A constant interchange of growth and blight.¹

1814.

COMPOSED UPON AN EVEN- ING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOR AND BEAUTY

"Felt and in a great measure composed upon
the little mount in front of our abode at Rydal."
— (Wordsworth.)

I

Had this effulgence disappeared
With flying haste, I might have sent,
Among the speechless clouds, a look
Of blank astonishment;
But 'tis endued with power to stay, 5
And sanctify one closing day,
That frail Mortality may see —
What is? — ah no, but what *can* be!
Time was when field and watery cove
With modulated echoes rang, 10
While choirs of fervent Angels sang
Their vespers in the grove;
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign
height,
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,
Strains suitable to both. — Such holy rite, 15
Methinks, if audibly repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimar transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle — the
gleam —
The shadow — and the peace supreme! 20

2

No sound is uttered, — but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.
Far-distant images draw nigh, 25
Called forth by wondrous potency
Of beamy radiance, that imbues,
Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like hues!

¹ For the account of these long-lived trees, see Pliny's *Natural History*, lib. xvi. cap. 44; and for the features in the character of Protesilaus see the *Iphigenia in Aulis* of Euripides. Virgil places the Shade of Laodamia in a mournful region, among unhappy Lovers,
"—— His Laodamia,
It comes ——" (Wordsworth.)

In vision exquisitely clear,
Herds range along the mountain side; 30
And glistening antlers are descried;
And gilded flocks appear.
Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve!
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe. 35
That this magnificence is wholly thine!
— From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread! 40

3

And, if there be whom broken ties
Afflict, or injuries assail,
Yon hazy ridges to their eyes
Present a glorious scale,
Climbing suffused with sunny air, 45
To stop — no record hath told where!
And tempting Fancy to ascend,
And with immortal Spirits blend!
— Wings at my shoulders seem to play;
But, rooted here, I stand and gaze 50
On those bright steps that heavenward raise
Their practicable way.
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look
abroad,
And see to what fair countries ye are bound!
And if some traveller, weary of his road, 55
Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy
ground
Ye Genii! to his covert speed;
And wake him with such gentle heed
As may attune his soul to meet the dower
Bestowed on this transcendent hour! 60

4

Such hues from their celestial Urn
Were wont to stream before mine eye,
Where'er it wandered in the morn
Of blissful infancy.
This glimpse of glory, why renewed? 65
Nay, rather speak with gratitude;
For, if a vestige of those gleams
Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.
Dread Power! whom peace and calmness
serve
No less than Nature's threatening voice, 70
If aught unworthy be my choice,
From THEE if I would swerve;
Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light
Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;
Which, at this moment, on my waking
sight 75
Appears to shine, by miracle restored;
My soul, though yet confined to earth,
Rejoices in a second birth!

— 'Tis past, the visionary splendor fades;
And night approaches with her shades. 80
1818.

MUTABILITY ¹

From low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with
crime, 5
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that
bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear 11
His crown of weeds, but could not even sus-
tain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.
1821.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE ¹

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who
planned
(Albeit laboring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only) this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence! 5
— Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects
the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more: —
So deemed the man who fashioned for the
sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching
roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand
cells 10
Where light and shade repose, where music
dwells
Lingering — and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth
proof
That they were born for immortality.
1821.

THE TROSACHS

"As recorded in my sister's Journal, I had
first seen the Trosachs in her and Coleridge's
company. The sentiment that runs through
this Sonnet was natural to the season in which I
saw again this beautiful spot; but this and some 15

¹ From the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*.

other sonnets that follow were colored by the
remembrance of my recent visit to Sir Walter
Scott, and the melancholy errand on which he
was going." — (Wordsworth.)

There's not a nook within this solemn Pass,
But were an apt confessional for One
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn
gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning grass
Withered at eve. From scenes of art which
chase 5
That thought away, turn, and with watchful
eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear
than glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon; — Thrice
happy quest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spray 10
(October's workmanship to rival May),
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!
1831.

PREFACE TO *LYRICAL BALLADS*

1800

The discussion aroused by *Lyrical Ballads* on
its first publication led Wordsworth to add a
preface to the second edition in 1800, which he
continued to revise until it received its final
form in 1845. In it he attacks the false and ar-
tificial conventions to which poetry had been
submitted, and expounds his own theories of
poetic art. These theories are discussed with
critical insight by Coleridge in *Biographia Li-
teraria*, Chapters 14, 17, and 18. Standing at
the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, as
forerunner of the new poetry, the preface is one
of the most important documents in English
criticism.

The first Volume of these Poems has al-
ready been submitted to general perusal.
It was published as an experiment, which, I
hoped, might be of some use to ascertain how
far, by fitting to metrical arrangement a
selection of the real language of men in a state
of vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure and
that quantity of pleasure may be imparted,
which a Poet may rationally endeavor to
10 impart.

I had formed no very inaccurate estimate
of the probable effect of those Poems: I flat-
tered myself that they who should be pleased
with them would read them with more than
common pleasure; and, on the other hand, I
was well aware, that by those who should dis-

like them they would be read with more than common dislike. The result has differed from my expectation in this only, that a greater number have been pleased than I ventured to hope I should please.

Several of my Friends are anxious for the success of these Poems, from a belief that, if the views with which they were composed were indeed realized, a class of poetry would be produced, well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and not unimportant in the quality and in the multiplicity of its moral relations: and on this account they have advised me to prefix a systematic defence of the theory upon which the Poems were written. But I was unwilling to undertake the task, knowing that on this occasion the Reader would look coldly upon my arguments, since I might be suspected of having been principally influenced by the selfish and foolish hope of *reasoning* him into an approbation of these particular Poems: and I was still more unwilling to undertake the task, because adequately to display the opinions, and fully to enforce the arguments, would require a space wholly disproportionate to a preface. For, to treat the subject with the clearness and coherence of which it is susceptible, it would be necessary to give a full account of the present state of the public taste in this country, and to determine how far this taste is healthy or depraved; which, again, could not be determined without pointing out in what manner language and the human mind act and re-act on each other, and without retracing the revolutions, not of literature alone, but likewise of society itself. I have therefore altogether declined to enter regularly upon this defence; yet I am sensible that there would be some impropriety in abruptly obtruding upon the Public, without a few words of introduction, Poems so materially different from those upon which general approbation is at present bestowed.

It is supposed that by the act of writing in verse an Author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the Reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded. This exponent or symbol held forth by metrical language must in different eras of literature have excited very different expectations: for example, in the age of Catullus, Terence, and Lucretius, and that of Statius or Claudian; and in our own country, in the age of Shake-

speare and Beaumont and Fletcher, and that of Donne and Cowley, or Dryden, or Pope. I will not take upon me to determine the exact import of the promise which, by the act of writing in verse, an Author in the present day makes to his reader; but it will undoubtedly appear to many persons that I have not fulfilled the terms of an engagement thus voluntarily contracted. They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title. I hope, therefore, the reader will not censure me for attempting to state what I have proposed to myself to perform; and also (as far as the limits of a preface will permit) to explain some of the chief reasons which have determined me in the choice of my purpose: that at least he may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment, and that I myself may be protected from one of the most dishonorable accusations which can be brought against an Author, namely, that of an indolence which prevents him from endeavoring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it.

The principal object, then, proposed in these Poems, was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them throughout, as far as was possible, in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain coloring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect, and further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings;

and from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men is adopted (purified indeed from what appears to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust), because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by Poets, who think that they are conferring honor upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes and fickle appetites of their own creation.¹

I cannot, however, be insensible to the present outcry against the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language, which some of my contemporaries have occasionally introduced into their metrical compositions; and I acknowledge that this defect, where it exists, is more dishonorable to the Writer's own character than false refinement or arbitrary innovation, though I should contend at the same time that it is far less pernicious in the sum of its consequences. From such verses the Poems in these volumes will be found distinguished at least by one mark of difference, that each of them has a worthy *purpose*. Not that I always began to write with a distinct purpose formally conceived; but habits of meditation have, I trust, so prompted and regulated my feelings, as that my descriptions of such objects as strongly excite those feelings, will be found to carry along with them a *purpose*. If this opinion be erroneous, I can have little right to the name of a Poet. For all good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: and though this be true, Poems to which any value can be attached were never produced on any variety of subjects but by a

man who, being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility, had also thought long and deeply. For our continued influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings; and as, by contemplating the relation of these general representatives to each other, we discover what is really important to men, so, by the repetition and continuance of this act, our feelings will be connected with important subjects, till at length, if we be originally possessed of much sensibility, such habits of mind will be produced that, by obeying blindly and mechanically the impulses of those habits, we shall describe objects, and utter sentiments, of such a nature, and in such connection with each other, that the understanding of the Reader must necessarily be in some degree enlightened, and his affections strengthened and purified.

It has been said that each of these Poems has a purpose. Another circumstance must be mentioned which distinguishes these Poems from the popular Poetry of the day; it is this, that the feeling therein developed gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling.

A sense of false modesty shall not prevent me from asserting that the Reader's attention is pointed to this mark of distinction, far less for the sake of these particular Poems than from the general importance of the subject. The subject is indeed important! For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another, in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavor to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a Writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary

¹ It is worth while here to observe that the affecting parts of Chaucer are almost always expressed in language pure and universally intelligible (even to this day. [Wordsworth.]

incident which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibitions of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers, I had almost said the works of Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German Tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse. — When I think upon this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavor made in these volumes to counteract it; and, reflecting upon the magnitude of the general evil, I should be oppressed with no dishonorable melancholy, had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible; and were there not added to this impression a belief that the time is approaching when the evil will be systematically opposed by men of greater powers, and with far more distinguished success.

Having dwelt thus long on the subjects and aim of these Poems, I shall request the Reader's permission to apprise him of a few circumstances relating to their *style*, in order, among other reasons, that he may not censure me for not having performed what I never attempted. The Reader will find that personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes, and are utterly rejected as an ordinary device to elevate the style and raise it above prose. My purpose was to imitate, and, as far as is possible, to adopt the very language of men; and assuredly such personifications do not make any natural or regular part of that language. They are, indeed, a figure of speech occasionally prompted by passion, and I have made use of them as such; but have endeavored utterly to reject them as a mechanical device of style, or as a family language which Writers in metre seem to lay claim to by prescription. I have wished to keep the Reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him. Others who pursue a different track will interest him likewise; I do not interfere with their claim, but wish to prefer a claim of my own. There will also be found in these volumes little of what is usually called poetic diction; as much pains has been taken to avoid it as is ordinarily taken to produce it; this has been done for the reason already alleged, to bring my language near

to the language of men; and further, because the pleasure which I have proposed to myself to impart is of a kind very different from that which is supposed by many persons to be the proper object of poetry. Without being culpably particular, I do not know how to give my Reader a more exact notion of the style in which it was my wish and intention to write, than by informing him that I have at all times endeavored to look steadily at my subject; consequently there is, I hope, in these Poems little falsehood of description, and my ideas are expressed in language fitted to their respective importance. Something must have been gained by this practice, as it is friendly to one property of all good poetry, namely, good sense; but it has necessarily cut me off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which from father to son have long been regarded as the common inheritance of Poets. I have also thought it expedient to restrict myself still further, having abstained from the use of many expressions, in themselves proper and beautiful, but which have been foolishly repeated by bad Poets, till such feelings of disgust are connected with them as it is scarcely possible by any art of association to overpower.

If in a poem there should be found a series of lines, or even a single line, in which the language, though naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of metre, does not differ from that of prose, there is a numerous class of critics who, when they stumble upon these prosaisms, as they call them, imagine that they have made a notable discovery, and exult over the Poet as over a man ignorant of his own profession. Now these men would establish a canon of criticism which the Reader will conclude he must utterly reject, if he wishes to be pleased with these volumes. And it would be a most easy task to prove to him that not only the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose, but likewise that some of the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose when prose is well written. The truth of this assertion might be demonstrated by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself. To illustrate the subject in a general manner, I will here adduce a short composition of Gray, who was at the head of those who, by their reasonings, have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt Prose

and Metrical composition, and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire:
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain.
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

It will easily be perceived, that the only part of this Sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in Italics; it is equally obvious that, except in the rhyme, and in the use of the single word "fruitless" for fruitlessly, which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose.

By the foregoing quotation it has been shown that the language of Prose may yet be well adapted to poetry; and it was previously asserted that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good Prose. We will go further. It may be safely affirmed that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between Poetry and Painting, and, accordingly, we call them Sisters: but where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing in degree; Poetry ² sheds no tears "such as angels weep," but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial ichor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of Prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

If it be affirmed that rhyme and metrical

¹ I here use the word "Poetry" (though against my own judgment) as opposed to the word Prose, and synonymous with metrical composition. But much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of Poetry and Prose, instead of the more philosophical one of Poetry and Matter of Fact, or Science. The only strict antithesis to Prose is Metre; nor is this, in truth, a *strict* antithesis; because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable. (Wordsworth.)

arrangement of themselves constitute a distinction which overturns what has just been said on the strict affinity of metrical language with that of Prose, and paves the way for other artificial distinctions which the mind voluntarily admits, I answer that the language of such Poetry as is here recommended is, as far as is possible, a selection of the language really spoken by men; that this selection, wherever it is made with true taste and feeling, will of itself form a distinction far greater than would at first be imagined, and will entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life; and, if metre be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind. What other distinction would we have? Whence is it to come? And where is it to exist? Not, surely, where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters: it cannot be necessary here, either for elevation of style, or any of its supposed ornaments: for, if the Poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions, the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures. I forbear to speak of an incongruity which would shock the intelligent Reader, should the Poet interweave any foreign splendor of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests: it is sufficient to say that such addition is unnecessary. And, surely, it is more probable that those passages, which with propriety abound with metaphors and figures, will have effect if, upon other occasions where the passions are of a milder character, the style also be subdued and temperate.

But, as the pleasure which I hope to give by the Poems now presented to the reader must depend entirely on just notions upon this subject, and as it is in itself of high importance to our taste and moral feelings, I cannot content myself with these detached remarks. And if, in what I am about to say, it shall appear to some that my labor is unnecessary, and that I am like a man fighting a battle without enemies, such persons may be reminded that, whatever may be the language outwardly holden by men, a practical faith in the opinions which I am wishing to establish is almost unknown. If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried if admitted at all, our judgments concerning the works of the greatest Poets, both ancient and modern, will be

far different from what they are at present, both when we praise and when we censure: and our moral feelings influencing and influenced by these judgments will, I believe, be corrected and purified.

Taking up the subject, then, upon general grounds, let me ask what is meant by the word Poet? What is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? — He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him; delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them. To these qualities he has added a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present; an ability of conjuring up in himself passions, which are indeed far from being the same as those produced by real events, yet (especially in those parts of the general sympathy which are pleasing and delightful) do more nearly resemble the passions produced by real events than anything which, from the motions of their own minds merely, other men are accustomed to feel in themselves; — whence, and from practice, he has acquired a greater readiness and power in expressing what he thinks and feels, and especially those thoughts and feelings which, by his own choice, or from the structure of his own mind, arise in him without immediate external excitement.

But, whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest Poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt that the language which it will suggest to him must often, in liveliness and truth, fall short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the Poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself.

However exalted a notion we would wish to cherish of the character of a Poet, it is obvious that, while he describes and imitates passions, his employment is in some degree mechanical, compared with the freedom and power of real and substantial action and suffering. So that it will be the wish of the Poet to bring his feelings near to those of the persons whose feelings he describes, nay, for

short spaces of time, perhaps, to let himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs; modifying only the language which is thus suggested to him by a consideration that he describes for a particular purpose, that of giving pleasure. Here, then, he will apply the principle of selection which has been already insisted upon. He will depend upon this for removing what would otherwise be painful or disgusting in the passion; he will feel that there is no necessity to trick out or to elevate nature: and, the more industriously he applies this principle the deeper will be his faith that no words, which *his* fancy or imagination can suggest, will be to be compared with those which are the emanations of reality and truth.

But it may be said by those who do not object to the general spirit of these remarks, that, as it is impossible for the Poet to produce upon all occasions language as exquisitely fitted for the passion as that which the real passion itself suggests, it is proper that he should consider himself as in the situation of a translator, who does not scruple to substitute excellencies of another kind for those which are unattainable by him; and endeavors occasionally to surpass his original, in order to make some amends for the general inferiority to which he feels that he must submit. But this would be to encourage idleness and unmanly despair. Further, it is the language of men who speak of what they do not understand; who talk of Poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely about a *taste* for Poetry, as they express it, as if it were a thing as indifferent as a taste for rope-dancing or Frontiniac or Sherry. Aristotle, I have been told, has said, that Poetry is the most philosophic of all writing: it is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general, and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion; truth which is its own testimony, which gives competence and confidence to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the Biographer and Historian, and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who comprehends the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human Being pos-

sessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a Man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the Poet and the image of things; between this, and the Biographer and Historian, there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the Poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere because not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure: I would not be misunderstood; but wherever we sympathize with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The Man of science, the Chemist and Mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the Anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then does the Poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and re-acting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which from habit acquire the quality of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the Poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially

adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting qualities of nature. And thus the Poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature, with affections akin to those which, through labor and length of time, the Man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the Poet and the Man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and inalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The Man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the Poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed; the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the Poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favorite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge — it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of Men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper

objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man. — It is not, then, to be supposed that any one, who holds that sublime notion of Poetry which I have attempted to convey, will break in upon the sanctity and truth of his pictures by transitory and accidental ornaments, and endeavor to excite admiration of himself by arts, the necessity of which must manifestly depend upon the assumed meanness of his subject.

What I have thus far said applies to Poetry in general; but especially to those parts of composition where the Poet speaks through the mouths of his characters; and upon this point it appears to authorize the conclusion that there are few persons of good sense who would not allow that the dramatic parts of composition are defective in proportion as they deviate from the real language of nature, and are colored by a diction of the Poet's own, either peculiar to him as an individual Poet or belonging simply to Poets in general; to a body of men who, from the circumstance of their compositions being in metre, it is expected will employ a particular language.

It is not, then, in the dramatic parts of composition that we look for this distinction of language; but still it may be proper and necessary where the Poet speaks to us in his own person and character. To this I answer by referring the Reader to the description which I have before given of a Poet. Among the qualities there enumerated as principally conducing to form a Poet, is implied nothing differing in kind from other men, but only in degree. The sum of what was said is, that the poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly

with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the causes which excite these: with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe; with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, with fear and sorrow. These, and the like, are the sensations and objects which the Poet describes, as they are the sensations of other men, and the objects which interest them. The Poet thinks and feels in the spirit of human passions. How, then, can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly? It might be *proved* that it is impossible. But supposing that this were not the case, the Poet might then be allowed to use a peculiar language when expressing his feelings for his own gratification, or that of men like himself. But Poets do not write for Poets alone, but for men. Unless, therefore, we are advocates for that admiration which subsists upon ignorance, and that pleasure which arises from hearing what we do not understand, the Poet must descend from this supposed height; and, in order to excite rational sympathy, he must express himself as other men express themselves. To this it may be added, that while he is only selecting from the real language of men, or, which amounts to the same thing, composing accurately in the spirit of such selection, he is treading upon safe ground, and we know what we are to expect from him. Our feelings are the same with respect to metre; for, as it may be proper to remind the Reader, the distinction of metre is regular and uniform, and not, like that which is produced by what is usually called POETIC DICTION, arbitrary, and subject to infinite caprices upon which no calculation whatever can be made. In the one case, the Reader is utterly at the mercy of the Poet respecting what imagery or diction he may choose to connect with the passion; whereas, in the other, the metre obeys certain laws, to which the Poet and Reader both willingly submit because they are certain, and because no interference is made by them with the passion but such as the concurring testimony of ages has shown to heighten and improve the pleasure which co-exists with it.

It will now be proper to answer an obvious question, namely, Why, professing these opinions, have I written in verse? To this, in addition to such answer as is included in what I have already said, I reply, in the first

place, Because, however I may have restricted myself, there is still left open to me what confessedly constitutes the most valuable object of all writing, whether in prose or verse; the great and universal passions of men, the most general and interesting of their occupations, and the entire world of nature before me — to supply endless combinations of forms and imagery. Now, supposing for a moment that whatever is interesting in these objects may be as vividly described in prose, why should I be condemned for attempting to superadd to such description the charm which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language? To this, by such as are yet unconvinced, it may be answered that a very small part of the pleasure given by Poetry depends upon the metre, and that it is injudicious to write in metre, unless it be accompanied with the other artificial distinctions of style with which metre is usually accompanied, and that, by such deviation, more will be lost from the shock which will thereby be given to the Reader's associations than will be counterbalanced by any pleasure which he can derive from the general power of numbers. In answer to those who still contend for the necessity of accompanying metre with certain appropriate colors of style in order to the accomplishment of its appropriate end, and who also, in my opinion, greatly under-rate the power of metre in itself, it might, perhaps, as far as relates to these Volumes, have been almost sufficient to observe, that poems are extant, written upon more humble subjects, and in a more naked and simple style than I have aimed at, which poems have continued to give pleasure from generation to generation. Now, if nakedness and simplicity be a defect, the fact here mentioned affords a strong presumption that poems somewhat less naked and simple are capable of affording pleasure at the present day; and, what I wished chiefly to attempt, at present, was to justify myself for having written under the impression of this belief.

But various causes might be pointed out why, when the style is manly, and the subject of some importance, words metrically arranged will long continue to impart such a pleasure to mankind as he who proves the extent of that pleasure will be desirous to impart. The end of poetry is to produce excitement in co-existence with an overbalance of pleasure; but, by the supposition, excitement is an unusual and irregular state of the mind; ideas and feelings do not, in that state,

succeed each other in accustomed order. If the words, however, by which this excitement is produced be in themselves powerful, or the images and feelings have an undue proportion of pain connected with them, there is some danger that the excitement may be carried beyond its proper bounds. Now the co-presence of something regular, something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods and in a less excited state, cannot but have great efficacy in tempering and restraining the passion by an intertexture of ordinary feeling, and of feeling not strictly and necessarily connected with the passion. This is unquestionably true; and hence, though the opinion will at first appear paradoxical, from the tendency of metre to divest language, in a certain degree, of its reality, and thus to throw a sort of half-consciousness of unsubstantial existence over the whole composition, there can be little doubt but that more pathetic situations and sentiments, that is, those which have a greater proportion of pain connected with them, may be endured in metrical composition, especially in rhyme, than in prose. The metre of the old ballads is very artless, yet they contain many passages which would illustrate this opinion; and, I hope, if the following poems be attentively perused, similar instances will be found in them. This opinion may be further illustrated by appealing to the Reader's own experience of the reluctance with which he comes to the reperusal of the distressful parts of *Clarissa Harlowe*, or *The Gamester*; while Shakespeare's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure — an effect which, in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement. — On the other hand (what it must be allowed will much more frequently happen), if the Poet's words should be incommensurate with the passion, and inadequate to raise the Reader to a height of desirable excitement, then (unless the Poet's choice of his metre has been grossly injudicious), in the feelings of pleasure which the reader has been accustomed to connect with metre in general, and in the feeling, whether cheerful or melancholy, which he has been accustomed to connect with that particular movement of metre, there will be found something which will greatly contribute to impart passion to the words, and to effect the complex end which the Poet proposes to himself.

If I had undertaken a SYSTEMATIC defence of the theory here maintained, it would have been my duty to develop the various causes upon which the pleasure received from metrical language depends. Among the chief of these causes is to be reckoned a principle which must be well known to those who have made any of the Arts the object of accurate reflection; namely, the pleasure which the mind derives from the perception of similitude in dissimilitude. This principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder. From this principle the direction of the sexual appetite, and all the passions connected with it, take their origin: it is the life of our ordinary conversation; and upon the accuracy with which similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude, are perceived, depend our taste and our moral feelings. It would not be a useless employment to apply this principle to the consideration of metre, and to show that metre is hence enabled to afford much pleasure, and to point out in what manner that pleasure is produced. But my limits will not permit me to enter upon this subject, and I must content myself with a general summary.

I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of re-action, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind. In this mood successful composition generally begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on; but the emotion of whatever kind, and in whatever degree, from various causes, is qualified by various pleasures, so that in describing any passions whatsoever, which are voluntarily described, the mind will, upon the whole, be in a state of enjoyment. If Nature be thus cautious to preserve in a state of enjoyment a being so employed, the Poet ought to profit by the lesson held forth to him, and ought especially to take care, that, whatever passions he communicates to his Reader, those passions, if his Reader's mind be sound and vigorous, should always be accompanied with an overbalance of pleasure. Now the music of harmonious metrical language, the sense of difficulty overcome, and the blind association of pleasure which has been previously received from works of rhyme or metre of the same or similar construction, an indistinct perception perpetually renewed of language

closely resembling that of real life, and yet, in the circumstance of metre, differing from it so widely — all these imperceptibly make up a complex feeling of delight, which is of the most important use in tempering the painful feeling always found intermingled with powerful descriptions of the deeper passions. This effect is always produced in pathetic and impassioned poetry; while, in lighter compositions, the ease and gracefulness with which the Poet manages his numbers are themselves confessedly a principal source of the gratification of the Reader. All that it is necessary to say, however, upon this subject, may be effected by affirming, what few persons will deny, that of two descriptions either of passions, manners, or characters, each of them equally well executed, the one in prose and the other in verse, the verse will be read a hundred times where the prose is read once.

Having thus explained a few of my reasons for writing in verse, and why I have chosen subjects from common life, and endeavored to bring my language near to the real language of men, if I have been too minute in pleading my own cause, I have at the same time been treating a subject of general interest; and for this reason a few words shall be added with reference solely to these particular poems, and to some defects which will probably be found in them. I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, I may have sometimes written upon unworthy subjects; but I am less apprehensive on this account, than that my language may frequently have suffered from those arbitrary connections of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases from which no man can altogether protect himself. Hence I have no doubt that, in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to my Readers by expressions which appeared to me tender and pathetic. Such faulty expressions, were I convinced they were faulty at present, and that they must necessarily continue to be so, I would willingly take all reasonable pains to correct. But it is dangerous to make these alterations on the simple authority of a few individuals, or even of certain classes of men; for where the understanding of an author is not convinced, or his feelings altered, this cannot be done without great injury to himself: for his own feelings are his stay and support; and, if he set them aside in one instance, he may be induced to

repeat this act till his mind shall lose all confidence in itself, and becomes utterly debilitated. To this it may be added, that the Reader ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the Poet, and, perhaps, in a much greater degree: for there can be no presumption in saying of most readers, that it is not probable they will be so well acquainted with the various stages of meaning through which words have passed, or with the fickleness or stability of the relations of particular ideas to each other; and, above all, since they are so much less interested in the subject, they may decide lightly and carelessly.

Long as the reader has been detained, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies of which Dr. Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen:

"I put my hat upon my head
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
Whose hat was in his hand."

Immediately under these lines I will place one of the most justly-admired stanzas of the "Babes in the Wood."

"These pretty Babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the Man
Approaching from the Town."

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, "The Strand," and "the Town," connected with none but the most familiar ideas; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? Not from the metre, not from the language, not from the order of the words; but the *matter* expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr. Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, this is a bad kind of poetry, or, this is not poetry; but, this wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can *lead* to anything interesting; the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the Reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such

verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? Why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

One request I must make of my Reader, which is, that in judging these Poems he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others. How common is it to hear a person say, I myself do not object to this style of composition, or this or that expression, but, to such and such classes of people it will appear mean or ludicrous! This mode of criticism, so destructive of all sound unadulterated judgment, is almost universal: let the Reader then abide independently by his own feelings, and, if he finds himself affected, let him not suffer such conjectures to interfere with his pleasure.

If an Author, by any single composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption, that on other occasions where we have been displeased he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly; and further, to give him so much credit for this one composition as may induce us to review what has displeased us, with more care than we should otherwise have bestowed upon it. This is not only an act of justice, but, in our decisions upon poetry especially, may conduce, in a high degree, to the improvement of our own taste: for an accurate taste in poetry, and in all the other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an *acquired* talent, which can only be produced by thought and a long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition. This is mentioned, not with so ridiculous a purpose as to prevent the most inexperienced Reader from judging for himself (I have already said that I wish him to judge for himself), but merely to temper the rashness of decision, and to suggest, that, if Poetry be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed, the judgment may be erroneous; and that, in many cases, it necessarily will be so.

Nothing would, I know, have so effectually contributed to further the end which I have in view, as to have shown of what kind the pleasure is, and how that pleasure is produced, which is confessedly produced by metrical composition essentially different from that which I have here endeavored to recommend: for the Reader will say that he

has been pleased by such composition; and what more can be done for him? The power of any art is limited; and he will suspect that, if it be proposed to furnish him with new friends, that can be only upon condition of his abandoning his old friends. Besides, as I have said, the Reader is himself conscious of the pleasure which he has received from such composition, composition to which he has peculiarly attached the endearing name of Poetry; and all men feel an habitual gratitude, and something of an honorable bigotry, for the objects which have long continued to please them; we not only wish to be pleased, but to be pleased in that particular way in which we have been accustomed to be pleased. There is in these feelings enough to resist a host of arguments; and I should be the less able to combat them successfully, as I am willing to allow that, in order entirely to enjoy the Poetry which I am recommending, it would be necessary to give up much of what is ordinarily enjoyed. But would my limits have permitted me to point out how this pleasure is produced, many obstacles might have

been removed, and the Reader assisted in perceiving that the powers of language are not so limited as he may suppose; and that it is possible for poetry to give other enjoyments, of a purer, more lasting, and more exquisite nature. This part of the subject has not been altogether neglected, but it has not been so much my present aim to prove, that the interest excited by some other kinds of poetry is less vivid, and less worthy of the nobler powers of the mind, as to offer reasons for presuming that if my purpose were fulfilled, a species of poetry would be produced which is genuine poetry; in its nature well adapted to interest mankind permanently, and likewise important in the multiplicity and quality of its moral relations.

From what has been said, and from a perusal of the Poems, the Reader will be able clearly to perceive the object which I had in view: he will determine how far it has been attained, and, what is a much more important question, whether it be worth attaining; and upon the decision of these two questions will rest my claim to the approbation of the Public.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834)

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, youngest son of the rector of Ottery St. Mary's in Devonshire, was born October 21, 1772. Left dependent by the death of his father, he was sent by his relatives to Christ's Hospital in London, where his forlorn state is described by Charles Lamb in his essay, *Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago*. Thence he went to Jesus College, Cambridge. He was in sympathy with the radical ideas of the time which found expression in the French Revolution; and with a young Oxford student, Robert Southey, who held similar views, he planned a settlement to be carried out on the banks of the Susquehanna. He and Southey married sisters, Sara and Edith Fricker, and with increasing responsibilities they gradually dropped this Utopian scheme. Coleridge became a Unitarian preacher, in which capacity he came to Wem where lived William Hazlitt, who has described their meeting in *First Acquaintance with Poets*. He went to live at Nether Stowey, a village in southern England, and Wordsworth with his sister Dorothy took a house at Alfoxden, near by. The association of the three in 1797-98 resulted in the volume *Lyrical Ballads*, to which Coleridge contributed his most famous poem, *The Ancient Mariner*. The next year they all went to Germany, where Coleridge became acquainted with German philosophy. Subsequently Coleridge settled his family at Keswick, in the Lake Country, to be near the Wordsworths, but he spent little time there, being much in London, engaged in journalism and lecturing. He became addicted to the use of opium, and his literary production thenceforth was merely a series of splendid plans with fragmentary performance. While in Keswick, in 1809, he undertook to publish a magazine of philosophy and politics, called *The Friend*. In 1816 he went to live at Highgate in the family of a physician, James Gillman, where he spent the long evening of his life. He continued to be a strong influence on young men of the time, upholding his philosophic view of a spiritual as opposed to a material or mechanistic universe. He died in 1834.

Coleridge was the scholar and philosopher among the romantic poets. He took all knowledge as his province, and expounded his ideas, with much influence, to his contemporaries, whether the subject was religion, or politics, or the arts. He brought German philosophy and literature to England. Under the influence of Goethe and especially of Lessing, he developed a philosophy of literary criticism which produced the stimulating lectures on Shakespeare and the magnificent *Biographia Literaria* (1817), chaotic though it be in execution.

Coleridge's actual achievement, in both prose and verse, seldom measured up to his capabilities. Yet his work is great enough to place him in the front rank. His prose, always weighted with

thought, is vigorous and stately. As a poet, he was the apostle of beauty, which he attained through his subtle supernaturalism and the haunting music of his lines.

The great influence of Coleridge upon his own times, however, came from his personality and from his conversation. What his informal talk was like may be gathered from the following description set down in 1817: "Standing in front of the chimney upon which he leaned back, with head erect and arms crossed, his dreamy eyes lost in abstractions, transported by the inspirations of his own genius, he seemed to be addressing not the auditors, but replying to his own thoughts. . . . Surrounded by a circle who enkindled the enthusiasm which was transmitted in full power in return, he went on with an erudite and masterly analysis of the dramatic poets of Greece. . . . Reaching Leibnitz, he followed that great philosopher over the bridge of communication which he extended from earth to heaven. Leibnitz led to Spinoza. We heard him with the ardent glow of genius refute the impalpable pantheism of Spinoza, who gave a soul to the universe without individuality, and motion to matter without a mover. In the mazes of these metaphysical speculations, the poetic genius of Coleridge would flow on, or disport in circles like the harmonious and luminous ocean. From the refutation of Spinoza, . . . he proceeded in beautiful and sublime strains to illustrate the tenets and principles of religion, till, reached to the summit, where he could advance no farther or higher, he bowed himself in humility and reverence to the earth." (Chasles)

The standard edition of Coleridge's works is that of W. G. T. Shedd, 1884. *The Biographia Literaria* is edited by J. Shawcross, Clarendon Press, 1907. A convenient edition is that in Everyman's Library. There are biographies by J. D. Campbell, 1894, and H. D. Traill in the English Men of Letters. A recent study of Coleridge by Hugh d'Anson Fausset is especially recommended.

KUBLA KHAN; OR, A VISION IN A DREAM

A FRAGMENT

The following fragment is here published at the request of a poet of great and deserved celebrity,¹ and, as far as the Author's own opinions are concerned, rather as a psychological curiosity, than on the ground of any supposed poetic merits.

In the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in *Purchas's Pilgrimage*: — "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto: and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The Author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and

mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter.

Then all the charm
Is broken — all that phantom-world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes —
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo! he stays,
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror.²

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the Author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. *Ἀὐριον ἄδιον ἔσω* but the to-morrow is yet to come. . . . — (Coleridge.)

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan²
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And here were gardens bright with sinuous
rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing
tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

¹ From Coleridge's *The Picture; or, The Lover's Resolution*.

² For remarkable word-music and imagery this poem stands in the very first rank.

² Presumably Byron.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which
slanted

Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover! 16
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil
seething,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were
breathing

A mighty fountain momentarily was forced;
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst 20
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and
ever

It flung up momentarily the sacred river. 24
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to
man,

And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war! 30

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device, 35
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played, 40
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me,
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long, 45
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair! 50
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

1797. Pub. 1816.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

The Ancient Mariner is Coleridge's masterpiece, a skillfully constructed, unified poem, all the more striking when viewed against the background of his splendid poetic fragments.

It is a vivid story, told with such concealment of art that we are amazed at the startling effects which he has produced, to all appearances so simply. Note the use of the ballad stanza, the direct and concrete manner in which the complex, psychological story is unfolded, the realistic use of supernatural elements, and the technical devices that Coleridge employs to produce emotional and musical effects. The running commentary in the margin is, as Pater points out, a guide to the philosophy of the poem, yet a unit by itself.

For a detailed account of the genesis of the poem, see J. L. Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu* (Houghton Mifflin Company).

IN SEVEN PARTS

ARGUMENT

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell: and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and
glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou
me?"

An ancient
Mariner
meeteth three
Gallants bid-
den to a wed-
ding-feast,
and detaineth
one.

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide, &
And I am next of kin,
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand;
"There was a ship," quoth he. 10
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons 1 his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye —
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child. 15
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a 20
stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient
man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The Wedding-
Guest is spell-
bound by the
eye of the old
seafaring man
and con-
strained to
hear his tale.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

1 immediately.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right:
Went down into the sea.

The Mariner
tells how the
25 ship sailed
southward
with a good
wind and fair
weather, till it
reached the
Line.

As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

came through
the snow-fog,
65 and was re-
ceived with
great joy and
hospitality.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew:
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!" 70

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!"

And lo! the
Albatross
proveth a bird
of good omen,
and followeth
the ship as it
returned
northward
through fog
and floating
ice.

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke
white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee
thus! — "With
my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross!"

The ancient
Mariner
inhospitably
killeth the
pious bird of
good omen.

PART II

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled." 45

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts
we ken —
The ice was all between.

The land of
ice, and of
55 fearful sounds
where no liv-
ing thing was
to be seen.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and
howled,
Like noises in a swound!

"At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;

Till a great
sea-bird,
called the
Albatross,

"Nor dim nor red, like God's
own head,
The glorious Sun uprist;
Then all averred, I had killed
the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

But when the
fog cleared off
they justify
the same, and
thus make
themselves ac-
complices in
the crime.

* rope running to the masthead.

"The fair breeze blew, the white
foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever
burst
Into that silent sea.

The fair breeze
continues; the
ship enters the
Pacific Ocean,
and sails north-
ward, even till
it reaches the
Line.

"Down dropt the breeze, the
sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

The ship hath
been suddenly
becalmed.

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did
shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Alba-
tross begins to
be avenged.

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

A Spirit had
followed them;
one of the in-
visible inhab-
itants of this
planet, neither
departed souls
nor angels;
concerning
whom the
learned Jew,
Josephus, and
the Platonic
Constantino-
politan, Mi-
chael Psellus,
may be con-
sulted. They
are very num-
erous, and
there is no cli-
mate or ele-
ment without
one or more.

"And some in dreams assured
were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had fol-
lowed us
From the land of mist and snow.

"And every tongue, through
utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more
than if
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Alba-
tross
About my neck was hung.

The shipmates,
in their sore
distress, would
fain throw the
whole guilt on
the ancient
Mariner: in
sign whereof
they hang the
dead sea-bird
round his
neck.

PART III

"There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I be-
held
A something in the sky.

The ancient
Mariner be-
holdeth a sign
in the ele-
ment afar off.

"At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

"A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

"With throats unslaked, with
black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all
dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the
blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

At its nearer
approach, it
seemeth him
to be a ship;
and at a dear
ransom he
freeth his
speech from
the bonds of
thirst.

"With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath
drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of
joy;

"See! see! (I cried) she tacks
no more!
Hither to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a
tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

And horror
follows. For
can it be a ship
that comes
onward with-
out wind or
tide?

"The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove sud-
denly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

"And straight the Sun was
flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us
grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

It seemeth
him but the
skeleton of a
ship.

It *is*, certainly.

"Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat
loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?"

"Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate? 185
And is that Woman all her crew? The Spectre-
Is that a Death? and are there Woman and
two? her Death-
Is Death that woman's mate? mate, and no
other on board
the skeleton-
ship.

"Her lips were red, her looks were free, 190
Her locks were yellow as gold: Like vessel,
Her skin was as white as lep- like crew!
rosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

"The naked hulk alongside Death and
came, 195 Life-in-Death
And the twain were casting dice; have dived for
'The game is done! I've won! the ship's
I've won!' crew, and she
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.' (the latter)
winneth the
ancient Mariner.

"The Sun's rim dips; the stars No twilight
rush out: within the
At one stride comes the dark; 200 courts of the
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea, Sun.
Off shot the spectre-bark.

"We listened and looked side- At the rising
ways up! of the Moon,
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip! 205
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
white;
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star 210
Within the nether tip.

"One after one, by the star- One after
dogged Moon, another,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye. 215

"Four times fifty living men, His shipmates
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan) drop down
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump, dead.
They dropped down one by one.

I A popular number in the old ballads and in folk-
tales.

"The souls did from their But Life-in-
bodies fly, — Death begins
They fled to bliss or woe! 220 her work on
And every soul, it passed me by the ancient
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!" Mariner.

PART IV

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner! The Wedding-
I fear thy skinny hand! Guest feareth
And thou art long, and lank, 225 that a Spirit is
and brown, talking to him;
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown." —
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wed- But the an-
ding-Guest! cient Mariner
This body dropt not down. 230 assureth him
of his bodily
life, and pro-
ceedeth to re-
late his horri-
ble penance.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony. 235

"The many men, so beautiful! He despiseth
And they all dead did lie: the creatures
And a thousand thousand slimy things of the calm.
Lived on; and so did I. 239

"I looked upon the rotting sea, And envieth
And drew my eyes away; that they
I looked upon the rotting deck, should live,
And there the dead men lay. and so many
lie dead.

"I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht, 245
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the
sky 250
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from But the curse
their limbs, liveth for him
Nor rot nor reek did they: in the eye of
The look with which they looked on the dead men.
me 255
Had never passed away.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than In his loneli-
that ness he yearn-
Is a curse in a dead man's eye! eth towards
the journey-

Seven days, seven nights, I saw
that curse, 261
And yet I could not die.

"The moving Moon went up the
sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up, 265
And a star or two beside —

"Her beams bemocked the sul-
try main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge
shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt away
A still and awful red. 271

"Beyond the shadow of the
ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining
white,
And when they reared, the elfish light . . . 275
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every
track 280
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things! no
tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware; He blesseth
Sure my kind saint took pity on them in his
me, 286
And I blessed them unaware. The spell be-
gins to break.

"The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank 290
Like lead into the sea."

PART V

"Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, 295
That slid into my soul.

"The silly buckets on the
deck,
That had so long remained,
Empty.

I dreamt that they were filled
with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained. 300

"My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

"I moved, and could not feel my limbs: 305
I was so light — almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

"And soon I heard a roaring
wind:
It did not come anear; 310
But with its sound it shook the
sails,
That were so thin and sere.

"The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about! 315
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

"And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black
cloud; 320
The Moon was at its edge.

"The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag, 325
A river steep and wide.

"The loud wind never reached
the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the
Moon
The dead men gave a groan. 330

"They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved
on; 335
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —
We were a ghastly crew. 340

ing Moon, and
the stars that
still sojourn,
yet still move
onward; and
everywhere the
blue sky be-
longs to them,
and is their
appointed
rest, and
their native
country and
their own
natural homes,
which they
enter unan-
nounced, as
lords that
are certainly
expected, and
yet there is a
silent joy at
their arrival.

By the light of
the Moon he
beholdeth
God's crea-
tures of the
great calm.

ner is re-
freshed with
rain.

He heareth
sounds and
seeth strange
sights and
commotions in
the sky and
the elements.

The bodies of
the ship's crew
are inspired,
and the ship
moves on;

"The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee:
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!" But not by the
 "Be calm, thou Wedding- souls of the
 Guest! men, nor by 346
 'Twas not those souls that demons of
 fled in pain, earth or mid-
 Which to their corpses came die air, but by
 again, a blessed troop
 But a troop of spirits blest: of angelic spir-
its, sent down
by the invoca-
tion of the
guardian saint.

"For when it dawned — they dropped
 their arms, 350
 And clustered round the mast;
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
 mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
 Then darted to the Sun; 355
 Slowly the sounds came back again,
 Now mixed, now one by one.

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the skylark sing;
 Sometimes all little birds that are, 360
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute;
 And now it is an angel's song, 365
 That makes the heavens be mute.

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on
 A pleasant noise till noon,
 A noise like of a hidden brook
 In the leafy month of June, 370
 That to the sleeping woods all night
 Singeth a quiet tune.

"Till noon we quietly sailed on,
 Yet never a breeze did breathe:
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship, 375
 Moved onward from beneath.

"Under the keel nine fathom The lonesome
 deep, Spirit from the
 From the land of mist and south-pole car-
 snow, ries on the
 The Spirit slid: and it was he ship as far as
 That made the ship to go. 380 the Line, in
 The sails at noon left off their obedience to
 tune, the angelic
 And the ship stood still also. troop, but still
requireth ven-
geance.

"The Sun, right up above the mast,
 Had fixed her to the ocean:
 But in a minute she 'gan stir, 385
 With a short uneasy motion —
 Backwards and forwards half her length
 With a short uneasy motion.

"Then like a pawing horse let go,
 She made a sudden bound: 390
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoond.

"How long in that same fit I The Polar
 lay, Spirit's fellow
 I have not to declare; demons, the
 But ere my living life re- invisible in-
 turned, habitants of 395
 I heard, and in my soul the element,
 discerned, take part in
 Two voices in the air. his wrong; and
two of them
relate, one to
the other, that
penance long
and heavy for
the ancient
Mariner hath
been accorded
to the Polar
Spirit, who
returneth
southward.

"'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this
 the man?
 By him who died on cross,
 With his cruel bow he laid full
 low 400
 The harmless Albatross.

"'The Spirit who bideth by himself
 In the land of mist and snow,
 He loved the bird that loved the man
 Who shot him with his bow.' 405

"The other was a softer voice,
 As soft as honey-dew:
 Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
 And penance more will do."

PART VI

FIRST VOICE

"'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
 Thy soft response renewing —
 What makes that ship drive on so fast?
 What is the ocean doing?"

SECOND VOICE

"'Still as a slave before his lord,
 The ocean hath no blast;
 His great bright eye most silently
 Up to the Moon is cast — 415

"'If he may know which way to go;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see! how graciously
 She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE

"But why drives on that ship
so fast,
Without or wave or wind?"

The Mariner
hath been cast
into a trance;
for the angelic
power causeth
the vessel to
drive north-
ward faster
than human
life could
endure.

SECOND VOICE

"The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind." 425

"Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated."

"I woke, and we were sailing
on 430
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the
moon was high; 435
The dead men stood together.

The super-
natural motion
is retarded;
the Mariner
awakes, and
his penance
begins anew.

"All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter;
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

"The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs, 440
Nor turn them up to pray.

"And now this spell was snapt: 445
once more I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen — 450

The curse is
finally ex-
piated.

"Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend 455
Doth close behind him tread.

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade. 455

"It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, 460
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

"Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see? 465
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?
And the an-
cient Mariner
beholdeth his
native coun-
try.

"We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
O let me be awake, my God! 470
Or let me sleep alway.

"The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon. 475

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

"And the bay was white with silent light 480
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows 485
were,
In crimson colors came. 490
The angelic
spirits leave
the dead
bodies,

"A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were: 485
I turned my eyes upon the deck —
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man, 490
On every corse there stood. 495
And appear in
their own
forms of light.

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light; 495

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart —
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

"But soon I heard the dash of oars, 500
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

"The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast: 505
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

"I saw a third — I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!

He singeth loud his godly hymns 510
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

"This Hermit good lives in that wood The Hermit of the wood,

Which slopes down to the sea. 515
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

"He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve —
He hath a cushion plump: 520
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

"The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and
fair, 525
That signal made but now?'

"'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said — Approacheth the ship with wonder.
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those
sails, 530
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"'Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow, 535
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

"'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look —
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared' — 'Push on, push on!' 540
Said the Hermit cheerily.

"The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard. 545

"Under the water it rumbled on, The ship suddenly sinketh.
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

"Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound, 550 The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.
Which sky and ocean smote,

Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat. 555

"Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

"I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked 560
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

"I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go, 565
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

"And now, all in my own countree, 570
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!' The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him; and the penance of life falls on him.
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid
thee say — 576
What manner of man art thou?'

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale; 580
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour, And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns. 585

"I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach. 590

"What loud uproar bursts from that
door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell, 595
Which biddeth me to prayer!

"O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be. 600

"Oh sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company! —

"To walk together to the kirk, 605
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

"Farewell, farewell! but this I 610
tell And to teach
by his own
example love
and reverence
to all things
that God made
and loveth.
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth
well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best 615
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest 620
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn. 625

1798

FROST AT MIDNIGHT

The Frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owl's cry
Came loud — and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits 5
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant ¹ slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and 10
wood,
This populous village! Sea, and hill, and
wood,
With all the numberless goings-on of life,
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not;

1 His son Hartley, born in 1796.

Only that film, which fluttered on the
grate, 15
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,
Whose puny flaps and freaks, the idling
Spirit 20
By its own mood interprets, every where
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft,
How oft, at school,² with most believing
mind, 25
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering *stranger!* and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-
tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music,
rang 30
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt,
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my
dreams! 36
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming
book:
Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped
up, 41
For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed
alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my
side, 45
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep
calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at
thee, 50
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a
breeze 55
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags

1 Christ's Hospital.

Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds
Which image in their bulk both lakes and
shores

And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and
hear

The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible 66
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in Himself.
Great universal Teacher! He shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask. 65

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch 76
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-
drops fall,

Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon. 75

1798.

CHRISTABEL

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION. 1816

'The first part of the following poem was written in the year 1797, at Stowey, in the county of Somerset. The second part after my return from Germany, in the year 1800, at Keswick, Cumberland. Since the latter date my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than with the liveliness of a vision; I trust that I shall be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come, in the course of the present year.'

'It is probable, that if the poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or if even the first and second part had been published in the year 1800, the impression of its originality would have been much greater than I dare at present expect. But for this, I have only my own indolence to blame....'

'I have only to add, that the metre of the *Christabel* is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition, in the nature of the imagery or passion.'

* This was never done.

Christabel is essentially a tale of witchery — a story suggested by the music of the poem rather than told definitely in words. Coleridge remarked once that the poem was "partly founded on the notion that the virtuous of the world save the wicked." Perhaps the famous lines 408–26 contain something of a clue. Geraldine, of course, is a supernatural spirit of evil.

PART I

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing
cock,

Tu — whit! — Tu — whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew. 5

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch.
From her kennel beneath the rock
She maketh answer to the clock;
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the
hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud. 10

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark. 15
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray: 20
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, *Christabel*,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late, 25
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away. 30

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak
But moss and rarest mistletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak 35
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, *Christabel*!
It moaned as near, as near as be,
But what it is she cannot tell. 40
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air 45
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek —
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can, 50
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak, 55
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone: 60
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair. 65
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she —
Beautiful exceedingly!

"Mary mother, save me now!"
(Said Christabel,) "And who art thou?" 70

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet: —
"Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness:
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no
fear!" 75
Said Christabel, "How camest thou here?"
And the lady, whose voice was faint and
sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet: —

"My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine: 80
Five warriors seized me yesternorn.
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind, 85
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white:
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be; 90
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced, I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,

Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive. 95
Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
He placed me underneath this oak;
He swore they would return with haste;
Whither they went I cannot tell —
I thought I heard, some minutes past, 100
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee."

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand,
And comforted fair Geraldine: 105
"Oh well, bright dame! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline:
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth, and friends withal,
To guide and guard you safe and free 110
Home to your noble father's hall."

She rose: and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel: 115
"All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth, 120
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me."

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight, 125
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched
out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main 130
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear, 135
They crossed the court: right glad they
were.
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side:
"Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!"
"Alas, alas!" said Geraldine, 140
"I cannot speak for weariness."
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they
were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
"Oh softly tread," said Christabel,
"My father seldom sleepeth well."

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the listening air,
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death, with stifled breath!
And now have reached her chamber door;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet:
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers."

"And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn?"
Christabel answered — "Woe is me!

145 She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the gray-haired friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.
150 O mother dear! that thou wert here!"
"I would," said Geraldine, "she were!"

But soon with altered voice, said she —
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and pine!
I have power to bid thee flee."
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?
Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she.
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine —
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue —
"Alas!" said she, "this ghastly ride —
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!"
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, "'tis over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright;
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake —
"All they, who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befell,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "So let it be!"
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain 't were her lids to close:
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,

Like one that shuddered, she unbound
 The cincture from beneath her breast:
 Her silken robe, and inner vest, 250
 Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
 Behold! her bosom and half her side —
 A sight to dream of, not to tell!
 Oh shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs; 255
 Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
 Deep from within she seems half-way
 To lift some weight with sick assay,
 And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
 Then suddenly, as one defied, 260
 Collects herself in scorn and pride,
 And lay down by the maiden's side! —
 And in her arms the maid she took,
 Ah well-a-day!

And with low voice and doleful look 265
 These words did say:
 "In the touch of this bosom there worketh a
 spell,
 Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
 Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-
 morrow,
 This mark of my shame, this seal of my
 sorrow: 270

But vainly thou warrest,
 For this is alone in
 Thy power to declare,
 That in the dim forest
 Thou heard'st a low moaning, 275
 And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly
 fair:
 And didst bring her home with thee in love
 and in charity,
 To shield her and shelter her from the damp
 air."

THE CONCLUSION TO PART I

It was a lovely sight to see
 The lady Christabel, when she 280
 Was praying at the old oak tree.
 Amid the jagged shadows
 Of mossy leafless boughs,
 Kneeling in the moonlight,
 To make her gentle vows; 285
 Her slender palms together prest,
 Heaving sometimes on her breast;
 Her face resigned to bliss or bale —
 Her face, oh call it fair not pale,
 And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
 Each about to have a tear. 291

With open eyes (ah woe is me!)
 Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
 Fearfully dreaming, yet, I wis,
 Dreaming that alone, which is — 295

O sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
 The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
 And lo! the worker of these harms,
 That holds the maiden in her arms,
 Seems to slumber still and mild, 300
 As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
 O Geraldine! since arms of thine
 Have been the lovely lady's prison.
 O Geraldine! one hour was thine — 305
 Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,
 The night-birds all that hour were still.
 But now they are jubilant anew,
 From cliff and tower, tu — whoo! tu —
 whoo!
 Tu — whoo! tu — whoo! from wood and
 fell! 310

And see! the lady Christabel
 Gathers herself from out her trance;
 Her limbs relax, her countenance
 Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
 Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds —
 Large tears that leave the lashes bright! 316
 And oft the while she seems to smile
 As infants at a sudden light!

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
 Like a youthful hermitess, 320
 Beauteous in a wilderness,
 Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
 And, if she move unquietly,
 Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free
 Comes back and tingles in her feet. 325
 No doubt she hath a vision sweet.
 What if her guardian spirit 'twere?
 What if she knew her mother near?
 But this she knows, in joys and woes,
 That saints will aid if men will call: 330
 For the blue sky bends over all!

PART II

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
 Knells us back to a world of death.
 These words Sir Leoline first said,
 When he rose and found his lady dead: 335
 These words Sir Leoline will say,
 Many a morn to his dying day!

And hence the custom and law began,
 That still at dawn the sacristan,
 Who duly pulls the heavy bell, 340
 Five and forty beads must tell
 Between each stroke — a warning knell,
 Which not a soul can choose but hear
 From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, "So let it knell! 345
 And let the drowsy sacristan
 Still count as slowly as he can!
 There is no lack of such, I ween,
 As well fill up the space between."
 In Langdale Pike and Witch's lair, 350
 And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
 With ropes of rock and bells of air
 Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
 Who all give back, one after t' other,
 The death-note to their living brother; 355
 And oft too, by the knell offended,
 Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
 The devil mocks the doleful tale
 With a merry peal from Borrowdale.

The air is still! through mist and
 cloud 360
 That merry peal comes ringing loud;
 And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
 And rises lightly from the bed;
 Puts on her silken vestments white,
 And tricks her hair in lovely plight, 365
 And nothing doubting of her spell
 Awakens the lady Christabel.
 "Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel?
 I trust that you have rested well."

And Christabel awoke and spied 370
 The same who lay down by her side —
 Oh rather say, the same whom she
 Raised up beneath the old oak tree!
 Nay, fairer yet; and yet more fair!
 For she belike hath drunken deep 375
 Of all the blessedness of sleep!
 And while she spake, her looks, her air,
 Such gentle thankfulness declare,
 That (so it seemed) her girded vests
 Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts. 380
 "Sure I have sinned!" said Christabel,
 "Now heaven be praised if all be well!"
 And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
 Did she the lofty lady greet,
 With such perplexity of mind 385
 As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly ar-
 rayed
 Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
 That He, who on the cross did groan,
 Might wash away her sins unknown, 390
 She forthwith led fair Geraldine
 To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and lady tall
 Are pacing both into the hall,
 And pacing on through page and groom, 395
 Enter the Baron's presence-room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest
 His gentle daughter to his breast,
 With cheerful wonder in his eyes
 The lady Geraldine espies, 400
 And gave such welcome to the same,
 As might beseem so bright a dame!

But when he heard the lady's tale,
 And when she told her father's name,
 Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale, 405
 Murmuring o'er the name again,
 Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine?

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above; 410
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
 And to be wroth with one we love
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline. 415
 Each spake words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother:
 They parted — ne'er to meet again!
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining — 420
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
 A dreary sea now flows between: —
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween, 425
 The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
 Stood gazing on the damsel's face:
 And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
 Came back upon his heart again. 430

Oh then the Baron forgot his age,
 His noble heart swelled high with rage;
 He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side,
 He would proclaim it far and wide,
 With trump and solemn heraldry, 435
 That they who thus had wronged the dame,
 Were base as spotted infamy!
 "And if they dare deny the same,
 My herald shall appoint a week,
 And let the recreant traitors seek 440
 My tourney court — that there and then
 I may dislodge their reptile souls
 From the bodies and forms of men!"
 He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!
 For the lady was ruthlessly seized; and he
 kenne'd 445
 In the beautiful lady the child of his friend!

And now the tears were on his face,
 And fondly in his arms he took

Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look. 450
Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain!
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again—
(Ah, woe is me! Was it for thee, 455
Thou gentle maid! such sights to see?)

Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound:
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round, 460
And nothing saw but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest,
Which comforted her after-rest 465
While in the lady's arms she lay,
Had put a rapture in her breast,
And on her lips and o'er her eyes
Spread smiles like light!

With new surprise,
"What ails then my beloved child?" 470
The Baron said — His daughter mild
Made answer, "All will yet be well!"
I ween, she had no power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the spell.

Yet he, who saw this Geraldine, 475
Had deemed her sure a thing divine.
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
As if she feared she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed, 480
She might be sent without delay
Home to her father's mansion.

"Nay!
Nay, by my soul!" said Leoline.
"Ho! Bracy, the bard, the charge be thine!
Go thou, with music sweet and loud, 485
And take two steeds with trappings proud,
And take the youth whom thou lov'st
best

To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
And clothe you both in solemn vest,
And over the mountains haste along, 490
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
Detain you on the valley road.
And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,
My merry bard! he hastes, he hastes
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth
Wood, 495
And reaches soon that castle good
Which stands and threatens Scotland's
wastes.

"Bard Bracy! bard Bracy! your horses
are fleet
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call, 501
Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall!
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free —
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
He bids thee come without delay. 505
With all thy numerous array;
And take thy lovely daughter home:
And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array
White with their panting palfreys' foam! 510
And by mine honor! I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of fierce disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine! —
— For since that evil hour hath flown, 515
Many a summer's sun hath shone;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine."

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing; 520
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,
His gracious hail on all bestowing! —
"Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my harp can tell;
Yet might I gain a boon of thee, 525
This day my journey should not be,
So strange a dream hath come to me;
That I had vowed with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warned by a vision in my rest! 530
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
And call'st by thy own daughter's name —
Sir Leoline! I saw the same
Fluttering; and uttering fearful moan, 535
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wondered what might ail the bird;
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath
the old tree. 540

"And in my dream methought I went
To search out what might there be found;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peered, and could descry. 545
No cause for her distressful cry;
But yet for her dear lady's sake
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,
When lo! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck. 550
Green as the herbs on which it couched,

Close by the dove's its head it crouched;
 And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
 Swelling its neck as she swelled hers!
 I woke; it was the midnight hour, 555
 The clock was echoing in the tower;
 But though my slumber was gone by,
 This dream it would not pass away —
 It seems to live upon my eye!
 And thence I vowed this self-same day, 560
 With music strong and saintly song
 To wander through the forest bare,
 Lest aught unholy loiter there."

Thus Bracy said: the Baron, the while,
 Half-listening heard him with a smile; 565
 Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
 His eyes made up of wonder and love;
 And said in courtly accents fine,
 "Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,
 With arms more strong than harp or song, 570
 Thy sire and I will crush the snake!"
 He kissed her forehead as he spake,
 And Geraldine, in maiden wise,
 Casting down her large bright eyes,
 With blushing cheek and courtesy fine 575
 She turned her from Sir Leoline;
 Softly gathering up her train,
 That o'er her right arm fell again;
 And folded her arms across her chest,
 And couched her head upon her breast, 580
 And looked askance at Christabel —
 Jesu Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
 And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
 Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye, 585
 And with somewhat of malice, and more of
 dread,
 At Christabel she looked askance! —
 One moment — and the sight was fled!
 But Christabel in dizzy trance
 Stumbling on the unsteady ground 590
 Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound;
 And Geraldine again turned round,
 And like a thing that sought relief,
 Full of wonder and full of grief,
 She rolled her large bright eyes divine 595
 Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,
 She nothing sees — no sight but one!
 The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
 I know not how, in fearful wise 600
 So deeply had she drunken in
 That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
 That all her features were resigned
 To this sole image in her mind;
 And passively did imitate 605

That look of dull and treacherous hate!
 And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
 Still picturing that look askance
 With forced unconscious sympathy
 Full before her father's view — 610
 As far as such a look could be
 In eyes so innocent and blue!

And when the trance was o'er, the maid
 Paused awhile, and inly prayed:
 Then falling at the Baron's feet, 615
 "By my mother's soul do I entreat
 That thou this woman send away!"
 She said: and more she could not say:
 For what she knew she could not tell,
 O'er mastered by the mighty spell. 620

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
 Sir Leoline? Thy only child
 Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
 So fair, so innocent, so mild;
 The same, for whom thy lady died! 625
 O, by the pangs of her dear mother
 Think thou no evil of thy child!
 For her, and thee, and for no other,
 She prayed the moment ere she died:
 Prayed that the babe for whom she died, 630
 Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
 That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
 Sir Leoline!
 And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,
 Her child and thine? 635

Within the Baron's heart and brain
 If thoughts, like these, had any share,
 They only swelled his rage and pain,
 And did but work confusion there.
 His heart was cleft with pain and rage, 640
 His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,
 Dishonored thus in his old age;
 Dishonored by his only child,
 And all his hospitality
 To the insulted daughter of his friend 645
 By more than woman's jealousy
 Brought thus to a disgraceful end —
 He rolled his eye with stern regard
 Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
 And said in tones abrupt, austere — 650
 "Why, Bracy! dost thou loiter here?
 I bade thee hence!" The bard obeyed;
 And turning from his own sweet maid,
 The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
 Led forth the lady Geraldine! 655

THE CONCLUSION TO PART II

A little child, a limber elf,
 Singing, dancing to itself,
 A fairy thing with red round cheeks,

That always finds, and never seeks,
 Makes such a vision to the sight 660
 As fills a father's eyes with light;
 And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
 Upon his heart, that he at last
 Must needs express his love's excess
 With words of unmeant bitterness. 665
 Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
 Thoughts so all unlike each other;
 To mutter and mock a broken charm,
 To dally with wrong that does no harm.
 Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty 670
 At each wild word to feel within
 A sweet recoil of love and pity.
 And what, if in a world of sin
 (O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
 Such giddiness of heart and brain 675
 Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
 So talks as it's most used to do.

1797-1800.

DEJECTION: AN ODE

This poem, according to Coleridge, was written during a fit of dejection and addressed to Wordsworth. When Coleridge printed the poem, he disguised the references to Wordsworth, using Otway's name in stanza 7 and "Dear Lady" in stanza 8.

WRITTEN APRIL 4, 1802

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
 With the old Moon in her arms;
 And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!
 We shall have a deadly storm.
Ballad of SIR PATRICK SPENCE

I

Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who
 made
 The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
 This night, so tranquil now, will not go
 hence
 Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
 Than those which mold yon cloud in lazy
 flakes, 5
 Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and
 rakes
 Upon the strings of this Æolian lute
 Which better far were mute.
 For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!
 And overspread with phantom light, 10
 (With swimming phantom light o'erspread
 But rimmed and circled by a silver
 thread)
 I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
 The coming-on of rain and squally blast.
 And oh! that even now the gust were swell-
 ing, 15
 And the slant night-shower driving loud
 and fast!

Those sounds which oft have raised me,
 whilst they awed,
 And sent my soul abroad,
 Might now perhaps their wonted impulse
 give,
 Might startle this dull pain, and make it
 move and live! 20

2

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and
 drear,
 A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
 Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
 In word, or sigh, or tear —
 O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood, 25
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,
 All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,
 And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
 And still I gaze — and with how blank an
 eye! 30
 And those thin clouds above, in flakes and
 bars,
 That give away their motion to the stars;
 Those stars, that glide behind them or be-
 tween,
 Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always
 seen:
 Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew 35
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;
 I see them all so excellently fair,
 I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

3

My genial spirits fail;
 And what can these avail 40
 To lift the smothering weight from off my
 breast?
 It were a vain endeavor,
 Though I should gaze for ever
 On that green light that lingers in the west:
 I may not hope from outward forms to win 45
 The passion and the life, whose fountains are
 within.

4

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does Nature live:
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her
 shroud!
 And would we aught behold, of higher
 worth, 50
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed
 To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
 Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
 Enveloping the Earth — 55
 And from the soul itself must there be sent

A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

5

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be! 60
What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was
given,

Save to the pure, and in their purest hour, 65
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and
shower,

Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which, wedding Nature to us, gives in dower
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud ++
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous
cloud —

We in ourselves rejoice! 72
And thence flows all that charms or ear or
sight,

All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light. 75

6

There was a time when, though my path
was rough,

This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence Fancy made me dreams of happi-
ness:

For Hope grew round me, like the twining
vine, 80

And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed
mine.

But now afflictions bow me down to earth:
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;

But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of Imagination. 86

For not to think of what I needs must feel,

But to be still and patient, all I can;

And haply by abstruse research to steal

From my own nature all the natural
man ++ 90

This was my sole resource, my only plan:
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my
soul.

7

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my
mind,

Reality's dark dream! 95
I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
Which long has raved unnoticed.

What a scream

Of agony by torture lengthened out
That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that
rav'st without, 100

Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or blasted
tree,

Or pine-grove whither woodman never
clomb,

Or lonely house, long held the witches'
home,

Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
Mad Lutanist! who in this month of show-
ers, 105

Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping
flowers,

Mak'st Devil's yule, with worse than wintry
song,

The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves
among.

Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, even to frenzy bold! 110
What tell'st thou now about?

'Tis of the rushing of an host in rout,
With groans of trampled men, with smart-
ing wounds —

At once they groan with pain, and shudder
with the cold!

But hush! there is a pause of deepest
silence! 115

And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
With groans, and tremulous shudderings —
all is over —

It tells another tale, with sounds less deep
and loud!

A tale of less affright,
And tempered with delight, 120

As Otway's ¹ self had framed the tender lay,
'Tis of a little child ²

Upon a lonesome wild,
Not far from home, but she hath lost her
way:

And now moans low in bitter grief and
fear, 125

And now screams loud, and hopes to make
her mother hear.

8

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of
sleep:

Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!
Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,

And may this storm be but a mountain-
birth, 130

May all the stars hang bright above her
dwelling,

¹ Thomas Otway, "tender" Otway, the English drama-
tist, 1654-85, author of *Venice Preserved*.

² The tale that Coleridge refers to here is, of course,
Wordsworth's *Lucy Gray*.

Silent as though they watched the sleeping
Earth!
With light heart may she rise,
Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice; 135
To her may all things live, from pole to
pole,
Their life the eddying of her living soul!
O simple spirit, guided from above,
Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,
Thou mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice. 140

1802.

YOUTH AND AGE

Verse, a breeze amid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee —
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy;
When I was young! 5
When I was young? — Ah, woeful When!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands, 10
How lightly then it flashed along:
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide! 15
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys, that came down shower-like, 20
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah woeful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet, 25
'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit —
It cannot be that Thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled: —
And thou wert aye a masker bold! 30
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe, that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But Spring-tide blossoms on thy lips, 35
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve! 40

Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave, 45
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismissed;
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

1823-32.

WORK WITHOUT HOPE

LINES COMPOSED 21ST FEBRUARY, 1827

All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their
lair —
The bees are stirring — birds are on the
wing —
And Winter slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I the while, the sole unbusy thing, 5
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor
sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths
blow,
Have traced the fount whence streams of
nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye
may,
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams,
away! 10
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I
stroll:
And would you learn the spells that drowse
my soul?
Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And Hope without an object cannot live.

1827.

BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA

1817

Biographia Literaria contains the best example of Coleridge's criticism in his discussion of Wordsworth's theory of poetry and its application in *Lyrical Ballads*. Chapters 14, 17, and 18 embody this discussion. Chapter 10 is interesting as autobiography, and as an account of the life of Coleridge and Wordsworth at Stowey, and of their situation when, because of their sympathy with the French Revolution, they were objects of suspicion and espionage. In regard to the financial history of *The Watchman*, Coleridge's memory was inaccurate. Coleridge's friend and patron, Joseph Cottle, wrote: "The fact is Biggs the printer (a worthy man) never threatened nor even importuned for the money."

CHAPTER X

... Toward the close of the first year from the time, that in an inauspicious hour I left the friendly cloisters, and the happy grove of quiet, ever honored Jesus College, Cambridge, I was persuaded by sundry philanthropists and Anti-polemists¹ to set on foot a periodical work, entitled *The Watchman*, that, according to the general motto of the work, *all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free!* In order to exempt it from the stamp-tax, and likewise to contribute as little as possible to the supposed guilt of a war against freedom, it was to be published on every eighth day, thirty-two pages, large octavo, closely printed, and price only four-pence. Accordingly with a flaming prospectus, — "*Knowledge is Power*," "To cry the state of the political atmosphere," — and so forth, I set off on a tour to the North, from Bristol to Sheffield, for the purpose of procuring customers, preaching by the way in most of the great towns, as an hireless volunteer, in a blue coat and white waistcoat, that not a rag of the woman of Babylon² might be seen on me. For I was at that time and long after, though a Trinitarian (that is *ad normam Platonis*)³ in philosophy, yet a zealous Unitarian in religion; more accurately, I was a Psilanthropist,⁴ one of those who believe our Lord to have been the real son of Joseph, and who lay the main stress on the resurrection rather than on the crucifixion. O! never can I remember those days with either shame or regret. For I was most sincere, most disinterested. My opinions were indeed in many and most important points erroneous; but my heart was single. Wealth, rank, life itself then seemed cheap to me, compared with the interests of what I believed to be the truth, and the will of my Maker. I cannot even accuse myself of having been actuated by vanity; for in the expansion of my enthusiasm I did not think of myself at all.

My campaign commenced at Birmingham; and my first attack was on a rigid Calvinist, a tallow-chandler by trade. He was a tall dingy man, in whom length was so predominant over breadth, that he might almost have been borrowed for a foundery poker. O that face! a face *κατ' ἐμφασιν*!⁵ I have it before me at this moment. The lank, black,

twine-like hair, *pingui-nitescens*,¹ cut in a straight line along the black stubble of his thin gunpowder eye-brows, that looked like a scorched after-math from a last week's shaving. His coat collar behind in perfect unison, both of color and lustre, with the coarse yet glib cordage, which I suppose he called his hair, and which with a bend inward at the nape of the neck, — the only approach to flexure in his whole figure, — slunk in behind his waistcoat; while the countenance lank, dark, very hard, and with strong perpendicular furrows, gave me a dim notion of some one looking at me through a used grid-iron, all soot, grease, and iron! But he was one of the thorough-bred, a true lover of liberty, and, as I was informed, had proved to the satisfaction of many, that Mr. Pitt was one of the horns of the second beast in The Revelation, that *spoke as a dragon*. A person, to whom one of my letters of recommendation had been addressed, was my introducer. It was a new event in my life, my first stroke in the new business I had undertaken of an author, yea, and of an author trading on his own account. My companion after some imperfect sentences and a multitude of hums and has, abandoned the cause to his client; and I commenced an harangue of half an hour to Phileleutheros,² the tallow-chandler, varying my notes, through the whole gamut of eloquence, from the ratiocinative to the declamatory, and in the latter from the pathetic to the indignant. I argued, I described, I promised, I prophesied; and beginning with the captivity of nations I ended with the near approach of the millennium, finishing the whole with some of my own verses describing that glorious state out of the Religious Musings:

Such delights
As float to earth, permitted visitants!
When in some hour of solemn jubilee
The massive gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odors snatched from beds of amaranth,
And they, that from the crystal river of life
Spring up on freshened wing, ambrosial gales!

My taper man of lights listened with perseverant and praiseworthy patience, though, as I was afterwards told, on complaining of certain gales that were not altogether ambrosial, it was a melting day with him. "And what, Sir," he said, after a short pause, "might be the cost?" "Only four-pence," — (O! how I felt the anti-climax, the abysmal

1 shining with oil.

2 lover of freedom.

1 opponents of war. 2 Roman Church.
3 By rule of Plato which included the good, the true, and the beautiful.

4 Coleridge's coinage from the Greek words ψιλός and άνθρωπος, merely man.

5 according to appearance.

bathos of that four-pence!) — “only four-pence, Sir, each number, to be published on every eighth day.” — “That comes to a deal of money at the end of a year. And how much, did you say, there was to be for the money?” — “Thirty-two pages, Sir, large octavo, closely printed.” — “Thirty and two pages? Bless me! why except what I does in a family way on the Sabbath, that’s more than I ever reads, Sir! all the year round. I am as great a one, as any man in Brummagem, Sir! for liberty and truth and all them sort of things, but as to this, — no offence, I hope, Sir, — I must beg to be excused.”

So ended my first canvass: from causes that I shall presently mention, I made but one other application in person. This took place at Manchester to a stately and opulent wholesale dealer in cottons. He took my letter of introduction, and, having perused it, measured me from head to foot and again from foot to head, and then asked if I had any bill or invoice of the thing. I presented my prospectus to him. He rapidly skimmed and hummed over the first side, and still more rapidly the second and concluding page; crushed it within his fingers and the palm of his hand; then most deliberately and significantly rubbed and smoothed one part against the other; and lastly putting it into his pocket turned his back on me with an “over-run with these articles!” and so without another syllable retired into his counting-house. And, I can truly say, to my unspeakable amusement.

This, I have said, was my second and last attempt. On returning baffled from the first, in which I had vainly essayed to repeat the miracle of Orpheus with the Brummagem patriot, I dined with the tradesman who had introduced me to him. After dinner he importuned me to smoke a pipe with him, and two or three other *illuminati* of the same rank. I objected, both because I was engaged to spend the evening with a minister and his friends, and because I had never smoked except once or twice in my lifetime, and then it was herb tobacco mixed with Oronooko. On the assurance, however, that the tobacco was equally mild, and seeing too that it was of a yellow color; — not forgetting the lamentable difficulty, I have always experienced, in saying, “No,” and in abstaining from what the people about me were doing, — I took half a pipe, filling the lower half of the bowl with salt. I was soon however compelled to resign it, in consequence of a giddiness and distressful feeling in my eyes,

which, as I had drunk but a single glass of ale, must, I knew, have been the effect of the tobacco. Soon after, deeming myself recovered, I sallied forth to my engagement; but the walk and the fresh air brought on all the symptoms again, and, I had scarcely entered the minister’s drawing-room, and opened a small packet of letters, which he had received from Bristol for me; ere I sank back on the sofa in a sort of swoon rather than sleep. Fortunately I had found just time enough to inform him of the confused state of my feelings, and of the occasion. For here and thus I lay, my face like a wall that is white-washing, deathly pale and with the cold drops of perspiration running down it from my forehead, while one after another there dropped in the different gentlemen, who had been invited to meet, and spend the evening with me, to the number of from fifteen to twenty. As the poison of tobacco acts but for a short time, I at length awoke from insensibility, and looked round on the party, my eyes dazzled by the candles which had been lighted in the interim. By way of relieving my embarrassment one of the gentlemen began the conversation, with “Have you seen a paper to-day, Mr. Coleridge?” “Sir!” I replied, rubbing my eyes, “I am far from convinced, that a Christian is permitted to read either newspapers or any other works of merely political and temporary interest.” This remark, so ludicrously inapposite to, or rather, incongruous with, the purpose, for which I was known to have visited Birmingham, and to assist me in which they were all then met, produced an involuntary and general burst of laughter; and seldom indeed have I passed so many delightful hours, as I enjoyed in that room from the moment of that laugh till an early hour the next morning. Never, perhaps, in so mixed and numerous a party have I since heard conversation sustained with such animation, enriched with such variety of information and enlivened with such a flow of anecdote. Both then and afterwards they all joined in dissuading me from proceeding with my scheme; assured me in the most friendly and yet most flattering expressions, that neither was the employment fit for me, nor I fit for the employment. Yet, if I determined on persevering in it, they promised to exert themselves to the utmost to procure subscribers, and insisted that I should make no more applications in person, but carry on the canvass by proxy. The same hospitable reception, the same dissuasion, and, that fail-

ing, the same kind exertions in my behalf, I met with at Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, Sheffield, — indeed, at every place in which I took up my sojourn, I often recall with affectionate pleasure the many respectable men who interested themselves for me, a perfect stranger to them, not a few of whom I can still name among my friends. They will bear witness for me how opposite even then my principles were to those of Jacobinism¹ or even of democracy, and can attest the strict accuracy of the statement which I have left on record in the tenth and eleventh numbers of *The Friend*.

From this rememberable tour I returned with nearly a thousand names on the subscription list of *The Watchman*; yet more than half convinced, that prudence dictated the abandonment of the scheme. But for this very reason I persevered in it; for I was at that period of my life so completely haggard by the fear of being influenced by selfish motives, that to know a mode of conduct to be the dictate of prudence was a sort of presumptive proof to my feelings, that the contrary was the dictate of duty. Accordingly, I commenced the work, which was announced in London by long bills in letters larger than had ever been seen before, and which, I have been informed, for I did not see them myself, eclipsed the glories even of the lottery puffs. But alas! the publication of the very first number was delayed beyond the day announced for its appearance. In the second number an essay against fast days, with a most censurable application of a text from Isaiah² for its motto, lost me near five hundred of my subscribers at one blow. In the two following numbers I made enemies of all my Jacobin and democratic patrons; for, disgusted by their infidelity, and their adoption of French morals with French *philosophy*;³ and perhaps thinking, that charity ought to begin nearest home; instead of abusing the government and the Aristocrats chiefly or entirely, as had been expected of me, I levelled my attacks at "modern patriotism," and even ventured to declare my belief, that whatever the motives of ministers might have been for the sedition, or as it was then the fashion to call them, the *gagging* bills,⁴ yet the bills themselves would produce

an effect to be desired by all the true friends of freedom, as far as they should contribute to deter men from openly declaiming on subjects, the principles of which they had never bottomed and from "pleading to the poor and ignorant, instead of pleading for them." At the same time I avowed my conviction, that national education and a concurring spread of the Gospel were the indispensable condition of any true political melioration. Thus by the time the seventh number was published, I had the mortification — (but why should I say this, when in truth I cared too little for any thing that concerned my worldly interests to be at all mortified about it?) — of seeing the preceding numbers exposed in sundry old iron shops for a penny a piece. At the ninth number I dropt the work. But from the London publisher I could not obtain a shilling; he was a ——— and set me at defiance. From other places I procured but little, and after such delays as rendered that little worth nothing; and I should have been inevitably thrown into jail by my Bristol printer, who refused to wait even for a month, for a sum between eighty and ninety pounds, if the money had not been paid for me by a man by no means affluent, a dear friend,⁵ who attached himself to me from my first arrival at Bristol, who has continued my friend with a fidelity unconquered by time or even by my own apparent neglect; a friend from whom I never received an advice that was not wise, nor a remonstrance that was not gentle and affectionate.

Conscientiously an opponent of the first revolutionary war; yet with my eyes thoroughly opened to the true character and impotence of the favorers of revolutionary principles in England, principles which I held in abhorrence, — (for it was part of my political creed, that whoever ceased to act as an individual by making himself a member of any society not sanctioned by his Government, forfeited the rights of a citizen) — a vehement Anti-Ministerialist, but after the invasion of Switzerland,² a more vehement Anti-Gallican, and still more intensely an Anti-Jacobin, I retired to a cottage at Stowey, and provided for my scanty maintenance by writing verses for a London Morning Paper. I saw plainly, that literature was not a profession, by which I could expect to live; for I could not disguise from myself, that, whatever my talents might or might not be in

¹ The extremists of the French Revolution were known as Jacobins.

² "Wherefore my bowels shall sound like an harp," Isaiah xvi, 11.

³ Coleridge puns by substituting *ψιλος* for *φίλος* — "mere wisdom" instead of "love of wisdom."

⁴ Laws passed in 1793 restricting liberty of speech and assembly.

⁵ Josiah Wade.

² The French attacked Switzerland in 1798. Coleridge had retired to Stowey in 1796.

other respects, yet they were not of the sort that could enable me to become a popular writer; and that whatever my opinions might be in themselves, they were almost equidistant from all the three prominent parties, the Pittites, the Foxites, and the Democrats. Of the unsaleable nature of my writings I had an amusing memento one morning from our own servant girl. For happening to rise at an earlier hour than usual, I observed her putting an extravagant quantity of paper into the grate in order to light the fire, and mildly checked her for her wastefulness; "La, Sir!" (replied poor Nanny) "why, it is only Watchmen."

I now devoted myself to poetry and to the study of ethics and psychology; and so profound was my admiration at this time of Hartley's *Essay on Man*,¹ that I gave his name to my first-born. In addition to the gentleman, my neighbor,² whose garden joined on to my little orchard, and the cultivation of whose friendship had been my sole motive in choosing Stowey for my residence, I was so fortunate as to acquire, shortly after my settlement there, an invaluable blessing in the society and neighborhood of one, to whom I could look up with equal reverence, whether I regarded him as a poet, a philosopher, or a man.³ His conversation extended to almost all subjects, except physics and politics; with the latter he never troubled himself. Yet neither my retirement nor my utter abstraction from all the disputes of the day could secure me in those jealous times from suspicion and obloquy, which did not stop at me, but extended to my excellent friend, whose perfect innocence was even adduced as a proof of his guilt. One of the many busy sycophants⁴ of that day, — (I here use the word sycophant in its original sense, as a wretch who *flatters* the prevailing party by *informing* against his neighbors, under pretence that they are exporters of prohibited *figs* or *fancies*, — for the moral application of the term it matters not which) — one of these sycophantic law-mongrels, discoursing on the politics of the neighborhood, uttered the following deep remark: "As to Coleridge, there is not so much harm in him, for he is a whirl-brain that talks whatever comes uppermost; but that — he is the dark traitor. You never hear HIM say a syllable on the subject."

Now that the hand of Providence has disciplined all Europe into sobriety, as men tame wild elephants, by alternate blows and caresses; now that Englishmen of all classes are restored to their old English notions and feelings; it will with difficulty be credited, how great an influence was at that time possessed and exerted by the spirit of secret defamation, — (the too constant attendant on party-zeal) — during the restless interim from 1793 to the commencement of the Addington¹ administration, or the year before the truce of Amiens. For by the latter period the minds of the partizans, exhausted by excess of stimulation and humbled by mutual disappointment, had become languid. The same causes, that inclined the nation to peace, disposed the individuals to reconciliation. Both parties had found themselves in the wrong. The one had confessedly mistaken the moral character of the revolution, and the other had miscalculated both its moral and its physical resources. The experiment was made at the price of great, almost, we may say, of humiliating sacrifices; and wise men foresaw that it would fail, at least in its direct and ostensible object. Yet it was purchased cheaply, and realized an object of equal value, and, if possible, of still more vital importance. For it brought about a national unanimity unexampled in our history since the reign of Elizabeth; and Providence, never wanting to a good work when men have done their parts, soon provided a common *focus* in the cause of Spain, which made us all once more Englishmen by at once gratifying and correcting the predilections of both parties. The sincere reverers of the throne felt the cause of loyalty ennobled by its alliance with that of freedom; while the *honest* zealots of the people could not but admit, that freedom itself assumed a more winning form, humanized by loyalty and consecrated by religious principle. The youthful enthusiasts who, flattered by the morning rainbow of the French revolution, had made a boast of *expatriating* their hopes and fears, now, disciplined by the succeeding storms and sobered by increase of years, had been taught to prize and honor the spirit of nationality as the best safeguard of national independence, and this again as the absolute pre-requisite and necessary basis of popular rights.

If in Spain² too disappointment has nipped

¹ *Observations on Man*, etc., 1748.

² Thomas Poole. ³ Wordsworth.

⁴ *σύκοις φαίνειν*, to show or detect figs, the exportation of which from Athens was forbidden. (Coleridge's note.)

¹ Henry Addington (1757–1844), afterwards Lord Sidmouth, became Premier in 1801. The Peace of Amiens between France and England was signed in October of that year.

² Ferdinand VII, restored to the throne of Spain in

our too forward expectations, yet all is not destroyed that is checked. The crop was perhaps springing up too rank in the stalk to *kern* well; and there were, doubtless, symptoms of the Gallican blight on it. If superstition and despotism have been suffered to let in their wolvisish sheep to trample and eat it down even to the surface, yet the roots remain alive, and the second growth may prove the stronger and healthier for the temporary interruption. At all events, to *us* heaven has been just and gracious. The *people* of England did their best, and have received their rewards. Long may we continue to deserve it! Causes, which it had been too generally the habit of former statesmen to regard as belonging to another world, are now admitted by all ranks to have been the main agents of our success. "*We fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.*"¹ If then unanimity grounded on moral feelings has been among the least equivocal sources of our national glory, that man deserves the esteem of his countrymen, even as patriots, who devotes his life and the utmost efforts of his intellect to the preservation and continuance of that unanimity by the disclosure and establishment of principles. For by these all opinions must be ultimately tried; and, (as the feelings of men are worthy of regard only as far as they are the representatives of their fixed opinions,) on the knowledge of these all unanimity, not accidental and fleeting, must be grounded. Let the scholar, who doubts this assertion, refer only to the speeches and writings of Edmund Burke at the commencement of the American war and compare them with his speeches and writings at the commencement of the French revolution. He will find the principles exactly the same and the deductions the same; but the practical inferences almost opposite in the one case from those drawn in the other; yet in both equally legitimate and in both equally confirmed by the results. Whence gained he the superiority of foresight? Whence arose the striking difference, and in most instances even, the discrepancy between the grounds assigned by him and by those who voted with him, on the same questions? How are we to explain the notorious fact, that the speeches and writings of Edmund Burke are more interesting at the present day than they were found at the time of their first publication; while those of his

illustrious confederates are either forgotten, or exist only to furnish proofs, that the same conclusion, which one man had deduced scientifically, *may* be brought out by another in consequence of errors that luckily chanced to neutralize each other. It would be unhandsome as a conjecture, even were it not, as it actually is, false in point of fact to attribute this difference to the deficiency of talent on the part of Burke's friends, or of experience, or of historical knowledge. The satisfactory solution is, that Edmund Burke possessed and had sedulously sharpened that eye, which sees all things, actions, and events, in relation to the laws that determine their existence and circumscribe their possibility. He referred habitually to principles. He was a scientific statesman; and therefore a seer. For every principle contains in itself the germs of a prophecy; and, as the prophetic power is the essential privilege of science, so the fulfilment of its oracles supplies the outward and, (to men in general,) the only test of its claim to the title. Wearisome as Burke's refinements appeared to his parliamentary auditors, yet the cultivated classes throughout Europe have reason to be thankful, that he

— went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought
of dining.

Our very sign-boards (said an illustrious friend to me) give evidence, that there has been a Titian in the world. In like manner, not only the debates in parliament, not only our proclamations and state papers, but the essays and leading paragraphs of our journals are so many remembrancers of Edmund Burke. Of this the reader may easily convince himself, if either by recollection or reference he will compare the opposition newspapers at the commencement and during the five or six following years of the French revolution with the sentiments, and grounds of argument assumed in the same class of journals at present, and for some years past.

Whether the spirit of Jacobinism, which the writings of Burke exorcised from the higher and from the literary classes, may not, like the ghost in Hamlet, be heard moving and mining in the underground chambers with an activity the more dangerous because less noisy, may admit of a question. I have given my opinions on this point, and the grounds of them, in my letters to Judge Fletcher occasioned by his charge to the Wexford grand jury,¹ and published in the

¹⁸¹⁴, proved thoroughly reactionary, and the enemy of all reform.

¹ Judges IV, 18-22.

¹ November and December, 1814. (Coleridge's note.)

Courier. Be this as it may, the evil spirit of jealousy, and with it the Cerberean whelps of feud and slander, no longer walk their rounds, in cultivated society.

Far different were the days to which these anecdotes have carried me back. The dark guesses of some zealous *Quidnunc* met with so congenial a soil in the grave alarm of a titled Dogberry of our neighborhood, that a spy was actually sent down from the government *pour surveillance* of myself and friend. There must have been not only abundance, but variety of these "honorable men" at the disposal of Ministers: for this proved a very honest fellow. After three weeks' truly Indian perseverance in tracking us, (for we were commonly together,) during all which time seldom were we out of doors, but he contrived to be within hearing, — and all the while utterly unsuspected; how indeed *could* such a suspicion enter our fancies?) — he not only rejected Sir Dogberry's request that he would try yet a little longer, but declared to him his belief, that both my friend and myself were as good subjects, for aught he could discover to the contrary, as any in His Majesty's dominions. He had repeatedly hid himself, he said, for hours together behind a bank at the sea-side, (our favorite seat,) and overheard our conversation. At first he fancied, that we were aware of our danger; for he often heard me talk of one *Spy Nozy*, which he was inclined to interpret of himself, and of a remarkable feature belonging to him; but he was speedily convinced that it was the name of a man who had made a book and lived long ago. Our talk ran most upon books, and we were perpetually desiring each other to look at *this*, and to listen to *that*; but he could not catch a word about politics. Once he had joined me on the road; (this occurred, as I was returning home alone from my friend's house, which was about three miles from my own cottage,) and, passing himself off as a traveller, he had entered into conversation with me, and talked of purpose in a democrat way in order to draw me out. The result, it appears, not only convinced him that I was no friend of Jacobinism; but, (he added,) I had "plainly made it out to be such a silly as well as wicked thing, that he felt ashamed though he had only *put it on*." I distinctly remembered the occurrence, and had mentioned it immediately on my return, repeating what the traveller with his Bardolph nose had said, with my own answer; and so little did I suspect the true object of my "tempter

ere accuser," that I expressed with no small pleasure my hope and belief, that the conversation had been of some service to the poor misled malcontent. This incident therefore prevented all doubt as to the truth of the report, which through a friendly medium came to me from the master of the village inn, who had been ordered to entertain the Government gentleman in his best manner, but above all to be silent concerning such a person being in his house. At length he received Sir Dogberry's commands to accompany his guest at the final interview; and, after the absolving suffrage of the *gentleman honored with the confidence of Ministers*, answered, as follows, to the following queries: D. Well, landlord! and what do you know of the person in question? L. I see him often pass by with maister —, my landlord, (*that is, the owner of the house,*) and sometimes with the new-comers at Holford;¹ but I never said a word to him or he to me. D. But do you not know, that he has distributed papers and hand-bills of a seditious nature among the common people? L. No, your Honor! I never heard of such a thing. D. Have you not seen this Mr. Coleridge, or heard of, his haranguing and talking to knots and clusters of the inhabitants? — What are you grinning at, Sir? L. Beg your Honor's pardon! but I was only thinking, how they'd have stared at him. If what I have heard be true, your Honor! they would not have understood a word he said. When our Vicar was here, Dr. L.² the master of the great school and Canon of Windsor, there was a great dinner party at maister —'s; and one of the farmers, that was there, told us that he and the Doctor talked real Hebrew Greek at each other for an hour together after dinner. D. Answer the question, Sir! does he ever harangue the people? L. I hope your Honor an't angry with me. I can say no more than I know. I never saw him talking with any one, but my landlord, and our curate, and the strange gentleman. D. Has he not been seen wandering on the hills towards the Channel, and along the shore, with books and papers in his hand, taking charts and maps of the country? L. Why, as to that, your Honor! I own, I have heard; I am sure, I would not wish to say ill of any body; but it is certain, that I have heard — D. Speak out, man! don't be afraid, you are doing your duty to your King and Govern-

¹ The village where Wordsworth and Miss Wordsworth resided. (Coleridge's note.)

² Dr. Langford. (Coleridge's note.)

ment. What have you heard? L. Why, folks do say, your Honor! as how that he is a *Poet*, and that he is going to put Quantock and all about here in print; and as they be so much together, I suppose that the strange gentleman has some *con-sarn* in the business." — So ended this formidable inquisition, the latter part of which alone requires explanation, and at the same time entitles the anecdote to a place in my literary life. I had considered it as a defect in the admirable poem of *The Task*, that the subject, which gives the title to the work, was not, and indeed could not be, carried on beyond the three or four first pages, and that, throughout the poem, the connections are frequently awkward, and the transitions abrupt and arbitrary. I sought for a subject, that should give equal room and freedom for description, incident, and impassioned reflections on men, nature, and society, yet supply in itself a natural connection to the parts, and unity to the whole. Such a subject I conceived myself to have found in a stream, traced from its source in the hills among the yellow-red moss and conical glass-shaped tufts of bent, to the first break or fall, where its drops become audible, and it begins to form a channel; thence to the peat and turf barn, itself built of the same dark squares as it sheltered; to the sheepfold; to the first cultivated plot of ground; to the lonely cottage and its bleak garden won from the heath; to the hamlet, the villages, the market-town, the manufactories, and the seaport. My walks therefore were almost daily on the top of Quantock, and among its sloping coombes. With my pencil and memorandum-book in my hand, I was *making studies*, as the artists call them, and often moulding my thoughts into verse, with the objects and imagery immediately before my senses. Many circumstances, evil and good, intervened to prevent the completion of the poem, which was to have been entitled *The Brook*. Had I finished the work, it was my purpose in the heat of the moment to have dedicated it to our then committee of public safety as containing the charts and maps, with which I was to have supplied the French Government in aid of their plans of invasion. And these too for a tract of coast that, from Clevedon to Minehead, scarcely permits the approach of a fishing-boat!

CHAPTER XIV

Occasion of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and the objects originally proposed — Preface to the second edition — The

ensuing controversy, its causes and acrimony — Philosophic definitions of a Poem and Poetry with scholia.

During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbors, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colors of imagination. The sudden charm, which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunset diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself — (to which of us I do not recollect) — that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions, as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense they have been to every human being who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity, where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them, when they present themselves.

In this idea originated the plan of the *Lyrical Ballads*; in which it was agreed, that my endeavors should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us; an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand.

With this view I wrote *The Ancient Mariner*, and was preparing among other poems, *The Dark Ladie*, and the *Christabel*, in which

I should have more nearly realized my ideal, than I had done in my first attempt. But Mr. Wordsworth's industry had proved so much more successful, and the number of his poems so much greater, that my compositions, instead of forming a balance, appeared rather an interpolation of heterogeneous matter. Mr. Wordsworth added two or three poems written in his own character, in the impassioned, lofty, and sustained diction, which is characteristic of his genius. In this form the *Lyrical Ballads* were published; and were presented by him, as an experiment, whether subjects, which from their nature rejected the usual ornaments and extra-colloquial style of poems in general, might not be so managed in the language of ordinary life as to produce the pleasurable interest, which it is the peculiar business of poetry to impart. To the second edition he added a preface of considerable length; in which, notwithstanding some passages of apparently a contrary import, he was understood to contend for the extension of this style to poetry of all kinds, and to reject as vicious and indefensible all phrases and forms of speech that were not included in what he (unfortunately, I think, adopting an equivocal expression) called the language of real life. From this preface, prefixed to poems in which it was impossible to deny the presence of original genius, however mistaken its direction might be deemed, arose the whole long-continued controversy. For from the conjunction of perceived power with supposed heresy I explain the inveteracy and in some instances, I grieve to say, the acrimonious passions, with which the controversy has been conducted by the assailants.

Had Mr. Wordsworth's poems been the silly, the childish things, which they were for a long time described as being: had they been really distinguished from the compositions of other poets merely by meanness of language and inanity of thought; had they indeed contained nothing more than what is found in the parodies and pretended imitations of them; they must have sunk at once, a dead weight, into the slough of oblivion, and have dragged the preface along with them. But year after year increased the number of Mr. Wordsworth's admirers. They were found too not in the lower classes of the reading public, but chiefly among young men of strong sensibility and meditative minds; and their admiration (inflamed perhaps in some degree by opposition) was distinguished by its intensity, I might almost

say, by its religious fervor. These facts, and the intellectual energy of the author, which was more or less consciously felt, where it was outwardly and even boisterously denied, meeting with sentiments of aversion to his opinions, and of alarm at their consequences, produced an eddy of criticism, which would of itself have borne up the poems by the violence with which it whirled them round and round. With many parts of this preface in the sense attributed to them and which the words undoubtedly seem to authorize, I never concurred; but on the contrary objected to them as erroneous in principle, and as contradictory (in appearance at least) both to other parts of the same preface, and to the author's own practice in the greater part of the poems themselves. Mr. Wordsworth in his recent collection has, I find, degraded this prefatory disquisition to the end of his second volume, to be read or not at the reader's choice. But he has not, as far as I can discover, announced any change in his poetic creed. At all events, considering it as the source of a controversy, in which I have been honored more than I deserve by the frequent conjunction of my name with his, I think it expedient to declare once for all, in what points I coincide with the opinions supported in that preface, and in what points I altogether differ. But in order to render myself intelligible I must previously, in as few words as possible, explain my views, first, of a Poem; and secondly, of Poetry itself, in kind, and in essence.

The office of philosophical disquisition consists in just distinction; while it is the privilege of the philosopher to preserve himself constantly aware, that distinction is not division. In order to obtain adequate notions of any truth, we must intellectually separate its distinguishable parts; and this is the technical process of philosophy. But having so done, we must then restore them in our conceptions to the unity, in which they actually co-exist; and this is the result of philosophy. A poem contains the same elements as a prose composition; the difference therefore must consist in a different combination of them, in consequence of a different object being proposed. According to the difference of the object will be the difference of the combination. It is possible, that the object may be merely to facilitate the recollection of any given facts or observations by artificial arrangement; and the composition will be a poem, merely because it is distinguished from prose by metre, or by

rhyme, or by both conjointly. In this, the lowest sense, a man might attribute the name of a poem to the well-known enumeration of the days in the several months;

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November," &c.

and others of the same class and purpose. And as a particular pleasure is found in anticipating the recurrence of sounds and quantities, all compositions that have this charm super-added, whatever be their contents, may be entitled poems.

So much for the superficial form. A difference of object and contents supplies an additional ground of distinction. The immediate purpose may be the communication of truths; either of truth absolute and demonstrable, as in works of science; or of facts experienced and recorded, as in history. Pleasure, and that of the highest and most permanent kind, may result from the attainment of the end; but it is not itself the immediate end. In other works the communication of pleasure may be the immediate purpose; and though truth, either moral or intellectual, ought to be the ultimate end, yet this will distinguish the character of the author, not the class to which the work belongs. Blest indeed is that state of society, in which the immediate purpose would be baffled by the perversion of the proper ultimate end; in which no charm of diction or imagery could exempt the *Bathyllus* even of an Anacreon, or the *Alexis* of Virgil, from disgust and aversion!

But the communication of pleasure may be the immediate object of a work not metrically composed; and that object may have been in a high degree attained, as in novels and romances. Would then the mere super-addition of metre, with or without rhyme, entitle these to the name of poems? The answer is, that nothing can permanently please, which does not contain in itself the reason why it is so, and not otherwise. If metre be superadded, all other parts must be made consonant with it. They must be such, as to justify the perpetual and distinct attention to each part, which an exact correspondent recurrence of accent and sound are calculated to excite. The final definition then, so deduced, may be thus worded. A poem is that species of composition, which is opposed to works of science, by proposing for its immediate object pleasure, not truth; and from all other species — (having *this* object in common with it) — it is discriminated by

proposing to itself such delight from the whole, as is compatible with a distinct gratification from each component part.

Controversy is not seldom excited in consequence of the disputants attaching each a different meaning to the same word; and in few instances has this been more striking, than in disputes concerning the present subject. If a man chooses to call every composition a poem, which is rhyme, or measure, or both, I must leave his opinion uncontroverted. The distinction is at least competent to characterize the writer's intention. If it were subjoined, that the whole is likewise entertaining or affecting, as a tale, or as a series of interesting reflections, I of course admit this as another fit ingredient of a poem, and an additional merit. But if the definition sought for be that of a *legitimate* poem, I answer, it must be one, the parts of which mutually support and explain each other; all in their proportion harmonizing with, and supporting the purpose and known influences of metrical arrangement. The philosophic critics of all ages coincide with the ultimate judgment of all countries, in equally denying the praises of a just poem, on the one hand, to a series of striking lines or distiches, each of which, absorbing the whole attention of the reader to itself, becomes disjoined from its context, and forms a separate whole, instead of a harmonizing part; and on the other hand, to an unsustained composition, from which the reader collects rapidly the general result unattracted by the component parts. The reader should be carried forward, not merely or chiefly by the mechanical impulse of curiosity, or by a restless desire to arrive at the final solution; but by the pleasureable activity of mind excited by the attractions of the journey itself. Like the motion of a serpent, which the Egyptians made the emblem of intellectual power; or like the path of sound through the air; — at every step he pauses and half recedes, and from the retrogressive movement collects the force which again carries him onward. *Præcipitandus est liber spiritus*,¹ says Petronius most happily. The epithet, *liber*, here balances the preceding verb; and it is not easy to conceive more meaning condensed in fewer words.

But if this should be admitted as a satisfactory character of a poem, we have still to seek for a definition of poetry. The writings of Plato, and Jeremy Taylor, and Burnet's²

¹ A free spirit should be thrown forward.

² Bishop Thomas Burnet, whose *Telluris Theoria Sacra* was a fanciful account of the structure of the earth.

Theory of the Earth, furnish undeniable proofs that poetry of the highest kind may exist without metre, and even without the contradistinguishing objects of a poem. The first chapter of Isaiah — (indeed a very large portion of the whole book) — is poetry in the most emphatic sense; yet it would be not less irrational than strange to assert, that pleasure, and not truth was the immediate object of the prophet. In short, whatever specific import we attach to the word, Poetry, there will be found involved in it, as a necessary consequence, that a poem of any length neither can be, nor ought to be, all poetry. Yet if an harmonious whole is to be produced, the remaining parts must be preserved in keeping with the poetry; and this can be no otherwise effected than by such a studied selection and artincial arrangement, as will partake of one, though not a peculiar property of poetry. And this again can be no other than the property of exciting a more continuous and equal attention than the language of prose aims at, whether colloquial or written.

My own conclusions on the nature of poetry, in the strictest use of the word, have been in part anticipated in some of the remarks on the Fancy and Imagination in the early part of this work. What is poetry? — is so nearly the same question with, what is a poet? — that the answer to the one is involved in the solution of the other. For it is a distinction resulting from the poetic genius itself, which sustains and modifies the images, thoughts, and emotions of the poet's own mind.

The poet, described in ideal perfection, brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other according to their relative worth and dignity. He diffuses a tone and spirit of unity, that blends, and (as it were) *fuses*, each into each, by that synthetic and magical power, to which I would exclusively appropriate the name of Imagination. This power, first put in action by the will and understanding, and retained under their irremissive, though gentle and unnoticed, control, *laxis effertur habentis*,¹ reveals itself in the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities: of sameness, with difference; of the general with the concrete; the idea with the image; the individual with the representative; the sense of novelty and freshness with old and familiar objects; a more than usual state of emotion with more

than usual order; judgment ever awake and steady self-possession with enthusiasm and feeling profound or vehement; and while it blends and harmonizes the natural and the artificial, still subordinates art to nature; the manner to the matter; and our admiration of the poet to our sympathy with the poetry. Doubtless, as Sir John Davies observes of the soul — (and his words may with slight alteration be applied, and even more appropriately, to the poetic Imagination) —

Doubtless this could not be, but that she turns
Bodies to *spirit* by sublimation strange,
As fire converts to fire the things it burns,
As we our food into our nature change.

From their gross matter she abstracts *their*
forms,
And draws a kind of quintessence from
things;

Which to her proper nature she transforms
To bear them light on her celestial wings.

Thus does she, when from *individual states*
She doth abstract the universal kinds;

Which then re-clothed in *divers names and fates*
Steal access through the senses to our minds.²

Finally, Good Sense is the Body of poetic genius, Fancy its Drapery, Motion its Life, and Imagination the Soul that is everywhere, and in each; and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole.

CHAPTER XVII

Examination of the tenets peculiar to Mr. Wordsworth — Rustic life (above all, low and rustic life) especially unfavorable to the formation of a human diction — The best parts of language the product of philosophers, not of clowns or shepherds — Poetry essentially ideal and generic — The language of Milton as much the language of real life, yea, incomparably more so than that of the cottager.

As far then as Mr. Wordsworth in his preface contended, and most ably contended, for a reformation in our poetic diction, as far as he has evinced the truth of passion, and the dramatic propriety of those figures and metaphors in the original poets, which, stripped of their justifying reasons, and converted into mere artifices of connection or ornament, constitute the characteristic falsity in the poetic style of the moderns; and as far as he has, with equal acuteness and clearness, pointed out the process by which this change was effected, and the resemblances between that state into which the reader's mind is thrown by the pleasurable confusion of

¹ Quoted with alterations from Sir John Davies' poem *On the Soul of Man*, sect. IV.

² Is borne along with loosened reins.

thought from an unaccustomed train of words and images; and that state which is induced by the natural language of impassioned feeling; he undertook a useful task, and deserves all praise, both for the attempt and for the execution. The provocations to this remonstrance in behalf of truth and nature were still of perpetual recurrence before and after the publication of this preface. I cannot likewise but add, that the comparison of such poems of merit, as have been given to the public within the last ten or twelve years, with the majority of those produced previously to the appearance of that preface, leave no doubt on my mind, that Mr. Wordsworth is fully justified in believing his efforts to have been by no means ineffectual. Not only in the verses of those who have professed their admiration of his genius, but even of those who have distinguished themselves by hostility to his theory, and depreciation of his writings, are the impressions of his principles plainly visible. It is possible, that with these principles others may have been blended, which are not equally evident; and some which are unsteady and subvertible from the narrowness or imperfection of their basis. But it is more than possible, that these errors of defect or exaggeration, by kindling and feeding the controversy, may have conduced not only to the wider propagation of the accompanying truths, but that, by their frequent presentation to the mind in an excited state, they may have won for them a more permanent and practical result. A man will borrow a part from his opponent the more easily, if he feels himself justified in continuing to reject a part. While there remain important points in which he can still feel himself in the right, in which he still finds firm footing for continued resistance, he will gradually adopt those opinions, which were the least remote from his own convictions, as not less congruous with his own theory than with that which he reprobates. In like manner with a kind of instinctive prudence, he will abandon by little and little his weakest posts, till at length he seems to forget that they had ever belonged to him, or affects to consider them at most as accidental and "petty annexments," the removal of which leaves the citadel unhurt and unendangered.

My own differences from certain supposed parts of Mr. Wordsworth's theory ground themselves on the assumption, that his words had been rightly interpreted, as purporting that the proper diction for poetry in general

consists altogether in a language taken, with due exceptions, from the mouths of men in real life, a language which actually constitutes the natural conversation of men under the influence of natural feelings. My objection is, first, that in any sense this rule is applicable only to certain classes of poetry; secondly, that even to these classes it is not applicable, except in such a sense, as hath never by any one (as far as I know or have read,) been denied or doubted; and lastly, that as far as, and in that degree in which it is practicable, it is yet as a rule useless, if not injurious, and therefore either need not, or ought not to be practised. The poet informs his reader, that he had generally chosen low and rustic life; but not as low and rustic, or in order to repeat that pleasure of doubtful moral effect, which persons of elevated rank and of superior refinement oftentimes derive from a happy imitation of the rude unpolished manners and discourse of their inferiors. For the pleasure so derived may be traced to three exciting causes. The first is the naturalness, in fact, of the things represented. The second is the apparent naturalness of the representation, as raised and qualified by an imperceptible infusion of the author's own knowledge and talent, which infusion does, indeed, constitute it an imitation as distinguished from a mere copy. The third cause may be found in the reader's conscious feeling of his superiority awakened by the contrast presented to him; even as for the same purpose the kings and great barons of yore retained, sometimes actual clowns and fools, but more frequently shrewd and witty fellows in that character. These, however, were not Mr. Wordsworth's objects. He chose low and rustic life, "because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil, in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity, and consequently may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings; and from the necessary character of rural occupations are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature." †

Now it is clear to me, that in the most

† From Wordsworth's Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*.

interesting of the poems, in which the author is more or less dramatic, as *The Brothers*, *Michael*, *Ruth*, *The Mad Mother*, and others, the persons introduced are by no means taken from low or rustic life in the common acceptation of those words! and it is not less clear, that the sentiments and language, as far as they can be conceived to have been really transferred from the minds and conversation of such persons, are attributable to causes and circumstances not necessarily connected with "their occupations and abode." The thoughts, feelings, language, and manners of the shepherd-farmers in the vales of Cumberland and Westmoreland, as far as they are actually adopted in those poems, may be accounted for from causes, which will and do produce the same results in every state of life, whether in town or country. As the two principal I rank that independence, which raises a man above servitude, or daily toil for the profit of others, yet not above the necessity of industry and a frugal simplicity of domestic life; and the accompanying unambitious, but solid and religious, education, which has rendered few books familiar, but the Bible, and the Liturgy or Hymn book. To this latter cause, indeed, which is so far accidental, that it is the blessing of particular countries and a particular age, not the product of particular places or employments, the poet owes the show of probability, that his personages might really feel, think, and talk with any tolerable resemblance to his representation. It is an excellent remark of Dr. Henry More's, that "a man of confined education, but of good parts, by constant reading of the Bible will naturally form a more winning and commanding rhetoric than those that are learned: the intermixture of tongues and of artificial phrases debasing *their* style."

It is, moreover, to be considered that to the formation of healthy feelings, and a reflecting mind, negations involve impediments not less formidable than sophistication and vicious intermixture. I am convinced, that for the human soul to prosper in rustic life a certain vantage-ground is prerequisite. It is not every man that is likely to be improved by a country life or by country labors. Education, or original sensibility, or both, must pre-exist, if the changes, forms, and incidents of nature are to prove a sufficient stimulant. And where these are not sufficient, the mind contracts and hardens by want of stimulants: and the man becomes selfish, sensual, gross, and hard-hearted. Let

the management of the Poor Laws in Liverpool, Manchester, or Bristol be compared with the ordinary dispensation of the poor rates in agricultural villages, where the farmers are the overseers and guardians of the poor. If my own experience have not been particularly unfortunate, as well as that of the many respectable country clergymen with whom I have conversed on the subject, the result would engender more than scepticism concerning the desirable influences of low and rustic life in and for itself. Whatever may be concluded on the other side, from the stronger local attachments and enterprising spirit of the Swiss, and other mountaineers, applies to a particular mode of pastoral life, under forms of property that permit and beget manners truly republican, not to rustic life in general, or to the absence of artificial cultivation. On the contrary the mountaineers, whose manners have been so often eulogized, are in general better educated and greater readers than men of equal rank elsewhere. But where this is not the case, as among the peasantry of North Wales, the ancient mountains, with all their terrors and all their glories, are pictures to the blind, and music to the deaf.

I should not have entered so much into detail upon this passage, but here seems to be the point, to which all the lines of difference converge as to their source and centre; — I mean, as far as, and in whatever respect, my poetic creed *does* differ from the doctrines promulgated in this preface. I adopt with full faith, the principle of Aristotle, that poetry, as poetry, is essentially ideal, that it avoids and excludes all accident; that its apparent individualities of rank, character, or occupation must be representative of a class; and that the persons of poetry must be clothed with generic attributes, with the common attributes of the class: not with such as one gifted individual might possibly possess, but such as from his situation it is most probable before-hand that he would possess. If my premises are right and my deductions legitimate, it follows that there can be no poetic medium between the swains of Theocritus and those of an imaginary golden age.

The characters of the vicar and the shepherd-mariner in the poem of *The Brothers*, and that of the shepherd of Green-head Ghyll in the *Michael*, have all the verisimilitude and representative quality, that the purposes of poetry can require. They are persons of a known and abiding class, and their manners and sentiments the natural

product of circumstances common to the class. Take Michael, for instance:

An old man stout of heart, and strong of limb.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.

Hence he had learned the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and oftentimes
When others heeded not, He heard the South
Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.

The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock
Bethought him, and he to himself would say,
"The winds are now devising work for me!"

And truly, at all times, the storm, that drives
The traveller to a shelter, summoned him
Up to the mountains: he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him and left him on the heights.
So lived he, until his eightieth year was past.

And grossly that man errs, who should suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams and
rocks,

Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's
thoughts.

Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had
breathed

The common air; the hills, which he so oft
Had climbed with vigorous steps; which had
impressed

So many incidents upon his mind
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;
Which, like a book, preserved the memory
Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts,
So grateful in themselves, the certainty
Of honorable gain; these fields, these hills
Which were his living Being, even more
Than his own blood — what could they less?
had laid

Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.

On the other hand, in the poems which are
pitched in a lower key, as the *Harry Gill*, and
The Idiot Boy, the feelings are those of
human nature in general; though the poet
has judiciously laid the scene in the country,
in order to place himself in the vicinity of
interesting images, without the necessity of
ascribing a sentimental perception of their
beauty to the persons of his drama. In *The*
Idiot Boy, indeed, the mother's character is
not so much the real and native product of a
"situation where the essential passions of the
heart find a better soil, in which they can
attain their maturity and speak a plainer and
more emphatic language," as it is an im-
personation of an instinct abandoned by
judgment. Hence the two following charges

seem to me not wholly groundless: at least,
they are the only plausible objections, which
I have heard to that fine poem. The one is,
that the author has not, in the poem itself,
taken sufficient care to preclude from the
reader's fancy the disgusting images of ordi-
nary morbid idiocy, which yet it was by no
means his intention to represent. He was
even by the "burr, burr, burr," uncounter-
acted by any preceding description of the
boy's beauty, assisted in recalling them. The
other is, that the idiocy of the boy is so
evenly balanced by the folly of the mother,
as to present to the general reader rather a
laughable burlesque on the blindness of anile
dotage, than an analytic display of maternal
affection in its ordinary workings.

In *The Thorn*, the poet himself acknowl-
edges in a note the necessity of an introduc-
tory poem, in which he should have por-
trayed the character of the person from
whom the words of the poem are supposed to
proceed: a superstitious man moderately im-
aginative, of slow faculties and deep feelings,
"a captain of a small trading vessel, for
example, who, being past the middle age of
life, had retired upon an annuity, or small
independent income, to some village or
country town of which he was not a native, or
in which he had not been accustomed to live.
Such men having nothing to do become
credulous and talkative from indolence."
But in a poem, still more in a lyric poem —
and the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* alone pre-
vents me from extending the remark even to
dramatic poetry, if indeed even the Nurse
can be deemed altogether a case in point —
it is not possible to imitate truly a dull and
garrulous discourser, without repeating the
effects of dullness and garrulity. However
this may be, I dare assert, that the parts —
(and these form the far larger portion of the
whole) — which might as well or still better
have proceeded from the poet's own imagina-
tion, and have been spoken in his own char-
acter, are those which have given, and which
will continue to give, universal delight; and
that the passages exclusively appropriate to
the supposed narrator, such as the last
couplet of the third stanza;¹ the seven last
lines of the tenth;² and the five following

1 I've measured it from side to side;
'Tis three feet long, and two feet wide.

2 Nay, rack your brain — 'tis all in vain,
I'll tell you every thing I know;
But to the Thorn, and to the Pond
Which is a little step beyond,
I wish that you would go:
Perhaps, when you are at the place,
You something of her tale may trace.

stanzas, with the exception of the four admirable lines at the commencement of the fourteenth, are felt by many unprejudiced and unsophisticated hearts, as sudden and unpleasant sinkings from the height to which the poet had previously lifted them, and to which he again re-elevates both himself and his reader.

If then I am compelled to doubt the theory, by which the choice of characters was to be directed, not only *a priori*, from grounds of reason, but both from the few instances in which the poet himself need be supposed to have been governed by it, and from the comparative inferiority of those instances; still more must I hesitate in my assent to the sentence which immediately follows the former citation; and which I can neither

I'll give you the best help I can:
Before you up the mountain go,
Up to the dreary mountain-top,
I'll tell you all I know.
'Tis now some two-and-twenty years
Since she (her name is Martha Ray)
Gave, with a maiden's true good will,
Her company to Stephen Hill;
And she was blithe and gay,
And she was happy, happy still
Whene'er she thought of Stephen Hill.

And they had fixed the wedding-day,
The morning that must wed them both;
But Stephen to another maid
Had sworn another oath;
And, with this other maid, to church
Unthinking Stephen went —
Poor Marthal on that woeful day
A pang of pitiless dismay
Into her soul was sent;
A fire was kindled in her breast,
Which might not burn itself to rest.

They say, full six months after this,
While yet the summer leaves were green,
She to the mountain-top would go,
And there was often seen;
'Tis said a child was in her womb,
As now to any eye was plain;
She was with child, and she was mad;
Yet often she was sober sad
From her exceeding pain.
Oh me! ten thousand times I'd rather
That he had died, that cruel father!

.
.
.

Last Christmas when they talked of this,
Old Farmer Simpson did maintain,
That in her womb the infant wrought
About its mother's heart, and brought
Her senses back again:
And, when at last her time drew near,
Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

No more I know, I wish I did,
And I would tell it all to you:
For what became of this poor child
There's none that ever knew:
And if a child was born or no,
There's no one that could ever tell;
And if 'twas born alive or dead,
There's no one knows, as I have said;
But some remember well,
That Martha Ray about this time
Would up the mountain often climb.

admit as particular fact, nor as general rule. "The language, too, of these men has been adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the action of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions." To this I reply; that a rustic's language, purified from all provincialism and grossness, and so far reconstructed as to be made consistent with the rules of grammar — (which are in essence no other than the laws of universal logic, applied to psychological materials) — will not differ from the language of any other man of common sense, however learned or refined he may be, except as far as the notions, which the rustic has to convey, are fewer and more indiscriminate. This will become still clearer, if we add the consideration — (equally important though less obvious) — that the rustic, from the more imperfect development of his faculties, and from the lower state of their cultivation, aims almost solely to convey insulated facts, either those of his scanty experience or his traditional belief; while the educated man chiefly seeks to discover and express those connections of things, or those relative bearings of fact to fact, from which some more or less general law is deducible. For facts are valuable to a wise man, chiefly as they lead to the discovery of the indwelling law, which is the true being of things, the sole solution of their modes of existence, and in the knowledge of which consists our dignity and our power.

As little can I agree with the assertion, that from the objects with which the rustic hourly communicates the best part of language is formed. For first, if to communicate with an object implies such an acquaintance with it, as renders it capable of being discriminately reflected on, the distinct knowledge of an uneducated rustic would furnish a very scanty vocabulary. The few things and modes of action requisite for his bodily conveniences would alone be individualized; while all the rest of nature would be expressed by a small number of confused general terms. Secondly, I deny that the words and combinations of words derived from the objects, with which the rustic is familiar, whether with distinct or confused knowledge, can be justly

said to form the best part of language. It is more than probable, that many classes of the brute creation possess discriminating sounds, by which they can convey to each other notices of such objects as concern their food, shelter, or safety. Yet we hesitate to call the aggregate of such sounds a language, otherwise than metaphorically. The best part of human language, properly so called, is derived from reflection on the acts of the mind itself. It is formed by a voluntary appropriation of fixed symbols to internal acts, to processes and results of imagination, the greater part of which have no place in the consciousness of uneducated man; though in civilized society, by imitation and passive remembrance of what they hear from their religious instructors and other superiors, the most uneducated share in the harvest which they neither sowed, nor reaped. If the history of the phrases in hourly currency among our peasants were traced, a person not previously aware of the fact would be surprised at finding so large a number, which three or four centuries ago were the exclusive property of the universities and the schools; and, at the commencement of the Reformation, had been transferred from the school to the pulpit, and thus gradually passed into common life. The extreme difficulty, and often the impossibility, of finding words for the simplest moral and intellectual processes of the languages of uncivilized tribes has proved perhaps the weightiest obstacle to the progress of our most zealous and adroit missionaries. Yet these tribes are surrounded by the same nature as our peasants are; but in still more impressive forms; and they are, moreover, obliged to particularize many more of them. When, therefore, Mr. Wordsworth adds, "accordingly, such a language" — (meaning, as before, the language of rustic life purified from provincialism) — "arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by Poets, who think that they are conferring honor upon themselves and their art in proportion as they indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression;" it may be answered, that the language, which he has in view, can be attributed to rustics with no greater right, than the style of Hooker or Bacon to Tom Brown or Sir Roger L'Estrange.¹ Doubtless, if what is peculiar to each were omitted in each, the result must needs be the same.

¹ Obscure writers of the seventeenth century.

Further, that the poet, who uses an illogical diction, or a style fitted to excite only the low and changeable pleasure of wonder by means of groundless novelty, substitutes a language of folly and vanity, not for that of the rustic, but for that of good sense and natural feeling.

Here let me be permitted to remind the reader, that the positions, which I controvert, are contained in the sentences — "a selection of the real language of men;" — "the language of these men" (that is, men in low and rustic life) "has been adopted; I have proposed to myself to imitate, and, as far as is possible, to adopt the very language of men."

"Between the language of prose and that of metrical composition, there neither is, nor can be, any *essential difference*:" it is against these exclusively that my opposition is directed.

I object, in the very first instance, to an equivocation in the use of the word "real." Every man's language varies, according to the extent of his knowledge, the activity of his faculties, and the depth or quickness of his feelings. Every man's language has, first, its individualities; secondly, the common properties of the class to which he belongs; and thirdly, words and phrases of universal use. The language of Hooker, Bacon, Bishop Taylor, and Burke differs from the common language of the learned class only by the superior number and novelty of the thoughts and relations which they had to convey. The language of Algernon Sidney differs not at all from that, which every well-educated gentleman would wish to write, and (with due allowances for the undeliberateness, and less connected train, of thinking natural and proper to conversation) such as he would wish to talk. Neither one nor the other differ half as much from the general language of cultivated society, as the language of Mr. Wordsworth's homeliest composition differs from that of a common peasant. For "real" therefore, we must substitute ordinary, or *lingua communis*. And this, we have proved, is no more to be found in the phraseology of low and rustic life than in that of any other class. Omit the peculiarities of each and the result of course must be common to all. And assuredly the omissions and changes to be made in the language of rustics, before it could be transferred to any species of poem, except the drama or other professed imitation, are at least as numerous and weighty, as would be required in adapting to the same

purpose the ordinary language of tradesmen and manufacturers. Not to mention, that the language so highly extolled by Mr. Wordsworth varies in every county, nay in every village, according to the accidental character of the clergyman, the existence or non-existence of schools; or even, perhaps, as the exciseman, publican, and barber happen to be, or not to be, zealous politicians, and readers of the weekly newspaper *pro bono publico*. Anterior to cultivation the *lingua communis* of every country, as Dante has well observed, exists every where in parts, and no where as a whole.

Neither is the case rendered at all more tenable by the addition of the words, "in a state of excitement." For the nature of a man's words, where he is strongly affected by joy, grief, or anger, must necessarily depend on the number and quality of the general truths, conceptions and images, and of the words expressing them, with which his mind had been previously stored. For the property of passion is not to create; but to set in increased activity. At least, whatever new connections of thoughts or images, or — (which is equally, if not more than equally, the appropriate effect of strong excitement) — whatever generalizations of truth or experience the heat of passion may produce; yet the terms of their conveyance must have pre-existed in his former conversations, and are only collected and crowded together by the unusual stimulation. It is indeed very possible to adopt in a poem the unmeaning repetitions, habitual phrases, and other blank counters, which an unfurnished or confused understanding interposes at short intervals, in order to keep hold of his subject, which is still slipping from him, and to give him time for recollection; or, in mere aid of vacancy, as in the scanty companies of a country stage the same player pops backwards and forwards, in order to prevent the appearance of empty spaces, in the procession of Macbeth, or Henry VIII. But what assistance to the poet, or ornament to the poem, these can supply, I am at a loss to conjecture. Nothing assuredly can differ either in origin or in mode more widely from the apparent tautologies of intense and turbulent feeling, in which the passion is greater and of longer endurance than to be exhausted or satisfied by a single representation of the image or incident exciting it. Such repetitions I admit to be a beauty of the highest kind; as illustrated by Mr. Wordsworth himself from the song of Deborah. *At her feet he bowed, he*

fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead. (Judges v, 27.)

CHAPTER XVIII

Language of metrical composition, why and wherein essentially different from that of prose — Origin and elements of metre — Its necessary consequences, and the conditions thereby imposed on the metrical writer in the choice of his diction.

I conclude, therefore, that the attempt is impracticable; and that, were it not impracticable, it would still be useless. For the very power of making the selection implies the previous possession of the language selected. Or where can the poet have lived? And by what rules could he direct his choice, which would not have enabled him to select and arrange his words by the light of his own judgment? We do not adopt the language of a class by the mere adoption of such words exclusively, as that class would use, or at least understand; but likewise by following the order, in which the words of such men are wont to succeed each other. Now this order, in the intercourse of uneducated men, is distinguished from the diction of their superiors in knowledge and power, by the greater disjunction and separation in the component parts of that, whatever it be, which they wish to communicate. There is a want of that prospectiveness of mind, that surviue, which enables a man to foresee the whole of what he is to convey, appertaining to any one point; and by this means so to subordinate and arrange the different parts according to their relative importance, as to convey it at once, and as an organized whole.

Now I will take the first stanza, on which I have chanced to open, in the *Lyrical Ballads*. It is one the most simple and the least peculiar in its language.

In distant countries have I been,
And yet I have not often seen
A healthy man, a man full grown,
Weep in the public roads, alone.
But such a one, on English ground,
And in the broad highway, I met;
Along the broad highway he came,
His cheeks with tears were wet:
Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad;
And in his arms a lamb he had.

The words here are doubtless such as are current in all ranks of life; and of course not less so in the hamlet and cottage than in the shop, manufactory, college, or palace. But is this the *order*, in which the rustic would have placed the words? I am grievously de-

ceived, if the following less compact mode of commencing the same tale be not a far more faithful copy. "I have been in a many parts, far and near, and I don't know that I ever saw before a man crying by himself in the public road; a grown man I mean, that was neither sick nor hurt," etc., etc. But when I turn to the following stanza in *The Thorn*:

At all times of the day and night
This wretched woman thither goes;
And she is known to every star,
And every wind that blows:
And there, beside the Thorn, she sits,
When the blue day-light's in the skies,
And when the whirlwind's on the hill,
Or frosty air is keen and still,
And to herself she cries,
Oh misery! Oh misery!
Oh woe is me! Oh misery!

and compare this with the language of ordinary men; or with that which I can conceive at all likely to proceed, in real life, from such a narrator, as is supposed in the note to the poem; compare it either in the succession of the images or of the sentences; I am reminded of the sublime prayer and hymn of praise, which Milton, in opposition to an established liturgy, presents as a fair specimen of common extemporary devotion, and such as we might expect to hear from every self-inspired minister of a conventicle! And I reflect with delight, how little a mere theory, though of his own workmanship, interferes with the processes of genuine imagination in a man of true poetic genius, who possesses, as Mr. Wordsworth, if ever man did, most assuredly does possess,

The Vision and the Faculty divine.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

Scott began his literary career as an antiquary and as a poet. While engaged in Edinburgh in various legal positions (he was a member of the Bar), he translated German ballads and Goethe's romantic play, *Götz von Berlichingen*; collected popular ballads, which he published in three volumes under the title *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1802, 1803; and edited the mediæval romance, *Sir Tristrem*. In 1805, his literary career really began with *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Then followed the other well-known narrative poems, *Marmion*, 1808, and *The Lady of the Lake*, 1810. Two years later he built Abbotsford, near Melrose, which became his home for the rest of his life. In 1814, *Waverley*, his first novel, appeared anonymously. From that time on, partly because of Byron's growing popularity as a narrative poet, partly because of Scott's own inclination, his literary work is almost entirely in the field of the novel. These novels, too well known to be listed here, took all Britain by storm. In their blending of realistic and romantic elements, their originality of treatment, and their range of subject-matter, they were a revelation to Scott's contemporaries. Scott also edited the works of Dryden and Swift, wrote a life of Napoleon in nine volumes, and a history of Scotland. In spite of his high achievement and large output in these fields, and his great influence in the development of the novel, Scott, to many readers, is preëminently the writer of lyrics. Most of these are scattered through his novels and longer poems.

As a man, Scott was particularly lovable. His life was the embodiment of nineteenth-century romanticism in a sensible way. Anything old thrilled him. Old castles, old books delighted him. The supernatural lured him. Though lame, he reveled in the out-of-doors, especially wild landscapes. Family pride, his estate at Abbotsford, his baronetcy, were to him romantic ideals. Loyalty to a lost, but glorious, cause, like Bonnie Prince Charlie's, inspired him. Chivalry, with its code of honor, was a religion to him. In 1826 he assumed a debt of £130,000, not legally his (the result of the failure of the publishing house of Ballantyne, of which he was a silent partner), and worked prodigiously during his remaining years to pay it off. Yet, with all his aristocratic leanings, Scott had the sympathy of a Burns for the common man, and the admiration of a Byron for the sincere iconoclast.

Scott's works are easily available in various editions. The best biography is by J. G. Lockhart, his son-in-law. It is unsurpassed in its detail and its vividness. A slightly abridged version may be obtained in the Everyman's Library.

LOCHINVAR

From MARMION, CANTO V

LADY HERON'S SONG

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the
best,

And save his good broadsword, he weapons
had none;

He rode all unarmed, and he rode all
alone.

So faithful in love, and so dauntless in
war,

There never was knight like the young
Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not
for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was
none;

But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came
late: 10

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers,
and all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on
his sword, 15
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a
word,)

"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Loch-
invar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you
denied; —

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its
tide, — 20

And now I am come, with this lost love of
mine,

To lead but one measure, drink one cup of
wine.

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by
far,

That would gladly be bride to the young
Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took
it up, 25

He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down
the cup.

She looked down to blush, and she looked up
to sigh,

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her
eye.

He took her soft hand, ere her mother could
bar, —

"Now tread we a measure," said young
Lochinvar. 30

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard ¹ did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did
fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling his
bonnet and plume;

And the bridemaids whispered, "'Twere
better by far 35

To have matched our fair cousin with young
Lochinvar."

¹ lively dance.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her
ear,

When they reached the hall-door, and the
charger stood near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung! 40

"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush,
and scaur; ¹

They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth
young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the
Netherby clan;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they
rode and they ran:

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie
Lee, 45

But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they
see.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young
Lochinvar?

Pub. 1808.

Prologue to THE LADY OF THE LAKE

Harp of the North! that moldering long hast
hung

On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's
spring,

And down the fitful breeze thy numbers
flung,

Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every
string — 5

Oh minstrel Harp! still must thine accents
sleep?

Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmur-
ing,

Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence
keep,

Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to
weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon, 10
Was thy voice mute amid the festal
crowd,

When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.

At each according pause, was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high! 15

Fair dames and crested chiefs attention
bowed;

For still the burthen of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and

Beauty's matchless eye.

¹ steep bank

Oh wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to
stray; 20

Oh wake once more! though scarce my skill
command

Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay;
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die
away,

And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway, 25
The wizard note has not been touched in
vain.

Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake
again!

Pub. 1810.

SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER

From THE LADY OF THE LAKE

CANTO I

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking:
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall, 5
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more: 10
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch¹ summon here 15
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill life may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow. 20
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done, 25
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveille.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying; 30
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.

1 wild music of the bagpipe.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye, 35
Here no bugles sound reveille.

Pub. 1810.

BOAT SONG

From THE LADY OF THE LAKE

CANTO II

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honored and blest be the evergreen pine!
Long may the Tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our
line!

Heaven send it happy dew, 5
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to burgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!" 10

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the foun-
tain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf
on the mountain,

The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her
shade.

Moored in the rifted rock, 15
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firm he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praises again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!" 20

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen
Fruin,

And Banachar's groans to our slogan re-
plied;

Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in
ruin,

And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on
her side.

Widow and Saxon maid 25
Long shall lament our raid,

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with
woe;

Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear again,

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!" 30

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the High-
lands!

Stretch to your oars, for the evergreen
Pine!

1 "Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine."

Oh! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to
twine!

Oh! that some seedling gem, 35
Worthy such noble stem,

Honored and blessed in their shadow
might grow!

Loud should Clan-Alpine then

Ring from her deepmost glen,

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!" 40
Pub. 1810.

CORONACH¹

From THE LADY OF THE LAKE

CANTO III

He is gone on the mountain,

He is lost to the forest,

Like a summer-dried fountain,

When our need was the sorest,

The font, re-appearing, 5

From the rain-drops shall borrow,

But to us comes no cheering,

To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper

Takes the ears that are hoary, 10

But the voice of the weeper

Wails manhood in glory;

The autumn winds rushing

Waft the leaves that are searest,

But our flower was in flushing, 15

When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,²

Sage counsel in cumber,³

Red hand in the foray,

How sound is thy slumber! 20

Like the dew on the mountain,

Like the foam on the river,

Like the bubble on the fountain,

Thou art gone, and for ever!

Pub. 1810.

BRIGNALL BANKS

From ROKEBY

CANTO III

O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,

And Greta woods are green,

And you may gather garlands there

Would grace a summer queen.

And as I rode by Dalton-hall, 5

Beneath the turrets high,

A maiden on the castle wall

Was singing merrily:

"O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green; 10
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen."

"If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we, 15
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blithe as Queen of May." 20

Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

"I read¹ you, by your bugle-horn, 25
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood."
"A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light; 30
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."

Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there, 35
To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnished brand and musketoon²
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum." 40
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

And O, though Brignall banks be fair, 45
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May!

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die; 50
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget, 55
Nor think what we are now.

Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,

¹ Highland funeral lament.

² a hillside good for hunting. ³ trouble.

¹ think, guess. ² short musket.

And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen."

60

Pub. 1813.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

The first stanza is ancient. The others were written by Scott.

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride;
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen" —
But aye she loot ¹ the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

5

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen" —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

10

15

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen." —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

20

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The lady was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

30

Pub. 1816.

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,¹
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

5

1 let.

2 i.e. Donald the Black.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
Strong hand that bears one.

10

15

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

20

30

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

25

40

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

35

Pub. 1816.

CLARION

From OLD MORTALITY

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Pub. 1816.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

O hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers
which we see,
They are all belonging, dear babie, to thee.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,¹
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

5

¹ The last three words, meaning "Sleep on till day," are the title of old air upon which this song is based.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy re-
pose;

Their bows would be bended, their blades
would be red,

Ere the step of a foeman drew near to thy
bed. 10

O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

O hush thee, my babie, the time soon will
come,

When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet
and drum;

Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while
you may,

For strife comes with manhood, and waking
with day. 15

O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

1815.

PROUD MAISIE

From THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird, 5
When shall I marry me?" —

"When six braw¹ gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?" — 10

"The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.

The owl from the steeple sing, 15
'Welcome, proud lady.'"

Pub. 1818.

COUNTY GUY

From QUENTIN DURWARD

Ah! County² Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange-flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.

The lark, his lay who trilled all day, 5
Sits hushed his partner nigh;

Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

1 fine.

2 earl.

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear; 10
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know — 15
But where is County Guy?

Pub. 1823.

BONNY DUNDEE

John Graham of Claverhouse (Claver'se),
Viscount Dundee, refused, before the Scottish
Parliament (the Convention), to recognize the
new king, William of Orange. He gathered a
band of Jacobites and won a victory for James
II at Killiecrankie, but died of wounds received
in the battle.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se
who spoke:

"Ere the King's crown shall fall there are
crowns to be broke;

So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my
can, 5

Come saddle your horses and call up
your men;

Come open the West Port and let me
gang free,

And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny
Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward,¹ the drums they
are beat; 10

But the Provost,² douce³ man, said, "Just
e'en let him be,

The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of
Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the
Bow,⁴

Ilk carline⁵ was flyting⁶ and shaking her
pow;⁷ 15

But the young plants of grace⁸ they looked
couthie⁹ and slee,¹⁰

Thinking luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny
Dundee!

Come fill up my cup, etc.

1 The chimes played backward was an alarm signal.

2 chief magistrate.

3 calm.

4 every old woman.

5 head.

6 sympathetic.

4 Bow Street in Edinburgh.

6 quarreling, scolding.

8 i.e. the young girls.

10 sly.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass market ¹
 was crammed,
 As if half the West had set tryst to be
 hanged! ²⁰
 There was spite in each look, there was fear
 in each e'e,
 As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny
 Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

These cowls ² of Kilmarnock had spits and
 had spears,
 And lang-hafted gullies ³ to kill cavaliers; ²⁵
 But they shrunk to close-heads ⁴ and the
 causeway was free,
 At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle
 rock, ⁵
 And with the gay Gordon he gallantly
 spoke: ³⁰
 "Let Mons Meg ⁶ and her marrows ⁷ speak
 twa words or three,
 For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way he
 goes —
 "Where'er shall direct me the shade of
 Montrose! ⁸ ³⁵
 Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings
 of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dun-
 dee."
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There are hills beyond Pentland and lands
 beyond Forth;
 If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs
 in the North; ⁴⁰
 There are wild Duniewassals ⁹ three thousand
 times three,
 Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny
 Dundee."
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There's brass on the target of barked ¹⁰
 bull-hide;

¹ A square in Edinburgh, formerly the place for execu-
 tions. See *The Heart of Midlothian*, especially the begin-
 ning of chapter 2.

² Presbyterian hoods; i.e. those opposed to the
 Stuarts.

³ knives.

⁴ blind alleys.

⁵ Edinburgh Castle is on a rock towering over the
 city. At this time it was in the hands of the Duke of
 Gordon.

⁶ The nickname of a big cannon. ⁷ companions.

⁸ A Cavalier executed in 1650.

⁹ Highlanders of lower rank.

¹⁰ tanned.

There's steel in the scabbard that dangles
 beside; ⁴⁵
 The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall
 flash free,
 At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the
 rocks —
 Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the
 fox! ⁵⁰
 And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of
 your glee,
 You have not seen the last of my bonnet and
 me!"
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waved his proud hand and the trumpets
 were blown,
 The kettle-drums clashed and the horsemen
 rode on, ⁵⁵
 Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's
 lee
 Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny
 Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, come fill up my
 can,
 Come saddle the horses and call up the
 men,
 Come open your gates and let me gae
 free, ⁶⁰
 For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny
 Dundee!

December, 1825.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO KING CHARLES

From WOODSTOCK

Bring the bowl which you boast,
 Fill it up to the brim;
 'Tis to him we love most,
 And to all who love him.
 Brave gallants, stand up,
 And avaunt ye, base carles! ¹
 Were there death in the cup,
 Here's a health to King Charles.

Though he wanders through dangers,
 Unaided, unknown, ²⁰
 Depend on strangers,
 Estranged from his own;
 Though 'tis under our breath,
 Amidst forfeits and perils,
 Here's to honor and faith, ¹⁵
 And a health to King Charles!

¹ fellows.

Let such honors abound
As the time can afford,
The knee on the ground,
And the hand on the sword; 20

But the time shall come round
When, 'mid Lords, Dukes, and Earls,
The loud trumpet shall sound,
Here's a health to King Charles!

Pub. 1826.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (1788-1824)

George Gordon Byron was born in London, January 22, 1788, the son of "Mad Jack" Byron, who had already squandered his wife's fortune and three years later died, leaving her only a small annuity. The poet's childhood was spent in Aberdeen, where he received erratic attention from his mother, religious instruction from his nurse, and four years' training at the local grammar school. Coming into a barony unexpectedly in 1798, he was given private instruction, and in 1801 was sent to Harrow, where he spent his time at cricket and boxing, and reading prodigiously. In 1805, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, from which he received his M.A., as a peer, in 1808. Here he added swimming to his diversions, and, in general, led a care-free, jovial life, publishing, however, through the help of Hobhouse, his best friend at college and later his executor, *Fugitive Pieces* in 1806. This volume, revised and republished in 1807 under the title *Hours of Idleness*, provoked the famous attack of the *Edinburgh Review* in January, 1808. The next year Byron took his seat in the House of Lords, won instantaneous popularity with his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and began a journey with Hobhouse which took him from Portugal to Turkey. It was on this trip that he swam the Hellespont, and became enamored of Greece. Back in London by the end of 1811, he wrote steadily, and threw himself with customary vigor and abandon into Bohemian life with new friends, chief among whom was Tom Moore. In 1812, he published the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. "I awoke one morning," he said later, "and found myself famous." There followed during the next year *The Waltz*, *The Giaour*, and *The Bride of Abydos*; in 1814, *The Corsair* and *Lara*. On January 2, 1815, after having been rejected several times, he married Annabella, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke; on January 15, 1816, less than a month after the birth of their daughter, Augusta Ada, she left the poet; and on April 25, a week after articles of separation were signed, Byron sailed, with a retinue of servants, for the Continent, never to return to England during his lifetime. That summer he spent in Switzerland with the Shelleys and Jane Clairmont, Mrs. Shelley's stepsister, writing the third canto of *Childe Harold*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, and much of *Manfred*. In the fall he went to Venice, where a child, Allegra, was born to him and Jane Clairmont. In 1819, he fell in love with the Countess Guiccioli, with whom he lived intermittently at Venice, Pisa, and Genoa until 1823. During these years he was visited by Tom Moore, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, and other Englishmen; and during these years he composed the bulk of his poetry: many lyrics, *Beppo*, *Mazeppa*, *The Vision of Judgment*, the poetic dramas, *Cain*, *Werner*, and the famous *Don Juan*.

In the summer of 1823, Byron left Italy, eager to help the Greeks in their fight for independence. While at Missolonghi, attempting to raise a regiment, he contracted a fever, and died on April 19, 1824. His body was taken to England and buried in the village church at Hucknall Torkard.

Byron, like the younger Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats in his way, and especially Shelley, was a poet of revolt. His life and his writings were a glorification of the proud hero who, in a grand, romantic manner, defied everything that confined the spirit. The strong individual had the right to wrest happiness for himself from a glorious world that was peopled with timid, unadventurous souls, cabined and confined by petty conventions.

Like Marlowe, Byron is the poet of grandeur. For energetic narrative verse he surpasses Scott (who, in the face of Byron's popularity, turned to the novel). In satire and humor and sentiment he excels all of his contemporaries. To the young Englishmen of his day, chafing against "middle-class respectability," hypocrisy, and emotional suppression, and to nearly all foreign critics, Byron, with his lusty, defiant life, and the vigorous originality of his writings, was a poet of the very first rank.

Others place him lower because of his moral tone, or because he seems at times insincere, or because less often than his contemporaries, Keats and Shelley, does he achieve the line or passage which strikes us with the inevitability of expression that results from genius. His chief faults arise from his too great facility and his tendency toward oratory. To him might be applied Yeats's statement: "We make out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric, but of the quarrel with ourselves, poetry."

The best one-volume editions of Byron are the Cambridge (Houghton Mifflin Company) and Murray's (London, 1905), with notes and a full introductory memoir by E. H. Coleridge. The official biography is by Tom Moore. There are other lives by K. Elze, Nichol, Noel, and L. Stephen (in the *Dictionary of National Biography*). Among the many essays on Byron may

be noted those by Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, and John Morley. For recollections of Byron and his circle, see Leigh Hunt and E. J. Trelawny.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow —
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me —
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well: —
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met —
In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee? —
With silence and tears.

1814-16.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY¹

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;

¹ This poem and the next are from the *Hebrew Melodies*, lyrics written by Byron to be set to music. Most of these poems (like the second here) deal with incidents in the Old Testament.

Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

June 12, 1814.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB¹

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the
fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and
gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars
on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep
Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is
green,
That host with their banners at sunset were
seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn
hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and
strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on
the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he
passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly
and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for-
ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all
wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of
his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the
turf;
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating
surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his
mail:

¹ See 2 Kings, XIX.

And the tents were all silent — the banners
alone —
The lances unlifted — the trumpet un-
blown. 20

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their
wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of
Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the
Lord!

February 17, 1815.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

There's not a joy the world can give like that
it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in
feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush
alone, which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere
youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the
wreck of happiness 5
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of
excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only
points in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail shall
never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like
death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not
dream its own; 10
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain
of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis
where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and
mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more
their former hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined tur-
ret wreath, 15
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn
and grey beneath.

Oh, could I feel as I have felt, — or be what I
have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many
a vanished scene;

As springs, in deserts found, seem sweet, all
brackish though they be,
So, midst the withered waste of life, those
tears would flow to me. 20

March, 1815.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Childe Harold is a travel poem, perhaps the
best in the English language. It gives the
thoughts and especially the feelings aroused in
the author by the places he visits, rather than
a description of the scenes themselves. Byron
called his hero "Childe" (an appellation given
to heroes in the old ballads) "as more con-
sonant with the old structure of versification . . .
adopted." The verse-form he uses is the
Spenserian stanza.

CANTO THE THIRD

*Afin que cette application vous forçât à penser à autre chose.
Il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps.*
Lettre du Roi de Prusse à D'Alembert, Sept. 7, 1776.

I

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
Ada!² sole daughter of my house and
heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they
smiled,
And then we parted, — not as now we
part,
But with a hope. —
Awaking with a start, 5
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not, but the hour's gone
by,
When Albion's³ lessening shores could grieve
or glad mine eye.

2

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a
steed 11
That knows his rider. Welcome to their
roar!
Swift be their guidance, wherso'er it lead!
Though the strained mast should quiver as
a reed,
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the
gale, 15
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,

¹ "In order that this occupation may force you to
think of something else. Truly, there is no remedy
except that (i.e., a difficult task or problem) and time."
The extract is from a letter of Frederick the Great of
Prussia to D'Alembert, the French mathematician, upon
the death of a friend of the latter's.

² Byron's daughter.

³ England's.

Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to
sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's
breath prevail.

3

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,¹
The wandering outlaw of his own dark
mind; 20
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I
find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up
tears,
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track be-
hind, 25
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life, — where not a
flower appears.

4

Since my young days of passion — joy or
pain,
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a
string —
And both may jar: it may be, that in
vain 30
I would essay, as I have sung, to sing.
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling;
So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief or gladness — so it fling
Forgetfulness around me — it shall seem
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful
theme. 36

5

He, who grown agèd in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of
life,
So that no wonder waits Him — nor below
Can Love or Sorrow, Fame, Ambition,
Strife; 40
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
Of silent, sharp endurance — he can tell
Why Thought seeks refuge in lone caves,
yet rife
With airy images, and shapes which dwell
Still unimpaired, though old, in the Soul's
haunted cell. 45

6

'Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, even as I do now —

¹ i.e., Childe Harold; the first two cantos of the poem
had been published four years before.

What am I? — Nothing: but not so art
thou, 50
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse
earth,
Invisible but gazing, as I glow
Mixed with thy spirit, blended with thy
birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crushed
feelings' dearth.

7

Yet must I think less wildly: — I have
thought 55
Too long and darkly, till my brain be-
came,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to
tame,
My springs of life were poisoned. 'Tis too
late! 60
Yet am I changed; though still enough the
same
In strength to bear what Time cannot
abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing
Fate.

8

Something too much of this: — but now
'tis past,
And the spell closes with its silent seal: 65
Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last —
He of the breast which fain no more would
feel,
Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but
ne'er heal:
Yet Time, who changes all, had altered
him
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal 70
Fire from the mind as vigor from the
limb;
And Life's enchanted cup but sparkles near
the brim.

9

His had been quaffed too quickly, and he
found
The dregs were wormwood; but he filled
again,
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
And deemed its spring perpetual — but in
vain! 76
Still round him clung invisibly a chain
Which galled for ever, fettering though
unseen,
And heavy though it clanked not; worn
with pain,

Which pined although it spoke not, and
grew keen; 80
Entering with every step he took through
many a scene.

10

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mixed
Again in fancied safety with his kind,
And deemed his spirit now so firmly fixed
And sheathed with an invulnerable mind; 85
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurked behind;
And he, as one, might 'midst the many
stand
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to
find
Fit speculation; such as in strange land
He found in wonder-works of God and Na-
ture's hand. 90

11

But who can view the ripened rose, nor
seek
To wear it? who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of Beauty's
cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
Who can contemplate Fame through
clouds unfold 95
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor
climb?
Harold, once more within the vortex, rolled
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's
fond prime.

12

But soon he knew himself the most
unfit 100
Of men to herd with Man, with whom he
held
Little in common; untaught to submit
His thoughts to others, though his soul was
quelled
In youth by his own thoughts; still un-
compelled,
He would not yield dominion of his
mind 105
To Spirits against whom his own rebelled,
Proud though in desolation — which could
find
A life within itself, to breathe without man-
kind.

13

Where rose the mountains, there to him
were friends;
Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his
home; 110

Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, ex-
tends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the
tome; 115
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft
forsake

For Nature's pages glassed by sunbeams on
the lake.

14

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the
stars,
Till he had peopled them with beings
bright
As their own beams; and earth, and earth-
born jars, 120
And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
Could he have kept his spirit to that
flight
He had been happy; but this clay will
sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it mounts, as if to break the
link; 125
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos
us to its brink.

15

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing
Restless and worn, and stern and weari-
some,
Drooped as a wild-born falcon with clipped
wing,
To whom the boundless air alone were
home; 130
Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
As eagerly the barred-up bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry dome
Till the blood tinge his plumage — so the
heat
Of his impeded Soul would through his bosom
eat. 135

16

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
With nought of Hope left, but with less of
gloom;
The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
That all was over on this side the tomb,
Had made Despair a smilingness as
sume, 140
Which, though 'twere wild, — as on the
plundered wreck
When mariners would madly meet their
doom

With draughts intemperate on the sinking
deck, —
Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to
check.

17

Stop! — for thy tread is on an Empire's
dust! 145
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchered be-
low!
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None;¹ but *the moral's truth* tells simpler
so.
As the ground was before, thus let it
be; — 150
How that red rain hath made the harvest
grow!
And is this all the world has gained by thee,
Thou first and last of Fields! king-making
Victory?

18

And Harold stands upon this place of
skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!
How in an hour the Power which gave
annuls 156
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
In "pride of place"² here last the eagle³
flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations
through; 160
Ambition's life and labors all were vain;
He wears⁴ the shattered links of the world's
broken chain.

19

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
And foam in fetters; — but is Earth more
free?
Did nations combat to make *One* sub-
mit? 165
Or league to teach all Kings true Sover-
eignty?
What! shall reviving Thralldom again be
The patched-up Idol of enlightened days?
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall
we
Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly
gaze 170
And servile knees to Thrones? No; *prove*
before ye praise!

¹ The monument on the field of Waterloo was erected later.

² The highest point in flight, — a term in falconry.

³ Napoleon.

⁴ Napoleon was then en route to St. Helena.

20

If not, o'er one fallen Despot boast no
more!
In vain fair cheeks were furrowed with hot
tears
For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain,
years 175
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
Have all been borne, and broken by the
accord
Of roused-up millions; all that most en-
dears
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a
sword
Such as Harmodius¹ drew on Athens' tyrant
lord. 180

21

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and
brave men;²
A thousand hearts beat happily; and
when 185
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake
again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a
rising knell!

22

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the
Wind, 190
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and
Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying
feet —
But hark! — that heavy sound breaks in
once more, 195
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer — clearer — deadlier than be-
fore!
Arm! Arm! it is — it is — the cannon's
opening roar!

23

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain;³ he did
hear 200

¹ He killed the tyrant Hipparchus with a sword hidden in myrtle leaves.

² At the Duchess of Richmond's ball.

³ The Duke of Brunswick, nephew of George III, who fell in the very beginning of the battle.

That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father¹ on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

24

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!²

25

And there was mounting in hot haste — the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war —
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the Morning Star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips — "The foe! they come! they come!"

26

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"³ rose!
The war-note of Lochiel,⁴ which Albyn's⁵ hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes: —

¹ Killed at Auerbach in 1806.

² Compare Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, chapters 29 ff.

³ The war-song of Clan Cameron.

⁴ The chief of the clan. ⁵ Scotland's.

How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's — Donald's — fame rings in each clansman's ears!

27

And Ardennes¹ waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living Valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high Hope shall molder cold and low.

28

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The Midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The Morn the marshaling in arms, — the Day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, — foe, — in one red burial blent!

29

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his Sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song;
And his was of the bravest, and when showered

¹ Woods near the battlefield, supposed to be the forest of Arden of Shakespeare.

The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files
 along,
 Even where the thickest of War's tempest
 lowered,
 They reached no nobler breast than thine,
 young gallant Howard!¹

30

There have been tears and breaking hearts
 for thee,
 And mine were nothing had I such to give;
 But when I stood beneath the fresh green
 tree,
 Which living waves where thou didst cease
 to live,
 And saw around me the wide field revive
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the
 Spring
 Came forth her work of gladness to con-
 trive,
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
 I turned from all she brought to those she
 could not bring.

31

turned to thee, to thousands, of whom
 each
 And one as all a ghastly gap did make
 In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
 Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;
 The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must
 awake
 Those whom they thirst for; though the
 sound of Fame
 May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
 The fever of vain longing, and the name
 So honored but assumes a stronger, bitterer
 claim.

32

They mourn, but smile at length — and,
 smiling, mourn;
 The tree will wither long before it fall;
 The hull drives on, though mast and sail
 be torn;
 The roof-tree sinks, but molders on the
 hall
 In massy hoariness; the ruined wall
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements
 are gone;
 The bars survive the captive they enthrall;
 The day drags through, though storms
 keep out the sun;
 And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly
 live on:

¹ The third son of Byron's guardian, the Earl of Carlisle, a distant relative. For the wrong Byron did the Earl, see *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

33

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
 In every fragment multiplies — and makes
 A thousand images of one that was
 The same — and still the more, the more it
 breaks;
 And thus the heart will do which not for-
 sakes,
 Living in shattered guise; and still, and
 cold,
 And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow
 aches,
 Yet withers on till all without is old,
 Showing no visible sign, for such things are
 untold.

34

There is a very life in our despair,
 Vitality of poison, — a quick root
 Which feeds these deadly branches; for it
 were
 As nothing did we die; but Life will suit
 Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,
 Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's
 shore,
 All ashes to the taste: Did man compute
 Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
 Such hours 'gainst years of life, — say, would
 he name threescore?

35

The Psalmist numbered out the years of
 man:
 They are enough; and if thy tale be true,
 Thou, who didst grudge him even that
 fleeting span,
 More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo!
 Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
 Their children's lips shall echo them, and
 say —
 "Here, where the sword united nations
 drew,
 Our countrymen were warring on that
 day!"
 And this is much — and all — which will not
 pass away.

36

There sunk the greatest,¹ nor the worst of
 men,
 Whose Spirit, antithetically mixed,
 One moment of the mightiest, and again
 On little objects with like firmness fixed;
 Extreme in all things! hadst thou been
 betwixt,
 Thy throne had still been thine, or never
 been;

¹ Napoleon.

For daring made thy rise as fall: thou
seek'st

Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the Thunderer
of the scene!

37

Conqueror and Captive of the Earth art
thou! 325

She trembles at thee still, and thy wild
name

Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds
than now

That thou art nothing, save the jest of
Fame,

Who wooed thee once, thy Vassal, and
became

The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou
wert 330

A god unto thyself; nor less the same

To the astounded kingdoms all inert,

Who deemed thee for a time whate'er thou
didst assert.

38

Oh, more or less than man — in high or
low —

Battling with nations, flying from the
field; 335

Now making monarchs' necks thy foot-
stool, now

More than thy meanest soldier taught to
yield;

An Empire thou couldst crush, command,
rebuild,

But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skilled, 340

Look through thine own, nor curb the lust
of War,

Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the
loftiest Star.

39

Yet well thy soul hath brooked the turning
tide

With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it Wisdom, Coldness, or deep

Pride, 345

Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard

by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou
hast smiled

With a sedate and all-enduring eye; —
When Fortune fled her spoiled and favorite

child, 350

He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him
piled.

40

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them
Ambition steeled thee on too far to show
That just habitual scorn, which could
contemn

Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel,
not so 355

To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
And spurn the instruments thou wert to

use
Till they were turned unto thine over-
throw:

'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose;
So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot

who choose. 360

41

If, like a tower upon a headland rock,
Thou hadst been made to stand or fall

alone,
Such scorn of man had helped to brave the
shock;

But men's thoughts were the steps which
paved thy throne,

Their admiration thy best weapon shone;
The part of Philip's son¹ was thine, not

then 366

(Unless aside thy Purple had been thrown)
Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;

For scepter'd Cynics Earth were far too wide
a den.

42

But Quiet to quick bosoms is a Hell, 370
And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a

fire
And motion of the Soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire

Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless ever

more, 377

Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,

Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore

43

This makes the madmen who have made
men mad

By their contagion; Conquerors and Kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom

add 381

Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet
things

Which stir too strongly the soul's secret
springs,

And are themselves the fools to those they
fool;

¹ Alexander the Great, son of Philip of Macedon.

Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings
 Are theirs! One breast laid open were a
 school 386
 Which would unteach Mankind the lust to
 shine or rule:

44

Their breath is agitation, and their life
 A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,
 And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife, 390
 That should their days, surviving perils
 past,
 Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
 With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
 Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
 With its own flickering, or a sword laid
 by, 395
 Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

45

He who ascends to mountain tops, shall
 find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds
 and snow;
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those
 below. 400
 Though high *above* the Sun of Glory glow,
 And far *beneath* the Earth and Ocean
 spread,
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head,
 And thus reward the toils which to those
 summits led. 405

46

Away with these! true Wisdom's world
 will be
 Within its own creation, or in thine,
 Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,
 Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
 There Harold gazes on a work divine, 410
 A blending of all beauties; streams and
 dells,
 Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, moun-
 tain, vine,
 And chiefless castles breathing stern fare-
 wells
 From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin
 greenly dwells.

47

And there they stand, as stands a lofty
 mind, 415
 Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
 All tenantless, save to the crannyng Wind,
 Or holding dark communion with the
 Cloud.

There was a day when they were young
 and proud;
 Banners on high, and battles passed
 below; 420
 But they who fought are in a bloody
 shroud,
 And those which waved are shredless
 dust ere now,
 And the bleak battlements shall bear no
 future blow.

48

Beneath those battlements, within those
 walls,
 Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud
 state 425
 Each robber chief upheld his arméd halls,
 Doing his evil will, nor less elate
 Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
 What want these outlaws conquerors
 should have,
 But History's purchased page to call them
 great? 430
 A wider space — an ornamented grave?
 Their hopes were not less warm, their souls
 were full as brave.

49

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
 What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
 And Love, which lent a blazon to their
 shields, 435
 With emblems well devised by amorous
 pride,
 Through all the mail of iron hearts would
 glide;
 But still their flame was fierceness, and
 drew on
 Keen contest and destruction near allied,
 And many a tower for some fair mischief
 won, 440
 Saw the discolored Rhine beneath its ruin run.

50

But Thou, exulting and abounding river!
 Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
 Through banks whose beauty would en-
 dure for ever
 Could man but leave thy bright creation
 so, 445
 Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
 With the sharp scythe of conflict, — then
 to see
 Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
 Earth paved like Heaven — and to seem
 such to me,
 Even now what wants thy stream? — that it
 should Lethe be. 450

51

A thousand battles have assailed thy banks,
But these and half their fame have passed
away,
And Slaughter heaped on high his welter-
ing ranks:
Their very graves are gone, and what are
they?
Thy tide washed down the blood of yester-
day, 455
And all was stainless, and on thy clear
stream
Glassed, with its dancing light, the sunny
ray;
But o'er the blackened Memory's blighting
dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as
they seem.

52

Thus Harold inly said, and passed along,
Yet not insensible to all which here 461
Awoke the jocund birds to early song
In glens which might have made even exile
dear:
Though on his brow were graven lines
austere,
And tranquil sternness, which had ta'en
the place 465
Of feelings fierier far but less severe —
Joy was not always absent from his face,
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with
transient trace.

53

Nor was all Love shut from him, though
his days
Of Passion had consumed themselves to
dust. 470
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such a smile upon us; the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness, though Dis-
gust
Hath weaned it from all worldings: thus
he felt,
For there was soft Remembrance, and
sweet Trust 475
In one fond breast,¹ to which his own
would melt,
And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom
dwelt.

54

And he had learned to love, — I know not
why,
For this in such as him seems strange of
mood, — 479

¹ Byron's half-sister Augusta, by his father's first marriage.

The helpless looks of blooming Infancy,
Even in its earliest nurture; what sub-
dued,
To change like this, a mind so far imbued
With scorn of man, it little boots to know;
But thus it was; and though in solitude
Small power the nipped affections have to
grow, 485
In him this glowed when all beside had ceased
to glow.

55

And there was one soft breast, as hath
been said,
Which unto his was bound by stronger ties
Than the church links withal; and, though
unwed,
That love was pure — and, far above dis-
guise,
Had stood the test of mortal enmities, 491
Still undivided, and cemented more
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;
But this was firm, and from a foreign shore
Well to that heart might his these absent
greetings pour! 495

I

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine;
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine, 501
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me. 505

II

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this Paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of
gray; 510
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of
Rhine, —
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine! 515

III

I send the lilies given to me —
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherished them as dear, 520

Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here —
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine! 525

IV

The river nobly foams and flows —
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might
bound 530

Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To Nature and to me so dear —
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

56

By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground, 536
There is a small and simple Pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant
mound;
Beneath its base are Heroes' ashes hid —
Our enemy's — but let not that forbid
Honor to Marceau! o'er whose early
tomb 541
Tears, big tears, gushed from the rough
soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled
to resume.

57

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young
career, — 545
His mourners were two hosts, his friends
and foes;
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant Spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's Champion, one of
those
The few in number, who had not o'er-
stepped 550
The charter to chastise which she be-
stows
On such as wield her weapons; he had
kept
The whiteness of his soul — and thus men
o'er him wept.

58

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shattered
wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her
height 555

1 A general of the French Revolutionary armies.

Yet shows of what she was, when shell and
ball

Rebounding idly on her strength did light:
A Tower of Victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the
plain:

But Peace destroyed what War could
never blight, 560

And laid those proud roofs bare to Sum-
mer's rain —

On which the iron shower for years had
poured in vain.

59

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long de-
lighted

The stranger fain would linger on his
way!

Thine is a scene alike where souls united, 565
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to
prey

On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where Nature, nor too somber nor too
gay,

Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the
year. 571

60

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!

There can be no farewell to scene like
thine;

The mind is colored by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign 575

Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely
Rhine!

'Tis with the thankful heart of parting
praise;

More mighty spots may rise — more glar-
ing shine,

But none unite in one attaching maze,
The brilliant, fair, and soft, — the glories of
old days. 580

61

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls
between, —

The wild rocks shaped, as they had turrets
been, 585

In mockery of man's art; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,

Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though Em-
pires near them fall. 589

62

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy
scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold Sublimity, where forms and falls
The Avalanche — the thunderbolt of
snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave
vain man below.

63

But ere these matchless heights I dare to
scan,
There is a spot should not be passed in
vain, —
Morat!¹ the proud, the patriot field!
where man
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
Nor blush for those who conquered on that
plain;
Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless
host,
A bony heap, through ages to remain,⁶⁰⁵
Themselves their monument; — the Sty-
gian coast
Unsepulchered they roamed, and shrieked
each wandering ghost.

64

While Waterloo with Cannæ's² carnage
vies,
Morat and Marathon³ twin names shall
stand;
They were true Glory's stainless victories,
Won by the unambitious heart and hand
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
All unbought champions in no princely
cause
Of vice-entailed Corruption; they no land
Doomed to bewail the blasphemy of laws
Making Kings' rights divine, by some Dra-
conic⁴ clause.

65

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days;
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
And looks as with the wild-bewildered
gaze

¹ The town where the Swiss defeated Charles the Bold of Burgundy in 1476.
² Where Hannibal defeated the Romans in 216 B.C.
³ Scene of the famous victory of the Greeks over the Persians in 490 B.C.
⁴ The code of Draco, earliest of Athenian lawmakers, was extremely rigid and severe.

Of one to stone converted by amaze,
Yet still with consciousness; and there it
stands
Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the coeval pride of human hands,
Leveled Aventicum,² hath strewed her sub-
ject lands.

66

And there — oh! sweet and sacred be the
name!
Julia² — the daughter — the devoted —
gave
Her youth to Heaven; her heart, beneath
a claim
Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's
grave.
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers
would crave
The life she lived in — but the judge was
just —
And then she died on him she could not
save.
Their tomb was simple, and without a
bust,
And held within their urn one mind — one
heart — one dust.

67

But these are deeds which should not pass
away,
And names that must not wither, though
the Earth
Forgets her empires with a just decay,
The enslavers and the enslaved — their
death and birth;
The high, the mountain-majesty of Worth
Should be — and shall, survivor of its
woe,
And from its immortality, look forth
In the Sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,³
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

68

Lake Lemman⁴ woos me with its crystal
face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains
view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height
and hue:
There is too much of Man here, to look
through
With a fit mind the might which I behold;
But soon in me shall Loneliness renew

¹ Capital city of Roman Switzerland.
² A young priestess of Aventicum who died after trying in vain to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor.
³ Mount Blanc.
⁴ Geneva.

Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than
 of old, 651
 Ere mingling with the herd had penned me
 in their fold.

69

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind:
 All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
 Nor is it discontent to keep the mind 655
 Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
 In the hot throng, where we become the
 spoil
 Of our infection, till too late and long,
 We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
 In wretched interchange of wrong for
 wrong 660
 Midst a contentious world, striving 'where
 none are strong.

70

There, in a moment, we may plunge our
 years
 In fatal penitence, and in the blight
 Of our own Soul turn all our blood to tears,
 And color things to come with hues of
 Night; 665
 The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
 To those that walk in darkness: on the sea
 The boldest steer but where their ports
 invite —
 But there are wanderers o'er Eternity,
 Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored
 ne'er shall be. 670

71

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
 And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
 By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
 Or the pure bosom of its nursing Lake,
 Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
 A fair but froward infant her own care, 676
 Kissing its cries away as these awake; —
 Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
 Than join the crushing crowd, doomed to
 inflict or bear?

72

I live not in myself, but I become 680
 Portion of that around me; and to me
 High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
 Of human cities torture: I can see
 Nothing to loathe in Nature, save to be
 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain, 685
 Classed among creatures, when the soul
 can flee,
 And with the sky — the peak — the heav-
 ing plain
 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle — and not in
 vain.

73

And thus I am absorbed, and this is life:
 I look upon the peopled desert past, 690
 As on a place of agony and strife,
 Where, for some sin, to Sorrow I was cast,
 To act and suffer, but remount at last
 With a fresh pinion; which I feel to spring,
 Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the
 Blast 695
 Which it would cope with, on delighted
 wing,
 Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round
 our being cling.

74

And when, at length, the mind shall be all
 free
 From what it hates in this degraded form,
 Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
 Existent happier in the fly and worm, — 701
 When Elements to Elements conform,
 And dust is as it should be, shall I not
 Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?
 The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each
 spot? 705
 Of which, even now, I share at times the
 immortal lot?

75

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a
 part
 Of me and of my Soul, as I of them?
 Is not the love of these deep in my heart
 With a pure passion? should I not contemn
 All objects, if compared with these? and
 stem 711
 A tide of suffering, rather than forgo
 Such feelings for the hard and worldly
 phlegm
 Of those whose eyes are only turned below,
 Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts
 which dare not glow? 715

76

But this is not my theme; and I return
 To that which is immediate, and require
 Those who find contemplation in the urn,
 To look on One,¹ whose dust was once all
 fire,
 A native of the land where I respire 720
 The clear air for a while — a passing guest,
 Where he became a being, — whose desire
 Was to be glorious; 'twas a foolish quest,
 The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all
 rest.

¹ Jean Jacques Rousseau, 1712-78, native and for a long time resident of Geneva, noted champion of the return to nature, author of *Julie, or the New Héloïse* and the *Confessions*; his influence upon social thought in France, Germany, and England has been extensive.

77

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rous-
seau, 725
The apostle of Affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over Passion, and from Woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched;
yet he knew
How to make Madness beautiful, and
cast 730
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly
hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they
passed
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly
and fast.

78

His love was Passion's essence — as a tree
On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame 735
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
Thus, and enamored, were in him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal Beauty, which became 740
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distempered though
it seems.

79

This breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;
This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss 745
Which every morn his fevered lip would
greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his
would meet;¹
But to that gentle touch through brain
and breast
Flashed the thrilled Spirit's love-devouring
heat;
In that absorbing sigh perchance more
blessed 750
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek
possessed.

80

His life was one long war with self-sought
foes,
Or friends by him self-banished; for his
mind
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and
chose,
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind, 755

¹ This refers to the account, in his *Confessions*, of his passion for the Comtesse d'Houdetot, . . . and his long walk every morning, for the sake of the single kiss which was the common salutation of French acquaintance. — Byron.

'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange
and blind.

But he was frenzied, — wherefore, who
may know?
Since cause might be which Skill could
never find;
But he was frenzied by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a
reasoning show. 760

81

For then he was inspired, and from him
came,
As from the Pythian's mystic cave¹ of
yore,
Those oracles which set the world in
flame,
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no
more:
Did he not this for France? which lay,
before, 765
Bowed to the inborn tyranny of years?
Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
Till by the voice of him and his compeers
Roused up to too much wrath, which follows
o'ergrown fears?

82

They made themselves a fearful monu-
ment! 770
The wreck of old opinions — things which
grew,
Breathed from the birth of Time: the veil
they rent,
And what behind it lay, all earth shall
view;
But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
Upon the same foundation, and renew 776
Dungeons and thrones, which the same
hour refilled,
As heretofore, because Ambition was self-
willed.

83

But this will not endure, nor be endured!
Mankind have felt their strength, and
made it felt. 780
They might have used it better, but, al-
lured
By their new vigor, sternly have they dealt
On one another; Pity ceased to melt
With her once natural charities. But
they,
Who in Oppression's darkness caved had
dwelt, 785

¹ The Delphic oracle of Apollo; the Pythia was the priestess in charge.

They were not eagles, nourished with the
day;
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook
their prey?

84

What deep wounds ever closed without a
scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to
wear
That which disfigures it; and they who
war
With their own hopes, and have been van-
quished, bear
Silence, but not submission: in his lair
Fixed Passion holds his breath, until the
hour
Which shall atone for years; none need
despair:
It came — it cometh — and will come; —
the power
To punish or forgive — in *one* we shall be
slower.

85

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to
forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer
spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn Ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice re-
proved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have
been so moved.

86

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet
clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights
appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the
shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on
the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night
carol more.

87

He is an evening reveler, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;

At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the Starlight dews
All silently their tears of Love instill,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her
hues.

88

Ye Stars! which are the poetry of Heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the
fate
Of men and empires, — 'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A Beauty and a Mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That Fortune, Fame, Power, Life, have named
themselves a star.

89

All Heaven and Earth are still — though
not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling
most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too
deep: —
All Heaven and Earth are still: From the
high host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-
coast,
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of Being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and Defense.

90

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
A truth, which through our being then doth
melt,
And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of Music, which makes
known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,¹
Binding all things with beauty; — 'twould
disarm
The specter Death, had he substantial power
to harm.

91

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places, and the peak

¹ The girdle of Venus, which was supposed to strike
love in the beholder.

Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus
take
A fit and unvalled temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honor shrines are
weak, 855
Upreared of human hands. Come, and
compare
Columns and idol-dwellings — Goth or
Greek —
With Nature's realms of worship, earth
and air —
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy
prayer!

92

The sky is changed! — and such a change!
Oh, Night, 860
And Storm, and Darkness, ye are wondrous
strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in Woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags
among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one
lone cloud, 865
But every mountain now hath found a
tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty
shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her
aloud!

93

And this is in the Night: — Most glorious
Night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me
be 870
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight; —
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the
earth!
And now again 'tis black, — and now, the
glee 875
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-
mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young Earth-
quake's birth.

94

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his
way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have
parted
In hate, whose mining depths so inter-
vene, 880
That they can meet no more, though
broken-hearted:

Though in their souls, which thus each
other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and
then departed: —
Itself expired, but leaving them an age 885
Of years all winters, — war within themselves
to wage:

95

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath
cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en
his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their
play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand
to hand, 890
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills
hath forked
His lightnings, — as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as Desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever
therein lurked. 895

96

Sky, Mountains, River, Winds, Lake, Light-
nings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and
a Soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may
be
Things that have made me watchful; the
far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knoll 900
Of what in me is sleepless, — if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some
high nest?

97

Could I embody and unbosom now 905
That which is most within me, — could
I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus
throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong
or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel — and yet breathe — into
one word, 910
And that one word were Lightning, I would
speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it
as a sword.

98

The Morn is up again, the dewy Morn,
 With breath all incense, and with cheek all
 bloom — 915
 Laughing the clouds away with playful
 scorn,
 And living as if earth contained no
 tomb, —
 And glowing into day: we may resume
 The march of our existence: and thus I,
 Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find
 room 920
 And food for meditation, nor pass by
 Much, that may give us pause, if pondered
 fittingly.

99

Clarens!¹ sweet Clarens, birthplace of
 deep Love!
 Thine air is the young breath of passionate
 Thought;
 Thy trees take root in Love; the snows
 above, 925
 The very Glaciers have his colors caught,
 And Sun-set into rose-hues sees them
 wrought
 By rays which sleep there lovingly: the
 rocks,
 The permanent crags, tell here of Love,
 who sought
 In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
 Which stir and sting the Soul with Hope that
 woos, then mocks. 931

100

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are
 trod, —
 Undying Love's, who here ascends a
 throne
 To which the steps are mountains; where
 the God 934
 Is a pervading Life and Light, — so shown
 Not on those summits solely, nor alone
 In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
 His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath
 blown,
 His soft and summer breath, whose tender
 power
 Passes the strength of storms in their most
 desolate hour. 940

101

All things are here of *him*; from the black
 pines,
 Which are his shade on high, and the loud
 roar
 Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines

¹ A town on Lake Geneva, often mentioned in Rousseau.

Which slope his green path downward to
 the shore,
 Where the bowed waters meet him, and
 adore, 945
 Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the
 wood,
 The covert of old trees, with trunks all
 hoar,
 But light leaves, young as joy, stands
 where it stood,
 Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

102

A populous solitude of bees and birds 950
 And fairy-formed and many-colored things,
 Who worship him with notes more sweet
 than words,
 And innocently open their glad wings,
 Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,
 And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend 955
 Of stirring branches, and the bud which
 brings
 The swiftest thought of Beauty, here
 extend
 Mingling, and made by Love, unto one
 mighty end.

103

He who hath loved not, here would learn
 that lore,
 And make his heart a spirit; he who
 knows 960
 That tender mystery, will love the more;
 For this is Love's recess, where vain men's
 woes,
 And the world's waste, have driven him
 far from those,
 For 'tis his nature to advance or die;
 He stands not still, but or decays, or
 grows 965
 Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
 With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

104

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau¹ this
 spot,
 Peopling it with affections; but he found
 It was the scene which Passion must
 allot 970
 To the Mind's purified beings; 'twas the
 ground
 Where early Love his Psyche's zone un-
 bound,
 And hallowed it with loveliness: 'tis
 lone,
 And wonderful, and deep, and hath a
 sound,

¹ In his *Julie*.

And sense, and sight of sweetness; here
the Rhone 975
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have
reared a throne.

105

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the
abodes
Of Names¹ which unto you bequeathed a
name;
Mortals, who sought and found, by dan-
gerous roads,
A path to perpetuity of Fame: 980
They were gigantic minds, and their steep
aim
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder
and the flame
Of Heaven again assailed — if Heaven the
while
On man and man's research could deign do
more than smile. 985

106

The one² was fire and fickleness, a child
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
A wit as various, — gay, grave, sage, or
wild, —
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind, 990
The Proteus³ of their talents: But his own
Breathed most in ridicule, — which, as the
wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things
prone, —
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a
throne.

107

The other, deep and slow, exhausting
thought, 995
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge
severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony, — that master spell, 1000
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew
from fear,
And doomed him to the zealot's ready
Hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently
well.

¹ Gibbon finished his *Decline and Fall* at Lausanne in 788. See Thomas Hardy's poem, *Lausanne*. In *Gibbon's Old Garden*. Voltaire lived almost the entire last nine years of his life at Ferney. See page 1334.

² Voltaire, 1694–1778.

³ Proteus, the sea god, could change himself into many shapes

108

Yet, peace be with their ashes, — for by
them,
If merited, the penalty is paid; 1005
It is not ours to judge, — far less condemn;
The hour must come when such things
shall be made
Known unto all, — or hope and dread
allayed
By slumber, on one pillow, in the dust,
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie
decayed; 1010
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
'Twill be to be forgiven — or suffer what is
just.

109

But let me quit Man's works, again to read
His Maker's, spread around me, and sus-
pend 1014
This page, which from my reveries I feed.
Until it seems prolonging without end.
The clouds above me to the white Alps
tend,
And I must pierce them, and survey what
e'er
May be permitted, as my steps I bend
To their most great and growing region,
where 1019
The earth to her embrace compels the powers
of air.

110

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee,
Full flashes on the Soul the light of ages,
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won
thee,
To the last halo of the Chiefs and Sages 1025
Who glorify thy consecrated pages;
Thou wert the throne and grave of em-
pires — still,
The fount at which the panting Mind as-
suages
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her
fill,
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's im-
perial hill. 1030

111

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme
Renewed with no kind auspices: — to feel
We are not what we have been, and to
deem
We are not what we should be, — and to
steel
The heart against itself; and to conceal, 1035
With a proud caution, love, or hate. or
ought, —

Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal,
Which is the tyrant Spirit of our thought,
Is a stern task of soul: — No matter, — it is
taught. 1039

112

And for these words, thus woven into
song,
It may be that they are a harmless wile, —
The coloring of the scenes which fleet
along,
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile
My breast, or that of others, for a while.
Fame is the thirst of youth, — but I am
not 1045
So young as to regard men's frown or
smile,
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot; —
I stood and stand alone, — remembered or
forgot.

113

I have not loved the World, nor the World
me;
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor
bowed 1050
To its idolatries a patient knee,
Nor coined my cheek to smiles, — nor cried
aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such — I
stood
Among them, but not of them — in a
shroud 1055
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts,
and still could,
Had I not filed¹ my mind, which thus itself
subdued.

114

I have not loved the World, nor the World
me, —
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there
may be 1060
Words which are things, — hopes which
will not deceive,
And Virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the failing: I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely
grieve —
That two, or one, are almost what they
seem, — 1065
That Goodness is no name — and Happiness
no dream.

¹ defiled; Byron quotes in a note, *Macbeth*, III, i:

"If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind."

115

My daughter! with thy name this song
begun!
My daughter! with thy name thus much
shall end! —
I see thee not — I hear thee not — but none
Can be so wrapped in thee; thou art the
Friend 1070
To whom the shadows of far years extend:
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions
blend,
And reach into thy heart, — when mine is
cold, —
A token and a tone, even from thy father's
mould. 1075

116

To aid thy mind's development, to watch
Thy dawn of little joys, to sit and see
Almost thy very growth, to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects, — wonders yet to
thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee, 1080
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's
kiss, —
This, it should seem, was not reserved for
me —¹
Yet this was in my nature: as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like
to this.

117

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be
taught,² 1085
I know that thou wilt love me — though
my name
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still
fraught
With desolation, and a broken claim;
Though the grave closed between us, —
'twere the same,
I know that thou wilt love me — though
to drain 1090
My blood from out thy being were an aim,
And an attainment, — all would be in
vain, —
Still thou wouldst love me, still that more
than life retain.

118

The child of Love, though born in bitter-
ness,
And nurtured in Convulsion. Of thy
sire 1095

¹ Byron never saw his daughter Ada after her childhood. She died at thirty-seven, and was buried next to her father.

² Byron here is referring to his wife.

These were the elements, — and thine no
less.
As yet such are around thee, — but thy
fire
Shall be more tempered, and thy hope far
higher.
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the
sea
And from the mountains where I now
respire, 1100
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have
been to me.
May-June, 1816.

SONNET ON CHILLON

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art:
For there thy habitation is the heart —
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are con-
signed — 5
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless
gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyr-
dom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every
wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar — for 't was
trod, 10
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonivard! — May none those marks
efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.
June, 1816.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

François de Bonivard, 1496-1570, fought
against the Duke of Savoy for the freedom of
Geneva. He was imprisoned in Chillon from
1530 to 1536, being released when Geneva be-
came republican. During the rest of his life he
worked to make Geneva an educational centre.
He is said to have done much towards founding
the public library and the university.
Byron's poem, of course, is largely imaginative.

I

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears.

1 The well-known castle on the edge of Lake Geneva,
just outside Montreux, owned at this time by the Duke of
Savoy, who controlled the city.

My limbs are bowed, though not with
toil, 5
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned, and barred — forbidden fare; 10
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death;
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race 15
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven — who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage; 20
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied; —
Three were in a dungeon cast, 25
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

2

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray, 30
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp: 35
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away, 40
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score 45
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

3

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone; 50
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together — yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart, 55
'T was still some solace in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,

To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each
 With some new hope, or legend old, 60
 Or song heroically bold;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound — not full and free 65
 As they of yore were wont to be;
 It might be fancy — but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

4

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest 70
 I ought to do — and did my best —
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him — with eyes as blue as heaven — 75
 For him my soul was sorely moved:
 And truly might it be distressed
 To see such bird in such a nest;
 For he was beautiful as day —
 (When day was beautiful to me 80
 As to young eagles, being free) —
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun: 85
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for naught but others' ills,
 And then they flowed like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe 90
 Which he abhorred to view below.

5

The other was as pure of mind,
 But formed to combat with his kind;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood, 95
 And perished in the foremost rank
 With joy: — but not in chains to pine:
 His spirit withered with their clank,
 I saw it silently decline —
 And so perchance in sooth did mine: 100
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had followed there the deer and wolf;
 To him this dungeon was a gulf, 105
 And fettered feet the worst of ills.

6

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls:
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow;

Thus much the fathom-line was sent 110
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave intrals:
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made — and like a living grave.
 Below the surface of the lake 115
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay:
 We heard it ripple night and day;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knocked;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were 120
 high
 And wanton in the happy sky;
 And then the very rock hath rocked,
 And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free. 125

7

I said my nearer brother pined,
 I said his mighty heart declined,
 He loathed and put away his food;
 It was not that 't was coarse and rude,
 For we were used to hunter's fare, 130
 And for the like had little care:
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat
 Was changed for water from the moat,
 Our bread was such as captive's tears
 Have moistened many a thousand years, 135
 Since man first pent his fellow men
 Like brutes within an iron den;
 But what were these to us or him?
 These wasted not his heart or limb;
 My brother's soul was of that mould 140
 Which in a palace had grown cold,
 Had his free breathing been denied
 The range of the steep mountain's side;
 But why delay the truth? — he died.
 I saw, and could not hold his head, 145
 Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead, —
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
 He died — and they unlocked his chain,
 And scooped for him a shallow grave 150
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.
 I begged them, as a boon, to lay
 His corse in dust whereon the day
 Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
 But then within my brain it wrought, 155
 That even in death his freeborn breast
 In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer —
 They coldly laughed — and laid him 160
 there:

The flat and turfless earth above
 The being we so much did love;
 His empty chain above it leant,
 Such Murder's fitting monument!

8

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour, 165
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be 170
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away. 175
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood: —
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean 180
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmixed with such — but sure and slow: 185
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender — kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom 190
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright; 195
And not a word of murmur — not
A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence — lost 200
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting Nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listened, but I could not hear — 205
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonishéd;
I called, and thought I heard a sound —
I burst my chain with one strong bound, 210
And rushed to him: — I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived — I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last — the sole — the dearest link 215
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath —
My brothers — both had ceased to breathe!

I took that hand which lay so still, 221
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive —
A frantic feeling, when we know 225
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope — but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death. 230

9

What next befell me then and there
I know not well — I never knew —
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling — none — 235
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
It was not night — it was not day, 240
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness — without a place;
There were no stars — no earth — no time —
No check — no change — no good — no 246
crime —
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless! 250

10

A light broke in upon my brain, —
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes 255
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track; 260
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came 265
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me! 270
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seemed like me to want a mate,

But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when 275
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,

Or broke its cage to perch on mine, 280
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in wingéd guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For — Heaven forgive that thought! the 285
while

Which made me both to weep and smile —
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 't was mortal — well I knew, 290
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone, —
Lone — as the corse within its shroud,
Lone — as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day, 295
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

II

A kind of change came in my fate, 300
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was: — my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain, 305
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one, 310
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed, 315
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

12

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all, 320
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child — no sire — no kin had I,
No partner in my misery; 325
I thought of this, and I was glad,

For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high, 330
The quiet of a loving eye.

13

I saw them — and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high — their wide long lake below, 335
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channelled rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down; 340
And then there was a little isle,¹
Which in my very face did smile,

The only one in view;
A small green isle it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor, 345
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue. 350

The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly; 355
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled — and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode 360
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
And yet my glance, too much oppressed,
Had almost need of such a rest. 365

14

It might be months, or years, or days —
I kept no count — I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free; 370
I asked not why, and recked not where;
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be,
I learned to love despair.
And thus when they appeared at last, 375
And all my bonds aside were cast,

¹ Between the entrances of the Rhone and Villeneuve, not far from Chillon, is a very small island, the only one I could perceive in my voyage round and over the lake, within its circumference. It contains a few trees (I think not above three), and from its singleness and diminutive size has a peculiar effect upon the view. — Byron.

These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage — and all my own!
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a second home: 380
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watched them in their sullen trade,
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
 And why should I feel less than they?
 We were all inmates of one place, 385
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell!
 In quiet we had learned to dwell —
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends 390
 To make us what we are: — even I
 Regained my freedom with a sigh.

June, 1816.

TO THOMAS MOORE

What are you doing now,
 Oh Thomas Moore? ¹
 What are you doing now,
 Oh Thomas Moore?
 Sighing or suing now, 5
 Rhyming or wooing now,
 Billing or cooing now,
 Which, Thomas Moore?

But the Carnival's coming,
 Oh Thomas Moore! 10
 The Carnival's coming,
 Oh Thomas Moore!
 Masking and humming,
 Fifeing and drumming,
 Guitarring and strumming, 15
 Oh Thomas Moore!

December 24, 1816.

SO WE'LL GO NO MORE A ROVING

So, we'll go no more a roving
 So late into the night,
 Though the heart be still as loving,
 And the moon be still as bright.
 For the sword outwears its sheath, 5
 And the soul wears out the breast,
 And the heart must pause to breathe,
 And love itself have rest.
 Though the night was made for loving,
 And the day returns too soon, 10
 Yet we'll go no more a-roving
 By the light of the moon.

February 28, 1817.

¹ The Irish poet, 1779–1852, was one of Byron's closest friends, to whom he entrusted his autobiography.

TO THOMAS MOORE

My boat is on the shore,
 And my bark is on the sea;
 But, before I go, Tom Moore,
 Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh to those who love me, 5
 And a smile to those who hate;
 And, whatever sky's above me,
 Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the Ocean roar around me,
 Yet it still shall bear me on; 10
 Though a desert should surround me,
 It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
 As I gasped upon the brink,
 Ere my fainting spirit fell, 15
 'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
 That libation I would pour
 Should be — peace with thine and mine,
 And health to thee, Tom Moore. 20

July, 1817.

MAZEPPA

The story of Mazeppa's wild ride, told in a tense but quietly-humorous manner, is a good example of Byron's narrative skill.

I

'Twas after dread Pultowa's ¹ day,
 When fortune left the royal Swede —
 Around a slaughtered army lay,
 No more to combat and to bleed.
 The power and glory of the war, 5
 Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
 Had passed to the triumphant Czar,
 And Moscow's walls were safe again —
 Until a day more dark and drear,
 And a more memorable year, ² 10
 Should give to slaughter and to shame
 A mightier host and haughtier name;
 A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
 A shock to one — a thunderbolt to all.

2

Such was the hazard of the die; 15
 The wounded Charles ³ was taught to fly
 By day and night through field and flood,
 Stained with his own and subjects' blood;

¹ The Battle of Pultowa, July 8, 1709, in which the Russians defeated Charles XII of Sweden.

² Reference to Napoleon's retreat from Moscow in the winter of 1812.

³ Previously wounded, Charles XII directed the battle from a stretcher.

For thousands fell that flight to aid:
And not a voice was heard to upbraid 20
Ambition in his humbled hour,
When Truth had naught to dread from
Power.

His horse was slain, and Gieta¹ gave
His own — and died the Russians' slave.
This, too, sinks after many a league 25
Of well-sustained, but vain fatigue;
And in the depth of forests darkling,
The watch-fires in the distance sparkling —

The beacons of surrounding foes —
A King must lay his limbs at length. 30

Are these the laurels and repose
For which the nations strain their strength?
They laid him by a savage tree,
In outworn Nature's agony;
His wounds were stiff — his limbs were 35
stark —

The heavy hour was chill and dark;
The fever in his blood forbade
A transient slumber's fitful aid:
And thus it was; but yet through all,
Kinglike the Monarch bore his fall, 40
And made, in this extreme of ill,
His pangs the vassals of his will:
All silent and subdued were they,
As once the nations round him lay.

3

A band of chiefs! — alas! how few, 45
Since but the fleeting of a day
Had thinned it; but this wreck was true
And chivalrous: upon the clay
Each sate him down, all sad and mute,
Beside his monarch and his steed; 50
For danger levels man and brute,
And all are fellows in their need.

Among the rest, Mazeppa made
His pillow in an old oak's shade —
Himself as rough, and scarce less old, 55
The Ukraine's hetman,² calm and bold;
But first, outspent with his long course,
The Cossack prince rubbed down his horse,
And made for him a leafy bed,

And smoothed his fetlocks and his mane, 60
And slacked his girth, and stripped his rein,
And joyed to see how well he fed;
For until now he had the dread
His wearied courser might refuse
To browse beneath the midnight dews: 65
But he was hardy as his lord,
And little cared for bed and board;
But spirited and docile too;
Whate'er was to be done, would do

Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb, 70
All Tartar-like he carried him;
Obeyed his voice; and came to call,
And knew him in the midst of all:
Though thousands were around, — and
Night,

Without a star, pursued her flight, — 75
That steed from sunset until dawn
His chief would follow like a fawn.

4

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak,
And laid his lance beneath his oak,
Felt if his arms in order good 80
The long day's march had well withstood —
If still the powder filled the pan,
And flints unloosened kept their lock —
His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,
And whether they had chafed his belt; 85
And next the venerable man,
From out his haversack and can,

Prepared and spread his slender stock;
And to the Monarch and his men
The whole or portion offered then 90
With far less of inquietude
Than courtiers at a banquet would.
And Charles of this his slender share
With smiles partook a moment there,
To force of cheer a greater show, 95
And seem above both wounds and woe; —
And then he said — "Of all our band,
Though firm of heart and strong of hand,
In skirmish, march, or forage, none
Can less have said or more have done 100
Than thee, Mazeppa! On the earth
So fit a pair had never birth,
Since Alexander's days till now,
As thy Bucephalus¹ and thou:
All Scythia's fame to thine should yield 105
For pricking on o'er flood and field."
Mazeppa answered — "Ill betide
The school wherein I learned to ride!"
Quoth Charles — "Old Hetman, wherefore 110
so,

Since thou hast learned the art so well?" 110
Mazeppa said — "Twere long to tell;
And we have many a league to go,
With every now and then a blow,
And ten to one at least the foe,
Before our steeds may graze at ease 115
Beyond the swift Borysthenes;²
And, Sire, your limbs have need of rest,
And I will be the sentinel
Of this your troop." — "But I request,"
Said Sweden's monarch, "thou wilt tell 120
This tale of thine, and I may reap,

¹ Colonel Gieta, wounded, gave his own horse to King Charles.

² viceroy.

¹ The name of Alexander the Great's horse.

² The Dniépér, chief river of the Ukraine.

Perchance, from this the boon of sleep;
For at this moment from my eyes
The hope of present slumber flies."

"Well, Sire, with such a hope, I'll track 125
My seventy years of memory back:
I think 'twas in my twentieth spring, —
Ay, 'twas, — when Casimir was king¹ —
John Casimir, — I was his page
Six summers, in my earlier age: 130
A learned monarch, faith! was he,
And most unlike your Majesty:
He made no wars, and did not gain
New realms to lose them back again;
And (save debates in Warsaw's diet) 135
He reigned in most unseemly quiet;
Not that he had no cares to vex,
He loved the muses and the Sex;
And sometimes these so froward are,
They made him wish himself at war; 140
But soon his wrath being o'er, he took
Another mistress — or new book:
And then he gave prodigious fêtes —
All Warsaw gathered round his gates
To gaze upon his splendid court, 145
And dames, and chiefs, of princely port.
He was the Polish Solomon,
So sung his poets, all but one,
Who, being unpensioned, made a satire,
And boasted that he could not flatter. 150
It was a court of jousts and mimes,
Where every courtier tried at rhymes;
Even I for once produced some verses,
And signed my odes 'Despairing Thyrsis.'
There was a certain Palatine,² 155
A count of far and high descent,
Rich as a salt³ or silver mine;
And he was proud, ye may divine,
As if from Heaven he had been sent;
He had such wealth in blood and ore 160
As few could match beneath the throne;
And he would gaze upon his store,
And o'er his pedigree would pore,
Until by some confusion led,
Which almost looked like want of head, 165
He thought their merits were his own.
His wife was not of his opinion —
His junior she by thirty years —
Grew daily tired of his dominion;
And, after wishes, hopes, and fears, 170
To Virtue a few farewell tears,
A restless dream or two — some glances
At Warsaw's youth — some songs, and
dances,

Awaited but the usual chances,
(Those happy accidents which render 175
The coldest dames so very tender.)
To deck her Count with titles given,
'Tis said, as passports into Heaven;
But, strange to say, they rarely boast
Of these, who have deserved them most. 180

5

"I was a goodly stripling then;
At seventy years I so may say,
That there were few, or boys or men,
Who, in my dawning time of day,
Of vassal or of knight's degree, 185
Could vie in vanities with me;
For I had strength, youth, gaiety,
A port, not like to this ye see,
But as smooth, as all is rugged now;
For Time, and Care, and War, have
ploughed 190
My very soul from out my brow;
And thus I should be disavowed
By all my kind and kin, could they
Compare my day and yesterday.
This change was wrought, too, long ere
age
Had ta'en my features for his page: 195
With years, ye know, have not declined
My strength, my courage, or my mind,
Or at this hour I should not be
Telling old tales beneath a tree, 200
With starless skies my canopy.
But let me on: Theresa's form —
Methinks it glides before me now,
Between me and yon chestnut's bough,
The memory is so quick and warm; 205
And yet I find no words to tell
The shape of her I loved so well:
She had the Asiatic eye,
Such as our Turkish neighborhood,
Hath mingled with our Polish blood, 210
Dark as above us is the sky;
But through it stole a tender light,
Like the first moonrise of midnight;
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
Which seemed to melt to its own beam; 215
All love, half languor, and half fire,
Like saints that at the stake expire,
And lift their raptured looks on high,
As though it were a joy to die.
A brow like a midsummer lake, 220
Transparent with the sun therein,
When waves no murmur dare to make,
And Heaven beholds her face within.
A cheek and lip — but why proceed?
I loved her then — I love her still; 225
And such as I am, love indeed
In fierce extremes — in good and ill.

¹ Casimir V. King of Poland.

² A count who, as chief of a palatinate or province, has certain royal privileges.

³ The reference is natural here, for much of the wealth of Poland was in salt mines.

But still we love even in our rage,
And haunted to our very age
With the yain shadow of the past — 230
As is Mazeppa to the last.

6

"We met — we gazed — I saw, and sighed;
She did not speak, and yet replied;
There are ten thousand tones and signs
We hear and see, but none defines — 235
Involuntary sparks of thought,
Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
And form a strange intelligence,
Alike mysterious and intense,
Which link the burning chain that binds, 240
Without their will, young hearts and minds;
Conveying, as the electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing fire.
I saw, and sighed — in silence wept,
And still reluctant distance kept, 245
Until I was made known to her,
And we might then and there confer
Without suspicion — then, even then,
I longed, and was resolved to speak;
But on my lips they died again, 250
The accents tremulous and weak,
Until one hour. — There is a game,
A frivolous and foolish play,
Wherewith we while away the day;
It is — I have forgot the name — 255
And we to this, it seems, were set,
By some strange chance, which I forget:
I reckoned not if I won or lost,
It was enough for me to be
So near to hear, and oh! to see 260
The being whom I loved the most.
I watched her as a sentinel,
(May ours this dark night watch as well!)
Until I saw, and thus it was,
That she was pensive, nor perceived 265
Her occupation, nor was grieved
Nor glad to lose or gain; but still
Played on for hours, as if her will
Yet bound her to the place, though not
That hers might be the winning lot. 270
Then through my brain the thought did
pass,
Even as a flash of lightning there,
That there was something in her air
Which would not doom me to despair;
And on the thought my words broke
forth,
All incoherent as they were; 276
Their eloquence was little worth,
But yet she listened — 'tis enough —
Who listens once will listen twice;
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice — 280
And one refusal no rebuff.

7

"I loved, and was beloved again —
They tell me, Sire, you never knew
Those gentle frailties; if 'tis true,
I shorten all my joy or pain; 285
To you 'twould seem absurd as vain;
But all men are not born to reign,
Or o'er their passions, or as you
Thus o'er themselves and nations too.
I am — or rather *was* — a Prince, 290
A chief of thousands, and could lead
Them on where each would foremost
bleed;
But could not o'er myself evince
The like control. — But to resume:
I loved, and was beloved again; 295
In sooth, it is a happy doom,
But yet where happiest ends in pain. —
We met in secret, and the hour
Which led me to that lady's bower
Was fiery Expectation's dower. 300
My days and nights were nothing — all
Except that hour which doth recall,
In the long lapse from youth to age,
No other like itself — I'd give
The Ukraine back again to live 305
It o'er once more — and be a page,
The happy page, who was the lord
Of one soft heart, and his own sword,
And had no other gem nor wealth,
Save nature's gift of Youth and Health. — 310
We met in secret — doubly sweet,
Some say, they find it so to meet;
I know not that — I would have given
My life but to have called her mine
In the full view of Earth and Heaven; 315
For I did oft and long repine
That we could only meet by stealth.

8

"For lovers there are many eyes,
And such there were on us; — the Devil
On such occasions should be civil — 320
The Devil! — I'm loth to do him wrong,
It might be some untoward saint,
Who would not be at rest too long,
But to his pious bile gave vent —
But one fair night, some lurking spies 325
Surprised and seized us both.
The Count was something more than wroth —
I was unarmed; but if in steel,
All cap-à-pie from head to heel,
What 'gainst their numbers could I do? — 330
'Twas near his castle, far away
From city or from succor near,
And almost on the break of day;
I did not think to see another,
My moments seemed reduced to few; 335

And with one prayer to Mary Mother,
 And, it may be, a saint or two,
 As I resigned me to my fate,
 They led me to the castle gate:
 Theresa's doom I never knew, 340
 Our lot was henceforth separate. —
 An angry man, ye may opine,
 Was he, the proud Count Palatine;
 And he had reason good to be,
 But he was most enraged lest such 345
 An accident should chance to touch
 Upon his future pedigree;
 Nor less amazed, that such a blot
 His noble 'scutcheon should have got,
 While he was highest of his line; 350
 Because unto himself he seemed
 The first of men, nor less he deemed
 In others' eyes, and most in mine.
 'Sdeath! with a page — perchance a king
 Had reconciled him to the thing; 355
 But with a stripling of a page —
 I felt — but cannot paint his rage.

9

"Bring forth the horse!" — the horse was
 brought!
 In truth, he was a noble steed,
 A Tartar of the Ukraine breed, 360
 Who looked as though the speed of thought
 Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
 Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
 With spur and bridle undefiled —
 'Twas but a day he had been caught; 365
 And snorting, with erected mane,
 And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
 In the full foam of wrath and dread
 To me the desert-born was led:
 They bound me on, that menial throng, 370
 Upon his back with many a thong;
 They loosed him with a sudden lash —
 Away! — away! — and on we dash! —
 Torrents less rapid and less rash.

10

"Away! — away! — My breath was gone —
 I saw not where he hurried on: 376
 'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
 And on he foamed — away! — away! —
 The last of human sounds which rose,
 As I was darted from my foes, 380
 Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
 Which on the wind came roaring after
 A moment from that rabble rout:
 With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,
 And snapped the cord, which to the
 mane 385
 Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
 And, writhing half my form about,

Howled back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
 The thunder of my courser's speed,
 Perchance they did not hear nor heed: 390
 It vexes me — for I would fain
 Have paid their insult back again.
 I paid it well in after days:
 There is not of that castle gate,
 Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight, 395
 Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
 Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
 Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
 Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall;
 And many a time ye there might pass, 400
 Nor dream that e'er that fortress was.
 I saw its turrets in a blaze,
 Their crackling battlements all cleft,
 And the hot lead pour down like rain 404
 From off the scorched and blackening roof,
 Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
 They little thought that day of pain,
 When launched, as on the lightning's flash,
 They bade me to destruction dash,
 That one day I should come again, 410
 With twice five thousand horse, to thank
 The Count for his uncourteous ride.
 They played me then a bitter prank,
 When, with the wild horse for my guide,
 They bound me to his foaming flank: 415
 At length I played them one as frank —
 For Time at last sets all things even —
 And if we do but watch the hour,
 There never yet was human power
 Which could evade, if unforgiven, 420
 The patient search and vigil long
 Of him who treasures up a wrong.

11

"Away, away, my steed and I,
 Upon the pinions of the wind!
 All human dwellings left behind, 425
 We sped like meteors through the sky,
 When with its crackling sound the night
 Is chequered with the Northern light.
 Town — village — none were on our track,
 But a wild plain of far extent, 430
 And bounded by a forest black;
 And, save the scarce seen battlement
 On distant heights of some strong hold,
 Against the Tartars built of old,
 No trace of man. The year before 435
 A Turkish army had marched o'er;
 And where the Spahi's¹ hoof hath trod,
 The verdure flies the bloody sod.
 The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
 And a low breeze crept moaning by — 440
 I could have answered with a sigh —
 But fast we fled, away, away! —

1 Turkish horseman.

And I could neither sigh nor pray;
 And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
 Upon the courser's bristling mane; 445
 But, snorting still with rage and fear,
 He flew upon his far career.
 At times I almost thought, indeed,
 He must have slackened in his speed;
 But no — my bound and slender frame 450
 Was nothing to his angry might,
 And merely like a spur became:
 Each motion which I made to free
 My swoln limbs from their agony
 Increased his fury and affright: 455
 I tried my voice, — 'twas faint and low —
 But yet he swerved as from a blow;
 And, starting to each accent, sprang
 As from a sudden trumpet's clang.
 Meantime my cords were wet with gore, 460
 Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
 And in my tongue the thirst became
 A something fierier far than flame.

12

"We neared the wild wood — 'twas so wide,
 I saw no bounds on either side; 465
 'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
 That bent not to the roughest breeze
 Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
 And strips the forest in its haste, —
 But these were few and far between, 470
 Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
 Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
 Ere strown by those autumnal eves
 That nip the forest's foliage dead,
 Discolored with a lifeless red, 475
 Which stands thereon like stiffened gore
 Upon the slain when battle's o'er;
 And some long winter's night hath shed
 Its frost o'er every tombless head —
 So cold and stark — the raven's beak 480
 May peck unpierced each frozen cheek.
 'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
 And here and there a chestnut stood,
 The strong oak, and the hardy pine;
 But far apart — and well it were, 485
 Or else a different lot were mine —

The boughs gave way, and did not tear
 My limbs; and I found strength to bear
 My wounds, already scarred with cold;
 My bonds forbade to loose my hold. 490
 We rustled through the leaves like wind,
 Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
 By night I heard them on the track,
 Their troop came hard upon our back,
 With their long gallop which can tire 495
 The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:
 Where'er we flew they followed on,
 Nor left us with the morning sun;

Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
 At day-break winding through the wood; 500
 And through the night had heard their feet
 Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
 Oh! how I wished for spear or sword,
 At least to die amidst the horde,
 And perish — if it must be so — 505
 At bay, destroying many a foe!
 When first my courser's race begun,
 I wished the goal already won;
 But now I doubted strength and speed.
 Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed 510
 Had nerved him like the mountain-roe —
 Nor faster falls the blinding snow
 Which whelms the peasant near the door
 Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
 Bewildered with the dazzling blast, 515
 Than through the forest-paths he past —
 Untired, untamed, and worse than wild —
 All furious as a favored child
 Balked of its wish; or — fiercer still —
 A woman piqued — who has her will! 520

13

"The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
 But chill the air, although in June;
 Or it might be my veins ran cold —
 Prolonged endurance tames the bold;
 And I was then not what I seem, 525
 But headlong as a wintry stream,
 And wore my feelings out before
 I well could count their causes o'er.
 And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
 The tortures which beset my path — 530
 Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
 Thus bound in Nature's nakedness,
 (Sprung from a race whose rising blood
 When stirred beyond its calmer mood,
 And trodden hard upon, is like 535
 The rattle-snake's in act to strike,)
 What marvel if this worn-out trunk
 Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
 The earth gave way, the skies rolled round,
 I seemed to sink upon the ground; 540
 But erred — for I was fastly bound.
 My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,
 And throbbed awhile, then beat no more:
 The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
 I saw the trees like drunkards reel, 545
 And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
 Which saw no farther. He who dies
 Can die no more than then I died,
 O'ertortured by that ghastly ride.
 I felt the blackness come and go, 550
 And strove to wake; but could not make
 My senses climb up from below:
 I felt as on a plank at sea,
 When all the waves that dash o'er thee,

At the same time upheave and whelm, 555
 And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
 My undulating life was as
 The fancied lights that flitting pass
 Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
 Fever begins upon the brain; 560
 But soon it passed, with little pain,
 But a confusion worse than such:
 I own that I should deem it much,
 Dying, to feel the same again;
 And yet I do suppose we must 565
 Feel far more ere we turn to dust!
 No matter! I have bared my brow
 Full in Death's face — before — and now.

14

"My thoughts came back. Where was I?
 Cold,
 And numb, and giddy: pulse by pulse 570
 Life reassumed its lingering hold,
 And throb by throb: till grown a pang
 Which for a moment would convulse,
 My blood reflowed though thick and chill;
 My ear with uncouth noises rang, 575
 My heart began once more to thrill;
 My sight returned, though dim, alas!
 And thickened, as it were, with glass.
 Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
 There was a gleam too of the sky, 580
 Studded with stars; — it is no dream;
 The wild horse swims the wilder stream!
 The bright broad river's gushing tide
 Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
 And we are half-way, struggling o'er 585
 To yon unknown and silent shore.
 The waters broke my hollow trance,
 And with a temporary strength
 My stiffened limbs were rebaptized.
 My courser's broad breast proudly braves 590
 And dashes off the ascending waves,
 And onward we advance!
 We reach the slippery shore at length,
 A haven I but little prized,
 For all behind was dark and drear; 595
 And all before was night and fear.
 How many hours of night or day
 In those suspended pangs I lay,
 I could not tell; I scarcely knew
 If this were human breath I drew. 600

15

"With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
 And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
 The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
 Up the repelling bank.
 We gain the top: a boundless plain 605
 Spreads through the shadow of the night,
 And onward, onward, onward — seems,

Like precipices in our dreams,
 To stretch beyond the sight;
 And here and there a speck of white, 610
 Or scattered spot of dusky green,
 In masses broke into the light,
 As rose the moon upon my right.
 But nought distinctly seen
 In the dim waste would indicate 615
 The omen of a cottage gate;
 No twinkling taper from afar
 Stood like a hospitable star;
 Not even an ignis-fatuu^s ¹ rose
 To make him merry with my woes: 620
 That very cheat had cheered me then!
 Although detected, welcome still,
 Reminding me, through every ill,
 Of the abodes of men.

16

"Onward we went — but slack and slow; 625
 His savage force at length o'erspent,
 The drooping courser, faint and low,
 All feebly foaming went.
 A sickly infant had had power
 To guide him forward in that hour! 630
 But, useless all to me.
 His new-born tameness nought availed —
 My limbs were bound; my force had failed,
 Perchance, had they been free.
 With feeble effort still I tried 635
 To rend the bonds so starkly tied —
 But still it was in vain;
 My limbs were only wrung the more,
 And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
 Which but prolong'd their pain. 640
 The dizzy race seemed almost done,
 Although no goal was nearly won:
 Some streaks announced the coming sun —
 How slow, alas! he came!
 Methought that mist of dawning gray 645
 Would never dapple into day;
 How heavily it rolled away —
 Before the eastern flame
 Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
 And called the radiance from their cars, 650
 And filled the earth, from his deep throne,
 With loneiy lustre, all his own.

17

"Up rose the sun; the mists were curled
 Back from the solitary world
 Which lay around — behind — before. 655
 What bootéd it to traverse o'er
 Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
 Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
 Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;
 No sign of travel — none of toil; 660

¹ Phosphorescent light on a marsh; will-o'-the-wisp.

The very air was mute;
 And not an insect's shrill small horn,
 Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
 From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,¹
 Panting as if his heart would burst, 665
 The weary brute still staggered on;
 And still we were — or seemed — alone.
 At length, while reeling on our way,
 Methought I heard a courser neigh
 From out yon tuft of blackening firs. 670
 Is it the wind those branches stirs?
 No, no! From out the forest prance
 A trampling troop; I see them come!
 In one vast squadron they advance!
 I strove to cry — my lips were dumb! 675
 The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
 But where are they the reins to guide?
 A thousand horse — and none to ride!
 With flowing tail, and flying mane,
 Wide nostrils — never stretched by pain, 680
 Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
 And feet that iron never shod,
 And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,
 A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
 Like waves that follow o'er the sea, 685
 Came thickly thundering on,
 As if our faint approach to meet!
 The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,
 A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
 A moment, with a faint low neigh, 690
 He answered, and then fell!
 With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
 And reeking limbs immoveable;
 His first and last career is done!
 On came the troop — they saw him stoop, 695
 They saw me strangely bound along
 His back with many a bloody thong.
 They stop — they start — they snuff the
 air,
 Gallop a moment here and there,
 Approach, retire, wheel round and round, 700
 Then plunging back with sudden bound,
 Headed by one black mighty steed,
 Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,
 Without a single speck or hair
 Of white upon his shaggy hide. 705
 They snort — they foam — neigh — swerve
 aside,
 And backward to the forest fly,
 By instinct, from a human eye. —
 They left me there to my despair,
 Linked to the dead and stiffening wretch, 710
 Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
 Relieved from that unwonted weight,
 From whence I could not extricate
 Nor him nor me — and there we lay,
 The dying on the dead! 715

¹ verst, in Russia 3500 feet.

I little deemed another day
 Would see my houseless, helpless head.
 "And there from morn till twilight bound,
 I felt the heavy hours toil round,
 With just enough of life to see 720
 My last of suns go down on me,
 In hopeless certainty of mind,
 That makes us feel at length resigned
 To that which our foreboding years
 Presents the worst and last of fears: 725
 Inevitable — even a boon,
 Nor more unkind for coming soon;
 Yet shunned and dreaded with such care,
 As if it only were a snare
 That Prudence might escape: 730
 At times both wished for and implored,
 At times sought with self-pointed sword,
 Yet still a dark and hideous close
 To even intolerable woes,
 And welcome in no shape. 735
 And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,
 They who have revelled beyond measure
 In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,
 Die calm, or calmer oft than he
 Whose heritage was Misery: 740
 For he who hath in turn run through
 All that was beautiful and new,
 Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave;
 And, save the future, (which is viewed
 Not quite as men are base or good, 745
 But as their nerves may be endued,)
 With nought perhaps to grieve: —
 The wretch still hopes his woes must end,
 And Death, whom he should deem his friend,
 Appears, to his distempered eyes, 750
 Arrived to rob him of his prize,
 The tree of his new Paradise.
 To-morrow would have given him all,
 Repaid his pangs, repaired his fall;
 To-morrow would have been the first 755
 Of days no more deplored or curst,
 But bright, and long, and beckoning years,
 Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,
 Guerdon of many a painful hour;
 To-morrow would have given him power 760
 To rule — to shine — to smite — to save —
 And must it dawn upon his grave?

18

"The sun was sinking — still I lay
 Chained to the chill and stiffening steed!
 I thought to mingle there our clay; 765
 And my dim eyes of death had need,
 No hope arose of being freed.
 I cast my last looks up the sky,
 And there between me and the sun
 I saw the expecting raven fly, 770

Who scarce would wait till both should die,
 Ere his repast begun.
 He flew, and perched, then flew once more,
 And each time nearer than before;
 I saw his wing through twilight flit, 775
 And once so near me he alit
 I could have smote, but lacked the
 strength;
 But the slight motion of my hand,
 And feeble scratching of the sand,
 The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,
 Which scarcely could be called a voice, 781
 Together scared him off at length. —
 I know no more — my latest dream
 Is something of a lovely star
 Which fixed my dull eyes from afar, 785
 And went and came with wandering beam,
 And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
 Sensation of recurring sense,
 And then subsiding back to death,
 And then again a little breath, 790
 A little thrill, a short suspense,
 An icy sickness curdling o'er
 My heart, and sparks that crossed my
 brain —
 A gasp — a throb — a start of pain,
 A sigh — and nothing more. 795

19

"I woke — Where was I? — Do I see
 A human face look down on me?
 And doth a roof above me close?
 Do these limbs on a couch repose?
 Is this a chamber where I lie? 800
 And is it mortal, yon bright eye
 That watches me with gentle glance?
 I closed my own again once more,
 As doubtful that the former trance
 Could not as yet be o'er.
 A slender girl, long-haired, and tall,
 Sate watching by the cottage wall:
 The sparkle of her eye I caught,
 Even with my first return of thought;
 For ever and anon she threw 810
 A prying, pitying glance on me
 With her black eyes so wild and free.
 I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
 No vision it could be, —
 But that I lived, and was released 815
 From adding to the vulture's feast.
 And when the Cossack maid beheld
 My heavy eyes at length unsealed,
 She smiled — and I essayed to speak,
 But failed — and she approached, and 820
 made
 With lip and finger signs that said,
 I must not strive as yet to break
 The silence, till my strength should be

Enough to leave my accents free;
 And then her hand on mine she laid, 825
 And smoothed the pillow for my head,
 And stole along on tiptoe tread,
 And gently oped the door, and spake
 In whispers — ne'er was voice so sweet!
 Even music followed her light feet; — 830
 But those she called were not awake,
 And she went forth; but, ere she passed,
 Another look on me she cast,
 Another sign she made, to say,
 That I had naught to fear, that all 835
 Were near, at my command or call,
 And she would not delay
 Her due return: — while she was gone,
 Methought I felt too much alone.

20

"She came with mother and with sire — 840
 What need of more? — I will not tire
 With long recital of the rest,
 Since I became the Cossack's guest.
 They found me senseless on the plain —
 They bore me to the nearest hut — 845
 They brought me into life again —
 Me — one day o'er their realm to reign!
 Thus the vain fool who strove to glut
 His rage, refining on my pain,
 Sent me forth to the wilderness, 850
 Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,
 To pass the desert to a throne, —
 What mortal his own doom may guess? —
 Let none despond, let none despair!
 To-morrow the Borysthenes 855
 May see our coursers graze at ease
 Upon his Turkish bank, — and never
 Had I such welcome for a river
 As I shall yield when safely there.
 805 Comrades, good night!" — The Hetman
 threw 860
 His length beneath the oak-tree shade,
 With leafy couch already made,
 A bed nor comfortless nor new
 To him who took his rest when'er
 The hour arrived, no matter where: 865
 His eyes the hastening slumbers steep.
 And if ye marvel Charles forgot
 To thank his tale, *he* wondered not, —
 The king had been an hour asleep.

DON JUAN

Don Juan is Byron's great humorous poem. He completed sixteen cantos, and had started a seventeenth, before his death. In letters to his publisher, Murray, he called it "a playful satire, with as little poetry as could be helped," and "a satire on abuses of the present states of society, and not an eulogy of vice."

CANTO THE THIRD, STANZAS 85-END

85

Thus, usually, when *he* was asked to sing,
 He gave the different nations something
 national;
 'Twas all the same to him — "God save the
 king,"
 Or "*Ca ira*," according to the fashion all:
 His muse made increment of any thing,
 From the high lyric down to the low
 rational:
 If Pindar¹ sang horse-races, what should
 hinder
 Himself from being as pliable as Pindar? 680

86

In France, for instance, he would write a
 chanson;
 In England a six canto quarto tale;
 In Spain, he'd make a ballad or romance on
 The last war — much the same in Por-
 tugal;
 In Germany, the Pegasus he'd prance on 685
 Would be old Goethe's (see what says De
 Staël);²
 In Italy he'd ape the "Trecentisti";³
 In Greece, he'd sing some sort of hymn like
 this t' ye:

I

The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho⁴ loved and sung, 690
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos⁵ rose, and Phœbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

2

The Scian⁶ and the Teian⁷ muse, 695
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."⁸ 700

3

The mountains look on Marathon —⁹
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free;

¹ Most of his odes, while religious in character, were written to celebrate victories in the Greek games.

² Madame de Staël, 1766-1817, author of *De l'Allemagne*.

³ Fourteenth-century Italian artists.

⁴ The great Greek poetess of love, who wrote about 610 B.C.

⁵ The island of Delos, the birthplace of Phœbus Apollo, was supposed to have risen in the Ægean Sea.

⁶ Homer, because the island of Scio was said to be his birthplace.

⁷ Anacreon, born in Teos in Asia Minor.

⁸ The Μακάρων νήσοι of the Greek poets were supposed to have been the Cape de Verd Islands, or the Canaries.

— Byron.

⁹ Where the Greeks defeated the Persians, 490 B.C.

For standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

705

4

A king¹ sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;²
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations; — all were his!
 He counted them at break of day —
 And when the sun set where were they?

710

5

And where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now —
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

715

6

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

720

7

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ!³

725

730

8

What, silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no; — the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, "Let one living head,
 But one arise, — we come, we come!"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

735

9

In vain — in vain: strike other chords;
 Fill high the cup with Samian⁴ wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call —
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!

740

10

You have the Pyrrhic dance⁵ as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic⁶ phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus⁷ gave —
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

745

¹ Xerxes, King of Persia.

² The island near which the Greek navy defeated Xerxes, 480 B.C.

³ The pass which Leonidas and his small band of Spartans defended heroically, but in vain, against Xerxes in 480 B.C.

⁴ From the island of Samos.

⁵ A war dance.

⁶ King Pyrrhus of Epirus, third century B.C., evolved the phalanx.

⁷ The supposed inventor of the alphabet.

11

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these! 750
It made Anacreon's ² song divine:
He served — but served Polycrates —
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

12

The tyrant of the Chersonese ² 755
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades! ³
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind. 760

13

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore, ⁴
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric ⁵ mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown, 765
The Heracleidan blood ⁶ might own.

14

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells; 770
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

15

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
I see their glorious black eyes shine; 775
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

16

Place me on Sunium's ⁷ marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I, 780
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

87

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have
sung, 785
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was
young,
Yet in these times he might have done
much worse:

¹ Anacreon lived in Samos for a time as court poet to the tyrant Polycrates, his patron.
² The peninsula of Gallipoli.
³ Who commanded the Greeks at Marathon.
⁴ In Albania. ⁵ Spartan.
⁶ The blood of Heracles or Hercules.
⁷ Southernmost point of Attica, site of an old temple to Athena which faces the sea.

His strain displayed some feeling — right or
wrong;
And feeling, in a poet, is the source 790
Of others' feeling; but they are such liars,
And take all colors — like the hands of dyers.

88

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps mil-
lions, think; 795
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man
uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper — even a rag like
this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's
his. 800

89

And when his bones are dust, his grave a
blank,
His station, generation, even his nation,
Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank
In chronological commemoration,
Some dull MS. Oblivion long has sank, 805
Or graven stone found in a barrack's sta-
tion
In digging the foundation of a closet,
May turn his name up, as a rare deposit.

90

And Glory long has made the sages smile;
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion,
wind — 810
Depending more upon the historian's style
Than on the name a person leaves behind:
Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to
Hoyle:
The present century was growing blind
To the great Marlborough's ¹ skill in giving
knocks, 815
Until his late Life by Archdeacon Coxe.

91

Milton's the Prince of Poets — so we say;
A little heavy, but no less divine:
An independent being in his day —
Learned, pious, temperate in love and
wine; 820
But, his life falling into Johnson's way,
We're told this great High Priest of all the
Nine
Was whipt at college — a harsh sire — odd
spouse,
For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.

¹ The victor at Blenheim, 1704.

92

All these are, *certes*, entertaining facts, 825
 Like Shakespeare's stealing deer, Lord
 Bacon's bribes;
 Like Titus' youth, and Cæsar's earliest acts;
 Like Burns (whom Doctor Currie well de-
 scribes);
 Like Cromwell's pranks; — but although
 Truth exacts
 These amiable descriptions from the
 scribes, 830
 As most essential to their hero's story,
 They do not much contribute to his glory.

93

All are not moralists, like Southey, when
 He prated to the world of "Pantiso-
 cracy,"¹
 Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who
 then 835
 Seasoned his pedlar poems with Demo-
 cracy;
 Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen
 Let to the *Morning Post* its aristocracy;
 When he and Southey, following the same
 path,
 Espoused two partners² (milliners of
 Bath). 840

94

Such names at present cut a convict figure,
 The very Botany Bay³ in moral geo-
 graphy;
 Their loyal treason, renegade rigor,
 Are good manure for their more bare bio-
 graphy.
 Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is
 bigger 845
 Than any since the birthday of typo-
 graphy;
 A drowsy frowzy poem, called the "*Excur-
 sion*,"
 Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

95

He there builds up a formidable dyke
 Between his own and others' intellect; 850
 But Wordsworth's poem, and his followers,
 like
 Joanna Southcote's⁴ Shiloh, and her sect,
 Are things which in this century don't strike
 The public mind, — so few are the elect;

¹ The reference is to the ideal commonwealth that Coleridge and Southey planned to establish.

² Edith and Sarah Fricker.

³ The English convict colony in New South Wales, Australia.

⁴ She predicted the birth to her in 1814 of a new Messiah.

And the new births of both their stale vir-
 ginities 855
 Have proved but dropsies,⁵ taken for divin-
 ities.

96

But let me to my story: I must own,
 If I have any fault, it is digression —
 Leaving my people to proceed alone,
 While I soliloquize beyond expression; 860
 But these are my addresses from the throne,
 Which put off business to the ensuing
 session:
 Forgetting each omission is a loss to
 The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.⁶

97

I know that what our neighbors call "*lon-
 gueurs*"⁷ 865
 (We've not so good a word, but have the
 thing,
 In that complete perfection which insures
 An epic from Bob Southey every spring),
 Form not the true temptation which allures
 The reader; but 'twould not be hard to
 bring 870
 Some fine examples of the *épopée*,⁸
 To prove its grand ingredient is *ennui*.

98

We learn from Horace,⁹ "Homer sometimes
 sleeps;"
 We feel without him, — Wordsworth some-
 times wakes, —
 To show with what complacency he creeps,
 With his dear "*Waggoners*," around his
 lakes. 876
 He wishes for "a boat" to sail the deeps —
 Of Ocean? — No, of air; and then he makes
 Another outcry for "a little boat,"
 And drivels seas to set it well afloat. 880

99

If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal plain,
 And Pegasus runs restive in his "*Waggon*,"
 Could he not beg the loan of Charles's
 Wain?⁶
 Or pray Medea⁷ for a single dragon?
 Or if, too classic for his vulgar brain, 885
 He feared his neck to venture such a nag
 on,

¹ Miss Southcote died of dropsy, instead of giving birth to a child.

² Great romantic poet of Italy, 1474-1533, who wrote *Orlando Furioso*.

³ tediousness.

⁴ epic.

⁵ In his *Ars Poetica*.

⁶ wagon; here, the group of stars called "the dipper."
⁷ After she was forsaken by Jason, Medea killed her children, set fire to the house, and escaped in a dragon-drawn chariot.

And he must needs mount nearer to the
moon,
Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

100

"Pedlars," and "Boats," and "Waggon!"
Oh! ye shades
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to
this? 890

That trash of such sort not alone evades
Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss
Floats scumlike uppermost, and these Jack
Cades

Of sense and song above your graves may
hiss —

The "little boatman" and his "Peter
Bell" 895
Can sneer at him who drew "Achitophel"!

101

T' our tale. — The feast was over, the slaves
gone,

The dwarfs and dancing girls had all re-
tired;

The Arab lore and Poet's song were done,
And every sound of revelry expired; 900

The lady and her lover, left alone,
The rosy flood of Twilight's sky admired; —

Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest
thee!

102

Ave Maria! blessèd be the hour! 905

The time, the clime, the spot, where I so
oft

Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,

While swung the deep bell in the distant
tower,

Or the faint dying day-hymn stole
aloft, 910

And not a breath crept through the rosy
air,

And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with
prayer.

103

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of Love!

Ave Maria! may our spirits dare 915

Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!

Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!

Those downcast eyes beneath the Al-
mighty Dove —

What though 'tis but a pictured image? —
strike —

That painting is no idol, — 'tis too like. 920

104

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
In nameless print — that I have no devo-
tion;

But set those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest
notion

Of getting into Heaven the shortest way; 925
My altars are the mountains and the

Ocean,

Earth, air, stars, — all that springs from the
great Whole,

Who hath produced, and will receive the
Soul.

105

Sweet Hour of Twilight! — in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore 930

Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave

flowed o'er,

To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore

And Dryden's lay ¹ made haunted ground to
me, 935

How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

106

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless

song,

Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and
mine,

And Vesper bell's that rose the boughs
along; 940

The spectre huntsman ² of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair

throng

Which learned from this example not to fly
From a true lover, — shadowed my mind's

eye.

107

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good
things — 945

Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding

wings,

The welcome stall to the o'erlabored
steer; ³

Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone
clings,

Whate'er our household gods protect of
dear, 950

¹ Dryden's poem, *Theodore and Honoria*, which is
based on a story in Boccaccio's *Decameron*.

² This ghost, in Boccaccio's story, haunts the girl
who spurned his love when he was alive.

³ These four lines are a paraphrase from Sappho.

Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's
breast.

108

Soft Hour! which wakes the wish and melts
the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first
day
When they from their sweet friends are torn
apart; 955
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of Vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely Nothing dies but Something
mourns! 960

109

When Nero perished by the justest doom
Which ever the Destroyer yet destroyed,
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
Of nations freed, and the world overjoyed,
Some hands unseen strewed flowers upon his
tomb: 965
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not
void
Of feeling for some kindness done, when
Power
Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

110

But I'm digressing; what on earth has
Nero,
Or any such like sovereign buffoons, 970
To do with the transactions of my hero,
More than such madmen's fellow man —
the moon's?
Sure my invention must be down at zero,
And I grown one of many "wooden
spoons"
Of verse (the name with which we Cantabs
please 975
To dub the last of honors in degrees).

111

I feel this tediousness will never do —
'Tis being *too* epic, and I must cut down
(In copying) this long canto into two;
They'll never find it out, unless I own 980
The fact, excepting some experienced few;
And then as an improvement 'twill be
shown:
I'll prove that such the opinion of the critic is
From Aristotle *passim*. — See Ποιητικης.²

October–November, 1819.

¹ Cambridge men.² *Poetics*, Aristotle's great discussion of literature.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE
AND PISA

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our Youth are the days of our
glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-
twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so
plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow
that is wrinkled? 5
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew
besprinkled.
Then away with all such from the head that
is hoary!
What care I for the wreaths that can *only*
give glory?

Oh FAME! — if I e'er took delight in thy
praises,
'T was less for the sake of thy high sounding
phrases, 10
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one
discover,
She thought that I was not unworthy to love
her.

There chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found
thee;
Her Glance was the best of the rays that sur-
round thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright
in my story, 15
I knew it was Love, and I felt it was Glory.
November, 1821.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR

MISSOLONGHI, JANUARY 22, 1824

Byron's last poem, written three months be-
fore his death.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf; 5
The flowers and fruits of Love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle; 10

No torch is kindled at its blaze —
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share, 15
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus* — and 'tis not *here* —
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor
now,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow. 20

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece — she *is* awake!) 25
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood! — unto thee 30
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of Beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honorable death
Is here: — up to the field, and give 35
Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than found —
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest. 40

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822)

Shelley, the eldest son of Timothy Shelley, a well-to-do country squire who later became a baronet (a title to which the poet could have been heir), was born at Field Place, near Horsham in Sussex, August 4, 1792. After six years at Eton, he entered University College, Oxford, in 1810. He was expelled in the following year for admitting and defending his authorship of a pamphlet, *The Necessity of Atheism*, published anonymously by a local bookseller. Sir Timothy was much displeased with his son's radicalism, and his displeasure increased when Shelley, in August of the same year, eloped with Harriet Westbrook, the sixteen-year-old daughter of a retired innkeeper. Nevertheless he continued his son's small allowance, which enabled the Shelleys to live in lodgings in various cities of the British Isles. During these years Shelley wrote sporadically, read much among the writings of social radicals, and urged the necessity of freedom upon everybody that he met. His only published poem was *Queen Mab*, in 1813. In 1814 he became acquainted with William Godwin, the author of the *Enquiry concerning Political Justice*. He fell in love with his daughter Mary, whose mother was Mary Wollstonecraft, author of the *Vindication of the Rights of Women*, and went with her to France. Two years later, when Harriet Westbrook Shelley drowned herself in the Serpentine in London, the poet married Mary Godwin. In 1817 the Court of Chancery refused Shelley the possession of his two children by Harriet; and in 1818 he left England, never to return.

During the previous four years Shelley had lived most of the time on the continent and had published *Alastor* in 1816 and *The Revolt of Islam* in 1817. He now went direct to Italy, living the last years of his life at Naples, Venice, Rome, and finally Pisa. Mary was his constant companion. He spent much time, too, with friends like Leigh Hunt and especially Byron, with whom he had traveled in Switzerland during the summer of 1816 and whom he saw much of in Venice. During these years Shelley produced and published, in succession, *The Cenci*, the greatest poetic tragedy since Shakespeare, *Prometheus Unbound*, *Epipsychidion*, *Adonais*, *Hellas*, and many short lyrics.

On July 8, 1822, Shelley and a friend, Mr. Williams, were caught in a squall while sailing a small boat in the Gulf of Lerici. Days later, Shelley's body was washed ashore. It was cremated, according to law, on the beach, in the presence of Trelawney, Leigh Hunt, and Byron. His ashes were taken to Rome and buried in the Protestant cemetery, near the grave of Keats.

To characterize Shelley in a few lines is difficult. A few hints, however, may be helpful to the student approaching him for the first time. To many critics, Shelley, like Spenser, is a "poet's poet," who can be appreciated best by those with a gift, or at least a love, for poetry. He is not a "popular" poet in the sense that Scott and Byron are. Unlike them, he cares less for the story than for the ideas and emotion behind the story; and often this thought and feeling are not so much expressed in concrete form as suggested. He gives us "the still, sad music of humanity," which must be felt before it is comprehended. His world is not the everyday world of Wordsworth, but it is none the less true, even though to the realistically minded it seems a strange ethereal world of clouds and winds and light and rapid motion. Less often than Keats and Coleridge, who also give us dream worlds, does he create the illusion of reality. According to Shelley (see his *Defence of*

Poetry), poetry is imagination, and imagination, to him, is the perception of the *value* of facts and ideas, both separately and as a whole, which logic and reason have produced.

Shelley believed in human nature, its essential goodness and its perfectibility. He looked forward to the brotherhood of man in a world of freedom, beauty, and love. In his own life he was impracticable, misunderstood, and often condemned. But he was, said Byron, "the best and least selfish man I ever knew. I never knew one who was not a beast in comparison."

Good one-volume editions of Shelley's poetry are the Cambridge (Houghton Mifflin Company) and the Globe (Macmillan). The completest studies are by E. Dowden (Lippincott) and, most recently, W. E. Peck (Houghton Mifflin Company). J. A. Symonds has written his biography for the English Men of Letters Series. A. Maurois' *Ariel* gives a vivid idea of the man, but says little of the poet. Among the numerous essays on Shelley may be mentioned those by Arnold, Brown-ing, Leigh Hunt, and Francis Thompson.

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

The theme of the poem, according to Mrs. Shelley, came to the poet during a trip on Lake Geneva with Byron. Shelley's idea of beauty is Platonic. A beautiful object does not give us true or complete beauty. It can only suggest the flawless, immaterial beauty behind it. In other words, it is not the thing, but the idea of the thing, that matters.

I

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats though unseen among us, visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to
flower;

Like moonbeams that behind some piny
mountain shower,

It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

2

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine
upon

Of human thought or form, where art
thou gone?

Why dost thou pass away, and leave our
state,

This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and deso-
late?

Ask why the sunlight not forever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain
river;

Why aught should fail and fade that once is
shown;

Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth

Such gloom; why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope.

3

No voice from some sublimer world hath
ever

To sage or poet these responses given;
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost,
and Heaven,

Remain the records of their vain endeavor,
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not
avail to sever,

From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.

Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains
driven,

Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,

Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

4

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds,
depart

And come, for some uncertain moments
lent.

Man were immortal and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou
art,

Keep with thy glorious train firm state
within his heart.

Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes!

Thou, that to human thought art nourish-
ment,

Like darkness to a dying flame,
Depart not as thy shadow came,

Depart not, lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality!

5

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave
and ruin,

And starlight wood, with fearful steps
pursuing

Hopes of high talk with the departed dead;
I called on poisonous names with which our
youth is fed.

I was not heard — I saw them not —
 When, musing deeply on the lot 55
 Of life, at that sweet time when winds are
 wooing
 All vital things that wake to bring
 News of birds and blossoming, —
 Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;
 I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ec- 60
 stasy!

6

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
 To thee and thine — have I not kept the
 vow?
 With beating heart and streaming eyes,
 even now
 I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
 Each from his voiceless grave: they have in
 visioned bowers 65
 Of studious zeal or love's delight
 Outwatched with me the envious
 night —
 They know that never joy illumed my brow
 Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst
 free
 This world from its dark slavery, 70
 That thou, O awful LOVELINESS,
 Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot
 express.

7

The day becomes more solemn and serene
 When noon is past; there is a harmony
 In autumn, and a luster in its sky, 75
 Which through the summer is not heard or
 seen,
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
 Thus let thy power, which like the truth
 Of nature on my passive youth
 Descended, to my onward life supply 80
 Its calm, — to one who worships thee,
 And every form containing thee,
 Whom, SPIRIT-fair, thy spells did bind
 To fear himself, and love all humankind.

1816.

OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveler from an antique land
 Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of
 stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the
 sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose
 frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold com-
 mand, 5
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read

Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless
 things,
 The hand¹ that mocked them, and the heart
 that fed:²

And on the pedestal these words appear:
 'My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings: 10
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away."

1817.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN
 DEJECTION NEAR
 NAPLES

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple noon's transparent might;
 The breath of the moist earth is light 5
 Around its unexpanded buds;
 Like many a voice of one delight,
 The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods',
 The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor 10
 With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
 I see the waves upon the shore
 Like light dissolved in star-showers
 thrown;
 I sit upon the sands alone —
 The lightning of the noon-tide ocean 15
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion,
 How sweet! did any heart now share in my
 emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
 Nor peace within nor calm around, 20
 Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walked with inward glory crowned —
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
 Others I see whom these surround — 25
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
 To me that cup has been dealt in another
 measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Even as the winds and waters are;
 I could lie down like a tired child, 30
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne, and yet must
 bear,

¹ The sculptor's.² The king's heart, which nursed those passions.

Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea 35
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan; 40
 They might lament — for I am one
 Whom men love not, — and yet regret,
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in
 memory yet. 45

1819.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

"This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapors which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions. The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it." Shelley.

The poem is remarkable for the boldness of its imagery, which is supported not so much by thought as by the intense emotion and exquisite music of the poem.

Note that Shelley uses the *terza rima* of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, with a couplet after each group of four strophes, thus: *aba bcb cdc ded ee*. The result is a stanza which looks like the sonnet-form, but is different in effect.

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's
 being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves
 dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter
 fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou 5
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and
 low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until

Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
 Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
 Destroyer and Preserver; hear, oh hear!

2

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's
 commotion, 15
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are
 shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and
 ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge, 19
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad,¹ even from the dim
 verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou
 dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre, 25
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: Oh
 hear!

3

Thou who didst waken from his summer-
 dreams
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay, 30
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice² isle in Baiae's³ bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers 35
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!
 Thou

For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far
 below

The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which
 wear

The sapless foliage of the ocean know 40

¹ Bacchante, frenzied attendant of Bacchus.

² soft volcanic lava.

³ A seaside town not far from Naples.

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh
hear!

4

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and
share

45

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than Thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have
striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and
bowed
One too like thee — tameless, and swift, and
proud.

5

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit
fierce,
My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new
birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

65

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among man-
kind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

1819.

THE INDIAN SERENADE

I arise from dreams of Thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright:

I arise from dreams of thee, 5
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me — who knows how?
To thy chamber-window, Sweet!

The wandering airs, they faint
On the dark, the silent stream —
The champak¹ odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine, 15
O beloved as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale. 20
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

1819.

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

END OF THE LAST ACT

Prometheus Unbound is Shelley's lyric drama
on the defiant Titan who stole fire from the
gods for man.

DEMOGORGON

Thou, Earth, calm empire of a happy soul,
Sphere of divinest shapes and harmonies,
Beautiful orb! gathering as thou dost roll
The love which paves thy path along the
skies:

THE EARTH

I hear: I am as a drop of dew that dies. 5

DEMOGORGON

Thou, Moon, which gazest on the nightly
Earth
With wonder, as it gazes upon thee;
Whilst each to men, and beasts, and the swift
birth
Of birds, is beauty, love, calm, harmony:

THE MOON

I hear: I am a leaf shaken by thee. 10

DEMOGORGON

Ye Kings of suns and stars, Dæmons and
Gods,
Etherial Dominations, who possess
¹ Hindu for a kind of magnolia tree.

Elysian, windless, fortunate abodes
Beyond Heaven's constellated wilderness:

A VOICE FROM ABOVE

Our great Republic hears: we are blest, and
bless. 15

DEMOGORGON

Ye happy Dead, whom beams of brightest
verse

Are clouds to hide, not colors to portray,
Whether your nature is that universe
Which once ye saw and suffered —

A VOICE FROM BENEATH

Or, as they 20
Whom we have left, we change and pass
away.

DEMOGORGON

Ye elemental Genii, who have homes
From man's high mind even to the central
stone

Of sullen lead; from Heaven's star-fretted
domes

To the dull weed some sea-worm battens
on: 25

A CONFUSED VOICE

We hear: thy words waken Oblivion.

DEMOGORGON

Spirits, whose homes are flesh; ye beasts and
birds,

Ye worms, and fish; ye living leaves and
buds;

Lightning and wind; and ye untamable herds,
Meteors and mists, which throng air's
solitudes: 30

A VOICE

Thy voice to us is wind among still woods.

DEMOGORGON

Man who wert once a despot and a slave;
A dupe and a deceiver; a decay;

A traveller from the cradle to the grave
Through the dim night of this immortal
day: 35

ALL

Speak: thy strong words may never pass
away.

DEMOGORGON

This is the day which down the void abysm
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's
despotism,

And Conquest is dragged captive through
the deep;

Love, from its awful throne of patient
power 40

In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dread endurance, from the slippery,
steep,

And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endur-
ance — 45

These are the seals of that most firm assur-
ance

Which bars the pit over Destruction's
strength;

And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
The serpent that would clasp her with his
length; 50

These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or
night;

To defy Power, which seems omnipo-
tent; 55

To love, and bear; to hope till Hope create
From its own wreck the thing it contem-
plates;

Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free; 60
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

1818-19.

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;

I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that
waken 5

The sweet buds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's
breast,

As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under, 10
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white, 15
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits; 20
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills, 25
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or
 stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains;
 And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue
 smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains. 30

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead;
 As on the jag of a mountain crag, 35
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit
 sea beneath,
 Its ardors of rest and of love, 40
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of Heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden, 45
 Whom mortals call the Moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear, 50
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin
 roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built
 tent, 55
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on
 high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl; 60
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and
 swim
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,

Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof, — 65
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch, through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the Powers of the air are chained to
 my chair,
 Is the million-colored bow; 70
 The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
 While the moist Earth was laughing be-
 low.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
 And the nursling of the Sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and
 shores, 75
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain when with never a stain
 The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their
 convex gleams
 Build up the blue dome of air, 80
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,¹
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost
 from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

1820.

TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from Heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
 Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever
 singest. 10

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just
 begun. 15

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of Heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, — but yet I hear thy shrill
 delight, 20

¹ Monument to the dead, especially where the body is lost or is buried elsewhere.

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear
 Until we hardly see — we feel that it is
 there; 25

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven
 is overflowed. 30

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of
 melody. 35

Like a Poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded
 not: 40

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace-tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, — which overflows
 her bower: 45

Like a glowworm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its ærial hue
 Among the flowers and grass which screen
 it from the view: 50

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet those
 heavy winged thieves. 55

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth
 surpass. 60

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine;

I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so di-
 vine. 65

Chorus Hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine, would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden
 want. 70

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields or waves or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance
 of pain? 75

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be;
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee;
 Thou lovest — but ne'er knew love's sad
 satiety. 80

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream —
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal
 stream? 85

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not;
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
 saddest thought. 90

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come
 near. 95

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the
 ground! 100

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,

Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then — as I am
listening now. 105

1820.

TO NIGHT

I

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear, 5
Which make thee terrible and dear, —
Swift be thy flight!

2

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day; 10
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand —
Come, long-sought!

3

When I arose and saw the dawn, 15
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest, 20
I sighed for thee.

4

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee, 25
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me? — and I replied,
No, not thee!

5

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon; 30
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night, —
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon! 35

1821.

TIME

Unfathomable Sea! whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe

Are brackish with the salt of human tears:
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb
and flow

Claspest the limits of mortality, 5
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable
shore;

Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea? 10

1821.

MUTABILITY

I

The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay,
Tempts and then flies.
What is this world's delight? 5
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

2

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship, how rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss 10
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all
Which ours we call.

3

Whilst skies are blue and bright; 15
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou — and from thy sleep 20
Then wake to weep.

1821.

ADONAIS

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN
KEATS, AUTHOR OF ENDYMION,
HYPERION, ETC.

PREFACE¹

It is my intention to subjoin to the London edition of this poem a criticism upon the claims of its lamented object to be classed among the writers of the highest genius who have adorned our age. My known repugnance to the narrow principles of taste on which several of his earlier compositions were modeled prove, at least, that I am an impartial judge. I consider the frag-

¹ Two quotations in Greek from Plato and Moschus are omitted here from the beginning of Shelley's preface. Otherwise it is intact.

ment of *Hyperion* as second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same years.

John Keats died at Rome of a consumption, in his twenty-fourth year, on the — of —¹ 1821; and was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the Protestants in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy walls and towers, now moldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.

The genius of the lamented person to whose memory I have dedicated these unworthy verses was not less delicate and fragile than it was beautiful; and where cankerworms abound, what wonder if its young flower was blighted in the bud? The savage criticism on his *Endymion*, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, produced the most violent effect on his susceptible mind; the agitation thus originated ended in the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued, and the succeeding acknowledgments from more candid critics of the true greatness of his powers were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted.

It may be well said that these wretched men know not what they do. They scatter their insults and their slanders without heed as to whether the poisoned shaft lights on a heart made callous by many blows, or one like Keats's composed of more penetrable stuff. One of their associates is, to my knowledge, a most base and unprincipled calumniator. As to *Endymion*, was it a poem, whatever might be its defects, to be treated contemptuously by those who had celebrated, with various degrees of complacency and panegyric, *Paris* and *Woman* and a *Syrian Tale* and Mrs. Lefanu and Mr. Barrett and Mr. Howard Payne and a long list of the illustrious obscure? Are these the men who in their venal good nature presumed to draw a parallel between the Rev. Mr. Milman and Lord Byron? What gnat did they strain at here, after having swallowed all those camels? Against what woman taken in adultery dares the foremost of these literary prostitutes to cast his opprobrious stone? Miserable man! you, one of the meanest, have wantonly defaced one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of God. Nor shall it be your excuse, that, murderer as you are, you have spoken daggers, but used none.

The circumstances of the closing scene of poor Keats's life were not made known to me until the *Elegy* was ready for the press. I am given to understand that the wound which his sensitive spirit had received from the criticism of *Endymion* was exasperated by the bitter sense of unrequited benefits; the poor fellow

seems to have been hooted from the stage of life, no less by those on whom he had wasted the promise of his genius, than those on whom he had lavished his fortune and his care. He was accompanied to Rome, and attended in his last illness by Mr. Severn, a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed, "almost risked his own life, and sacrificed every prospect to unwearied attendance upon his dying friend." Had I known these circumstances before the completion of my poem, I should have been tempted to add my feeble tribute of applause to the more solid recompense which the virtuous man finds in the recollection of his own motives. Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from "such stuff as dreams are made of." His conduct is a golden augury of the success of his future career — may the unextinguished Spirit of his illustrious friend animate the creations of his pencil, and plead against Oblivion for his name! — Shelley.

Adonais, like Milton's *Lycidas* and Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis*, is a pastoral elegy, modelled on the Greek pastorals of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. It is written in Spenserian stanzas.

I

I weep for Adonais — he is dead!
Oh, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a
head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure
compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow, say:
"With me
Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!"

2

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when
he lay,
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft
which flies
In darkness? where was lorn Urania?
When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
She sat, while one, with soft enamored
breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock the
corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of
Death.

3

Oh, weep for Adonais — he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and
weep!

20

¹ When he wrote this preface, Shelley did not know the day and month of Keats's death.

¹ The heavenly one, Muse of Astronomy; cf. Milton in *Paradise Lost*.

Yet wherefore? Quench within their
burning bed

Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone where all things wise and
fair

Descend. — Oh, dream not that the amor-
ous Deep 25

Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at
our despair.

4

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania! — He died,
Who was the sire¹ of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's
pride, 31

The priest, the slave, and the liberticide
Trampled and mocked with many a
loathèd rite

Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth, the third² among the
sons of light. 36

5

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to
climb;

And happier they their happiness who
knew,

Whose tapers yet burn through that night
of time 40

In which suns perished; others more sub-
lime,

Struck by the envious wrath of man or
God,

Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent
prime;

And some yet live, treading the thorny
road,

Which leads, through toil and hate, to
Fame's serene abode. 45

6

But now, thy youngest, dearest one has
perished,

The nursing of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden
cherished

And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew! 50
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the
last,

The bloom, whose petals, nipped before
they blew,

Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies — the storm is overpast.

7

To that high Capital,¹ where kingly
Death 55

Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest
breath,

A grave among the eternal. — Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still 60
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

8

He will awake no more, oh, never more! —
Within the twilight chamber spreads
apace 65

The shadow of white Death, and at the
door

Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to de-
face 70

So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal
curtain draw.

9

Oh, weep for Adonais! — The quick
Dreams,

The passion-wingèd ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living
streams 75

Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he
taught

The love which was its music, wander
not, —

Wander no more, from kindling brain to
brain,

But droop there, whence they sprung; and
mourn their lot

Round the cold heart, where, after their
sweet pain, 80

They ne'er will gather strength, or find a
home again.

10

And one with trembling hands clasps his
cold head,

And fans him with her moonlight wings,
and cries;

¹ Rome.

¹ Milton.

² Who the other two poets are that Shelley had in mind
is debatable.

"Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not
dead;

See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes, 85
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there
lies

A tear some Dream has loosened from his
brain."

Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!

She knew not 'twas her own; as with no
stain

She faded, like a cloud which had outwept
its rain. 90

II

One from a lucid urn of starry dew

Washed his light limbs, as if embalming
them;

Another clipped her profuse locks, and
threw

The wreath upon him, like an anadem,¹
Which frozen tears instead of pearls be-
gem; 95

Another in her willful grief would break
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more
weak;

And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen
cheek.

12

Another Splendor on his mouth alit, 100
That mouth whence it was wont to draw
the breath

Which gave it strength to pierce the
guarded wit,

And pass into the panting heart beneath,
With lightning and with music; the damp
death

Quenched its caress upon his icy lips; 105
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night
clips,

It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed
to its eclipse.

13

And others came — Desires and Adora-
tions,

Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Des-
tinies, 110

Splendors, and Glooms, and glimmering
Incarnations

Of hopes and fears, and twilight Fanta-
sies;

And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,

And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the
gleam

¹ crown or chaplet.

Of her own dying smile instead of eyes, 115
Came in slow pomp; — the moving pomp
might seem

Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal
stream.

14

All he had loved, and molded into thought
From shape, and hue, and odor, and sweet
sound,

Lamented Adonais. Morning sought 120
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair
unbound,

Wet with the tears which should adorn
the ground,

Dimmed the ærial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,

Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay, 125
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in
their dismay.

15

Lost Echo¹ sits amid the voiceless moun-
tains,

And feeds her grief with his remembered
lay,

And will no more reply to winds or foun-
tains,

Or amorous birds perched on the young
green spray, 130

Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more
dear

Than those² for whose disdain she pined
away

Into a shadow of all sounds: — a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the wood-
men hear. 135

16

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she
threw down

Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is
flown,

For whom should she have waked the sul-
len year?

To Phœbus was not Hyacinth³ so dear 140
Nor to himself Narcissus,⁴ as to both

Thou, Adonais; wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,

With dew all turned to tears; odor, to sighing
ruth.

¹ The forest nymph.

² Of Narcissus, a beautiful youth, who did not return
Echo's love.

³ The youth whom Phœbus Apollo fell in love with and
who, when he died, was transformed into a flower.

⁴ Narcissus fell in love with his own image reflected in
a fountain. He, too, was changed into a flower.

17

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale, ¹⁴⁵
 Mourns not her mate with such melodious
 pain;
 Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
 Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's
 domain
 Her mighty youth with morning, doth
 complain,
 Soaring and screaming round her empty
 nest, ¹⁵⁰
 As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
 Light on his head who¹ pierced thy in-
 nocent breast,
 And scared the angel soul that was its
 earthly guest!

18

Ah, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
 But grief returns with the revolving year;
 The airs and streams renew their joyous
 tone; ¹⁵⁶
 The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
 Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead
 Season's bier;
 The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
 And build their mossy homes in field and
 brere;² ¹⁶⁰
 And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
 Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance
 awake.

19

Through wood and stream and field and
 hill and Ocean
 A quickening life from the Earth's heart
 has burst,
 As it has ever done, with change and
 motion, ¹⁶⁵
 From the great morning of the world when
 first
 God dawned on Chaos; in its stream im-
 mersed,
 The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer
 light;
 All baser things pant with life's sacred
 thirst;
 Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's
 delight ¹⁷⁰
 The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

20

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit
 tender,
 Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;

¹ The author of the reviews mentioned by Shelley in
 his introduction.
² briar.

Like incarnations of the stars, when
 splendor
 Is changed to fragrance, they illumine
 death ¹⁷⁵
 And mock the merry worm that wakes be-
 neath.
 Nought we know, dies. Shall that alone
 which knows
 Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
 By sightless lightning? — the intense atom
 glows
 A moment, then is quenched in a most cold
 repose. ¹⁸⁰

21

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
 But for our grief, as if it had not been,
 And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
 Whence are we, and why are we? of what
 scene
 The actors or spectators? Great and mean
 Meet massed in death, who lends what life
 must borrow. ¹⁸⁶
 As long as skies are blue and fields are
 green,
 Evening must usher night, night urge the
 morrow,
 Month follow month with woe, and year wake
 year to sorrow.

22

He will awake no more, oh, never more! ¹⁹⁰
 "Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless
 Mother, rise
 Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's
 core,
 A wound more fierce than his with tears
 and sighs."
 And all the Dreams that watched Urania's
 eyes,
 And all the Echoes whom their sister's
 song ¹⁹⁵
 Had held in holy silence, cried, "Arise!"
 Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory
 stung,
 From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendor
 sprung.

23

She rose like an autumnal Night, that
 springs
 Out of the East, and follows wild and
 drear ²⁰⁰
 The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
 Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
 Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and
 fear
 So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania:

So saddened round her like an atmosphere 205
 Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
 Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

24

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
 Through camps and cities rough with
 stone, and steel,
 And human hearts, which to her airy
 tread 210
 Yielding not, wounded the invisible
 Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell;
 And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more
 sharp than they,
 Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
 Whose sacred blood, like the young tears
 of May, 215
 Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving
 way.

25

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,
 Shamed by the presence of that living Might,
 Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
 Revisited those lips, and life's pale light 220
 Flashed through those limbs, so late her
 dear delight.
 "Leave me not wild and drear and com-
 fortless,
 As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
 Leave me not!" cried Urania; her distress
 Roused Death; Death rose and smiled, and
 met her vain caress. 225

26

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
 Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
 And in my heartless breast and burning
 brain
 That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else
 survive,
 With food of saddest memory kept alive,
 Now thou art dead, as if it were a part 231
 Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
 All that I am to be as thou now art!
 But I am chained to Time, and cannot
 thence depart!

27

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert, 235
 Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of
 men
 Too soon, and with weak hands though
 mighty heart
 Dare the unpastured dragon ¹ in his den?
¹ The hard world.

Defenceless as thou wert, oh, where was
 then
 Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the
 spear? 240

Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
 Thy spirit should have filled its crescent
 sphere,
 The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee
 like deer.

28

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
 The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the
 dead; 245
 The vultures to the conqueror's banner
 true,
 Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
 And whose wings rain contagion;—how
 they fled,
 When, like Apollo, from his golden bow
 The Pythian ² of the age one arrow sped 250
 And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no
 second blow,
 They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them
 lying low.

29

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles
 spawn;
 He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
 Is gathered into death without a dawn, 255
 And the immortal stars awake again;
 So is it in the world of living men:
 A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
 Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and
 when
 It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared
 its light 260
 Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful
 night."

30

Thus ceased she; and the mountain shep-
 herds came,
 Their garlands sere, their magic mantles
 rent;
 The Pilgrim of Eternity,² whose fame
 Over his living head like Heaven is bent, 265
 An early but enduring monument,
 Came, veiling all the lightnings of his
 song
 In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne³ sent
 The sweetest lyrist⁴ of her saddest wrong,
 And love taught grief to fall like music from
 his tongue. 270

¹ Byron, who with his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* slew the critics with one blow, as Apollo did the python.

² Byron, so called because of his *Childe Harold*.

³ Ireland.

⁴ Thomas Moore.

31

Midst others of less note, came one frail
Form,¹

A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess, ²⁷⁴
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
Actæon-like,² and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged
way,

Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and
their prey. 279

32

A pardlike³ Spirit beautiful and swift —
A Love in desolation masked; — a Power
Girt round with weakness; — it can scarce
uplift

The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower, ²⁸⁴
A breaking billow; — even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the
heart may break.

33

His head was bound with pansies over-
blown,

And faded violets, white, and pied, and
blue; 290

And a light spear topped with a cypress
cone,

Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses
grew

Yet dripping with the forest's noonday
dew,

Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of
that crew 295

He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's
dart.

34

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew that
gentle band 299

Who in another's fate now wept his own,
As in the accents of an unknown land
He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured:
"Who art thou?"

¹ Shelley.

² Actæon, the hunter, gazed upon Diana in bathing.
In punishment he was changed into a stag, and was torn
to pieces by his own dogs.

³ like a leopard.

He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined
brow, 305

Which was like Cain's or Christ's — oh! that
it should be so!

35

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle
thrown?

What form leans sadly o'er the white
death-bed,

In mockery of monumental stone, 310
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?

If it be He,¹ who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honored the de-
parted one,

Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

36

Our Adonais has drunk poison — oh! 316
What deaf and viperous murderer could
crown

Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself dis-
own;

It felt, yet could escape, the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and
wrong, 321

But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver
lyre unstrung. 324

37

Live thou,² whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!

And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow;
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to
thee; 331

Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt
— as now.

38

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion kites that scream
below; 335

He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall
flow

¹ Leigh Hunt, who was one of Keats's closest friends.
² i.e., the critic

Back to the burning fountain whence it
came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably
the same, 341
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid
hearth of shame.

39

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not
sleep —
He hath awakened from the dream of life —
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife, 346
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's
knife
Invulnerable nothings. — *We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our
living clay. 351

40

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow
stain 356
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in
vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to
burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

41

He lives, he wakes — 'tis Death is dead, not
he; 361
Mourn not for Adonais. — Thou young
Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from
thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and
thou Air, 366
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst
thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it
bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its
despair!

42

He is made one with Nature: there is
heard 370
His voice in all her music, from the moan

Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and
stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may
move 375
Which has withdrawn his being to its own:
Which wields the world with never-wearied
love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

43

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely; he doth
bear 380
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, com-
pelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks
its flight. 384
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the
Heaven's light.

44

The splendors of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they
climb, 390
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty
thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live
there 395
And move like winds of light on dark and
stormy air.

45

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mor-
tal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton¹
Rose pale, — his solemn agony had not 400
Yet faded from him; Sidney,² as he fought
And as he fell and as he lived and loved
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan,³ by his death approved;
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing re-
proved. 405

¹ "The marvellous boy," 1752-1770, who at eighteen killed himself, after having written imitations of early English poetry which for a time passed as originals.

² Sir Philip Sidney; he died at thirty-two from a wound received in the battle of Zutphen in 1586.

³ The Roman poet, author of the *Pharsalia*, who at twenty-six killed himself to escape being executed by Nero.

46

And many more, whose names on Earth
are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot
die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality. 409
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry;
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has
long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an Heaven of song.
Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of
our throng!"

47

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh, come forth,
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him
aright. 416
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous
Earth;
As from a center, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Sate the void circumference; then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light lest it make thee
sink 422
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee
to the brink.

48

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
Oh, not of him, but of our joy; 'tis nought
That ages, empires, and religions there 426
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend, — they borrow
not
Glory from those who made the world their
prey;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's
decay, 431
And of the past are all that cannot pass
away.

49

Go thou to Rome, — at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered moun-
tains rise, 435
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses
dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass
is sread; 441

50

And gray walls moulder round, on which
dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sub-
lime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand 446
Like flame transformed to marble; and be-
neath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp
of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extin-
guished breath. 450

51

Here pause: these graves are all too young
as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which con-
signed
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home.
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter
wind 457
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

52

The One remains, the many change and
pass; 460
Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's
shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments. —
Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou
dost seek! 465
Follow where all is fled! — Rome's azure
sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are
weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to
speak.

53

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink,
my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before; from all things
here 470
They have departed; thou shouldst now
depart!
A light is passed from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is
dear

Attracts to crush, repels to make thee
wither.
The soft sky smiles, — the low wind whis-
pers near; 475
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join
together.

54

That Light whose smile kindles the Uni-
verse,
That Beauty in which all things work and
move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining
Love 481
Which through the web of being blindly
wove
By man and beast and earth and air and
sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on
me, 485
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

55

The breath whose might I have invoked in
song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is
driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling
throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest
given; 490
The massy earth and spherèd skies are
riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of
Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal
are. 495

1821.

THE FINAL CHORUS FROM HELLAS

SEMICHORUS I

Victorious Wrong, with vulture scream,
Salutes the risen sun, pursues the flying day!
I saw her, ghastly as a tyrant's dream,
Perch on the trembling pyramid of night,
Beneath which earth and all her realms
pavilioned lay 5
In visions of the dawning undelight.
Who shall impede her flight?
Who rob her of her prey?

Voice without. Victory! Victory! Russia's
famished eagles
Dare not to prey beneath the crescent's
light. 10
Impale the remnant of the Greeks! de-
spoil!
Violate! make their flesh cheaper than dust!

SEMICHORUS II

Thou voice which art
The herald of the ill in splendor hid!
Thou echo of the hollow heart 15
Of monarchy, bear me to thine abode
When desolation flashes o'er a world de-
stroyed:
Oh, bear me to those isles of jagged cloud
Which float like mountains on the
earthquake, mid
The momentary oceans of the light-
ning, 20
Or to some toppling promontory
proud
Of solid tempest, whose black pyra-
mid,
Riven, overhangs the founts intensely
bright'ning
Of those dawn-tinted deluges of fire
Before their waves expire, 25
When heaven and earth are light, and only
light
In the thunder-night!

Voice without. Victory! Victory! Aus-
tria, Russia, England,
And that tame serpent, that poor shadow,
France,
Cry peace, and that means death when mon-
archs speak, 30
Ho, there! bring torches, sharpen those red
stakes,
These chains are light, fitter for slaves and
prisoners
Than Greeks. Kill! plunder! burn! let none
remain.

SEMICHORUS I

Alas! for Liberty!
If numbers, wealth, or unfulfilling years, 35
Or fate, can quell the free!
Alas for Virtue! when
Torments, or contumely, or the sneers
Of erring judging men
Can break the heart where it abides! 40
Alas! if Love, whose smile makes this obscure
world splendid,
Can change with its false times and tides,
Like hope and terror, —
Alas for Love!

And Truth, who wanderest lone and un-
 friended, 45
 If thou canst veil thy lie-consuming mirror
 Before the dazzled eyes of Error,
 Alas for thee! Image of the Above!

SEMICHORUS II

Repulse, with plumes from conquest torn,
 Led the ten thousand from the limits of the
 morn 50

Through many an hostile Anarchy!
 At length they wept aloud, and cried, "The
 Sea! the Sea!"

Through exile, persecution, and despair,
 Rome was, and young Atlantis¹ shall
 become

The wonder, or the terror, or the tomb
 Of all whose step wakes Power lulled in her
 savage lair. 56

But Greece was as a hermit-child,
 Whose fairest thoughts and limbs were
 built

To woman's growth, by dreams so mild,
 She knew not pain or guilt; 60
 And now, O Victory, blush! and Empire,
 tremble,

When ye desert the free —
 If Greece must be

A wreck, yet shall its fragments reassemble,
 And build themselves again impregnably 65

In a diviner clime,
 To Amphionic² music on some Cape sublime
 Which frowns above the idle foam of Time.

SEMICHORUS I

Let the tyrants rule the desert they have
 made;

Let the free possess the Paradise they
 claim; 70

Be the fortune of our fierce oppressors
 weighed

With our ruin, our resistance, and our
 name!

SEMICHORUS II

Our dead shall be the seed of their decay,
 Our survivors be the shadow of their pride,
 Our adversity a dream to pass away — 75
 Their dishonor a remembrance to abide!

Voice without. Victory! Victory! The
 bought Briton sends

The keys of ocean to the Islamite.³ —

¹ The new world; the name is from the mythical island
 which is supposed to have sunk beneath the ocean, west
 of the Pillars of Hercules.

² Amphion rebuilt the walls of Thebes by playing on
 his lyre.

³ Mohammedan.

Now shall the blazon of the cross be veiled,
 And British skill, directing Othman¹ might,
 Thunder-strike rebel victory. Oh, keep
 holy 81
 This jubilee of unrevenged blood!
 Kill! crush! despoil! Let not a Greck es-
 cape!

SEMICHORUS I

Darkness has dawned in the East
 On the noon of time; 85
 The death-birds descend to their feast
 From the hungry clime.

Let Freedom and Peace flee far
 To a sunnier strand,
 And follow Love's folding-star 90
 To the Evening land!

SEMICHORUS II

The young moon has fed
 Her exhausted horn
 With the sunset's fire;
 The weak day is dead, 95
 But the night is not born;

And, like loveliness panting with wild de-
 sire,

While it trembles with fear and delight,
 Hesperus flies from awakening night,
 And pants in its beauty and speed with
 light 100

Fast-flashing, soft, and bright.
 Thou beacon of love! thou lamp of the free!

Guide us far, far away,
 To climes where now, veiled by the ardor of
 day,

Thou art hidden 105
 From waves on which weary Noon
 Faints in her summer swoon,
 Between kingless continents, sinless as
 Eden,

Around mountains and islands inviolably
 Pranked on the sapphire sea. 110

SEMICHORUS I

Through the sunset of hope,
 Like the shapes of a dream,
 What Paradise islands of glory gleam!
 Beneath Heaven's cope,
 Their shadows more clear float by; 115
 The sound of their oceans, the light of their
 sky,

The music and fragrance their solitudes
 breathe.

Burst, like morning on dream, or like Heaven
 on death,

Through the walls of our prison;
 And Greece, which was dead, is arisen! 120

¹ Ottoman, Turkish.

CHORUS

The world's great age begins anew,
 The golden years return,
 The earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds outworn;
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires
 gleam,
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream. 125

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
 From waves serener far;
 A new Peneus ¹ rolls his fountains
 Against the morning star. 130
 Where fairer Tempes ² bloom, there sleep
 Young Cyclads ³ on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo ⁴ cleaves the main,
 Fraught with a later prize;
 Another Orpheus sings again, 135
 And loves, and weeps, and dies.
 A new Ulysses leaves once more
 Calypso ⁵ for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
 If earth Death's scroll must be! 140
 Nor mix with Laian ⁶ rage the joy
 Which dawns upon the free;
 Although a subtler Sphinx renew
 Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise, 145
 And to remoter time
 Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
 The splendor of its prime;
 And leave, if nought so bright may live,
 All earth can take or Heaven can give. 150

Saturn and Love their long repose
 Shall burst, more bright and good
 Than all who fell, than One who rose,
 Than many unsubdued;
 Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
 But votive tears and symbol flowers. 156

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
 Cease! must men kill and die?
 Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
 Of bitter prophecy. 160
 The world is weary of the past,
 Oh, might it die or rest at last!

1821.

¹ A river in Greece.² Beautiful vales.³ Cyclades, islands in the Ægean.⁴ The ship in which Jason and his Argonauts sailed to Colchis to get the golden fleece.⁵ The nymph who detained Ulysses on her island when he was returning from Troy.⁶ Referring to Laius, King of Thebes, husband of Jocasta. It was fated that his son Œdipus, who solved the riddle of the Sphinx, should kill him and marry Jocasta.

TO —

I

One word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdained
 For thee to disdain it;
 One hope is too like despair
 For prudence to smother,
 And pity from thee more dear
 Than that from another.

2

I can give not what men call love
 But wilt thou accept not 10
 The worship the heart lifts above
 And the Heavens reject not; —
 The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar 15
 From the sphere of our sorrow?

1821.

LINES: WHEN THE LAMP IS
SHATTERED

I

When the lamp is shattered,
 The light in the dust lies dead;
 When the cloud is scattered,
 The rainbow's glory is shed.
 When the lute is broken, 5
 Sweet tones are remembered not;
 When the lips have spoken,
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

2

As music and splendor
 Survive not the lamp and the lute, 10
 The heart's echoes render
 No song when the spirit is mute:
 No song but sad dirges,
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,
 Or the mournful surges 15
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.

3

When hearts have once mingled,
 Love first leaves the well-built nest;
 The weak one is singled
 To endure what it once possessed. 20
 O Love! who bewailest
 The frailty of all things here,
 Why choose you the frailest
 For your cradle, your home, and your
 bier?

4

Its passions will rock thee, 25
 As the storms rock the ravens on high;
 Bright reason will mock thee,
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.
 From thy nest every rafter
 Will rot, and thine eagle home 30
 Leave thee naked to laughter,
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.

1822.

A DIRGE

Rough wind, that moanest loud
 Grief too sad for song;
 Wild wind, when sullen cloud
 Knells all the night long;
 Sad storm, whose tears are vain, 5
 Bare woods, whose branches strain,
 Deep caves and dreary main, —
 Wail, for the world's wrong!

1822.

JOHN KEATS (1795–1821)

John Keats, poet of beauty like his avowed master Spenser, was born in London, October 29, 1795. His father kept the livery-stable of an inn; his mother was the innkeeper's daughter. He received his schooling at Mr. Clarke's private school in Enfield, where he became deeply attached to the headmaster's son, Charles Cowden Clarke.

In 1804 Keats's father died; in 1810, his mother. The young poet, an orphan at fifteen, was taken from school by his guardians and apprenticed to a surgeon. He remained a surgeon's apprentice almost five years, developing more than usual skill in his profession. What was important during these years, however, was his continued friendship with Clarke, whose influence upon Keats's literary tastes was strong. Through him Keats became acquainted with Spenser and Chapman and other poets of the past; and from them came his own determination to be a poet.

In 1814 Keats moved to London to study medicine in a hospital. But he continued the practice, begun in Enfield, of writing verses. In the next two or three years he met, through Clarke, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, and other writers. In 1816 he contributed some poems to Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*; and in 1817 his medical career came definitely to an end with the publication of his first volume, *Poems*. The book caused little stir, except among his friends. In the following year he published *Endymion*. This brought forth a torrent of abusive and savage criticism, especially from *Blackwood's Magazine* and *The Quarterly Review*. The attack did not hurt Keats as deeply as commentators once thought. He knew as well as any one what the faults of his poem were. The simple fact was, he stated later, that *Endymion* was as good as he could make it then, and he thought it best to let the poem go forth as it was, rather than to torture it and himself by trying fruitlessly to improve it at the time. The reference in the reviews to his being a cockney, Keats ignored.

What did harass Keats was the beginnings of hereditary consumption. A vacation trip to the Lakes and Scotland had helped the fever and the hemorrhages very little; and close upon his return to Hampstead in the fall of 1818 there followed not only the bitter reviews of his second volume, but likewise his first meeting with Fanny Brawne, with whom he fell hopelessly in love, and the death from consumption of his brother Tom.

In the face of all this, Keats did his greatest work. During the next eighteen months, though racked by disease and torn by his love for Fanny Brawne, but tenderly cared for by his friends, Keats composed most of the poems that have made him immortal. These he published in his third and last volume, *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and other Poems*, in July, 1820.

The kindness and nursing of the Hunts and Mrs. Brawne and Fanny brought him much ease and comfort, but no permanent relief. In September, with his friend Severn, he set sail for the milder climate of Italy. After a valiant struggle, but, towards the end, yearning for death to come, he died in Rome, February 23, 1821, and was buried three days later in the Protestant cemetery, near the tomb of Caius Cestius.

Keats is the poet of sensuous beauty. While his verse comes perilously near at times to mere sensuousness, his best poems exemplify his belief that ultimate truth may be arrived at through the senses. The truth behind the experience, not the sensation itself, is what counts. Keats, accordingly, has more thought in his poems than is generally admitted.

To Keats truth is beauty, and the effect of beauty is joy. By the magic of his imagination he produced a world of glamour, but a world that is true nevertheless. He is preëminently the artist, seeking perfection of form. In his best poems he achieved it.

Good one-volume editions of Keats are the Oxford (Oxford University Press), the Globe (Macmillan), and the Cambridge (Houghton Mifflin Company). The Standard biographies are by Sidney Colvin in the English Men of Letters Series and by Amy Lowell (Houghton Mifflin Company).

SONNET

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER¹
 Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told⁵
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his
 demesne:

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;¹⁰
 Or like stout Cortez² when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

1815.

TO MY BROTHERS³

Small, busy flames play through the fresh
 laid coals,

And their faint cracklings o'er our silence
 creep

Like whispers of the household gods that
 keep

A gentle empire o'er fraternal souls.

And while, for rhymes, I search around the
 poles,⁵

Your eyes are fixed, as in poetic sleep,

Upon the lore so voluble and deep,

That aye at fall of night our care condoles.

This is your birth-day Tom,⁴ and I rejoice

That thus it passes smoothly, quietly.¹⁰

Many such eves of gently whisp'ring noise

May we together pass, and calmly try

What are this world's true joys, — ere the
 great voice,

From its fair face, shall bid our spirits fly.

November 18, 1816.

PROEM TO ENDYMION

This poem is Keats's version of the story of
 Endymion, the beautiful boy, in love with the
 goddess of the moon.

BOOK I

PROEM

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
 Its loveliness increases; it will never

¹ Written early one autumn morning after sitting up
 all night reading Chapman's translation of Homer with
 his friend Clarke.

² It was, of course, Balboa who discovered the Pacific.

³ George, two years younger than the poet, and Thomas,
 three years younger.

⁴ Thomas died two years later, December, 1818.
 Keats nursed him through his illness.

Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
 breathing.⁵

Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreath-
 ing

A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
 Made for our searching: yes, in spite of
 all,¹¹

Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the
 moon,

Trees old, and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep; and such are daffodils¹⁵
 With the green world they live in; and clear
 rills

That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season; the mid forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose
 blooms:

And such too is the grandeur of the dooms²⁰
 We have imagined for the mighty dead;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences²⁵
 For one short hour; no, even as the trees
 That whisper round a temple become soon
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
 The passion poesy, glories infinite,
 Haunt us till they become a cheering light
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,³¹
 That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'er-
 cast,

They always must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
 Will trace the story of Endymion.³⁵
 The very music of the name has gone
 Into my being, and each pleasant scene
 Is growing fresh before me as the green
 Of our own vallies: so I will begin
 Now while I cannot hear the city's din;⁴⁰
 Now while the early budders are just new,
 And run in mazes of the youngest hue
 About old forests; while the willow trails
 Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
 Bring home increase of milk. And, as the
 year⁴⁵

Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
 My little boat, for many quiet hours,
 With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
 Many and many a verse I hope to write,
 Before the daisies, vermeil rimmed and white,

Hid in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees 51
Hum about globes of clover and sweet
peas,

I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finished: but let Autumn bold, 55
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.¹
And now at once, adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly
dress 60
My uncertain path with green, that I may
speed
Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed.

1817.

ROBIN HOOD

TO A FRIEND²

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years: 5
Many times have Winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases. 10

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivy shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh, 15
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon, 20
Or the seven stars³ to light you,
Or the polar ray⁴ to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan, 25
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent; 5 30

¹ Keats actually kept to this schedule, beginning the poem late in April and completing it late in November, 1817.

² J. H. Reynolds, who had sent him some poems on Robin Hood.

³ The Dipper.

⁴ The North Star.

⁵ In Sherwood Forest.

For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;¹
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw 35
Idling in the "grenè shawe;"²
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfed grave,
And if Marian should have 40
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dock-yard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas; 45
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her — strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is; yet let us sing
Honor to the old bow-string! 50
Honor to the bugle horn!
Honor to the woods unshorn!
Honor to the Lincoln green!
Honor to the archer keen!
Honor to tight Little John, 55
And the horse he rode upon!
Honor to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honor to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood clan! 60
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden³ try.

February, 1818.

STANZAS

I

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them, 5
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

2

In a drear-nighted December
Too happy, happy brook, 10
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,

¹ An outlaw, hero of a story once supposed to be Chaucer's.

² green wood.

³ song.

Never, never petting ¹ 15
About the frozen time.

3

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy? 20
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steel it,
Was never said in rhyme.

1818?

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN ²

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern? ³
Have ye tipped drink more fine 5
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood 10
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse ⁴ from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till 15
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old-sign
Sipping beverage divine, 20
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern, 25
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

1818.

FANCY

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;

¹ showing ill-humor.² Sent, along with *Robin Hood*, to his friend Reynolds.³ The famous rendezvous in London of the Elizabethan dramatists and poets.⁴ drink.

Then let winged Fancy wander 5
Through the thought still spread beyond her;
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use, 10
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloyes with tasting: What do then? 15
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled 20
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad, 25
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commissioned: — send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost; 30
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth, 35
With a still, mysterious stealth:
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it: — thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear; 40
Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And, in the same moment — hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw, 45
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst; 50
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep 55
Meagre from its celled sleep;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree 60
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest,

Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering, 65
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Every thing is spoil'd by use;
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new? 71
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where's the voice, however soft, 75
One would hear so very oft?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let, then, winged Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind: 80
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter¹
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide;
With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's,² when her zone 85
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid. — Break the
mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash; 90
Quickly break her prison-string,
And such joys as these she'll bring. —
Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

1818.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

I

St. Agnes' Eve³ — Ah, bitter chill it
was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-
cold;
The hare limped trembling through the
frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while
he told 5
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven, without
a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his
prayer he saith.

¹ Proserpine, Pluto's wife. ² Cupbearer of the gods.
³ St. Agnes' Day is January 21. The night before, according to tradition, is always extremely cold.

2

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy
man; 10
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his
knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot,
wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to
freeze,
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails: 15
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods
and mails.

3

Northward he turneth through a little
door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden
tongue 20
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
But no — already had his death-bell rung:
The joys of all his life were said and
sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among 25
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to
grieve.

4

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude
soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was
wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft, 30
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to
chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice
rests, 35
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-
wise on their breasts.

5

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting faerily
The brain, new-stuffed, in youth, with
triumphs gay 40
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady
there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry
day,

On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly
care,
As she had heard old dames full many times
declare. 45

6

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of de-
light,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright; 50
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily
white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they
desire. 54

7

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping
train
Pass by — she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier, 60
And back retired; not cooled by high dis-
dain,
But she saw not: her heart was elsewhere;
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of
the year.

8

She danced along with vague, regardless
eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and
short: 65
The hallowed hour was near at hand: she
sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the thronged
resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and
scorn, 69
Hoodwinked with faery fancy; all amorn,¹
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs² unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow
morn.

9

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the
moors,

¹ dead.

² On the anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Agnes,
a Roman virgin, two lambs were blessed while the *Agnus
Dei* (Lamb of God) was sung. The lambs were later
shorn and the wool made into cloth by nuns

Had come young Porphyro, with heart on
fire 75
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and
implores

All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all un-
seen; 80
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss — in
sooth such things have been.

10

He ventures in: let no buzzed whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous cita-
del:
For him, those chambers held barbarian
hordes, 85
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in
soul. 90

11

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's
flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond 94
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from
this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-
thirsty race!

12

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish
Hildebrand; 100
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and
land:
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a
whit
More tame for his gray hairs — Alas me!
flit!
Flit like a ghost away." — "Ah, Gossip¹
dear, 105
We're safe enough; here in this armchair sit,
And tell me how" — Good Saints! not
here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be
thy bier."

¹ Godmother.

13

He followed through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she muttered "Well-a — well-a-
day!" 111

He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said
he,

"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom 115
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving,
piously."

14

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve —
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and
Fays, 121

To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro! — St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
This very night: good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to
grieve." 126

15

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wond'rous riddle-
book, 130

As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she
told

His lady's purpose; and he scarce could
brook 1

Tears, at the thought of those enchant-
ments cold,

And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old. 135

16

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown
rose,

Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame
start:

"A cruel man and impious thou art: 140
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and
dream

Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I
deem

Thou canst not surely be the same that thou
didst seem."

1 check (used erroneously).

17

"I will not harm her, by all saints I
swear," 145

Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find
grace

When my weak voice shall whisper its last
prayer,

If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me by these tears; 150
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's
ears,

And beard them, though they be more fanged
than wolves and bears."

18

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard
thing, 155

Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight
toll;

Whose prayers for thee, each morn and
evening,

Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth
she bring

A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing, 160
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or
woe.

19

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy 165
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless
bride,

While legioned faeries paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-
eyed.

Never on such a night have lovers met, 170
Since Merlin paid his Demon 2 all the mon-
strous debt.

20

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the
Dame:

"All cates 3 and dainties shall be stored
there

Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambor
frame 3

Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to
spare, 175

1 Merlin, the son of a demon, was destroyed by Vivlen,
who used the magic that he had taught her. See Tenny-
son's *Merlin and Vivien*.

2 delicacies. 3 A drum-shaped embroidery frame.

For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
 On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
 Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel
 in prayer
 The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady
 wed,
 Or may I never leave my grave among the
 dead." 180

21

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
 The lover's endless minutes slowly passed;
 The Dame returned, and whispered in his
 ear
 To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
 From fright of dim espial. Safe at last, 185
 Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
 The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed and
 chaste;
 Where Porphyro took covert, pleased
 amain.¹
 His poor guide hurried back with agues in her
 brain.

22

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
 Old Angela was feeling for the stair; 191
 When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed
 maid,
 Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware:
 With silver taper's light, and pious care,
 She turned, and down the aged gossip
 led 195
 To a safe level matting.² Now prepare,
 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
 She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove
 frayed³ and fled.

23

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin 201
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
 No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side; 205
 As though a tongueless nightingale should
 swell
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled in
 her dell.

24

A casement high and triple-arched there
 was,
 All garlanded with carven imag'ries
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of
 knot-grass, 210

1 tremendously. 2 straw carpet. 3 frightened.

And diamonded with panes of quaint de-
 vice,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked
 wings;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand her-
 aldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazon-
 ings, 215
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood
 of queens and kings.

25

Full on this casement shone the wintry
 moon,
 And threw warm gules¹ on Madeline's
 fair breast,
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and
 boon;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together
 prest, 220
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
 She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven: — Porphyro grew
 faint:
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal
 taint. 225

26

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
 Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her
 knees: 230
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm
 is fled.

27

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly
 nest, 235
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she
 lay,
 Until the popped warmth of sleep op-
 pressed
 Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-
 day;
 Blissfully havened both from joy and
 pain; 240
 Clasped² like a missal³ where swart Pay-
 nims⁴ pray;

1 red (a term in heraldry). 2 Here, tightly shut.
 3 prayer-book. 4 Pagans.

Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud
again.

28

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress, ²⁴⁵
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he
bless,
And breathed himself: then from the closet
crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness, ²⁵⁰
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo! —
how fast she slept.

29

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguished, threw
thereon ²⁵⁵
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying
tone: ²⁶⁰
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise
is gone.

30

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a
heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and
gourd; ²⁶⁵
With jellies soother ¹ than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedared Leb-
anon. ²⁷⁰

31

These delicacies he heaped with glowing
hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume
light. — ²⁷⁵
“And now, my love, my seraph fair,
awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite: ²
¹ smoother. ² hermit; here, devoted follower.

Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth
ache.”

32

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved
arm ²⁸⁰
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains: — 'twas a midnight
charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight
gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies: ²⁸⁵
It seemed he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entailed in woofed phan-
tasies.

33

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, —
Tumultuous, — and, in chords that ten-
derest be, ²⁹⁰
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called “La belle dame sans
mercy:”
Close to her ear touching the melody; —
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft
moan:
He ceased — she panted quick — and sud-
denly ²⁹⁵
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-
sculptured stone.

34

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh
expelled ³⁰⁰
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many
a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would
keep;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous
eye, ³⁰⁵
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so
dreamingly.

35

“Ah, Porphyro!” said she, “but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine
ear,
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and
clear: ³¹⁰

How changed thou art! how pallid, chill,
and drear!

Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings
dear!

Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where
to go." 315

36

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep
repose;

Into her dream he melted, as the rose 320
Blendeth its odor with the violet, —
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind
blows

Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon
hath set.

37

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-
blown¹ sleet: 325

"This is no dream, my bride, my Made-
line!"

'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!

Porphyro will leave me here to fade and
pine. —

Cruel! what traitor could thee hither
bring? 330

I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing; —
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned
wing."

38

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely
bride!

Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest? 335
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and
vermeil² dyed?

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famished pilgrim, — saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy
nest 340

Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st
well

To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

39

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:

¹ wind-blown.

² vermillion.

Arise — arise! the morning is at hand: — 345
The bloated wassailers will never heed: —
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see, —
Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy
mead:

Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be, 350
For o'er the southern moors I have a home
for thee."

40

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready
spears —

Down the wide stairs a darkling way they
found. — 355

In all the house was heard no human
sound.

A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by
each door;

The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and
hound,

Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty
floor. 360

41

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide
hall;

Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:

The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook
his hide, 365

But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide: —

The chains lie silent on the footworn
stones; —

The key turns, and the door upon its hinges
groans.

42

And they are gone: aye, ages long ago 370
These lovers fled away into the storm.

That night the Baron dreamt of many a
woe,

And all his warrior-guests, with shade and
form

Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-
worm,

Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face
deform; 376

The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes
cold.

ODE

Keats wrote the poem in his copy of Beaumont and Fletcher, on the blank page before *The Fair Maid of the Inn*.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new?
Yes, and those of heaven commune 5
With the spheres of sun and moon;
With the noise of fountains wond'rous
And the parle of voices thund'rous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease 10
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got 15
Perfume which on earth is not;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth;
Philosophic numbers smooth; 20
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you 25
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumbered, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week; 30
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what maim.
Thus ye teach us, every day, 35
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new! 40
1819.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

I

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our
rhyme:

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy
shape 5
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens
loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild
ecstasy? 10

2

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play
on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not
leave 15
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou
kiss,
Though winning near the goal — yet, do not
grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not
thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair! 20

3

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new.
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed, 26
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and
cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching
tongue. 30

4

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands
drest?
What little town by river or sea shore, 35
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return. 40

5

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
i braid, embroidery.

With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of
thought

As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral! 45

When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou
say'st,

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' — that is
all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to
know. 50

1819.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

I

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness
pains

My sense, as though of hemlock¹ I had
drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had
sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot, 5
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the
trees,

In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated
ease. 10

2

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-
burnt mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm South, 15
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,²
With beaded bubbles winking at the
brim,

And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world
unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest
dim: 20

3

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never
known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other
groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray
hairs, 25

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin,
and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous
eyes,

Or new Love pine at them beyond to-
morrow. 30

4

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,³
But on the viewless² wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and re-
tards:

Already with thee! tender is the night, 35
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her
throne,

Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes
blown

Through verdurous glooms and winding
mossy ways. 40

5

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the
boughs,

But, in embalmed³ darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree
wild; 45

White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglan-
tine;

Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,

The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on sum-
mer eves. 50

6

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused
rhyme,

To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die, 55
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul
abroad

In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in
vain —

To thy high requiem become a sod. 60

1 leopards, 2 invisible, 3 fragrant.

¹ poison.

² The Muses' fountain on Helicon,

7

Thou wast not born for death, immortal
Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a
path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick
for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;¹
The same that oft-times hath

Charmed magic casements, opening on the
foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. 70

8

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell

To toll me back from thee to my sole self!

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well

As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades 75

Past the near meadows, over the still
stream,

Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried
deep

In the next valley-glades:

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?

Fled is that music:—Do I wake or
sleep? 80

May, 1819.

ODE ON MELANCHOLY

No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist

Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous
wine;

Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed

By nightshade, ruby grape of Prosper-
pine;²

Make not your rosary of yew-berries, 5

Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche,³ nor the downy

owl

A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;

For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And down the wakeful anguish of the

soul. 10

But when the melancholy fit shall fall

Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,

That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,

And hides the green hill in an April shroud;

Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose, 15

Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,

Or on the wealth of globed peonies;

Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,

Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless
eyes. 20

She dwells with Beauty — Beauty that must
die;

And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips

Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,

Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:

Ay, in the very temple of Delight 25

Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,

Though seen of none save him whose
strenuous tongue

Can burst Joy's grape against his palate
fine;

His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,

And be among her cloudy trophies hung. 30

1819.

TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;

Conspiring with him how to load and bless

With fruit the vines that round the thatch-
eaves run;

To bend with apples the mossed cottage-
trees, 5

And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel
shells

With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,

And still more, later flowers for the bees,

Until they think warm days will never cease, 10

For Summer has lo'er-brimmed their
clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing
wind; 15

Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,

Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while
thy hook

Spares the next swath and all its twined
flowers:

And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep

Steady thy laden head across a brook; 20

Or by a cider-press, with patient look,

Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by
hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where
are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music
too, —

1 See Ruth, II. 2 Queen of the lower regions.

3 The soul, often symbolized by the butterfly.

While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying
 day, 25
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy
 hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river salallows,¹ borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly
 bourn;² 30
 Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble
 soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-
 croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the
 skies.

1819.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

Keats took the title of the poem, "The Beautiful Lady without Pity," from an old French poem by Alain Chartier, which he probably knew through a translation that was once ascribed to Chaucer. The two poems are alike only in title.

"Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
 Alone and palely loitering?
 The sedge has withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

"Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight, 5
 So haggard and so woe-begone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

"I see a lily on thy brow
 With anguish moist and fever-dew, 10
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withereth too."

"I met a lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful — a faery's child;
 Her hair was long, her foot was light, 15
 And her eyes were wild.

"I set her on my pacing steed,
 And nothing else saw all day long;
 For sideways would she lean, and sing
 A faery's song. 20

"I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
 She looked at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan.

"She found me roots of relish sweet, 25
 And honey wild and manna-dew;

1 willows.

2 country.

And sure in language strange she said,
 'I love thee true.'

"She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she gazed and sighed deep, 30
 And there I shut her wild, sad eyes —
 So kissed to sleep.

"And there we slumbered on the moss,
 And there I dreamed — ah! woe betide! —
 The latest dream I ever dreamed 35
 On the cold hill side.

"I saw pale kings, and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all:
 They cried — 'La belle Dame sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall!' 40

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam
 With horrid warning gaped wide,
 And I awoke, and found me here
 On the cold hill side.

"And this is why I sojourn here 45
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing."

April-May, 1819.

TWO SONNETS ON FAME

I

Fame, like a wayward Girl, will still be coy
 To those who woo her with too slavish
 knees,
 But makes surrender to some thoughtless
 Boy,
 And dotes the more upon a heart at ease;
 She is a Gipsy, will not speak to those 5
 Who have not learned to be content with-
 out her;
 A Jilt, whose ear was never whispered close,
 Who thinks they scandal her who talk
 about her;
 A very Gipsy is she, Nilus-born,¹
 Sister-in-law to jealous Potiphar;² 10
 Ye love-sick Bards, repay her scorn for scorn,
 Ye Artists lovelorn, madmen that ye are!
 Make your best bow to her and bid adieu,
 Then, if she likes it, she will follow you.

2

"You cannot eat your cake and have it too." — Proverb.
 How fevered is the man, who cannot look 15
 Upon his mortal days with temperate
 blood,

1 Gypsies were supposed to come from Egypt.

2 One of Pharaoh's officers, whose wife loved Joseph.

Who vexes all the leaves of his life's book,
 And robs his fair name of its maidenhood;
 It is as if the rose should pluck herself,
 Or the ripe plum finger its misty bloom, 20
 As if a Naiad, like a meddling elf,
 Should darken her pure grot with muddy
 gloom;

But the rose leaves herself upon the briar,
 For winds to kiss and grateful bees to
 feed,

And the ripe plum still wears its dim at-
 tire, 25

The undisturbed lake has crystal space;
 Why then should man, teasing the world
 for grace,

Spoil his salvation for a fierce miscreed?

1819.

TO SLEEP

O soft embalmer of the still midnight,
 Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
 Our gloom-pleased eyes, embowered from the
 light,

Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:

O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close 5

In midst of this thine hymn my willing eyes,

Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws

Around my bed its lulling charities.

Then save me, or the passed day will shine

Upon my pillow, breeding many woes, — 10

Save me from curious Conscience, that
 still lords

Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a
 mole;

Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,

And seal the hushed Casket of my Soul.

1819.

SONNET

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO SENT ME A

LAUREL CROWN

Fresh morning gusts have blown away all
 fear

From my glad bosom, — now from gloom-
 iness

I mount for ever — not an atom less

Than the proud laurel shall content my bier.

No! by the eternal stars! or why sit here 5

In the Sun's eye, and 'gainst my temples
 press

Apollo's very leaves, woven to bless

By thy white fingers and thy spirit clear.

Lo! who dares say, "Do this?" Who dares
 call down

My will from its high purpose? Who say,
 "Stand," 10

Or "Go?" This mighty moment I would
 frown

On abject Cæsars — not the stoutest band
 Of mailed heroes should tear off my crown:

Yet would I kneel and kiss thy gentle hand!

1819?

LAMIA

Keats himself added the following quotation
 from Burton as a note to the poem:

"Philostratus, in his fourth book *de Vita Apollonii*, hath a memorable instance in this kind, which I may not omit, of one Menippus Lycius, a young man twenty-five years of age, that going betwixt Cenchreas and Corinth, met such a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which, taking him by the hand, carried him home to her house, in the suburbs of Corinth, and told him she was a Phœnician by birth, and if he would tarry with her, he should hear her sing and play, and drink such wine as never any drank, and no man should molest him; but she, being fair and lovely, would live and die with him, that was fair and lovely to behold. The young man, a philosopher, otherwise staid and discreet, able to moderate his passions, though not this of love, tarried with her a while to his great content, and at last married her, to whose wedding, amongst other guests, came Apollonius; who, by some probable conjectures, found her out to be a serpent, a lamia; and that all her furniture was, like Tantalus' gold, described by Homer, no substance but mere illusions. When she saw herself descried, she wept, and desired Apollonius to be silent, but he would not be moved, and thereupon she, plate, house, and all that was in it, vanished in an instant: many thousands took notice of this fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece." (Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part 3. Sect. 2. Memb. 1. Subs. 1.)

PART I

Upon a time, before the faery broods
 Drove Nymph and Satyr from the prosper-
 ous woods,

Before king Oberon's bright diadem,
 Sceptre, and mantle, clasped with dewy gem,
 Frighted away the Dryads and the Fauns 5
 From rushes green, and brakes, and cow-
 slipped lawns,

The ever-smitten Hermes empty left
 His golden throne, bent warm on amorous
 theft:

From high Olympus had he stolen light,
 On this side of Jove's clouds, to escape the
 sight 10

Of his great summoner, and made retreat
 Into a forest on the shores of Crete.

For somewhere in that sacred island dwelt
 A nymph, to whom all hoofed Satyrs knelt;

At whose white feet the languid Tritons
poured 15
Pearls, while on land they withered and
adored.

Fast by the springs where she to bathe was
wont,

And in those meads where sometime she
might haunt,

Were strewn rich gifts, unknown to any
Muse,

Though Fancy's casket were unlocked to
choose. 20

Ah, what a world of love was at her feet!

So Hermes thought, and a celestial heat

Burnt from his winged heels to either ear,

That from a whiteness, as the lily clear,

Blushed into roses 'mid his golden hair, 25

Fallen in jealous curls about his shoulders
bare.

From vale to vale, from wood to wood, he
flew,

Breathing upon the flowers his passion new,

And wound with many a river to its head,

To find where this sweet nymph prepared her
secret bed: 30

In vain; the sweet nymph might nowhere be
found,

And so he rested, on the lonely ground,

Pensive, and full of painful jealousies

Of the Wood-Gods, and even the very trees.

There as he stood, he heard a mournful
voice, 35

Such as once heard, in gentle heart, destroys

All pain but pity: thus the lone voice spake:

"When from this wreathed tomb shall I
awake!

When move in a sweet body fit for life,

And love, and pleasure, and the ruddy
strife 40

Of hearts and lips! Ah, miserable me!"

The God, dove-footed, glided silently

Round bush and tree, soft-brushing, in his
speed,

The taller grasses and full-flowering weed,

Until he found a palpitating snake, 45

Bright, and cirque-couchant¹ in a dusky
brake.

She was a gordian² shape of dazzling hue,

Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;

Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,

Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson barred;

And full of silver moons, that, as she
breathed, 51

Dissolved, or brighter shone, or inter-
wreathed

Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries³

So rainbow-sided, touched with miseries,

She seemed, at once, some penanced lady
elf, 55

Some demon's mistress, or the demon's self.

Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire

Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar:¹

Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter-sweet!

She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls
complete: 60

And for her eyes: what could such eyes do
there

But weep; and weep, that they were born so
fair?

As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air.

Her throat was serpent, but the words she
spake

Came, as through bubbling honey, for Love's
sake, 65

And thus; while Hermes on his pinions lay,
Like a stooped falcon ere he takes his prey.

"Fair Hermes, crowned with feathers,
fluttering light,

I had a splendid dream of thee last night:

I saw thee sitting, on a throne of gold, 70

Among the Gods, upon Olympus old,

The only sad one; for thou didst not hear

The soft, lute-fingered Muses chaunting clear,

Nor even Apollo when he sang alone,

Deaf to his throbbing throat's long, long
melodious moan. 75

I dreamt I saw thee, robed in purple flakes,

Break amorous through the clouds, as morn-
ing breaks,

And, swiftly as a bright Phœbean² dart,

Strike for the Cretan isle; and here thou art!

Toð gentle Hermes, hast thou found the
maid?" 80

Whereat the star of Lethe³ not delayed

His rosy eloquence, and thus inquired:

"Thou smooth-lipped serpent, surely high
inspired!

Thou beauteous wreath, with melancholy
eyes,

Possess whatever bliss thou canst devise, 85

Telling me only where my nymph is fled, —

Where she doth breathe!" "Bright planet,
thou hast said,"

Returned the snake, "but seal with oaths,
fair God!"

"I swear," said Hermes, "by my serpent rod,

And by thine eyes, and by thy starry crown!"

Light flew his earnest words, among the
blossoms blown. 91

¹ The tiara of the seven stars, which later became a constellation, given to Ariadne by Bacchus.

² Of Apollo.

³ i.e. Hermes, who guided souls to Hades.

¹ coiled.

² like the Gordian Knot.

Then thus again the brilliance feminine:
 "Too frail of heart! for this lost nymph of
 thine,

Free as the air, invisibly, she strays
 About these thornless wilds; her pleasant
 days

She tastes unseen; unseen her nimble feet
 Leave traces in the grass and flowers sweet;
 From weary tendrils, and bowed branches
 green,

She plucks the fruit unseen, she bathes un-
 seen:

And by my power is her beauty veiled 100
 To keep it unaffronted, unassailed
 By the love-glances of unlovely eyes,
 Of Satyrs, Fauns, and bleared Silenus' sighs.
 Pale grew her immortality, for woe
 Of all these lovers, and she grieved so 105
 I took compassion on her, bade her steep
 Her hair in weird syrops, that would keep
 Her loveliness invisible, yet free
 To wander as she loves, in liberty.

Thou shalt behold her, Hermes, thou
 alone, 110
 If thou wilt, as thou swearest, grant my
 boon!"

Then, once again, the charmed God began
 An oath, and through the serpent's ears it ran
 Warm, tremulous, devout, psalterian.
 Ravished, she lifted her Circean head, 115
 Blushed a live damask, and swift-lipping
 said,

"I was a woman, let me have once more
 A woman's shape, and charming as before.
 I love a youth of Corinth — O the bliss!
 Give me my woman's form, and place me
 where he is. 120

Stoop, Hermes, let me breathe upon thy
 brow,
 And thou shalt see thy sweet nymph even
 now."

The God on half-shut feathers sank serene,
 She breathed upon his eyes, and swift was
 seen

Of both the guarded nymph near-smiling on
 the green. 125

It was no dream; or say a dream it was,
 Real are the dreams of Gods, and smoothly
 pass

Their pleasures in a long immortal dream.
 One warm, flushed moment, hovering, it
 might seem

Dashed by the wood-nymph's beauty, so he
 burned; 130

Then, lighting on the printless verdure,
 turned

To the swooned serpent, and with languid
 arm,

Delicate, put to proof the lithe Caducean¹
 charm.

So done, upon the nymph his eyes he bent
 Full of adoring tears and blandishment, 135
 And towards her steep: she, like a moon in
 wane,

Faded before him, cowered, nor could re-
 strain

Her fearful sobs, self-folding like a flower
 That faints into itself at evening hour:
 But the God fostering her chilled hand, 140
 She felt the warmth, her eyelids opened
 bland,

And, like new flowers at morning song of
 bees,

Bloomed, and gave up her honey to the lees.
 Into the green-recessed woods they flew;
 Nor grew they pale, as mortal lovers do. 145

Left to herself, the serpent now began
 To change; her elfin blood in madness ran,
 Her mouth foamed, and the grass, therewith
 besprent,²

Withered at dew so sweet and virulent;
 Her eyes in torture fixed, and anguish
 drear, 150

Hot, glazed, and wide, with lid-lashes all
 sear,

Flashed phosphor and sharp sparks, without
 one cooling tear.

The colors all inflamed throughout her train,
 She writhed about, convulsed with scarlet
 pain:

A deep volcanian yellow took the place 155
 Of all her milder-mooned body's grace;
 And, as the lava ravishes the mead,
 Spoilt all her silver mail, and golden brede;
 Made gloom of all her frecklings, streaks and
 bars,

Eclipsed her crescents, and licked up her
 stars: 160

So that, in moments few, she was undrest
 Of all her sapphires, greens, and amethyst,
 And rubious-argent: of all these bereft,
 Nothing but pain and ugliness were left.

Still shone her crown; that vanished, also
 she 165

Melted and disappeared as suddenly;
 And in the air, her new voice luting soft,
 Cried, "Lycius! gentle Lycius!" — Borne
 aloft

With the bright mists about the mountains
 hoar

These words dissolved: Crete's forests heard
 no more. 170

¹ The staff or wand of Hermes (Mercury) was called a caduceus. "Lithe" suggests the snakes that entwined the staff.

² sprinkled.

Whither fled Lamia, now a lady bright,
 A full-born beauty new and exquisite?
 She fled into that valley they pass o'er
 Who go to Corinth from Cenchreas shore;
 And rested at the foot of those wild hills, 175
 The rugged founts of the Peræan rills,
 And of that other ridge whose barren back
 Stretches, with all its mist and cloudy rack,
 South-westward to Cleone. There she stood
 About a young bird's flutter from a wood, 180
 Fair, on a sloping green of mossy tread,
 By a clear pool, wherein she passioned
 To see herself escaped from so sore ills,
 While her robes flaunted with the daffodils.

Ah, happy Lycius! — for she was a maid
 More beautiful than ever twisted braid, 186
 Or sighed, or blushed, or on spring-flowered
 lea

Spread a green kirtle to the minstrelsy:
 A virgin purest lipped, yet in the lore
 Of love deep learned to the red heart's core:
 Not one hour old, yet of sciential brain 191
 To unperplex bliss from its neighbor pain;
 Define their pettish limits, and estrange
 Their points of contact, and swift counter-
 change;

Intrigue with the specious chaos, and dis-
 part 195

Its most ambiguous atoms with sure art;
 As though in Cupid's college she had spent
 Sweet days a lovely graduate, still un-
 shent,¹

And kept his rosy terms in idle languish-
 ment.

Why this fair creature chose so faerily 200
 By the wayside to linger, we shall see;
 But first 'tis to tell how she could muse
 And dream, when in the serpent prison-
 house,

Of all she list, strange or magnificent:
 How, ever, where she willed, her spirit
 went; 205

Whether to faint Elysium, or where
 Down through tress-lifting waves the Nereids
 fair

Wind into Thetis' bower by many a pearly
 stair;

Or where God Bacchus drains his cups divine,
 Stretched out, at ease, beneath a glutinous
 pine; 210

Or where in Pluto's gardens palatine²
 Mulciber's³ columns gleam in far piazzan
 line.

And sometimes into cities she would send
 Her dream, with feast and rioting to blend;

1 blameless.

2 palatial.

3 Vulcan's.

And once, while among mortals dreaming
 thus, 215

She saw the young Corinthian Lycius
 Charioting foremost in the envious race,
 Like a young Jove with calm uneager face,
 And fell into a swooning love of him.

Now on the moth-time of that evening
 dim 220

He would return that way, as well she knew,
 To Corinth from the shore; for freshly blew
 The eastern soft wind, and his galley now
 Grated the quaystones with her brazen prow
 In port Cenchreas, from Egina isle 225

Fresh anchored; whither he had been awhile
 To sacrifice to Jove, whose temple there
 Waits with high marble doors for blood and
 incense rare.

Jove heard his vows, and bettered his desire;
 For by some freakful chance he made retire
 From his companions, and set forth to
 walk, 231

Perhaps grown wearied of their Corinth talk:
 Over the solitary hills he fared,
 Thoughtless at first, but ere eve's star ap-
 peared

His phantasy was lost, where reason fades,
 In the calmed twilight of Platonic shades. 236

Lamia beheld him coming, near, more near —
 Close to her passing, in indifference drear,
 Her silent sandals swept the mossy green;
 So neighbored to him, and yet so unseen 240
 She stood: he passed, shut up in mysteries,
 His mind wrapped like his mantle, while her
 eyes

Followed his steps, and her neck regal white
 Turned — syllabing thus, "Ah, Lycius
 bright,

And will you leave me on the hills alone? 245
 Lycius, look back! and be some pity shown."

He did; not with cold wonder fearfully,
 But Orpheus-like at an Eurydice;
 For so delicious were the words she sung,
 It seemed he had loved them a whole summer
 long; 250

And soon his eyes had drunk her beauty up,
 Leaving no drop in the bewildering cup,
 And still the cup was full, — while he, afraid
 Lest she should vanish ere his lip had paid
 Due adoration, thus began to adore; 255
 Her soft look growing coy, she saw his chain
 so sure:

"Leave thee alone! Look back! Ah, God-
 dess, see

Whether my eyes can ever turn from thee!
 For pity do not this sad heart belie —
 Even as thou vanishest so shall I die. 260
 Stay! though a Naiad of the rivers, stay!
 To thy far wishes will thy streams obey:

Stay! though the greenest woods be thy
domain,

Alone they can drink up the morning rain:
Though a descended Pleiad, will not one 265
Of thine harmonious sisters keep in tune
Thy spheres, and as thy silver proxy shine?
So sweetly to these ravished ears of mine
Came thy sweet greeting, that if thou
shouldst fade

Thy memory will waste me to a shade: — 270
For pity do not melt!" — "If I should stay,"
Said Lamia, "here, upon this floor of clay,
And pain my steps upon these flowers too
rough,

What canst thou say or do of charm enough
To dull the nice remembrance of my home?
Thou canst not ask me with thee here to
roam 276

Over these hills and vales, where no joy is, —
Empty of immortality and bliss!
Thou art a scholar, Lycius, and must know
That finer spirits cannot breathe below 280
In human climes, and live: Alas! poor youth,
What taste of purer air hast thou to soothe
My essence? What serener palaces,
Where I may all my many senses please,
And by mysterious sleights a hundred thirsts
appease? 285

It cannot be — Adieu!" So said, she rose
Tiptoe with white arms spread. He, sick to
lose

The amorous promise of her lone complain,
Swooned, murmuring of love, and pale with
pain.

The cruel lady, without any show 290
Of sorrow for her tender favorite's woe,
But rather, if her eyes could brighter be,
With brighter eyes and slow amenity,
Put her new lips to his, and gave afresh
The life she had so tangled in her mesh: 295
And as he from one trance was wakening
Into another, she began to sing,
Happy in beauty, life, and love, and every
thing,

A song of love, too sweet for earthly lyres,
While, like held breath, the stars drew in their
panting fires. 300

And then she whispered in such trembling
tone,

As those who, safe together met alone
For the first time through many anguished
days,

Use other speech than looks; bidding him
raise

His drooping head, and clear his soul of
doubt, 305

For that she was a woman, and without
Any more subtle fluid in her veins

Than throbbing blood, and that the self-same
pains

Inhabited her frail-strung heart as his.
And next she wondered how his eyes could
miss 310

Her face so long in Corinth, where, she said,
She dwelt but half retired, and there had led
Days happy as the gold coin could invent
Without the aid of love; yet in content
Till she saw him, as once she passed him
by, 315

Where 'gainst a column he lent thoughtfully
At Venus' temple porch, 'mid baskets heaped
Of amorous herbs and flowers, newly reaped
Late on that eve, as 'twas the night before
The Adonian feast¹; whereof she saw no
more, 320

But wept alone those days, for why should
she adore?

Lycius from death awoke into amaze,
To see her still, and singing so sweet lays:
Then from amaze into delight he fell
To hear her whisper woman's lore so well; 325
And every word she spake enticed him on
To unperplexed delight and pleasure known.
Let the mad poets say whate'er they please
Of the sweets of Faeries, Peris, Goddesses,
There is not such a treat among them all, 330
Haunters of cavern, lake, and waterfall,
As a real woman, lineal indeed
From Pyrrha's² pebbles or old Adam's seed.
Thus gentle Lamia judged, and judged aright,
That Lycius could not love in half a fright,
So threw the goddess off, and won his
heart 336

More pleasantly by playing woman's part,
With no more awe than what her beauty
gave,

That, while it smote, still guaranteed to save.
Lycius to all made eloquent reply, 340
Marrying to every word a twinborn sigh;
And last, pointing to Corinth, asked her
sweet,

If 'twas too far that night for her soft feet.
The way was short, for Lamia's eagerness
Made, by a spell, the triple league de-
crease 345

To a few paces; not at all surmised
By blinded Lycius, so in her comprised.
They passed the city gates, he knew not how,
So noiseless, and he never thought to know.

As men talk in a dream, so Corinth all, 350
Throughout her palaces imperial,

¹ In honor of Adonis, the beautiful boy beloved of Venus.

² According to legend, Pyrrha and her husband Deucalion, after the flood, scattered pebbles, from which the new race of man grew.

And all her populous streets and temples
 lewd,
 Muttered, like tempest in the distance
 brewed,
 To the wide-spreaded night above her towers.
 Men, women, rich and poor, in the cool
 hours, 355
 Shuffled their sandals o'er the pavement
 white,
 Companioned or alone; while many a light
 Flared, here and there, from wealthy festi-
 vals,
 And threw their moving shadows on the
 walls,
 Or found them clustered in the corniced
 shade 360
 Of some arched temple door, or dusky colon-
 nade.

Muffling his face, of greeting friends in
 fear,
 Her fingers he pressed hard, as one came near
 With curled gray beard, sharp eyes, and
 smooth bald crown,
 Slow-stepped, and robed in philosophic
 gown: 365
 Lycius shrank closer, as they met and past,
 Into his mantle, adding wings to haste,
 While hurried Lamia trembled: "Ah," said
 he,
 "Why do you shudder, love, so ruefully?
 Why does your tender palm dissolve in
 dew?" — 370
 "I'm wearied," said fair Lamia: "tell me
 who
 Is that old man? I cannot bring to mind
 His features: — Lycius! wherefore did you
 blind
 Yourself from his quick eyes?" Lycius
 replied,
 "'Tis Apollonius sage, my trusty guide 375
 And good instructor; but to-night he seems
 The ghost of folly haunting my sweet
 dreams."

While yet he spake they had arrived before
 A pillared porch, with lofty portal door,
 Where hung a silver lamp, whose phosphor
 glow 380
 Reflected in the slabbed steps below,
 Mild as a star in water; for so new,
 And so unsullied was the marble's hue,
 So through the crystal polish, liquid fine,
 Ran the dark veins, that none but feet
 divine 385
 Could e'er have touched there. Sounds
 Æolian¹

¹ As from an Æolian harp, played by the wind.

Breathed from the hinges, as the ample span
 Of the wide doors disclosed a place unknown
 Some time to any, but those two alone,
 And a few Persian mutes, who that same
 year 390
 Were seen about the markets: none knew
 where
 They could inhabit; the most curious
 Were foiled, who watched to trace them to
 their house:
 And but the flitter-winged verse must tell,
 For truth's sake, what woe afterwards befel,
 'Twould humor many a heart to leave them
 thus, 396
 Shut from the busy world of more incredulous.

PART II

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
 Is — Love, forgive us! — cinders, ashes,
 dust;
 Love in a palace is perhaps at last
 More grievous torment than a hermit's
 fast: —
 That is a doubtful tale from faery land,
 Hard for the non-elect to understand.
 Had Lycius lived to hand his story down,
 He might have given the moral a fresh
 frown,
 Or clenched it quite: but too short was their
 bliss
 To breed distrust and hate, that make the
 soft voice hiss. 40
 Beside, there, nightly, with terrific glare,
 Love, jealous grown of so complete a pair,
 Hovered and buzzed his wings, with fearful
 roar,
 Above the lintel of their chamber door,
 And down the passage cast a glow upon the
 floor. 45

For all this came a ruin: side by side
 They were enthroned, in the even tide,
 Upon a couch, near to a curtaining
 Whose airy texture, from a golden string,
 Floated into the room, and let appear 46
 Unveiled the summer heaven, blue and clear,
 Betwixt two marble shafts; — there they
 reposed,
 Where use had made it sweet, with eyelids
 closed,
 Saving a tithe which love still open kept,
 That they might see each other while they
 almost slept; 48
 When from the slope side of a suburb hill,
 Deafening the swallow's twitter, came a
 thrill
 Of trumpets — Lycius started — the sounds
 fled,

But left a thought, a buzzing in his head.
For the first time, since first he harbored
in 30

That purple-lined palace of sweet sin,
His spirit passed beyond its golden bourn
Into the noisy world almost forsworn.
The lady, ever watchful, penetrant,
Saw this with pain, so arguing a want 35
Of something more, more than her empery
Of joys; and she began to moan and sigh
Because he mused beyond her, knowing well
That but a moment's thought is passion's
passing bell.

"Why do you sigh, fair creature?" whispered
he: 40

"Why do you think?" returned she tenderly:

"You have deserted me; — where am I now?
Not in your heart while care weighs on your
brow:

No; no, you have dismissed me; and I go
From your breast houseless: aye, it must be
so." 45

He answered, bending to her open eyes,
Where he was mirrored small in paradise,
"My silver planet, both of eve and morn!
Why will you plead yourself so sad forlorn,
While I am striving how to fill my heart 50
With deeper crimson, and a double smart?
How to entangle, trammel up and snare
Your soul in mine, and labyrinth you there
Like the hid scent in an unbudded rose?
Aye, a sweet kiss — you see your mighty
woes. 55

My thoughts! shall I unveil them? Listen
then!

What mortal hath a prize, that other men
May be confounded and abashed withal,
But lets it sometimes pace abroad majestic,
And triumph, as in thee I should rejoice 60
Amid the hoarse alarm of Corinth's voice.
Let my foes choke, and my friends shout afar,
While through the thronged streets your
bridal car

Wheels round its dazzling spokes." — The
lady's cheek

Trembled; she nothing said, but, pale and
meek, 65

Arose and knelt before him, wept a rain
Of sorrows at his words; at last with pain
Beseeching him, the while his hand she
wrung,

To change his purpose. He thereat was
stung,

Perverse, with stronger fancy to reclaim 70
Her wild and timid nature to his aim:
Besides, for all his love, in self despite,
Against his better self, he took delight

Luxurious in her sorrows, soft and new.
His passion, cruel grown, took on a hue 75
Fierce and sanguineous as 'twas possible
In one whose brow had no dark veins to
swell.

Fine was the mitigated fury, like
Apollo's presence when in act to strike
The serpent — Ha, the serpent! certes, she 80
Was none. She burnt, she loved the tyranny,
And, all subdued, consented to the hour
When to the bridal he should lead his para-
mour.

Whispering in midnight silence, said the
youth,

"Sure some sweet name thou hast, though,
by my truth, 85

I have not asked it, ever thinking thee
Not mortal, but of heavenly progeny,
As still I do. Hast any mortal name,
Fit appellation for this dazzling frame?
Or friends or kinsfolk on the citted earth, 90
To share our marriage feast and nuptial
mirth?"

"I have no friends," said Lamia, "no, not
one;

My presence in wide Corinth hardly known:
My parents' bones are in their dusty urns
Sepulchred, where no kindled incense burns,
Seeing all their luckless race are dead, save
me, 96

And I neglect the holy rite for thee.
Even as you list invite your many guests;
But if, as now it seems, your vision rests
With any pleasure on me, do not bid 100
Old Apollonius — from him keep me hid."
Lycius, perplexed at words so blind and
blank,

Made close inquiry; from whose touch she
shrank,

Feigning a sleep; and he to the dull shade
Of deep sleep in a moment was betrayed. 105

It was the custom then to bring away
The bride from home at blushing shut of day,
Veiled, in a chariot, heralded along
By strewn flowers, torches, and a marriage
song,
With other pageants: but this fair un-
known 110

Had not a friend. So being left alone,
(Lycius was gone to summon all his kin)
And knowing surely she could never win
His foolish heart from its mad pompousness,
She set herself, high-thoughted, how to
dress 115

The misery in fit magnificence.
She did so, but 'tis doubtful how and
whence

Came, and who were her subtle servitors.
About the halls, and to and from the doors,
There was a noise of wings, till in short
space 120

The glowing banquet-room shone with wide-
arched grace.

A haunting music, sole perhaps and lone
Supportress of the faery-roof, made moan
Throughout, as fearful the whole charm
might fade.

Fresh carved cedar, mimicking a glade 125
Of palm and plantain,¹ met from either side,
High in the midst, in honor of the bride:
Two palms and then two plantains, and so
on,

From either side their stems branched one
to one

All down the aisled place; and beneath all 130
There ran a stream of lamps straight on from
wall to wall,

So canopied, lay an untasted feast
Teeming with odors. Lamia, regal drest,
Silently paced about, and as she went,
In pale contented sort of discontent, 135
Missioned her viewless servants to enrich
The fretted splendor of each nook and niche.
Between the tree-stems, marbled plain at
first,

Came jasper pannels; then, anon, there burst
Forth creeping imagery of slighter trees, 140
And with the larger wove in small intricacies.
Approving all, she faded at self-will,
And shut the chamber up, close, hushed and
still,

Complete and ready for the revels rude,
When dreadful guests would come to spoil
her solitude. 145

The day appeared, and all the gossip rout.
O senseless Lycius! Madman! wherefore flout
The silent-blessing fate, warm cloistered
hours,
And show to common eyes these secret
bowers?

The herd approached; each guest, with busy
brain, 150

Arriving at the portal, gazed amain,
And entered marveling: for they knew the
street,

Remembered it from childhood all complete
Without a gap, yet ne'er before had seen
That royal porch, that high-built fair de-
mesne;² 155

So in they hurried all, mazed, curious and
keen:

Save one, who looked thereon with eye
severe,
And with calm-planted steps walked in
austere;

'Twas Apollonius: something too he laughed,
As though some knotty problem, that had
daft 160

His patient thought, had now begun to
thaw,

And solve and melt: — 'twas just as he fore-
saw.

He met within the murmurous vestibule
His young disciple. "'Tis no common rule,
Lycius," said he, "for uninvited guest 165
To force himself upon you, and infest
With an unbidden presence the bright
throng

Of younger friends; yet must I do this
wrong,

And you forgive me." Lycius blushed, and
led

The old man through the inner doors broad-
spread; 170

With reconciling words and courteous mien
Turning into sweet milk the sophist's spleen.

Of wealthy lustre was the banquet-room,
Filled with pervading brilliance and perfume:
Before each lucid pannel fuming stood 175
A censer fed with myrrh and spiced wood,
Each by a sacred tripod held aloft,
Whose slender feet wide-swerved upon the
soft

Wool-woofed carpets: fifty wreaths of smoke
From fifty censers their light voyage took 180
To the high roof, still mimicked as they rose
Along the mirrored walls by twin-clouds
odorous.

Twelve sphered tables, by silk seats in-
sphered,

High as the level of a man's breast reared
On libbard's¹ paws, upheld the heavy
gold 185

Of cups and goblets, and the store thrice told
Of Ceres' horn, and, in huge vessels, wine
Come from the gloomy tun with merry shine.
Thus loaded with a feast the tables stood,
Each shrining in the midst the image of a
God. 190

When in an antechamber every guest
Had felt the cold full sponge to pleasure
pressed,

By minist'ring slaves, upon his hands and
feet,

And fragrant oils with ceremony meet

¹ leopard's.

¹ A tropical tree, in its shape and in its fruit, something
like a banana tree.

² i.e., demain, estate.

Poured on his hair, they all moved to the
feast 195
In white robes, and themselves in order
placed
Around the silken couches, wondering
Whence all this mighty cost and blaze of
wealth could spring.

Soft went the music the soft air along,
While fluent Greek a voweled undersong 200
Kept up among the guests, discoursing low
At first, for scarcely was the wine at flow;
But when the happy vintage touched their
brains,
Louder they talk, and louder come the strains
Of powerful instruments:—the gorgeous
dyes, 205
The space, the splendor of the draperies,
The roof of awful richness, nectarous cheer,
Beautiful slaves, and Lamia's self, appear,
Now, when the wine has done its rosy deed,
And every soul from human trammels freed,
No more so strange; for merry wine, sweet
wine, 211
Will make Elysian shades not too fair, too
divine.
Soon was God Bacchus at meridian height;
Flushed were their cheeks, and bright eyes
double bright:
Garlands of every green, and every scent 215
From vales deflowered, or forest-trees
branch-rent,
In baskets of bright osiered gold were brought
High as the handles heaped, to suit the
thought
Of every guest; that each, as he did please,
Might fancy-fit his brows, silk-pillowed at
his ease. 220

What wreath for Lamia? What for
Lycius?
What for the sage, old Apollonius?
Upon her aching forehead be there hung
The leaves of willow and of adder's tongue¹;
And for the youth, quick, let us strip for
him 225
The thyrsus,² that his watching eyes may
swim
Into forgetfulness; and, for the sage,
Let spear-grass and the spiteful thistle wage
War on his temples. Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy? 230
There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
We know her woof, her texture; she is given
In the dull catalogue of common things.

Philosophy will clip an Angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line, 235
Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine —
Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
The tender-personed Lamia melt into a shade.

By her glad Lycius sitting, in chief place,
Scarce saw in all the room another face; 240
Till, checking his love trance, a cup he took
Full brimmed, and opposite sent forth a look
'Cross the broad table, to beseech a glance
From his old teacher's wrinkled countenance,
And pledge him. The bald-head philoso-
pher 245
Had fixed his eye, without a twinkle or stir
Full on the alarmed beauty of the bride,
Brow-beating her fair form, and troubling her
sweet pride.
Lycius then pressed her hand, with devout
touch,
As pale it lay upon the rosy couch: 250
'Twas icy, and the cold ran through his veins;
Then sudden it grew hot, and all the pains
Of an unnatural heat shot to his heart.
"Lamia, what means this? Wherefore dost
thou start?
Know'st thou that man?" Poor Lamia
answered not. 255
He gazed into her eyes, and not a jot
Owned they the lovelorn piteous appeal:
More, more he gazed: his human senses reel:
Some hungry spell that loveliness absorbs;
There was no recognition in those orbs. 260
"Lamia!" he cried — and no soft-toned
reply.
The many heard, and the loud revelry
Grew hush; the stately music no more
breathes;
The myrtle sickened in a thousand wreaths.
By faint degrees, voice, lute, and pleasure
ceased; 265
A deadly silence step by step increased,
Until it seemed a horrid presence there,
And not a man but felt the terror in his hair.
"Lamia!" he shrieked; and nothing but the
shriek
With its sad echo did the silence break. 270
"Begone, foul dream!" he cried, gazing
again
In the bride's face, where now no azure vein
Wandered on fair-spaced temples; no soft
bloom
Misted the cheek; no passion to illume
The deep-recessed vision: — all was blight;
Lamia, no longer fair, there sat a deadly
white. 276
"Shut, shut those juggling eyes, thou ruth-
less man!

¹ A fern.

² The wand, entwined with ivy and vine-leaves, carried
by Bacchus and his followers.

Turn them aside, wretch! or the righteous
 ban
 Of all the Gods, whose dreadful images
 Here represent their shadowy presences, 280
 May pierce them on the sudden with the
 thorn
 Of painful blindness; leaving thee forlorn,
 In trembling dotage to the feeblest fright
 Of conscience, for their long offended might,
 For all thine impious proud-heart sophis-
 tries, 285
 Unlawful magic, and enticing lies.
 Corinthians! look upon that grey-beard
 wretch!
 Mark how, possessed, his lashless eyelids
 stretch
 Around his demon eyes! Corinthians, see!
 My sweet bride withers at their potency." 290
 "Fool!" said the sophist, in an under-tone
 Gruff with contempt; which a death-nighing
 moan
 From Lycius answered, as heart-struck and
 lost,
 He sank supine beside the aching ghost.
 "Fool! Fool!" repeated he, while his eyes
 still 295
 Relented not, nor moved; "from every ill
 Of life have I preserved thee to this day,
 And shall I see thee made a serpent's prey?"
 Then Lamia breathed death breath; the
 sophist's eye,
 Like a sharp spear, went through her ut-
 terly, 300
 Keen, cruel, perçant, stinging: she, as well
 As her weak hand could any meaning tell,
 Motioned him to be silent; vainly so,
 He looked and looked again a level — No!
 "A serpent!" echoed he; no sooner said, 305

Than with a frightful scream she vanished:
 And Lycius' arms were empty of delight,
 As were his limbs of life, from that same
 night.
 On the high couch he lay! — his friends came
 round —
 Supported him — no pulse, or breath they
 found, 310
 And, in its marriage robe, the heavy body
 wound.

July–September, 1819.

SONNET

This sonnet, probably the next to the last poem that Keats wrote, was composed aboard the boat carrying him to Italy, after the ship had stopped for a short time on the coast of Dorsetshire.

Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou
 art —
 Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,
 Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
 The moving waters at their priestlike task,
 Of pure ablution round earth's human
 shores,
 Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
 Of snow upon the mountains and the
 moors —
 No — yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
 Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening
 breast,
 To feel forever its soft fall and swell,
 Awake forever in a sweet unrest,
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
 And so live ever — or else swoon to death.
 September, 1820.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775–1864)

Walter Savage Landor, the son of a prominent physician, was born at Warwick in 1775. He was educated at Rugby and at Trinity College, Oxford. He early declared himself a poet, and throughout a long life gave himself to the pursuit of letters. In 1805 his father's death put him in control of a large fortune. After a romantic expedition to Spain to assist the Spaniards in their revolt against Napoleon, Landor married and settled first at Bath, then at Llanthony in Wales. He was constantly in dispute with his neighbors, and later with his own family, for though generous and magnanimous he was hot in temper and poor in judgment. In 1814 he went to France and then to Italy where he lived until 1835, chiefly at Florence. He died in 1864.

Landor's first important poem, *Gebir*, a tale of the Moslem invasion of Spain and the hero who gave his name to Gibraltar, appeared in 1798. This poem is a sign of the romantic spirit scarcely less impressive than the Lyrical Ballads, published the same year. Landor, however, united a romantic temperament with an absorbing interest in classical life and a style of classical distinction. He wrote much in Latin, and translated *Gebir* into that tongue. He wrote a series of dramas in blank verse, on subjects drawn from Neapolitan history and much other poetry on classical themes — the *Hellenics* and *Heroic Idyls*. His best known poetry is in the form of quatrains, distinguished for their extreme compression and precision of utterance. Landor's prose, like his

poetry, is profoundly influenced by his love of the Greek and Roman classics. He used the classical form of the dialogue in the series of *Imaginary Conversations* which appeared in successive volumes between 1824 and 1846. These present famous and significant figures of history in circumstances which reveal their characters, sometimes with tragic intensity. Of this semi-dramatic form Landor was a master. *Pericles and Aspasia* (1836) is an adaptation of it, the story of the famous Athenian lovers being told in letters.

Landor's works were collected in 1846 with a biography by John Forster. A later edition by C. G. Crump appeared in 1893. A volume of selections in the Golden Treasury Series was made by Sidney Colvin, who also contributed the life of Landor in the English Men of Letters Series. J. R. Lowell's essay on Landor is the leading American appreciation. The character of Boythorn, in Dickens's *Bleak House*, is drawn with much exaggeration from Landor.

ROSE AYLMER

Ah, what avails the sceptred race,
 Ah, what the form divine!
 What every virtue, every grace!
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
 Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes 5
 May weep, but never see,
 A night of memories and of sighs
 I consecrate to thee.

A FIESOLAN IDYL

Here, where precipitate Spring with one
 light bound
 Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires,
 And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,
 Soft airs that want the lute to play with 'em,
 And softer sighs that know not what they
 want, 5
 Aside a wall, beneath an orange-tree,
 Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier
 ones
 Of sights in Fiesole right above,
 While I was gazing a few paces off
 At what they seemed to show me with their
 nods, 10
 Their frequent whispers and their pointing
 shoots,
 A gentle maid came down the garden-steps
 And gathered the pure treasure in her lap.
 I heard the branches rustle, and stept forth
 To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat, —
 Such I believed it must be. How could I
 Let beast o'erpower them? when hath wind
 or rain 17
 Borne hard upon weak plant that wanted me,
 And I (however they might bluster round)
 Walkt off? 'Twere most ungrateful; for
 sweet scents 20
 Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter
 thoughts,
 And nurse and pillow the dull memory
 That would let drop without them her best
 stores.
 They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,
 And 'tis and ever was my wish and way 25

To let all flowers live freely, and all die
 (Whene'er their Genius bids their souls
 depart)

Among their kindred in their native place.
 I never pluck the rose; the violet's head 29
 Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
 And not reproacht me; the ever-sacred cup
 Of the pure lily hath between my hands
 Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.
 I saw the light that made the glossy leaves
 More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer cheek
 Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit; 36
 I saw the foot that, although half-erect
 From its gray slipper, could not lift her up
 To what she wanted. I held down a branch
 And gathered her some blossoms, since their
 hour 40
 Was come, and bees had wounded them, and
 flies
 Of harder wing were working their way
 through
 And scattering them in fragments under foot.
 So crisp were some, they rattled unevolved;
 Others, ere broken off, fell into shells, 45
 Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,
 And like snow not seen through, by eye or
 sun;

Yet every one her gown received from me
 Was fairer than the first. I thought not so,
 But so she praised them to reward my care.
 I said, "You find the largest." "This in-
 deed," 51
 Cried she, "is large and sweet." She held
 one forth,

Whether for me to look at or to take
 She knew not, nor did I; but taking it
 Would best have solved (and this she felt)
 her doubt. 55

I dared not touch it; for it seemed a part
 Of her own self; fresh, full, the most mature
 Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch
 To fall, and yet unfallen. She drew back
 The boon she tendered, and then, finding
 not 60

The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
 Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

1831; pub. 1846.

ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

I strove with none, for none was worth my
strife,

Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

1824-1846

MARCELLUS AND HANNIBAL

Marcellus commanded the Roman army in
the Second Punic War after the defeat of
Cannæ. He was killed in a skirmish at
Venusia, 208 B.C.

Hannibal. Could a Numidian horseman
ride no faster? Marcellus! ho! Marcellus!
He moves not — he is dead. Did he not stir
his fingers? Stand wide, soldiers — wide,
forty paces — give him air — bring water —
halt! Gather those broad leaves, and all the
rest, growing under the brushwood — un-
brace his armor. Loose the helmet first —
his breast rises. I fancied his eyes were fixed
on me — they have rolled back again. Who
presumed to touch my shoulder? This horse?
It was surely the horse of Marcellus! Let no
man mount him. Ha! ha! the Romans, too,
sink into luxury: here is gold about the charger.

Gaulish Chieftain. Execrable thief! The
golden chain of our king under a beast's
grinders! The vengeance of the gods hath
overtaken the impure —

Hannibal. We will talk about vengeance
when we have entered Rome, and about purity
among the priests, if they will hear us. Sound
for the surgeon. That arrow may be ex-
tracted from the side, deep as it is. — The
conqueror of Syracuse lies before me. — Send
a vessel off to Carthage. Say Hannibal is at
the gates of Rome. — Marcellus, who stood
alone between us, fallen. Brave man! I
would rejoice and cannot. — How awfully
serene a countenance! Such as we hear are
in the islands of the Blessed. And how
glorious a form and stature! Such too was
theirs! They also once lay thus upon the
earth wet with their blood — few other enter
there. And what plain armor!

Gaulish Chieftain. My party slew him —
indeed I think I slew him myself. I claim the
chain: it belongs to my king; the glory of Gaul
requires it. Never will she endure to see an-
other take it.

Hannibal. My friend, the glory of Marcel-

lus did not require him to wear it. When he
suspended the arms of your brave king in the
temple, he thought such a trinket unworthy
of himself and of Jupiter. The shield he
battered down, the breast-plate he pierced
with his sword — these he showed to the
people and to the gods; hardly his wife and
little children saw this, ere his horse wore it.

Gaulish Chieftain. Hear me, O Hannibal!

Hannibal. What! when Marcellus lies be-
fore me? when his life may perhaps be re-
called? when I may lead him in triumph to
Carthage? when Italy, Sicily, Greece, Asia,
wait to obey me? Content thee! I will give
thee mine own bridle, worth ten such.

Gaulish Chieftain. For myself?

Hannibal. For thyself.

Gaulish Chieftain. And these rubies and
emeralds, and that scarlet —

Hannibal. Yes, yes.

Gaulish Chieftain. O glorious Hannibal!
unconquerable hero! O my happy country!
to have such an ally and defender. I swear
eternal gratitude — yes, gratitude, love, de-
votion, beyond eternity.

Hannibal. In all treaties we fix the time:
I could hardly ask a longer. Go back to thy
station. — I would see what the surgeon is
about, and hear what he thinks. The life of
Marcellus! the triumph of Hannibal! what
else has the world in it? Only Rome and Car-
thage: these follow.

Marcellus. I must die then? The gods be
praised! The commander of a Roman army
is no captive.

Hannibal (to the Surgeon). Could not he
bear a sea-voyage? Extract the arrow.

Surgeon. He expires that moment.

Marcellus. It pains me: extract it.

Hannibal. Marcellus, I see no expression
of pain on your countenance, and never will I
consent to hasten the death of an enemy in
my power. Since your recovery is hopeless,
you say truly you are no captive.

(To the Surgeon.) Is there nothing, man,
that can assuage the mortal pain? for, suppress
the signs of it as he may, he must feel it. Is
there nothing to alleviate and allay it?

Marcellus. Hannibal, give me thy hand —
thou hast found it and brought it me, com-
passion.

(To the Surgeon.) Go, friend; others want
thy aid; several fell around me.

Hannibal. Recommend to your country,
O Marcellus, while time permits it, reconcilia-
tion and peace with me, informing the Senate
of my superiority in force, and the impos-
sibility of resistance. The tablet is ready: let

me take off this ring — try to write, to sign it, at least. Oh, what satisfaction I feel at seeing you able to rest upon the elbow, and even to smile!

Marcellus. Within an hour or less, with how severe a brow would Minos say to me, "Marcellus, is this thy writing?"

Rome loses one man: she hath lost many such, and she still hath many left.

Hannibal. Afraid as you are of falsehood, say you this? I confess in shame the ferocity of my countrymen. Unfortunately, too, the nearer posts are occupied by Gauls, infinitely more cruel. The Numidians are so in revenge: the Gauls both in revenge and in sport. My presence is required at a distance, and I apprehend the barbarity of one or other, learning, as they must do, your refusal to execute my wishes for the common good, and feeling that by this refusal you deprive them of their country, after so long an absence.

Marcellus. Hannibal, thou art not dying.

Hannibal. What then? What mean you?

Marcellus. That thou mayest, and very justly, have many things yet to apprehend: I can have none. The barbarity of thy soldiers is nothing to me: mine would not dare be cruel. Hannibal is forced to be absent; and his authority goes away with his horse. On this turf lies defaced the semblance of a general; but Marcellus is yet the regulator of his army. Dost thou abdicate a power conferred on thee by thy nation? Or wouldst thou acknowledge it to have become, by thy own sole fault, less plenary than thy adversary's?

I have spoken too much: let me rest; this mantle oppresses me.

Hannibal. I placed my mantle on your head when the helmet was first removed, and while you were lying in the sun. Let me fold it under, and then replace the ring.

Marcellus. Take it, Hannibal. It was given me by a poor woman who flew to me at Syracuse, and who covered it with her hair, torn off in desperation that she had no other gift to offer. Little thought I that her gift and her words should be mine. How suddenly may the most powerful be in the situation of the most helpless! Let that ring and the mantle under my head be the exchange of guests at parting. The time may come, Hannibal, when thou (and the gods alone know whether as conqueror or conquered) mayest sit under the roof of my children, and in either case it shall serve thee. In thy adverse fortune, they will remember on whose pillow their father breathed his last; in thy prosperous (Heaven grant it may shine upon

thee in some other country!) it will rejoice thee to protect them. We feel ourselves the most exempt from affliction when we relieve it, although we are then the most conscious that it may befall us.

There is one thing here which is not at the disposal of either.

Hannibal. What?

Marcellus. This body.

Hannibal. Whither would you be lifted? Men are ready.

Marcellus. I meant not so. My strength is failing. I seem to hear rather what is within than what is without. My sight and my other senses are in confusion. I would have said — This body, when a few bubbles of air shall have left it, is no more worthy of thy notice than of mine; but thy glory will not let thee refuse it to the piety of my family.

Hannibal. You would ask something else. I perceive an inquietude not visible till now.

Marcellus. Duty and Death make us think of home sometimes.

Hannibal. Thitherward the thoughts of the conqueror and of the conquered fly together.

Marcellus. Hast thou any prisoners from my escort?

Hannibal. A few dying lie about — and let them lie — they are Tuscans. The remainder I saw at a distance, flying, and but one brave man among them — he appeared a Roman — a youth who turned back, though wounded. They surrounded and dragged him away, spurring his horse with their swords. These Etrurians measure their courage carefully, and tack it well together before they put it on, but throw it off again with lordly ease.

Marcellus, why think about them? or does aught else disquiet your thoughts?

Marcellus. I have suppressed it long enough. My son — my beloved son!

Hannibal. Where is he? Can it be? Was he with you?

Marcellus. He would have shared my fate — and has not. Gods of my country! beneficent throughout life to me, in death surpassingly beneficent: I render you, for the last time, thanks.

LEOFRIC AND GODIVA

Leofric, the Saxon Earl, is riding into Coventry with his young bride, Godiva. The story is a famous one, told among others by Tennyson. The date is before the Norman Conquest.

Godiva. There is a dearth in the land, my sweet Leofric! Remember how many weeks of drought we have had, even in the deep

pastures of Leicestershire; and how many Sundays we have heard the same prayers for rain, and supplications that it would please the Lord in his mercy to turn aside his anger from the poor, pining cattle. You, my dear husband, have imprisoned more than one malefactor for leaving his dead ox in the public way; and other hinds have fled before you out of the traces, in which they, and their sons and their daughters, and haply their old fathers and mothers, were dragging the abandoned wain homeward. Although we were accompanied by many brave spearmen and skilful archers, it was perilous to pass the creatures which the farm-yard dogs, driven from the hearth by the poverty of their masters, were tearing and devouring; while others, bitten and lamed, filled the air either with long and deep howls or sharp and quick barkings, as they struggled with hunger and feebleness, or were exasperated by heat and pain. Nor could the thyme from the heath, nor the bruised branches of the fir-tree, extinguish or abate the foul odor.

Leofric. And now, Godiva, my darling, thou art afraid we should be eaten up before we enter the gates of Coventry; or perchance that in the gardens there are no roses to greet thee, no sweet herbs for thy mat and pillow.

Godiva. Leofric, I have no such fears. This is the month of roses: I find them everywhere since my blessed marriage. They, and all other sweet herbs, I know not why, seem to greet me wherever I look at them, as though they knew and expected me. Surely they cannot feel that I am fond of them.

Leofric. O light, laughing simpleton! But what wouldst thou? I came not hither to pray; and yet if praying would satisfy thee, or remove the drought, I would ride up straightway to Saint Michael's and pray until morning.

Godiva. I would do the same, O Leofric! but God hath turned away his ear from holier lips than mine. Would my own dear husband hear me, if I implored him for what is easier to accomplish, — what he can do like God?

Leofric. How! what is it?

Godiva. I would not, in the first hurry of your wrath, appeal to you, my loving Lord, in behalf of these unhappy men who have offended you.

Leofric. Unhappy! is that all?

Godiva. Unhappy they must surely be, to have offended you so grievously. What a soft air breathes over us! how quiet and serene and still an evening! how calm are the heavens and the earth! — Shall none enjoy

them; not even we, my Leofric? The sun is ready to set: let it never set, O Leofric, on your anger. These are not my words: they are better than mine. Should they lose their virtue from my unworthiness in uttering them?

Leofric. Godiva, would'st thou plead to me for rebels?

Godiva. They have, then, drawn the sword against you? Indeed, I knew it not.

Leofric. They have omitted to send me my dues, established by my ancestors, well knowing of our nuptials, and of the charges and festivities they require, and that in a season of such scarcity my own lands are insufficient.

Godiva. If they were starving, as they said they were —

Leofric. Must I starve too? Is it not enough to lose my vassals?

Godiva. Enough! O God! too much! too much! May you never lose them! Give them life, peace, comfort, contentment. There are those among them who kissed me in my infancy, and who blessed me at the baptismal font. Leofric, Leofric! the first old man I meet I shall think is one of those; and I shall think on the blessing he gave, and (ah me!) on the blessing I bring back to him. My heart will bleed, will burst; and he will weep at it! he will weep, poor soul, for the wife of a cruel lord who denounces vengeance on him, who carries death into his family!

Leofric. We must hold solemn festivals.

Godiva. We must, indeed.

Leofric. Well, then?

Godiva. Is the clamorousness that succeeds the death of God's dumb creatures, are crowded halls, are slaughtered cattle, festivals? — are maddening songs, and giddy dances, and hireling praises from parti-colored coats? Can the voice of a minstrel tell us better things of ourselves than our own internal one might tell us; or can his breath make our breath softer in sleep? O my beloved! let everything be a joyance to us: it will, if we will. Sad is the day, and worse must follow, when we hear the blackbird in the garden, and do not throb with joy. But, Leofric, the high festival is strown by the servant of God upon the heart of man. It is gladness, it is thanksgiving; it is the orphan, the starveling, pressed to the bosom, and bidden as its first commandment to remember its benefactor. We will hold this festival; the guests are ready: we may keep it up for weeks, and months, and years together, and always be the happier and the richer for it. The beverage of this feast, O Leofric, is sweeter than bee or flower or vine can give us: it flows

from heaven; and in heaven will it abundantly be poured out again to him who pours it out here abundantly.

Leofric. Thou art wild.

Godiva. I have, indeed, lost myself. Some Power, some good kind Power, melts me (body and soul and voice) into tenderness and love. O my husband, we must obey it. Look upon me! look upon me! lift your sweet eyes from the ground! I will not cease to supplicate; I dare not.

Leofric. We may think upon it.

Godiva. O never say that! What! think upon goodness when you can be good? Let not the infants cry for sustenance! The mother of our blessed Lord will hear them; us never, never afterward.

Leofric. Here comes the Bishop: we are but one mile from the walls. Why dismountest thou? no bishop can expect it. *Godiva!* my honor and rank among men are humbled by this. Earl Godwin will hear of it. Up! up! the Bishop hath seen it: he urgeth his horse onward. Dost thou not hear him now upon the solid turf behind thee?

Godiva. Never, no, never will I rise, O *Leofric*, until you remit this most impious task — this tax on hard labor, on hard life.

Leofric. Turn round: look how the fat nag canters, as to the tune of a sinner's psalm, slow and hard-breathing. What reason or right can the people have to complain, while their bishop's steed is so sleek and well caparisoned? Inclination to change, desire to abolish old usages. — Up! up! for shame! They shall smart for it, idlers! Sir Bishop, I must blush for my young bride.

Godiva. My husband, my husband! will you pardon the city?

Leofric. Sir Bishop! I could not think you would have seen her in this plight. Will I pardon? Yea, *Godiva*, by the holy rood, will I pardon the city, when thou ridest naked at noontide through the streets!

Godiva. O my dear, cruel *Leofric*, where is the heart you gave me? It was not so: can mine have hardened it?

Bishop. Earl, thou abashest thy spouse; she turneth pale, and weepeth. Lady *Godiva*, peace be with thee.

Godiva. Thanks, holy man! peace will be with me when peace is with your city. Did you hear my Lord's cruel word?

Bishop. I did, lady.

Godiva. Will you remember it, and pray against it.

Bishop. Wilt thou forget it, daughter?

Godiva. I am not offended.

Bishop. Angel of peace and purity!

Godiva. But treasure it up in your heart: deem it an incense, good only when it is consumed and spent, ascending with prayer and sacrifice. And, now, what was it?

Bishop. Christ save us! that he will pardon the city when thou ridest naked through the streets at noon.

Godiva. Did he swear an oath?

Bishop. He sware by the holy rood.

Godiva. My Redeemer, thou hast heard it! save the city!

Leofric. We are now upon the beginning of the payment: these are the suburbs. Let us think of feasting: we may pray afterward; to-morrow we shall rest.

Godiva. No judgments, then, to-morrow, *Leofric*?

Leofric. None: we will carouse.

Godiva. The saints of heaven have given me strength and confidence; my prayers are heard; the heart of my beloved is now softened.

Leofric. Ay, ay.

Godiva. Say, dearest *Leofric*, is there indeed no other hope, no other mediation?

Leofric. I have sworn. Beside, thou hast made me redden and turn my face away from thee, and all the knaves have seen it: this adds to the city's crime.

Godiva. I have blushed too, *Leofric*, and was not rash nor obdurate.

Leofric. But thou, my sweetest, art given to blushing: there is no conquering it in thee. I wish thou hadst not alighted so hastily and roughly: it hath shaken down a sheaf of thy hair. Take heed thou sit not upon it, lest it anguish thee. Well done! it mingleth now sweetly with the cloth of gold upon the saddle, running here and there, as if it had life and faculties and business, and were working thereupon some newer and cunninger device. O my beauteous Eve! there is a Paradise about thee! the world is refreshed as thou movest and breathest on it. I cannot see or think of evil where thou art. I could throw my arms even here about thee. No signs for me! no shaking of sunbeams! no reproof or frown of wonderment. — I will say it — now, then, for worse — I could close with my kisses thy half-open lips, ay, and those lovely and living eyes, before the people.

Godiva. To-morrow you shall kiss me, and they shall bless you for it. I shall be very pale, for to-night I must fast and pray.

Leofric. I do not hear thee; the voices of the folk are so loud under this archway.

Godiva (to herself). God help them! good kind souls! I hope they will not crowd about

me so to-morrow. O Leofric! could my name be forgotten, and yours alone remembered! But perhaps my innocence may save me from reproach; and how many as innocent are in fear and famine! No eye will open on me but fresh from tears. What a young mother for so large a family! Shall my youth harm me? Under God's hand it gives me courage. Ah! when will the morning come? Ah! when will the noon be over?

The story of Godiva, at one of whose festivals or fairs I was present in my boyhood, has always much interested me; and I wrote a poem on it, sitting, I remember, by the square pool at Rugby. When I showed it to the friend in whom I had most confidence, he began to scoff at the subject; and, on his reaching the last line, his laughter was loud and immoderate. This conversation has brought both laughter and stanza back to me, and the earnestness with which I entreated and implored my friend *not to tell the lads*, so heart-strickenly and desperately was I ashamed. The verses are these, if any one else should wish another laugh at me:

In every hour, in every mood,
O lady, it is sweet and good
To bathe the soul in prayer;
And, at the close of such a day,
When we have ceased to bless and pray,
To dream on thy long hair.

May the peppermint be still growing on the bank in that place! (Landor's note.)

HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BOLEYN

This conversation is supposed to take place in 1537 after the condemnation of the Queen.

Henry. Dost thou know me, Nanny, in this yeoman's dress? 'S blood! does it require so long and vacant a stare to recollect a husband after a week or two? No tragedy-tricks with me! a scream, a sob, or thy kerchief a trifle the wetter, were enough. Why, verily the little fool faints in earnest. These whey faces, like their kinsfolk the ghosts, give us no warning. (*Sprinkling water over her.*) Hast had water enough upon thee? Take that, then: art thyself again?

Anne. Father of mercies! do I meet again my husband, as was my last prayer on earth? Do I behold my beloved lord — in peace — and pardoned, my partner in eternal bliss? it was his voice. I cannot see him: why cannot I? Oh why do these pangs interrupt the transports of the blessed?

Henry. Thou openest thy arms: faith! I came for that. Nanny, thou art a sweet slut. Thou groanest, wench: art in labor? Faith! among the mistakes of the night, I am ready to think almost that thou hast been drinking, and that I have not.

Anne. God preserve your Highness: grant me your forgiveness for one slight offence. My eyes were heavy; I fell asleep while I was reading. I did not know of your presence at first; and, when I did, I could not speak. I

strove for utterance: I wanted no respect for my liege and husband.

Henry. My pretty warm nestling, thou wilt then lie! Thou wert reading, and aloud too, with thy saintly cup of water by thee, and — what! thou art still girlishly fond of those dried cherries!

Anne. I had no other fruit to offer your Highness the first time I saw you, and you were then pleased to invent for me some reason why they should be acceptable. I did not dry these: may I present them, such as they are? We shall have fresh next month.

Henry. Thou art always driving away from the discourse. One moment it suits thee to know me, another not.

Anne. Remember, it is hardly three months since I miscarried. I am weak, and liable to swoons.

Henry. Thou hast, however, thy bridal cheeks, with lustre upon them when there is none elsewhere, and obstinate lips resisting all impression; but, now thou talkest about miscarriage, who is the father of that boy?

Anne. The Father is yours and mine — He who hath taken him to his own home, before (like me) he could struggle or cry for it.

Henry. Pagan, or worse, to talk so! He did not come into the world alive: there was no baptism.

Anne. I thought only of our loss: my senses are confounded. I did not give him my milk, and yet I loved him tenderly; for I often fancied, had he lived, how contented and joyful he would have made you and England.

Henry. No subterfuges and escapes. I warrant, thou canst not say whether at my entrance thou wert waking or wandering.

Anne. Faintness and drowsiness came upon me suddenly.

Henry. Well, since thou really and truly sleepedst, what didst dream of?

Anne. I begin to doubt whether I did indeed sleep.

Henry. Ha! false one — never two sentences of truth together! But come, what didst think about, asleep or awake?

Anne. I thought that God had pardoned me my offences, and had received me unto him.

Henry. And nothing more?

Anne. That my prayers had been heard and my wishes were accomplishing: the angels alone can enjoy more beatitude than this.

Henry. Vexatious little devil! She says nothing now about me, merely from perverseness. Hast thou never thought about me, nor about thy falsehood and adultery?

Anne. If I had committed any kind of falsehood, in regard to you or not, I should never have rested until I had thrown myself at your feet and obtained your pardon; but, if ever I had been guilty of that other crime, I know not whether I should have dared to implore it, even of God's mercy.

Henry. Thou hast heretofore cast some soft glances upon Smeaton; hast thou not?

Anne. He taught me to play on the virginals, as you know, when I was little, and thereby to please your Highness.

Henry. And Brereton and Norris — what have they taught thee?

Anne. They are your servants, and trusty ones.

Henry. Has not Weston told thee plainly that he loved thee?

Anne. Yes; and —

Henry. What didst thou?

Anne. I defied him.

Henry. Is that all?

Anne. I could have done no more if he had told me that he hated me. Then, indeed, I should have incurred more justly the reproaches of your Highness; I should have smiled.

Henry. We have proofs abundant: the fellows shall one and all confront thee. — Ay, clap thy hands and kiss thy sleeve, harlot!

Anne. Oh that so great a favor is vouchsafed me! My honor is secure; my husband will be happy again; he will see my innocence.

Henry. Give me now an account of the moneys thou hast received from me within these nine months. I want them not back: they are letters of gold in record of thy guilt. Thou hast had no fewer than fifteen thousand pounds in that period, without even thy asking; what hast done with it, wanton?

Anne. I have regularly placed it out to interest.

Henry. Where? I demand of thee.

Anne. Among the needy and ailing. My Lord Archbishop has the account of it, sealed by him weekly. I also had a copy myself; those who took away my papers may easily find it; for there are few others, and they lie open.

Henry. Think on my munificence to thee; recollect who made thee. Dost sigh for what thou hast lost?

Anne. I do, indeed.

Henry. I never thought thee ambitious; but thy vices creep out one by one.

Anne. I do not regret that I have been a queen and am no longer one; nor that my in-

nocence is called in question by those who never knew me; but I lament that the good people who loved me so cordially, hate and curse me; that those who pointed me out to their daughters for imitation check them when they speak about me; and that he whom next to God I have served with most devotion is my accuser.

Henry. Wast thou conning over something in that dingy book for thy defence? Come, tell me, what wast thou reading?

Anne. This ancient chronicle. I was looking for some one in my own condition, and must have missed the page. Surely in so many hundred years there shall have been other young maidens, first too happy for exaltation, and after too exalted for happiness — not, perchance, doomed to die upon a scaffold, by those they ever honored and served faithfully; that, indeed, I did not look for nor think of; but my heart was bounding for any one I could love and pity. She would be unto me as a sister dead and gone; but hearing me, seeing me, consoling me, and being consoled. O my husband! it is so heavenly a thing —

Henry. To whine and whimper, no doubt, is vastly heavenly.

Anne. I said not so; but those, if there be any such, who never weep, have nothing in them of heavenly or of earthly. The plants, the trees, the very rocks and unsunned clouds, show us at least the semblances of weeping; and there is not an aspect of the globe we live on, nor of the waters and skies around it, without a reference and a similitude to our joys or sorrows.

Henry. I do not remember that notion anywhere. Take care no enemy rake out of it something of materialism. Guard well thy empty hot brain; it may hatch more evil. As for those odd words, I myself would fain see no great harm in them, knowing that grief and frenzy strike out many things which would else lie still, and neither spirt nor sparkle. I also know that thou hast never read any thing but Bible and history — the two worst books in the world for young people, and the most certain to lead astray both prince and subject. For which reason I have interdicted and entirely put down the one, and will (by the blessing of the Virgin and of holy Paul) commit the other to a rigid censor. If it behooves us kings to enact what our people shall eat and drink — of which the most unruly and rebellious spirit can entertain no doubt — greatly more doth it behoove us to examine what they read and think. The body is moved according to the mind and will; we

must take care that the movement be a right one, on pain of God's anger in this life and the next.

Anne. O my dear husband! it must be a naughty thing, indeed, that makes him angry beyond remission. Did you ever try how pleasant it is to forgive any one? There is nothing else wherein we can resemble God perfectly and easily.

Henry. Resemble God perfectly and easily! 10 Do vile creatures talk thus of the Creator?

Anne. No, Henry, when his creatures talk thus of him, they are no longer vile creatures! When they know that he is good, they love him; and, when they love him, they are good 15 themselves. O Henry! my husband and King! the judgments of our Heavenly Father are righteous; on this, surely, we must think alike.

Henry. And what, then? Speak out; again I command thee, speak plainly! thy tongue 20 was not so torpid but this moment. Art ready? Must I wait?

Anne. If any doubt remains upon your royal mind of your equity in this business: should it haply seem possible to you that pas- 25 sion or prejudice, in yourself or another, may have warped so strong an understanding — do but supplicate the Almighty to strengthen and enlighten it, and he will hear you.

Henry. What! thou wouldst fain change thy 30 quarters, ay?

Anne. My spirit is detached and ready, and I shall change them shortly, whatever your Highness may determine.

Henry. Yet thou appearest hale and resolute 35 and (they tell me) smirkest and smilest to everybody.

Anne. The withered leaf catches the sun sometimes, little as it can profit by it; and I have heard stories of the breeze in other 40 climates that sets in when daylight is about to close, and how constant it is, and how refreshing. My heart, indeed, is now sustained strangely; it became the more sensibly so from that time forward, when power and grandeur 45 and all things terrestrial were sunk from sight. Every act of kindness in those about me gives me satisfaction and pleasure, such as I did not feel formerly. I was worse before God chastened me; yet I was never an ingrate. 50 What pains have I taken to find out the village-girls who placed their posies in my chamber ere I arose in the morning! How gladly would I have recompensed the forester who lit up a brake on my birthnight, which else had warmed him half the winter! But these are times past: I was not Queen of England.

Henry. Nor adulterous, nor heretical.

Anne. God be praised!

Henry. Learned saint! thou knowest nothing of the lighter, but perhaps canst inform 5 me about the graver, of them.

Anne. Which may it be, my liege?

Henry. Which may it be? Pestilence! I marvel that the walls of this tower do not crack around thee at such impiety.

Anne. I would be instructed by the wisest of theologians: such is your Highness.

Henry. Are the sins of the body, foul as they are, comparable to those of the soul?

Anne. When they are united, they must be 15 worse.

Henry. Go on, go on: thou pushest thy own breast against the sword. God hath deprived thee of thy reason for thy punishment. I must hear more: proceed, I charge thee.

Anne. An aptitude to believe one thing rather than another, from ignorance or weak- 20 ness, or from the more persuasive manner of the teacher, or from his purity of life, or from the strong impression of a particular text at a particular time, and various things beside, may influence and decide our opinion; and the hand of the Almighty, let us hope, will fall gently on human fallibility.

Henry. Opinion in matters of faith! rare wisdom! rare religion! Troth, Anne! thou hast well sobered me. I came rather warmly and lovingly; but these light ringlets, by the holy 25 rood, shall not shade this shoulder much longer. Nay, do not start: I tap it for the last time, my sweetest. If the Church permitted it, thou shouldst set forth on thy long journey with the eucharist between thy teeth, how- ever loath.

Anne. Love your Elizabeth, my honored lord, and God bless you! She will soon forget to call me. Do not chide her: think how young she is.

Could I, could I kiss her, but once again! it would comfort my heart, — or break it.

BOSSUET AND THE DUCHESS DE FONTANGES

This conversation is supposed to occur about 1680. The Duchess de Fontanges was a mistress of Louis XIV; Landor quotes a remark of the Abbé du Choisy, that she was *belle comme un ange, mais sotte comme un panier* ("beautiful as an angel, but stupid as a post" — literally, basket).

Bossuet. Mademoiselle, it is the King's desire that I compliment you on the elevation you have attained.

Fontanges. O monseigneur, I know very well what you mean. His Majesty is kind and polite to everybody. The last thing he said to me was, "Angélique! do not forget to compliment Monseigneur the Bishop on the dignity I have conferred upon him, of almoner to the Dauphiness. I desired the appointment for him only that he might be of rank sufficient to confess you, now you are Duchess. Let him be your confessor, my little girl. He has fine manners."

Bossuet. I dare not presume to ask you, mademoiselle, what was your gracious reply to the condescension of our royal master.

Fontanges. Oh! yes you may! I told him I was almost sure I should be ashamed of confessing such naughty things to a person of high rank, who writes like an angel.

Bossuet. The observation was inspired, mademoiselle, by your goodness and modesty.

Fontanges. You are so agreeable a man, monseigneur, I will confess to you directly, if you like.

Bossuet. Have you brought yourself to a proper frame of mind, young lady?

Fontanges. What is that?

Bossuet. Do you hate sin?

Fontanges. Very much.

Bossuet. Are you resolved to leave it off?

Fontanges. I have left it off entirely since the King began to love me. I have never said a spiteful word of anybody since.

Bossuet. In your opinion, mademoiselle, are there no other sins than malice?

Fontanges. I never stole anything; I never committed adultery; I never coveted my neighbor's wife; I never killed any person, though several have told me they should die for me.

Bossuet. Vain, idle talk! Did you listen to it?

Fontanges. Indeed I did, with both ears; it seemed so funny.

Bossuet. You have something to answer for, then.

Fontanges. No, indeed, I have not, monseigneur. I have asked many times after them, and found they were all alive; which mortified me.

Bossuet. So, then! you would really have them die for you?

Fontanges. Oh, no, no! but I wanted to see whether they were in earnest, or told me fibs; for, if they told me fibs I would never trust them again. I do not care about them; for the King told me I was only to mind him.

Bossuet. Lowest and highest, we all owe to his Majesty our duty and submission.

Fontanges. I am sure he has mine; so you need not blame me or question me on that. At first, indeed, when he entered the folding-doors, I was in such a flurry I could hear my heart beat across the chamber; by degrees I cared little about the matter; and at last, when I grew used to it, I liked it rather than not. Now, if this is not confession, what is?

Bossuet. We must abstract the soul from every low mundane thought. Do you hate the world, mademoiselle?

Fontanges. A good deal of it; all Picardy, for example, and all Sologne; nothing is uglier, — and, oh my life! What frightful men and women!

Bossuet. I would say, in plain language, do you hate the flesh and the Devil?

Fontanges. Who does not hate the Devil? If you will hold my hand the while, I will tell him so. — I hate you, beast! There now. As for flesh, I never could bear a fat man. Such people can neither dance nor hunt, nor do anything that I know of.

Bossuet. Mademoiselle Marie-Angélique de Scoraille de Rousille, Duchess de Fontanges! do you hate titles and dignities and yourself?

Fontanges. Myself! does any one hate me? Why should I be the first? Hatred is the worst thing in the world: it makes one so very ugly.

Bossuet. To love God, we must hate ourselves. We must detest our bodies, if we would save our souls.

Fontanges. That is hard; how can I do it? I see nothing so detestable in mine! Do you? To love is easier. I love God whenever I think of him, he has been so very good to me; but I cannot hate myself, if I would. As God hath not hated me, why should I? Beside, it was he who made the King to love me; for I heard you say in a sermon that the hearts of kings are in his rule and governance. As for titles and dignities, I do not care much about them while His Majesty loves me, and calls me his Angélique. They make people more civil about us; and therefore it must be a simpleton who hates or disregards them, and a hypocrite who pretends it. I am glad to be a duchess. Manon and Lisette have never tied my garter so as to hurt me since, nor has the mischievous old La Grange said anything cross or bold; on the contrary, she told me what a fine color and what a plumpness it gave me. Would not you rather be a duchess than a waiting-maid or a nun, if the King gave you your choice?

Bossuet. Pardon me, mademoiselle, I am confounded at the levity of your question.

Fontanges. I am in earnest, as you see.

Bossuet. Flattery will come before you in other and more dangerous forms; you will be commended for excellences which do not belong to you; and this you will find as injurious to your repose as to your virtue. An ingenuous mind feels in unmerited praise the bitterest reproof. If you reject it, you are unhappy; if you accept it, you are undone. The compliments of a king are of themselves sufficient to pervert your intellect.

Fontanges. There you are mistaken twice over. It is not my person that pleases him so greatly: it is my spirit, my wit, my talents, my genius, and that very thing which you have mentioned — what was it? my intellect. He never complimented me the least upon my beauty. Others have said that I am the most beautiful young creature under heaven; a blossom of Paradise, a nymph, an angel; worth (let me whisper it in your ear — do I lean too hard?) a thousand Montespans. But His Majesty never said more on the occasion than that I was *imparagonable!* (what is that?) and that he adored me; holding my hand and sitting quite still, when he might have romped with me and kissed me.

Bossuet. I would aspire to the glory of converting you.

Fontanges. You may do anything with me but convert me; you must not do that; I am Catholic born. M. de Turenne and Mademoiselle de Duras were heretics; you did right there. The King told the chancellor that he prepared them, that the business was arranged for you, and that you had nothing to do but to get ready the arguments and responses, which you did gallantly, — did not you? And yet Mademoiselle de Duras was very awkward for a long while afterward in crossing herself, and was once remarked to beat her breast in the Litany with the points of two fingers at a time, when every one is taught to use only the second, whether it has a ring upon it or not. I am sorry she did so; for people might think her insincere in her conversion, and pretend that she kept a finger for each religion.

Bossuet. It would be as uncharitable to doubt the conviction of Mademoiselle de Duras as that of M. le Maréchal.

Fontanges. I have heard some fine verses, I can assure you, monseigneur, in which you are called the conqueror of Turenne. I should like to have been his conqueror myself. he was so great a man. I understand

that you have lately done a much more difficult thing.

Bossuet. To what do you refer, mademoiselle?

Fontanges. That you have overcome Quietism. Now, in the name of wonder, how could you manage that?

Bossuet. By the grace of God.

Fontanges. Yes, indeed; but never until now did God give any preacher so much of his grace as to subdue this pest.

Bossuet. It has appeared among us but lately.

Fontanges. Oh, dear me! I have always been subject to it dreadfully, from a child.

Bossuet. Really! I never heard so.

Fontanges. I checked myself as well as I could, although they constantly told me I looked well in it.

Bossuet. In what, mademoiselle?

Fontanges. In Quietism; that is, when I fell asleep at sermon-time. I am ashamed that such a learned and pious man as M. de Fénelon should incline to it,¹ as they say he does.

Bossuet. Mademoiselle, you quite mistake the matter.

Fontanges. Is not then M. de Fénelon thought a very pious and learned person?

Bossuet. And justly.

Fontanges. I have read a great way in a romance he has begun, about a knight-errant in search of a father. The King says there are many such about his court; but I never saw them nor heard of them before. The Marchioness de la Motte, his relative, brought it to me, written out in a charming hand, as much as the copy-book would hold; and I got through, I know not how far. If he had gone on with the nymphs in the grotto, I never should have been tired of him; but he quite forgot his own story, and left them at once; in a hurry (I suppose) to set out upon his mission to Saintonge in the *pays de d'Aunis*, where the King has promised him a famous *heretic-hunt*. He is, I do assure you, a wonderful creature: he understands so much Latin and Greek, and knows all the tricks of the sorceresses. Yet you keep him under.

Bossuet. Mademoiselle, if you really have anything to confess, and if you desire that I should have the honor of absolving you, it

¹ The opinion of Molinos on Mysticism and Quietism had begun to spread abroad: but Fénelon, who had acquired already a very high celebrity for eloquence, had not yet written on the subject. We may well suppose that Bossuet was among the earliest assailants of a system which he afterwards attacked so vehemently. The stormier superstition swept away the more vapory. (Landor's note.)

would be better to proceed in it, than to oppress me with unmerited eulogies on my humble labors.

Fontanges. You must first direct me, monseigneur: I have nothing particular. The King assures me there is no harm whatever in his love toward me.

Bossuet. That depends on your thoughts at the moment. If you abstract the mind from the body, and turn your heart toward heaven —

Fontanges. O monseigneur, I always did so — every time but once. You quite make me blush. Let us converse about something else, or I shall grow too serious, just as you made me the other day at the funeral sermon. And now let me tell you, my lord, you compose such pretty funeral sermons, I hope I shall have the pleasure of hearing you preach mine.

Bossuet. Rather let us hope, mademoiselle, that the hour is yet far distant when so melancholy a service will be performed for you. May he who is unborn be the sad announcer of your departure hence! May he indicate to those around him many virtues not perhaps yet full-blown in you, and point triumphantly to many faults and foibles checked by you in their early growth, and lying dead on the open road you shall have left behind you! To me the painful duty will, I trust, be spared: I am advanced in age; you are a child.

Fontanges. Oh, no! I am seventeen.

Bossuet. I should have supposed you younger by two years at least. But do you collect nothing from your own reflection, which raises so many in my breast? You think it possible that I, aged as I am, may preach a sermon on your funeral. Alas, it is so! such things have been. There is, however, no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.

Fontanges. I never minded them: I like peaches better; and one a day is quite enough for me.

Bossuet. We say that our days are few; and, saying it, we say too much. Marie-Angélique, we have but one: the past are not ours, and who can promise us the future? This in which we live is ours only while we live in it; the next moment may strike it off

from us; the next sentence I would utter may be broke and fall between us.¹ The beauty that has made a thousand hearts to beat at one instant, at the succeeding has been without pulse and color, without admirer, friend, companion, follower. She by whose eyes the march of victory shall have been directed, whose name shall have animated armies at the extremities of the earth, drops into one of its crevices and mingles with its dust. Duchess de Fontanges! think on this! Lady! so live as to think on it undisturbed!

Fontanges. O God! I am quite alarmed. Do not talk thus gravely. It is in vain that you speak to me in so sweet a voice. I am frightened even at the rattle of the beads about my neck; take them off, and let us talk on other things. What was it that dropped on the floor as you were speaking? It seemed to shake the room, though it sounded like a pin or button.

Bossuet. Never mind it: leave it there; I pray you, I implore you, madame!

Fontanges. Why do you rise? Why do you run? Why not let me? I am nimbler. So your ring fell from your hand, my Lord Bishop! How quick you are! Could not you have trusted me to pick it up?

Bossuet. Madame is too condescending; had this happened, I should have been overwhelmed with confusion. My hand is shriveled; the ring has ceased to fit it. A mere accident may draw us into perdition; a mere accident may bestow on us the means of grace. A pebble has moved you more than my words.

Fontanges. It pleases me vastly; I admire rubies. I will ask the King for one exactly like it. This is the time he usually comes in from the chase. I am sorry you cannot be present to hear how prettily I shall ask him; but that is impossible, you know; for I shall do it just when I am certain he would give me anything. He said so himself; he said but yesterday, "Such a sweet creature is worth a world," and no actor on the stage was more like a king than his Majesty was when he spoke it, if he had but kept his wig and robe on. And yet you know he is rather stiff and wrinkled for so great a monarch;

¹ Though Bossuet was capable of uttering and even of feeling such a sentiment, his conduct towards Fénelon, the fairest apparition that Christianity ever presented, was ungenerous and unjust.

While the diocese of Cambray was ravaged by Louis, it was spared by Marlborough; who said to the Archbishop that, if he was sorry he had not taken Cambray, it was chiefly because he lost for a time the pleasure of visiting so great a man. Peterborough, the next of our generals in glory, paid his respects to him some years afterward. (Landor's note.)

¹ Bossuet was in his fifty-fourth year; Mlle. de Fontanges died in child-bed the year following; he survived her twenty-three. (Landor's note.)

and his eyes, I am afraid, are beginning to fail him, he looks so close at things.

Bossuet. Mademoiselle, such is the duty of a prince who desires to conciliate our regard and love.

Fontanges. Well, I think so too, though I did not like it in him at first. I am sure he will order the ring for me, and I will confess to you with it upon my finger. But first I must be cautious and particular to know of him how much it is his royal will that I should say.

THE EMPRESS CATHARINE AND PRINCESS DASHKOF

Czar Peter III was assassinated on July 17, 1762. Lander notes: "It is unnecessary to inform the generality of readers that Catharine was not present at the murder of her husband . . . our business is character."

Catharine. Into his heart! into his heart! If he escapes, we perish.

Do you think, Dashkof, they can hear me through the double door? Yes; hark! they heard me: they have done it.

What bubbling and gurgling! he groaned but once.

Listen! his blood is busier now than it ever was before. I should not have thought it could have splashed so loud upon the floor, although our bed, indeed, is rather of the highest.

Put your ear against the lock.

Dashkof. I hear nothing.

Catharine. My ears are quicker than yours, and know these notes better. Let me come. — Hear nothing! You did not wait long enough, nor with coolness and patience. There! — there again! The drops are now like lead: every half-minute they penetrate the eider-down and the mattress. — How now! which of these fools has brought his dog with him? What tramping and lapping! the creature will carry the marks all about the palace with his feet and muzzle.

Dashkof. Oh, heavens!

Catharine. Are you afraid?

Dashkof. There is a horror that surpasses fear, and will have none of it. I knew not this before.

Catharine. You turn pale and tremble. You should have supported me, in case I had required it.

Dashkof. I thought only of the tyrant. Neither in life nor in death could any one of these miscreants make me tremble. But the husband slain by his wife! — I saw not into

my heart; I looked not into it, and it chastises me.

Catharine. Dashkof, are you then really unwell?

Dashkof. What will Russia, what will Europe, say?

Catharine. Russia has no more voice than a whale. She may toss about in her turbulence; but my artillery (for now, indeed, I can safely call it mine) shall stun and quiet her.

Dashkof. God grant —

Catharine. I cannot but laugh at thee, my pretty Dashkof! God grant, forsooth! He has granted all we wanted from him at present — the safe removal of this odious Peter.

Dashkof. Yet Peter loved *you*; and even the worst husband must leave, surely, the recollection of some sweet moments. The sternest must have trembled, both with apprehension and with hope, at the first alteration in the health of his consort; at the first promise of true union, imperfect without progeny. Then there are thanks rendered together to heaven, and satisfactions communicated, and infant words interpreted; and when the one has failed to pacify the sharp cries of babyhood, pettish and impatient as sovereignty itself, the success of the other in calming it, and the unenvied triumph of this exquisite ambition, and the calm gazes that it wins upon it.

Catharine. Are these, my sweet friend, your lessons from the Stoic school? Are not they, rather, the pale-faced reflections of some kind epithalamia¹ from Livonia or Bessarabia? Come, come away. I am to know nothing at present of the deplorable occurrence. Did not you wish his death?

Dashkof. It is not his death that shocks me.

Catharine. I understand you: beside, you said as much before.

Dashkof. I fear for your renown.

Catharine. And for your own good name — ay, Dashkof!

Dashkof. He was not, nor did I ever wish him to be, my friend.

Catharine. You hated him.

Dashkof. Even hatred may be plucked up too roughly!

Catharine. Europe shall be informed of my reasons, if she should ever find out that I countenanced the conspiracy. . . She shall be persuaded that her repose made the step necessary; that my own life was in danger; that I fell upon my knees to soften the con-

¹ Maker of a marriage-ode.

spirators; that, only when I had fainted, the horrible deed was done. She knows already that Peter was always ordering new exercises and uniforms; and my ministers can evince at the first audience my womanly love of peace.

Dashkof. Europe may be more easily subjugated than duped.

Catharine. She shall be both, God willing.

Dashkof. The majesty of thrones will seem endangered by this open violence.

Catharine. The majesty of thrones is never in jeopardy by those who sit upon them. A sovereign may cover one with blood more safely than a subject can pluck a feather out of the cushion. It is only when the people does the violence that we hear an ill report of it. Kings poison and stab one another in pure legitimacy. Do your republican ideas revolt from such a doctrine?

Dashkof. I do not question this right of theirs, and never will oppose their exercise of it. But if you prove to the people how easy a matter it is to extinguish an emperor, and how pleasantly and prosperously we may live after it, is it not probable that they also will now and then try the experiment; particularly, if any one in Russia should hereafter hear of glory and honor, and how immortal are these by the consent of mankind, in all countries and ages, in him who releases the world, or any part of it, from a lawless and ungovernable despot? The chances of escape are many, and the greater if he should have no accomplices. Of his renown there is no doubt at all: that is placed above chance and beyond time, by the sword he hath exercised so righteously.

Catharine. True; but we must reason like democrats no longer. Republicanism is the best thing we can have, when we cannot have power; but no one ever held the two together. I am now autocrat.

Dashkof. Truly, then, may I congratulate you. The dignity is the highest a mortal can attain.

Catharine. I know and feel it.

Dashkof. I wish you always may.

Catharine. I doubt not the stability of power: I can make constant both fortune and love. My Dashkof smiles at this conceit: she has here the same advantage, and does not envy her friend, even the autocracy.

Dashkof. Indeed I do, and most heartily.

Catharine. How!

Dashkof. I know very well what those intended who first composed the word; but they blundered egregiously. In spite of them, it signifies power over oneself — of all

power the most enviable, and the least consistent with power over others.

I hope and trust there is no danger to you from any member of the council-board inflaming the guards or other soldiery.

Catharine. The members of the council-board did not sit *at* it, but *upon* it, and their tactics were performed crosslegged. What partisans are to be dreaded of that commander-in-chief whose chief command is over pantaloons and facings, whose utmost glory is perched on loops and feathers, and who fancies that battles are to be won rather by pointing the hat than the cannon?

Dashkof. Peter was not insensible to glory; few men are: but wiser heads than his have been perplexed in the road to it, and many have lost it by their ardor to attain it. I have always said that, unless we devote ourselves to the public good, we may perhaps be celebrated; but it is beyond the power of fortune, or even of genius, to exalt us above the dust.

Catharine. Dashkof, you are a sensible, sweet creature; but rather too romantic on principle, and rather too visionary on glory. I shall always both esteem and love you; but no other woman in Europe will be great enough to endure you, and you will really put the men *hors de combat*. Thinking is an enemy to beauty, and no friend to tenderness. Men can ill brook it one in another; in women it renders them what they would fain call scornful (vain assumption of high prerogative!), and what you would find bestial and outrageous. As for my reputation, which I know is dear to you, I can purchase all the best writers in Europe with a snuff-box each, and all the remainder with its contents. Not a gentleman of the Academy but is enchanted by a toothpick, if I deign to send it him. A brilliant makes me Semiramis; a watch-chain, Venus; a ring, Juno. Voltaire is my friend.

Dashkof. He was Frederick's.

Catharine. I shall be the *Pucelle* of Russia. No! I had forgotten; he has treated her scandalously.

Dashkof. Does your Majesty value the flatteries of a writer who ridicules the most virtuous and glorious of his nation; who crouched before that monster of infamy, Louis XV, and that worse monster, the king his predecessor? He reviled, with every indignity and indecency, the woman who rescued France, and who alone, of all that ever led the armies of that kingdom, made

¹ Voltaire had written the Epic of *La Pucelle* (the Maid of Orleans).

its conquerors — the English — tremble. Its monarchs and marshals cried and ran like capons, flapping their fine crests from wall to wall, and cackling at one breath defiance and surrender. The village girl drew them back into battle, and placed the heavens themselves against the enemies of Charles. She seemed supernatural: the English recruits deserted; they would not fight against God.

Catharine. Fools and bigots!

Dashkof. The whole world contained none other, excepting those who fed upon them. The Maid of Orleans was pious and sincere: her life asserted it; her death confirmed it. Glory to her, Catharine, if you love glory. Detestation to him who has profaned the memory of this most holy martyr, the guide and avenger of her king, the redeemer and savior of her country.

Catharine. Be it so; but Voltaire buoys me up above some impertinent, troublesome qualms.

Dashkof. If Deism had been prevalent in Europe, he would have been the champion of Christianity; and if the French had been Protestants, he would have shed tears upon the papal slipper. He buoys up no one: for he gives no one hope. He may amuse: dullness itself must be amused, indeed, by the versatility and brilliancy of his wit.

Catharine. While I was meditating on the great action I have now so happily accomplished, I sometimes thought his wit feeble. This idea, no doubt, originated from the littleness of everything in comparison with my undertaking.

Dashkof. Alas! we lose much when we lose the capacity of being delighted by men of genius, and gain little when we are forced to run to them for incredulity.

Catharine. I shall make some use of my philosopher at Ferney.¹ I detest him as much as you do; but where will you find me another who writes so pointedly? You really, then, fancy that people care for truth! Innocent Dashkof! Believe me, there is nothing so delightful in life as to find a liar in a person of repute. Have you never heard good folks rejoicing at it? Or, rather, can you mention to me any one who has not been in raptures when he could communicate such glad tidings? The goutiest man would go on foot without a crutch to tell his friend of it at midnight; and would cross the Neva for the purpose, when he doubted whether the ice would bear him. Men in general are so weak in truth that they are obliged to put

their bravery under it to prop it. Why do they pride themselves, think you, on their courage, when the bravest of them is by many degrees less courageous than a mastiff-bitch in the straw? It is only that they may be rogues without hearing it, and make their fortunes without rendering an account of them.

Now we chat again as we used to do. Your spirits and your enthusiasm have returned. Courage, my sweet Dashkof; do not begin to sigh again. We never can want husbands while we are young and lively. Alas! I cannot always be so. Heigho! But serfs and preferment will do; none shall refuse me at ninety — Paphos or Tobolsk.²

Have not you a song for me?

Dashkof. German or Russian?

Catharine. Neither, neither. Some frightful word might drop — might remind me — no, nothing shall remind me. French, rather: French songs are the liveliest in the world.

Is the rouge off my face?

Dashkof. It is rather in streaks and mottles; excepting just under the eyes, where it sits as it should do.

Catharine. I am heated and thirsty: I cannot imagine how. I think we have not yet taken our coffee. Was it so strong? What am I dreaming of? I could eat only a slice of melon at breakfast; my duty urged me *then*; and dinner is yet to come. Remember, I am to faint at the midst of it when the intelligence comes in, or rather when, in despite of every effort to conceal it from me, the awful truth has flashed upon my mind. Remember, too, you are to catch me, and to cry for help, and to tear those fine flaxen hairs which we laid up together on the toilet; and we are both to be as inconsolable as we can be for the life of us. Not now, child, not now. Come, sing. I know not how to fill up the interval. Two long hours yet! — how stupid and tiresome! I wish all things of the sort could be done and be over in a day. They are mightily disagreeable when by nature one is not cruel. People little know my character. I have the tenderest heart upon earth: I am courageous, but I am full of weaknesses. I possess in perfection the higher part of men, and — to a friend I may say it — the most amiable part of women. Ho, ho! at last you smile: now your thoughts upon that.

Dashkof. I have heard fifty men swear it.

Catharine. They lied, the knaves! I hardly knew them by sight. We were talk-

¹ They may choose the home of Venus or exile in Siberia.

² Voltaire's place of residence.

ing of the sad necessity. — Ivan must follow next: he is heir to the throne. I have a wild, impetuous, pleasant little *protégé*, who shall attempt to rescue him. I will have him persuaded and incited to it, and assured of pardon on the scaffold. He can never know the trick we play him; unless his head, like a bottle of Bordeaux, ripens its contents in the sawdust. Orders are given that Ivan be despatched at the first disturbance in the precincts of the castle; in short, at the fire of

the sentry. But not now, — another time: two such scenes together, and without some interlude, would perplex people.

I thought we spoke of singing: do not make me wait, my dearest creature! Now cannot you sing as usual, without smoothing your dove's-throat with your handkerchief, and taking off your necklace? Give it me, then; give it me. I will hold it for you: I must play with something.

Sing, sing; I am quite impatient.

THOMAS HOOD (1799–1845)

Thomas Hood was a magazine editor, an illustrator, and a writer of light verses, who, in the face of hardship and illness, produced some genuinely humorous lyrics. He is known especially, however, for his serious poems which illustrate the sympathy and restrained tenderness that was typical of the man.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

"Drowned! Drowned!" — Hamlet

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family —
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home? 35

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one 40
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun! 45
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly 50
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged. 55

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window to casement,
From garret to basement, 60
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
 Made her tremble and shiver;
 But not the dark arch,
 Or the black flowing river:
 Mad from life's history,
 Glad to death's mystery,
 Swift to be hurled —
 Anywhere, anywhere
 Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
 No matter how coldly
 The rough river ran, —
 Over the brink of it,
 Picture it — think of it,
 Dissolute Man!
 Lave in it, drink of it,
 Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care;
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
 Stiffen so rigidly,
 Decently, kindly,
 Smooth and compose them;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
 Thro' muddy impurity,
 As when with the daring
 Last look of despairing
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
 Spurred by contumely,
 Cold inhumanity,
 Burning insanity,
 Into her rest. —
 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behavior,
 And leaving with meekness,
 Her sins to her Savior!

1843

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread —

Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof!
 And work — work — work,
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
 It's Oh! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!

"Work — work — work,
 Till the brain begins to swim;
 Work — work — work,
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh, men, with sisters dear!
 Oh, men, with mothers and wives!
 It is not linen you're wearing out
 But human creatures' lives!
 Stitch — stitch — stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?
 That phantom of grisly bone,
 I hardly fear its terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own —
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep;
 Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work — work — work!
 My labor never flags;
 And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
 A crust of bread — and rags.
 That shattered roof — this naked floor —
 A table — a broken chair —
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there!

"Work — work — work!
 From weary chime to chime,
 Work — work — work,
 As prisoners work for crime!
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain be-
 numbed,
 As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work,
 In the dull December light,
 And work — work — work,
 When the weather is warm and bright, — 60
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling
 As if to show me their sunny backs
 And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet;
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel, 70
 Before I knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal.

"Oh! but for one short hour!
 A respite however brief!
 No blessed leisure for Love or Hope, 75
 But only time for Grief!
 A little weeping would ease my heart,
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread!" 80

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread —
 Stitch! stitch! stitch! 85
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch, —
 Would that its tone could reach the Rich! —
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

1843

THE DEATH BED

We watched her breathing thro' the night,
 Her breathing soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak, 5
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied — 10
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
 And chill with early showers,

Her quiet eyelids closed — she had 15
 Another morn than ours.

MORNING MEDITATIONS

Let Taylor preach upon a morning breezy,
 How well to rise while nights and larks are
 flying —

For my part getting up seems not so easy
 By half as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky, 5
 Soaring beyond the sight to find him out —
 Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?
 I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
 The smell of sweet herbs at the morning
 prime — 10
 Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
 A bed of *time*.

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are nought,
 His steeds that paw impatiently about, —
 Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought, 15
 The first turn-out!

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear
 Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl;
 What then, — if I prefer my pillow-beer
 To early pearl? 20

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
 And grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs
 Wherefore should master rise before the hens
 Have laid their eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start 25
 To see faint flushes in the east awaken?
 A fig, I say, for any streaky part,
 Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
 Who used to haste the dewy grass among, 30
 "To meet the sun upon the upland lawn" —
 Well — he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,
 And sweeps that earn betimes their bit and
 sup;
 But I'm no climbing boy, and needs not be 35
 All up — all up!

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
 Till something nearer to the stroke of noon; —
 A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*,
 Must be a spoon. 40

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)

Charles Lamb was born February 10, 1775, in the Temple, London. His father was the trusted servant of a barrister who had his residence in that ancient abode of the law. Charles was the youngest of several children. He was sent to school at Christ's Hospital, where he knew Coleridge and Leigh Hunt; and, at the age of seventeen, was appointed to a clerkship in the East India House. His older sister, Mary, was subject to fits of insanity in one of which she killed her mother and wounded her father. After her release from the asylum Charles and Mary Lamb took up their life together, which was maintained in various lodgings in London. His rooms were always a gathering place for literary men of the day — Wordsworth and Southey came there in their visits from the Lakes, to meet Hazlitt, Keats, Leigh Hunt, and others. Lamb was an urban spirit; he always declared that he preferred the pavements and life of the city to the rarest views of Skiddaw and Helvellyn. After his retirement from the India House in 1825 he and his sister lived in the suburbs, at Enfield and Edmonton, until his death in 1834.

Charles Lamb's employment at the India House was not engrossing. He had leisure for writing, and attempted many of the forms current in his day, fiction, poetry, tragedy, comedy, and the essay. It was in this last that he won the success which makes him immortal. He began to contribute the *Essays of Elia* to the *London Magazine* in 1820. In these his charm of personality, his tastes and his prejudices, his whimsical humor which delights in the oddities of people and the incongruities of events, his tenderness toward misfortune, all those things which made him lovable to his friends are preserved to make him beloved of his readers. Lamb had a temperament to which the positive, downright, and matter-of-fact was insipid; to which only the subtle, elusive, and suggestive had charm. More than any English writer he must be read not for the importance of what he says of morals and social problems, but for what he is.

Lamb's works have been collected and edited by Alfred Ainger (1883-88) and by E. V. Lucas (seven volumes), with a *Life of Charles Lamb* in two volumes. The short life by Canon Ainger in the English Men of Letters Series is excellent. Hazlitt wrote of Lamb in *Persons One Would Wish to Have Seen*, and in *The Spirit of the Age*.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE AND THIRTY YEARS AGO

Published in the *London Magazine*, November, 1820, with the signature "Elia." His opening sentence refers to an earlier essay on the subject published under his own name. Christ's Hospital was an endowed school for poor boys which Lamb and Coleridge entered at the same time, at the ages of seven and ten respectively. It is the situation of Coleridge, far from home and friends, which Lamb in part assumes.

In Mr. Lamb's *Works*, published a year or two since, I find a magnificent eulogy on my old school,¹ such as it was, or now appears to him to have been, between the years 1782 and 1789. It happens, very oddly, that my own standing at Christ's was nearly corresponding with his; and, with all gratitude to him for his enthusiasm for the cloisters, I think he has contrived to bring together whatever can be said in praise of them, dropping all the other side of the argument most ingeniously.

I remember L. at school; and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages, which I and others of his schoolfellows had not. His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of

going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction, which was denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battenning upon our quarter of a penny loaf — our *crug* — moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk porritch, blue and tasteless, and the pease soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of "extraordinary bread and butter," from the hot-loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant — (we had three banyan¹ to four meat days in the week) — was endeared to his palate with a lump of double-refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly) or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our *half-pickled* Sundays, or *quite fresh* boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as *caro equina*²), with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth — our scanty mutton crags on Fridays — and rather more savory, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays

¹ A name given to days on which sailors received no allowance of meat,
² horse flesh.

¹ Recollections of Christ's Hospital.

(the only dish which excited our appetites, and disappointed our stomachs, in almost equal proportion) — he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin (exotics unknown to our palates), cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing), and brought him daily by his maid or aunt! I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride) squatting down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite); and the contending passions of L. at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions!) predominant, breaking down the stony fences of shame, and awkwardness, and a troubling over-consciousness.

I was a poor friendless boy. My parents, and those who should care for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, which they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough; and, one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates.

O the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years! How, in my dreams, would my native town (far in the west) come back, with its church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire!

To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those *whole-day-leaves*, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out, for the live-long day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing excursions to the New River, which L. recalls with such relish, better, I think, than he can — for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such water-pastimes. — How merrily we would sally forth into the fields; and strip under the first warmth of the sun; and wanton like

young dace in the streams; getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying — while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes, were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings — the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them! — How faint and languid, finally we would return, towards nightfall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant, that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired!

It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless — shivering at cold windows of print-shops, to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times repeated visit (where our individual faces should be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the Lions in the Tower — to whose levée, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission.

L.'s governor¹ (so we called the patron who presented us to the foundation) lived in a manner under his paternal roof. Any complaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. This was understood at Christ's, and was an effectual screen to him against the severity of masters, or worse tyranny of the monitors. The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-sickening to call to recollection. I have been called out of my bed, and *waked for the purpose*, in the coldest winter nights — and this not once, but night after night — in my shirt, to receive the discipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callow overseer, when there has been any talking heard after we were gone to bed, to make the six last beds in the dormitory, where the youngest children of us slept, answerable for an offence they neither dared to commit, nor had the power to hinder. — The same execrable tyranny drove the younger part of us from the fires, when our feet were perishing with snow; and under the cruellest penalties, forbade the indulgence of a drink of water, when we lay in sleepless summer nights, fevered with the season, and the day's sports.

There was one H——,² who, I learned, in after days, was seen expiating some maturer

¹ Samuel Salt, the employer under whose roof John Lamb and his family lived.

² Hodges. (Name supplied by Lamb.)

offence in the hulks. (Do I flatter myself in fancying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered — at Nevis, I think, or St. Kitts, — some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero actually branded a boy, who had offended him, with a red-hot iron; and nearly starved forty of us, with exacting contributions, to the one half of our bread, to pamper a young ass, which, incredible as it may seem, with the connivance of the nurse's daughter (a young flame of his) he had contrived to smuggle in, and keep upon the leads of the *ward*, as they called our dormitories. This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must cry roast meat — happier than Caligula's minion,¹ could he have kept his own counsel — but, foolisher, alas! than any of his species in the fables — waxing fat, and kicking, in the fulness of bread, one unlucky minute would needs proclaim his good fortune to the world below; and, laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram's horn blast, as (toppling down the walls of his own Jericho) set concealment any longer at defiance. The client was dismissed, with certain attentions, to Smithfield; but I never understood that the patron underwent any censure on the occasion. This was in the stewardship of L.'s admired Perry.

Under the same *facile* administration, can L. have forgotten the cool impunity with which the nurses used to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one out of two of every hot joint, which the careful matron had been seeing scrupulously weighed out for our dinners? These things were daily practised in that magnificent apartment, which L. (grown connoisseur since, we presume) praises so highly for the grand paintings "by Verrio, and others," with which it is "hung round and adorned." But the sight of sleek, well-fed blue-coat boys in pictures was, at that time, I believe, little consolatory to him, or us, the living ones, who saw the better part of our provisions carried away before our faces by harpies; and ourselves reduced (with the Trojan in the hall of Dido)

"To feed our mind with idle portraiture."

L. has recorded the repugnance of the school to *gags*, or the fat of fresh beef boiled; and sets it down to some superstition. But

¹ The Emperor Caligula appointed a horse as chief consul.

these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates (children are universally fat-haters) and in strong, coarse, boiled meats, *unsalted*, are detestable. A *gag-eater* in our time was equivalent to a *ghoul*, and held in equal detestation. — suffered under the imputation.

" — "Twas said,
He ate strange flesh."

He was observed, after dinner, carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table (not many, nor very choice fragments, you may credit me) — and, in an especial manner, these disreputable morsels, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bed-side. None saw when he ate them. It was rumored that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported, that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief, full of something. This then must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment, which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his school-fellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out building, such as there exist specimens of in Chancery Lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism with open door, and a common staircase. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr. Hathaway, the then steward (for this happened a little after my time), with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter, before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious

scraps, turned out to be the parents of —, an honest couple come to decay, — whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds! — The governors on this occasion, much to their honor, voted a present relief to the family of —, and presented him with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read upon RASH JUDGMENT, on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal to —, I believe, would not be lost upon his auditory. — I had left school then, but I well remember —. He was a tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself, as he had done by the old folks.

I was a hypochondriac lad; and the sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender years, barely turned of seven; and had only read of such things in books, or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had *run away*. This was the punishment for the first offence. — As a novice I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little square, Bedlam cells,¹ where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket — a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted — with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison-orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water — who *might not speak to him*; — or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was almost welcome, because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude: — and here he was shut up by himself *of nights*, out of the reach of any sound, to suffer whatever horrors the weak nerves, and superstition incident to his time of life, might subject him to.² This was the penalty for the second offence. — Wouldst thou like, reader, to see so what became of him in the next degree?

¹ Bedlam was a corruption of Bethlehem. The hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem was used as an asylum for the insane.

² One or two instances of lunacy, or attempted suicide, accordingly, at length convinced the governors of the impolicy of this part of the sentence, and the midnight torture to the spirits was dispensed with. — This fancy of dungeons for children was a sprout of Howard's brain; for which (saving the reverence due to Holy Paul), methinks, I could willingly spit upon his statue. (Lamb's note.)

The culprit, who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was brought forth, as at some solemn *auto da fe*,¹ arrayed in uncouth and most appalling attire — all trace of his late "watchet weeds"² carefully effaced, he was exposed in a jacket, resembling those which London lamplighters formerly delighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture was such as the ingenious devisers of it could have anticipated. With his pale and frightened features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante³ had seized upon him. In this disguise he was brought into the hall (*L.'s favorite state-room*), where awaited him the whole number of his schoolfellows, whose joint lessons and sports he was thenceforth to share no more; the awful presence of the steward, to be seen for the last time; of the executioner beadle, clad in his state robe for the occasion; and of two faces more, of direr import, because never but in these extremities visible. These were governors; two of whom, by choice, or charter, were always accustomed to officiate at these *Ultima Supplicia*;⁴ not to mitigate (so at least we understood it), but to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gascoigne, and Peter Aubert, I remember, were colleagues on one occasion, when the beadle turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The scourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lictor accompanied the criminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous disgusting circumstances, to make accurate report with our eyes of the degree of corporal suffering inflicted. Report, of course, gave out the back knotty and livid. After scourging, he was made over, in his *San Benito*,⁵ to his friends, if he had any (but commonly such poor runagates were friendless), or to his parish officer, who, to enhance the effect of the scene, had his station allotted to him on the outside of the hall gate.

These solemn pageantries were not played off so often as to spoil the general mirth of the community. We had plenty of exercise and recreation *after* school hours; and, for myself, I must confess, that I was never happier, than *in* them. The Upper and

¹ act of faith. The occasion on which heretics were burned at the stake.

² blue uniforms.

³ Cf. *Inferno* Cantos xxviii-xxx.

⁴ extreme punishments.

⁵ Garments of the same cut as those worn by the monks of St. Benedict, worn by victims of an *auto da fe*.

Lower Grammar Schools were held in the same room; and an imaginary line only divided their bounds. Their character was as different as that of the inhabitants on the two sides of the Pyrenees. The Rev. James Boyer was the Upper Master: but the Rev. Matthew Field presided over that portion of the apartment, of which I had the good fortune to be a member. We lived a life as careless as birds. We talked and did just what we pleased, and nobody molested us. We carried an accidence, or a grammar, for form; but, for any trouble it gave us, we might take two years in getting through the verbs deponent, and another two in forgetting all that we had learned about them. There was now and then the formality of saying a lesson, but if you had not learned it, a brush across the shoulders (just enough to disturb a fly) was the sole remonstrance. Field never used the rod; and in truth he wielded the cane with no great good will — holding it “like a dancer.” It looked in his hands rather like an emblem than an instrument of authority; and an emblem, too, he was ashamed of. He was a good easy man, that did not care to ruffle his own peace, nor perhaps set any great consideration upon the value of juvenile time. He came among us, now and then, but often stayed away whole days from us; and when he came, it made no difference to us — he had his private room to retire to, the short time he stayed, to be out of the sound of our noise. Our mirth and uproar went on. We had classics of our own, without being beholden to “insolent Greece or haughty Rome,” that passed current among us — Peter Wilkins — the Adventures of the Hon. Capt. Robert Boyle — the Fortunate Blue-Coat Boy — and the like. Or we cultivated a turn for mechanic or scientific operation; making little sundials of paper; or weaving those ingenious parentheses, called *cat-cradles*; or making dry peas to dance upon the end of a tin pipe; or studying the art military over that laudable game “French and English,” and a hundred other such devices to pass away the time — mixing the useful with the agreeable — as would have made the souls of Rousseau and John Locke¹ chuckle to have seen us.

Matthew Field belonged to that class of modest divines who affect to mix in equal proportion the *gentleman*, the *scholar*, and the *Christian*; but, I know not how, the first ingredient is generally found to be the predominating dose in the composition. He

was engaged in gay parties, or with his courtly bow at some episcopal levée, when he should have been attending upon us. He had for many years the classical charge of a hundred children, during the four or five first years of their education; and his very highest form seldom proceeded further than two or three of the introductory fables of Phædrus. How things were suffered to go on thus, I cannot guess. Boyer, who was the proper person to have remedied these abuses, always affected, perhaps felt, a delicacy in interfering in a province not strictly his own. I have not been without my suspicions, that he was not altogether displeased at the contrast we presented to his end of the school. We were a sort of Helots to his young Spartans. He would sometimes, with ironic deference, send to borrow a rod of the Under Master, and then, with Sardonic grin, observe to one of his upper boys, “how neat and fresh the twigs looked.” While his pale students were battering their brains over Xenophon and Plato, with a silence as deep as that enjoined by the Samite,² we were enjoying ourselves at our ease in our little Goshen. We saw a little into the secrets of his discipline, and the prospect did but the more reconcile us to our lot. His thunders rolled innocuous for us; his storms came near, but never touched us; contrary to Gideon’s miracle,³ while all around were drenched, our fleece was dry. His boys turned out the better scholars; we, I suspect, have the advantage in temper. His pupils cannot speak of him without something of terror allaying their gratitude; the remembrance of Field comes back with all the soothing images of indolence, and summer slumbers, and work like play, and innocent idleness, and Elysian exemptions, and life itself a “playing holiday.”

Though sufficiently removed from the jurisdiction of Boyer, we were near enough (as I have said) to understand a little of his system. We occasionally heard sounds of the *Ululantes*, and caught glances of Tartarus. B. was a rabid pedant. His English style was cramped to barbarism. His Easter anthems (for his duty obliged him to those periodical flights) were grating as scrannel pipes.³ — He would laugh, ay, and heartily,

¹ Pythagoras enjoined silence upon his pupils in regard to their own conclusions until they had listened to his lectures for five years.

² Cf. Judges vi, 36–38.

³ In this and every thing B. was the antipodes of his coadjutor. While the former was digging his brains for crude anthems, worth a pig-nut, F. would be recreating his gentlemanly fancy in the more flowery walks of the Muses. A little dramatic effusion of his, under the name of Vertumnus and Pomona, is not yet forgotten by the

¹ Both exponents of a natural system of education.

but then it must be at Flaccus's quibble about *Rex*¹ — or at the *tristis severitas in vultu*,² or *inspicere in patinas*,³ of Terence — thin jests, which at their first broaching could hardly have had *vis*⁴ enough to move a Roman muscle. — He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of different omen. The one serene, smiling, fresh powdered, betokening a mild day. The other, an old discolored, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school, when he made his morning appearance in his *passy*, or *passionate wig*. No comet expounded surer. — J. B. had a heavy hand. I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips) with a "Sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?" — Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the schoolroom, from his inner recess, or library, and, with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, "Od's my life, Sirrah" (his favorite adjuration), "I have a great mind to whip you," — then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling back into his lair — and, after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context) drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some Devil's Litany, with the expletory yell — "*and I will too*." — In his gentler moods, when the *rabidus furor*⁵ was assuaged, he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, for what I have heard, to himself, of whipping the boy, and reading the Debates, at the same time; a paragraph, and a lash between; which in those times, when parliamentary oratory was most at a height and flourishing in these realms, was not calculated to impress the patient with a veneration for the diffuser graces of rhetoric.

Once, and but once, the uplifted rod was known to fall ineffectual from his hand — when droll squinting W — having been caught putting the inside of the master's desk to a use for which the architect had clearly not designed it, to justify himself, with great simplicity averred, that *he did not know that the thing had been forewarned*. This exquisite irrecognition of any law antecedent to the oral or declaratory struck so irresistibly upon

chroniclers of that sort of literature. It was accepted by Garrick, but the town did not give it their sanction. — B. used to say of it, in a way of half-compliment, half-irony, that it was *too classical for representation*. (Lamb's note.)

¹ Horace. *Satires*, I, 7, 35.

² sad severity of countenance. (Terence, *Andrea*, V, II, 16.)

³ to look into the platter. (Terence, *Adelphi*, III, III, 74.)

⁴ power ⁵ raging madness.

the fancy of all who heard it (the pedagogue himself not excepted) that remission was unavoidable.

L. has given credit to B.'s great merits as an instructor. Coleridge, in his literary life, has pronounced a more intelligible and ample encomium on them. The author of the *Country Spectator* doubts not to compare him with the ablest teachers of antiquity. Perhaps we cannot dismiss him better than with the pious ejaculation of C. — when he heard that his old master was on his death-bed — "Poor J. B.! — may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no *bottoms* to reproach his sublunary infirmities."

Under him were many good and sound scholars bred. — First Grecian¹ of my time was Lancelot Pepys Stevens, kindest of boys and men, since Co-grammar-master (and inseparable companion) with Dr. T — e.² What an edifying spectacle did this brace of friends present to those who remembered the anti-socialities of their predecessors! — You never met the one by chance in the street without a wonder, which was quickly dissipated by the almost immediate sub-appearance of the other. Generally arm in arm, these kindly coadjutors lightened for each other the toilsome duties of their profession, and when, in advanced age, one found it convenient to retire, the other was not long in discovering that it suited him to lay down the fasces also. Oh, it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which at thirteen helped it to turn over the *Cicero De Amicitia*, or some tale of Antique Friendship, which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate! — Co-Grecian with S. was Th — ,³ who has since executed with ability various diplomatic functions at the Northern courts. Th — was a tall, dark, saturnine youth, sparing of speech, with raven locks. — Thomas Fanshaw Middleton followed him (now Bishop of Calcutta) a scholar and a gentleman in his teens. He has the reputation of an excellent critic; and is author (besides the *Country Spectator*) of a *Treatise on the Greek Article*, against Sharpe. — M. is said to bear his mitre high in India, where the *regni novitas*⁴ (I dare say) sufficiently justifies the bearing. A humility quite as primitive as that of Jewel or Hooker might not be exactly fitted to impress the

¹ Grecians were scholars recommended each year to Cambridge University.

² Trollope, who succeeded Boyer as head master.

³ Thornton.

⁴ newness of the rule.

minds of those Anglo-Asiatic diocesans with a reverence for home institutions, and the church which those fathers watered. The manners of M. at school, though firm, were mild, and unassuming. — Next to M. (if not senior to him) was Richards, author of the *Aboriginal Britons*, the most spirited of the Oxford Prize Poems: a pale, studious Grecian. — Then followed poor S——,¹ ill-fated M——!² of these the Muse is silent,

Finding some of Edward's race
Unhappy, pass their annals by.

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee — the dark pillar not yet turned — Samuel Taylor Coleridge — Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! — How have I seen the casual passer through the Cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar — while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy*! Many were the “wit-combats” (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller) between him and C. V. Le G——,³ “which two I behold like a Spanish great gallion, and an English man-of-war; Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.”⁴

Nor shalt thou, their compeer, be quickly forgotten, Allen, with the cordial smile, and still more cordial laugh, with which thou wert wont to make the old Cloisters shake, in thy cognition of some poignant jest of theirs; or the anticipation of some more material, and, peradventure, practical one, of thine own. Extinct are those smiles, with that beautiful countenance, with which (for thou wert the *Nireus formosus* of the school), in the days of thy maturer waggery, thou didst disarm the wrath of infuriated town-damsel, who, in-

censed by provoking pinch, turning tigress-like round, suddenly converted by thy angelic look, exchanged the half-formed terrible “bl——,” for a gentler greeting — “*bless thy handsome face!*”

Next follow two, who ought to be now alive, and the friends of Elia — the junior Le G—— and F——;⁵ who impelled, the former by a roving temper, the latter by too quick a sense of neglect — ill capable of enduring the slights poor Sizars are sometimes subject to in our seats of learning — exchanged their Alma Mater for the camp; perishing, one by climate, and one on the plains of Salamanca: — Le G—— sanguine, volatile, sweet-natured; F—— dogged, faithful, anticipative of insult, warm-hearted, with something of the old Roman height about him.

Fine, frank-hearted Fr——,² the present master of Hertford, with Marmaduke T——,³ mildest of Missionaries — and both my good friends still — close the catalogue of Grecians in my time.

MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST

1821

Published in the *London Magazine*, February, 1821. It has been conjectured that the original of Mrs. Battle was Sarah Burney, wife of Rear Admiral James Burney, with whom Lamb often played whist.

“A clear fire, a clean hearth,⁴ and the rigor of the game.” This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God) who, next to her devotions, loved a good game at whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half and half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary who has slipt a wrong card, to take it up and play another.⁵ These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said, that they do not play

¹ “Scott died in Bedlam.” (Lamb's note.)

² “Maunde, dismissed school.” (Lamb's note.)

³ Charles Valentine Le Grice.

⁴ From Fuller's accounts of the combats of wit between Jonson and Shakespeare.

⁵ Handsome Nireus, most beautiful of the Greek warriors against Troy.

¹ Favell.

² Frederick William Franklin.

³ Marmaduke Thompson.

⁴ This was before the introduction of rugs, Reader. You must remember the intolerable crash of the unswept cinders betwixt your foot and the marble. (Lamb's note.)

⁵ As if a sportsman should tell you he liked to kill a fox one day and lose him the next. (Lamb's note.)

at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul; and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favors. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight: cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She sat bolt upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side — their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that Hearts was her favorite suit.

I never in my life — and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it — saw her take out her snuffbox when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant, till it was fairly over. She never introduced or connived at miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his excess of candor, declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do, — and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards — over a book.

Pope was her favorite author: his Rape of the Lock her favorite work. She once did me the favor to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of Ombre in that poem; and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, tradrille. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr. Bowles: ¹ but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy

and specious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners — a thing which the constancy of whist abhors; the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of Spadille¹ — absurd, as she justly observed, in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his crown and garter gave him no proper power above his brother-nobility of the Aces; — the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone; — above all, the overpowering attractions of a *Sans Prendre Vole*,² — to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel or approaching, in the contingencies of whist; — all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivity to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *solider* game: that was her word. It was a long meal; not like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might co-extend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the chance-started, capricious, and ever fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian states, depicted by Machiavel; perpetually changing postures and connexions; bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow; kissing and scratching in a breath; — but the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational, antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favorite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage — nothing superfluous. No *flushes* — that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up: — that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and color, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colors of things. Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them: but what should we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit for dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshalled — never to take the field? — She even wished that whist were more simple than it is; and,

¹ ace of spades.

² In ombre, played by four, one may take a partner or play alone (*sans prendre*). *Vole* is to take all the tricks.

¹ William Lisle Bowles who published an edition of Pope in 1807.

in my mind, would have stript it of some appendages, which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps? — Why two colors, when the mark of the suits would have sufficiently distinguished them without it? —

"But the eye, my dear Madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason — he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your quaker spirit of unsensualising would have kept out. — You, yourself, have a pretty collection of paintings — but confess to me, whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes, or among the Paul Potters in the ante-room, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight, at all comparable to *that* you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged assortment of the court cards? — the pretty antic habits, like heralds in a procession — the gay triumph-assuring scarlets — the contrasting deadly, killing sables — the 'hoary majesty of spades' — Pam in all his glory! —"

"All these might be dispensed with; and, with their naked names upon the drab pasteboard, the game might go on very well, pictureless. But the *beauty* of cards would be extinguished for ever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling. — Imagine a dull deal board, or drum head, to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to nature's), fittest arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and tournaments in! — Exchange those delicately-turned ivory markers — (work of Chinese artist, unconscious of their symbol, — or as profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman that turned out those little shrines for the goddess) — exchange them for little bits of leather (our ancestors' money) or chalk and a slate!" —

The old lady, with a smile, confessed the soundness of my logic; and to her approbation of my arguments on her favorite topic that evening, I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a curious cribbage board, made of the finest Sienna marble, which her maternal uncle (Old Walter

Plumer, whom I have elsewhere celebrated) * brought with him from Florence: this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds came to me at her death.

The former bequest (which I do not least value) I have kept with religious care; though she herself, to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say, — disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce "*go*," or "*that's a go*." She called it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five dollar stake), because she would not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring "*two for his heels*." There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet she held the best game at the cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms — such as pique repique — the capot — they savored (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrate, or square. She would argue thus: — Cards are warfare: the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war, in disguise of a sport: when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is too close a fight: with spectators, it is not much bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money; he cares not for your luck *sympathetically*, or for your play. — Three are still worse; a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in tradrille. But in square games (*she meant whist*) all that is possible to be attained in card-playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honor, common to every species — though the *latter* can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theatre to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neu-

* knave of clubs

2 Acts XIX, 24.

1 In The South Sea House.

trality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold—or even an interested—by-stander witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathizes in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled, than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a civil game. — By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favorite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*. Chance, she would argue—and here again, admire the subtlety of her conclusion!—chance is nothing, but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious, that cannot be *glory*. What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size ace a hundred times together by himself? or before spectators, where no stake was depending?—Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number—and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively, without a prize?—Therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in backgammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots, who were taken with a lucky hit under such circumstances. Games of pure skill were as little to her fancy. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of over-reaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit—his memory, or combination-faculty rather—against another's; like a mock-engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless. — She could not conceive a *game* wanting the spritely infusion of chance,—the handsome excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room whilst whist was stirring in the centre, would inspire her with unsufferable horror and ennui. Those well-cut similitudes of Castles, and Knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue (and I think in this case justly) were entirely misplaced, and senseless. Those hard head-contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and color. A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other:—that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards; that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we *are* as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado; great battling, and little blood shed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious *games* of life, which men play, without esteeming them to be such. —

With great deference to the old lady's judgment on these matters, I think I have experienced some moments in my life, when playing at cards *for nothing* has even been very agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits, I sometimes call for the cards, and play a game at piquet *for love* with my cousin Bridget — Bridget Elia.¹

I grant there is something sneaking in it: but with a toothache or a sprained ankle,—when you are subdued and humble,—you are glad to put up with an inferior spring of action.

There is such a thing in nature, I am convinced, as *sick whist*. —

I grant it is not the highest style of man — I deprecate the manes of Sarah Battle — she lives not, alas! to whom I should apologize. —

At such times those *terms* which my old friend objected to, come in as something admissible. — I love to get a tierce or a quatorze, though they mean nothing. I am subdued to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me.

That last game I had with my sweet cousin (I capotted² her) — (dare I tell thee how foolish I am?) — I wished it might have lasted for ever, though we gained nothing, and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play: I would be content to go on in that idle folly for ever. The pipkin should be ever boiling, that was to prepare the gentle lenitive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed to apply after the game was over: and as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble. Bridget and I should be ever playing.

¹ Mary Lamb.

² won all the tricks.

IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES

Published in the *London Magazine*, August, 1821. It was originally entitled "Jews, Quakers, Scotchmen and Other Imperfect Sympathies."

I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathizeth with all things; I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy, in anything. Those national repugnances do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch. — *Religio Medici*.

That the author of the *Religio Medici*, mounted upon the airy stilts of abstraction, conversant about notional and conjectural essences; in whose categories of Being the possible took the upper hand of the actual; should have overlooked the impertinent individualities of such poor concretions as mankind, is not much to be admired. It is rather to be wondered at, that in the genus of animal he should have condescended to distinguish that species at all. For myself — earth-bound and fettered to the scene of my activities,

Standing on earth, not rapt above the sky,

I confess that I do feel the differences of mankind, national or individual, to an unhealthy excess. I can look with no indifferent eye upon things or persons. Whatever is, is to me a matter of taste or distaste; or when once it becomes indifferent, it begins to be disrelishing. I am, in plainer words, a bundle of prejudices — made up of likings and dislikings — the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies. In a certain sense, I hope it may be said of me that I am a lover of my species. I can feel for all indifferently, but I cannot feel towards all equally. The more purely English word that expresses sympathy will better explain my meaning. I can be a friend to a worthy man, who upon another account cannot be my mate or fellow. I cannot like all people alike.¹

¹ I would be understood as confining myself to the subjects of *imperfect sympathies*. To nations or classes of men there can be no direct *antipathy*. There may be individuals born and constellated so opposite to another individual nature, that the same sphere cannot hold them. I have met with my moral antipodes, and can believe the story of two persons meeting (who never saw one another before in their lives) and instantly fighting.

— We by proof find there should be
'Twixt man and man such an antipathy,
That though he can show no just reason why
For any former wrong or injury,
Can neither find a blemish in his fame,
Nor aught in face or feature justly blame,
Can challenge or accuse him of no evil,
Yet notwithstanding hates him as a devil.

The lines are from old Heywood's *Hierarchie of Angels*, and he subjoins a curious story in confirmation, of a Spaniard who attempted to assassinate a King Ferdinand of Spain, and being put to the rack could give no other rea-

I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me — and in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenuous in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank) which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to, have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of Truth. She presents no full front to them — a feature or side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game per-adventure — and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting: waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They cannot speak always as if they were upon their oath — but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries, as they arise, without waiting for their full development. They are no systematizers, and would but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely. The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth — if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything, but unlades his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always

son for the deed but an inveterate antipathy which he had taken to the first sight of the King.

— The cause to which that act compell'd him
Was, he ne'er loved him since he first beheld him.

(Lamb's note.)

about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence, to share it with you, before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. You cannot cry *halves* to anything that he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian — you never see the first dawn, the early streaks. — He has no falterings of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousnesses, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions, have no place in his brain, or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox — he has no doubts. Is he an infidel — he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You cannot make excursions with him — for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. He cannot compromise, or understand middle actions. There can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the square with him. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. "A healthy book!" — said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to *John Bunce* — "did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book." Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blest with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath. I have a print of a graceful female after Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr. —. After he had examined it minutely, I ventured to ask him how he liked MY BEAUTY (a foolish name it goes by among my friends) — when he very gravely assured me, that "he had considerable respect for my character and talents" (so he was pleased to say), "but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions." The misconception staggered me, but did not seem much to disconcert him. — Persons of this nation are particularly fond of affirming a truth — which nobody doubts. They do

not so properly affirm, as annunciate it. They do indeed appear to have such a love of truth (as if, like virtue, it were valuable for itself) that all truth becomes equally valuable, whether the proposition that contains it be new or old, disputed, or such as is impossible to become a subject of disputation. I was present not long since at a party of North Britons, where a son of Burns was expected; and happened to drop a silly expression (in my South British way), that I wished it were the father instead of the son — when four of them started up at once to inform me, that "that was impossible, because he was dead." An impracticable wish, it seems, was more than they could conceive. Swift has hit off this part of their character, namely, their love of truth, in his biting way, but with an illiberality that necessarily confines the passage to the margin.¹ The tediousness of these people is certainly provoking. I wonder if they ever tire one another! — In my early life I had a passionate fondness for the poetry of Burns. I have sometimes foolishly hoped to ingratiate myself with his countrymen by expressing it. But I have always found that a true Scot resents your admiration of his compatriot, even more than he would your contempt of him. The latter he imputes to your "imperfect acquaintance with many of the words which he uses;" and the same objection makes it a presumption in you to suppose that you can admire him, — Thomson they seem to have forgotten. Smollett they have neither forgotten nor forgiven for his delineation of Rory² and his companion, upon their first introduction to our metropolis. — Speak of Smollett as a great genius, and they will retort upon you Hume's *History* compared with *his* Continuation of it. What if the historian had continued *Humphrey Clinker*?

I have, in the abstract, no disrespect for Jews. They are a piece of stubborn antiquity, compared with which Stonehenge is in its nonage. They date beyond the pyramids. But I should not care to be in habits of familiar intercourse with any of that nation. I confess that I have not the

¹ There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company, with relating facts of no consequence, not at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable. — *Hints towards an Essay on Conversation.* (Lamb's note.)

² Roderick Random in Smollett's novel of that name

¹ The title of a book by Thomas Amory (1691-1788).

nerves to enter their synagogues. Old prejudices cling about me. I cannot shake off the story of Hugh of Lincoln.¹ Centuries of injury, contempt, and hate, on the one side, — of cloaked revenge, dissimulation, and hate, on the other, between our and their fathers, must, and ought, to affect the blood of the children. I cannot believe it can run clear and kindly yet; or that a few fine words, such as candor, liberality, the light of a nineteenth century, can close up the breaches of so deadly a disunion. A Hebrew is nowhere congenial to me. He is least distasteful on 'Change — for the mercantile spirit levels all distinctions, as are all beauties in the dark. I boldly confess I do not relish the approximation of Jew and Christian, which has become so fashionable. The reciprocal endearments have, to me, something hypocritical and unnatural in them. I do not like to see the Church and Synagogue kissing and congeeing in awkward postures of an affected civility. If *they* are converted, why do they not come over to us altogether? Why keep up a form of separation, when the life of it has fled? If they can sit with us at table, why do they kick at our cookery? I do not understand these half convertites. Jews christianizing — Christians judaizing — puzzle me. I like fish or flesh. A moderate Jew is a more confounding piece of anomaly than a wet Quaker. The spirit of the synagogue is essentially *separative*. B—— would have been more in keeping if he had abided by the faith of his forefathers. There is a fine scorn in his face, which nature meant to be of — Christians. The Hebrew spirit is strong in him, in spite of his proselytism. He cannot conquer the Shibboleth. How it breaks out, when he sings, "The Children of Israel passed through the Red Sea!" The auditors, for the moment, are as Egyptians to him, and he rides over our necks in triumph. There is no mistaking him. B—— has a strong expression of sense in his countenance, and it is confirmed by his singing. The foundation of his vocal excellence is sense. He sings with understanding, as Kemble³ delivered dialogue. He would sing the Commandments, and give an appropriate character to each prohibition. His nation, in general, have not over-sensible countenances. How should they? — but you

seldom see a silly expression among them. Gain, and the pursuit of gain, sharpen a man's visage. I never heard of an idiot being born among them. — Some admire the Jewish female-physiognomy. I admire it — but with trembling. Jael had those full dark inscrutable eyes.

In the Negro countenance you will often meet with strong traits of benignity. I have felt yearnings of tenderness towards some of these faces — or rather masks — that have looked out kindly upon one in casual encounters in the streets and highways. I love what Fuller¹ beautifully calls — these "images of God cut in ebony." But I should not like to associate with them, to share my meals and my good-nights with them — because they are black.

I love Quaker ways, and Quaker worship. I venerate the Quaker principles. It does me good for the rest of the day when I meet any of their people in my path. When I am ruffled or disturbed by any occurrence, the sight, or quiet voice of a Quaker, acts upon me as a ventilator, lightening the air, and taking off a load from the bosom. But I cannot like the Quakers (as Desdemona would say) "to live with them:" I am all over sophisticated — with humors, fancies, craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, ambiguities, and a thousand whims, which their simpler taste can do without. I should starve at their primitive banquet. My appetites are too high for the salads which (according to Evelyn)² Eve dressed for the angel, my gusto too excited

To sit a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

The indirect answers which Quakers are often found to return to a question put to them may be explained, I think, without the vulgar assumption, that they are more given to evasion and equivocating than other people. They naturally look to their words more carefully, and are more cautious of committing themselves. They have a peculiar character to keep up on this head. They stand in a manner upon their veracity. A Quaker is, by law exempted from taking an oath. The custom of resorting to an oath in extreme cases, sanctified as it is by all religious antiquity, is apt (it must be confessed) to introduce into the laxer sort of minds the notion of two kinds of truth — the one ap-

¹ A well-known legend of the ritualistic murder of a Christian child by the Jews. See Chaucer's *Prioress's Tale*.

² John Graham (1774–1856), a popular tenor of the day.

³ John Philip Kemble (1757–1823), the chief Shakespearean actor of this time.

¹ Thomas Fuller (1608–61), the author of *The Worthies of England*.

² John Evelyn (1620–1706), an antiquarian and diarist.

plicable to the solemn affairs of justice, and the other to the common proceedings of daily intercourse. As truth bound upon the conscience by an oath can be but truth, so in the common affirmations of the shop and the market-place a latitude is expected and conceded upon questions wanting this solemn covenant. Something less than truth satisfies. It is common to hear a person say, "You do not expect me to speak as if I were upon my oath." Hence a great deal of incorrectness and inadvertency, short of falsehood, creeps into ordinary conversation; and a kind of secondary or laic-truth is tolerated, where clergy-truth — oath-truth, by the nature of the circumstances, is not required. A Quaker knows none of this distinction. His simple affirmation being received, upon the most sacred occasions, without any further test, stamps a value upon the words which he is to use upon the most indifferent topics of life. He looks to them, naturally, with more severity. You can have of him no more than his word. He knows, if he is caught tripping in a casual expression, he forfeits, for himself, at least, his claim to the invidious exemption. He knows that his syllables are weighed — and how far a consciousness of this particular watchfulness, exerted against a person, has a tendency to produce indirect answers, and a diverting of the question by honest means, might be illustrated, and the practice justified, by a more sacred example than is proper to be adduced upon this occasion. The admirable presence of mind, which is notorious in Quakers upon all contingencies, might be traced to this imposed self-watchfulness — if it did not seem rather an humble and secular scion of that old stock of religious constancy, which never bent or faltered, in the Primitive Friends, or gave way to the winds of persecution, to the violence of judge or accuser, under trials and racking examinations. "You will never be the wiser, if I sit here answering your questions till midnight," said one of those upright Justicers to Penn, who had been putting law-cases with a puzzling subtlety. "Thereafter as the answers may be," retorted the Quaker. The astonishing composure of this people is sometimes ludicrously displayed in lighter instances. — I was travelling in a stage-coach with three male Quakers, buttoned up in the straightest non-conformity of their sect. We stopped to bait at Andover, where a meal, partly tea apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends confined themselves

to the tea-table. I in my way took supper. When the landlady brought in the bill, the eldest of my companions discovered that she had charged for both meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very clamorous and positive. Some mild arguments were used on the part of the Quakers, for which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient. The guard came in with his usual peremptory notice. The Quakers pulled out their money, and formally tendered it — so much for tea — I, in humble imitation, tendering mine — for the supper which I had taken. She would not relax in her demand. So they all three quietly put up their silver, as did myself, and marched out of the room, the eldest and gravest going first, with myself closing up the rear, who thought I could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warrantable personages. We got in. The steps went up. The coach drove off. The murmurs of mine hostess, not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced, became after a time inaudible — and now my conscience, which the whimsical scene had for a while suspended, beginning to give some twitches, I waited, in the hope that some justification would be offered by these serious people for the seeming injustice of their conduct. To my great surprise, not a syllable was dropped on the subject. They sate as mute as at a meeting. At length the eldest of them broke silence, by inquiring of his next neighbor, "Hast thee heard how indigos go at the India House?" and the question operated as a soporific on my moral feeling as far as Exeter.

DREAM CHILDREN: A REVERIE

Published in the *London Magazine* for January, 1822. Canon Ainger identifies Alice W——n with Anna Simmons, a girl Lamb had known when visiting his grandmother in Hertfordshire. Bartram was in fact the name of her husband.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk¹ (a hundred times bigger than that in which they

¹ Lamb's grandmother, Mary Field, for fifty years housekeeper at Blakesware, in Hertfordshire.

and papa lived) which had been the scene — so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country — of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer — here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave, it desisted — the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she

was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she — and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great house in the holydays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out — sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me — and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, — and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at — or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me — or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth — or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings, — I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle,

John L.—, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair

1 Charles Lamb's brother, John.

was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech; "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name"—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

Published in the *London Magazine*, September, 1822. The tradition as to the origin of cooking was communicated to Lamb by his friend, Thomas Manning, a traveller in China and Thibet.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the

remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tene-ment, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage — he had smelt that smell before — indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you

must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O, father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste — O Lord," — with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of

them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind. —

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*,¹ I will maintain it to be the most delicate — *princeps obsoniorum*.²

I speak not of your grown porkers — things between pig and pork — those hobble-dehoys — but a young and tender suckling — under a moon old — guiltless as yet of the sty — with no original speck of the *amor immunditie*,³ the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest — his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble, and a grumble — the mild forerunner or *prælude*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled — but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called — the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance — with the adhesive oleaginous — O call it not fat — but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it — the tender blossoming of fat — fat cropp'd in the bud — taken in the shoot — in the first innocence — the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food — the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna — or, rather, fat, and lean, (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is doing — it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! — Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes — radiant jellies — shooting stars. —

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! — wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal — wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation — from these sins he is happily snatched away —

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care —

his memory is odoriferous — no clown curs-eth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon — no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages — he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure — and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of Savors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent — a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause — too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and ex-coriateth the lips that approach her — like lovers' kisses, she biteth — she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish — but she stoppeth at the palate — she meddleth not with th³

¹ world of eatables.
² love of the unclean.

³ a prince of viands.

appetite — and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig — let me speak his praise — is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertangled, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is — good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate. — It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy like, I made him a present of — the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrate-

ful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I — I myself, and not another — would eat her nice cake — and what should I say to her the next time I saw her — how naughty I was to part with her pretty present! — and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure, and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last — and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto. —

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's,¹ and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shallots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are — but consider, he is a weakling — a flower.

¹ A Roman Catholic college for English boys in France.

IN PRAISE OF CHIMNEY- SWEEPERS

Published in the *London Magazine* for May, 1822.

I like to meet a sweep — understand me — not a grown sweeper — old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive — but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigrity, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek — such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the *matin lark* should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sun-rise?

I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks — poor blots — innocent blacknesses —

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth — these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *faucis Averni* — to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades! — to shudder with the idea that "now, surely, he must be lost for ever!" — to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight — and then (O fulness of delight) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in *Macbeth*, where the "Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises."

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him two-pence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels² (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.³

There is a composition, the ground-work of which I have understood to be the sweet wood 'yclept sassafras. This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in London) for the vending of this "wholesome and pleasant beverage," on the south side of Fleet Street, as thou approachest Bridge Street — *the only Salopian house*,¹ — I have never yet ventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients — a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegances, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper — whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive — but so it is, that no possible taste or odor to the senses of a young chimney-sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals — cats — when they purr over a new-found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can inculcate.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house*; yet be it known to thee, reader — if thou art one who keepest what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the fact — he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savory mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn, when (as extremes meet) the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan

¹ jaws of Hadco. ² with chilblains. ³ sixpence.

¹ Saloop was an herb drink, similar to sassafras tea.

leaving his bed to resume the premature labors of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honors of the pavement. It is the time when, in summer, between the expired and the not yet relumined kitchen-fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth their least satisfactory odors. The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'er-night vapors in more grateful coffee, curses the ungenial fume, as he passeth; but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is *Saloop* — the precocious herb-woman's darling — the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent Garden's famed piazzas — the delight, and, oh I fear, too often the envy, of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldst thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendent over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three half-pennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added halfpenny) — so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'er-charged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin — so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingredieniced soups — nor the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney*, invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularities of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. — In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough — yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened — when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that

Hogarth¹ — but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the March to Finchley, grinning at the pieman — there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever — with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth — for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it — that I could have been content, if the honor of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket, presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to "air" them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when

A sable cloud

Turns forth her silver lining on the night.

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility: — and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticesments of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine, and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced adoptions: many noble Rachels mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy-spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu² be but a solitary instance of good fortune, out of many irreparable and hopeless *defiliations*.

In one of the state-beds at Arundel Castle, a few years since — under a ducal canopy — (that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late duke was especially a con-

¹ William Hogarth (1697-1764), an English painter and engraver. The March to Finchley was the subject of one of his prints.

² Edward Wortley Montagu ran away from Westminster School to become for a time a chimney-sweeper

noisseur) — encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets interwoven — folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius — was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noonday, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitation to repose, which he there saw exhibited; so, creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle. — But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty, as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a Duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions — is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapt by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was but now creeping back as into his proper *incunabula*,¹ and resting-place. — By no other theory, than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it), can I explain a deed so venturous, and, indeed, upon any other system, so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable, sleeper.

My pleasant friend JEM WHITE² was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bar-

tholomew. Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper (all is not soot which looks so), was quitted out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlors three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savor. JAMES WHITE, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion BIGOD,¹ ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table — for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humors of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honor the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing "the gentleman," and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O it was a pleasure to see the sable youngkers lick in the unctuous meat, with *his* more unctuous sayings — how he would fit the tit-bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors — how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it "must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating" — how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender

¹ cradle clothes.

² A schoolfellow of Lamb's at Christ's Hospital.

¹ John Fenwick.

juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony — how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts — “The King,” — the “Cloth,” — which, whether they understood or not, was equally 10 diverting and flattering; — and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, “May the Brush supersede the Laurel.” All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he 15 utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a “Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so,” which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth 20 (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savoriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust —

James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away 30 with him half the fun of the world when he died — of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

POOR RELATIONS

Published in the *London Magazine* for May, 1823. In style it is in part an excellent imitation of the character writing of the seventeenth century.

A poor Relation — is the most irrelevant thing in nature, — a piece of impertinent correspondence, — an odious approximation, — a haunting conscience, — a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide 50 of our prosperity, — an unwelcome remembrancer, — a perpetually recurring mortification, — a drain on your purse, — a more intolerable dun upon your pride, — a drawback upon success, — a rebuke to your rising, 55 — a stain in your blood, — a blot on your 'scutcheon, — a rent in your garment, — a death's head at your banquet, — Agath-

ocles' pot,¹ — a Mordecai in your gate, — a Lazarus at your door, — a lion in your path, — a frog in your chamber, — a fly in your ointment, — a mote in your eye, — a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends, — the one thing not needful, — the hail in harvest, — the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart 10 telleth you “That is Mr. —.” A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, and, at the same time, seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling and — embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to 15 you to shake, and — draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time — when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company, but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at 20 a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, “My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day.” He remembereth birth- 25 days — and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small — yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port 30 — yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think 35 “they have seen him before.” Everyone speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be — a tide waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. 40 He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble 45 for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent — yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanor, that your guests take him for 50 one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and — resents being left out. When the company break up he proffereth to go for a coach — and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote of —

¹ Agathocles was the son of a potter. He became the ruler of Sicily.

the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations to institute what he calleth—favorable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture: and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know, till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a female Poor Relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. "He is an old humorist," you may say, "and affects to go threadbare." His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a Character at your table, and truly he is one." But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. "She is plainly related to the L—s; or what does she at their house?" She is, in all probability, your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*¹—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. — requests the honor of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant *Sir*; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronizes her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for harpsichord.

¹ Sometimes he had to be restrained.

Richard Amlet, Esq.,¹ in the play, is a noticeable instance of the disadvantages to which this chimerical notion of *affinity constituting a claim to an acquaintance*, may subject the spirit of a gentleman. A little foolish blood is all that is betwixt him and a lady with a great estate. His stars are perpetually crossed by the malignant maternity of an old woman, who persists in calling him "her son Dick." But she has wherewithal in the end to recompense his indignities, and float him again upon the brilliant surface, under which it had been her seeming business and pleasure all along to sink him. All men, besides, are not of Dick's temperament. I knew an Amlet in real life, who wanting Dick's buoyancy, sank indeed. Poor W——² was of my own standing at Christ's, a fine classic, and a youth of promise. If he had a blemish, it was too much pride; but its quality was inoffensive; it was not of that sort which hardens the heart, and serves to keep inferiors at a distance; it only sought to ward off derogation from itself. It was the principle of self-respect carried as far as it could go, without infringing upon that respect, which he would have every one else equally maintain for himself. He would have you to think alike with him on this topic. Many a quarrel have I had with him, when we were rather older boys, and our tallness made us more obnoxious to observation in the blue clothes, because I would not thread the alleys and blind ways of the town with him to elude notice, when we have been out together on a holiday in the streets of this sneering and prying metropolis. W—— went, sore with these notions, to Oxford, where the dignity and sweetness of a scholar's life, meeting with the alloy of a humble introduction, wrought in him a passionate devotion to the place, with a profound aversion to the society. The servitor's gown (worse than his school array) clung to him with Nessian venom.³ He thought himself ridiculous in a garb, under which Latimer must have walked erect; and in which Hooker, in his young days, possibly flaunted in a vein of no commendable vanity. In the depths of college shades, or in his lonely chamber, the poor student shrunk from observation. He found shelter among books, which insult not; and studies, that ask no questions of a youth's

¹ In Vanbrugh's *The Confederacy*.

² Favell, referred to in *Christ's Hospital*. "Favell left Cambridge because he was ashamed of his father who was a house-painter there." (Lamb's note.)

³ A reference to "the shirt of Nessus," by which Hercules was poisoned.

finances. He was lord of his library, and seldom cared for looking out beyond his domains. The healing influence of studious pursuits was upon him, to soothe and to abstract. He was almost a healthy man; when the waywardness of his fate broke out against him with a second and worse malignity. The father of W—— had hitherto exercised the humble profession of house-painter at N——, near Oxford. A supposed interest with some of the heads of colleges had now induced him to take up his abode in that city, with the hope of being employed upon some public works which were talked of. From that moment I read in the countenance of the young man, the determination which at length tore him from academical pursuits for ever. To a person unacquainted with our Universities, the distance between the gentry and the townsmen, as they are called — the trading part of the latter especially — is carried to an excess that would appear harsh and incredible. The temperament of W——'s father was diametrically the reverse of his own. Old W—— was a little, busy, cringing tradesman, who, with his son upon his arm, would stand bowing and scraping, cap in hand, to anything that wore the semblance of a gown — insensible to the winks and opener remonstrances of the young man, to whose chamber-fellow, or equal in standing, perhaps, he was thus obsequiously and gratuitously ducking. Such a state of things could not last. W—— must change the air of Oxford or be suffocated. He chose the former; and let the sturdy moralist, who strains the point of the filial duties as high as they can bear, censure the dereliction; he cannot estimate the struggle. I stood with W——, the last afternoon I ever saw him, under the eaves of his paternal dwelling. It was in the fine lane leading from the High Street to the back of —— college, where W—— kept his rooms. He seemed thoughtful, and more reconciled. I ventured to rally him — finding him in a better mood — upon a representation of the Artist Evangelist, which the old man, whose affairs were beginning to flourish, had caused to be set up in a splendid sort of frame over his really handsome shop, either as a token of prosperity, or badge of gratitude to his saint. W—— looked up at the Luke, and, like Satan, "knew his mounted sign — and fled." A letter on his father's table the next morning, announced that he had accepted a commission in a regiment about to embark for Portugal. He was among the first

who perished before the walls of St. Sebastian.¹

I do not know how, upon a subject which I began with treating half seriously, I should have fallen upon a recital so eminently painful; but this theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter, are certainly not attended with anything painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father's table (no very splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so — for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was, that he and my father had been schoolfellows a world ago at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined — and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning; a captive — a stately being, let out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument, touching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill, and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school) and the boys whose paternal residence was on the plain; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading Mountaineer; and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and

¹ In its siege by Wellington in 1813.

hardihood, of the *Above Boys* (his own faction) over the *Below Boys* (so were they called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic — the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out — and bad blood bred; even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old Minster; in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill, and the plain-born, could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remembered with anguish the thought that came over me: "Perhaps he will never come here again." He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand, which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused with a resistance amounting to rigor, when my aunt — an old Lincolnian, but who had something of this in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season — uttered the following memorable application — "Do take another slice, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day." The old gentleman said nothing at the time — but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it — "Woman, you are superannuated." John Billet did not survive long, after the digesting of this affront; but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored! and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offence. He died at the Mint (anno 1781) where he had long held, what he accounted, a comfortable independence; and with five pounds, fourteen shillings, and a penny, which were found in his escritoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was — a Poor Relation.

A CHARACTER OF THE LATE ELIA

BY A FRIEND

This bit of self-portraiture was published in the *London Magazine* for January, 1823, shortly after the publication of the first collection of *Essays of Elia*. In abbreviated form it was used as a preface to the volume, *Last Essays of Elia*, in 1833.

This gentleman, who for some months past had been in a declining way, hath at length paid his final tribute to nature. He just lived long enough (it was what he wished) to see his papers collected into a volume. The pages of the *London Magazine* will henceforth know him no more.

Exactly at twelve last night, his queer spirit departed; and the bells of Saint Bride's rang him out with the old year. The mournful vibrations were caught in the dining-room of his friends T. and H., and the company, assembled there to welcome in another First of January, checked their carousals in mid-mirth, and were silent. Janus wept. The gentle P——r, in a whisper, signified his intention of devoting an elegy; and Allan C., nobly forgetful of his countrymen's wrongs, vowed a memoir to his *manes* full and friendly as a *Tale of Lyddalcross*.

To say truth, it is time he were gone. The humor of the thing, if there was ever much in it, was pretty well exhausted; and a two years' and a half existence has been a tolerable duration for a phantom.

I am now at liberty to confess, that much which I have heard objected to my late friend's writings was well-founded. Crude they are, I grant you — a sort of unlicked, incondite things — villanously pranked in an affected array of antique modes and phrases. They had not been *his*, if they had been other than such; and better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him. Egotistical they have been pronounced by some who did not know, that what he tells us, as of himself, was often true only (historically) of another; as in a former Essay (to save many instances) — where under the *first person* (his favorite figure) he shadows forth the forlorn estate of a country-boy placed at a London school, far from his friends and connexions — in direct opposition to his own early history. If it be egotism to imply and twine with his own identity the griefs

and affections of another — making himself many, or reducing many unto himself — then is the skilful novelist, who all along brings in his hero, or heroine, speaking of themselves, the greatest egotist of all; who yet has never, therefore, been accused of that narrowness. And how shall the intenser dramatist escape being faulty, who doubtless, under cover of passion uttered by another, oftentimes gives blameless vent to his most inward feelings, and expresses his own story modestly?

My late friend was in many respects a singular character. Those who did not like him, hated him; and some, who once liked him, afterwards became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and in whose presence. He observed neither time nor place, and would e'en out with what came uppermost. With the severe religionist he would pass for a free-thinker; while the other faction set him down for a bigot, or persuaded themselves that he belied his sentiments. Few understood him; and I am not certain that at all times he quite understood himself. He too much affected that dangerous figure — irony. He sowed doubtful speeches, and reaped plain, unequivocal hatred. — He would interrupt the gravest discussion with some light jest; and yet, perhaps, not quite irrelevant in ears that could understand it. Your long and much talkers hated him. The informal habit of his mind, joined to an inveterate impediment of speech, forbade him to be an orator; and he seemed determined that no one else should play that part when he was present. He was *petit* and ordinary in his person and appearance. I have seen him sometimes in what is called good company, but where he has been a stranger, sit silent, and be suspected for an odd fellow; till some unlucky occasion provoking it, he would stutter out some senseless pun (not altogether senseless perhaps, if rightly taken) which has stamped his character for the evening. It was hit or miss with him; but nine times out of ten, he contrived by this device to send away a whole company his enemies. His conceptions rose kindlier than his utterance, and his happiest *impromptus* had the appearance of effort. He has been accused of trying to be witty, when in truth he was but struggling to give his poor thoughts articulation. He chose his companions for some individuality of character which they manifested. — Hence, not many persons of science, and few professed *literati*, were of his

councils. They were, for the most part, persons of an uncertain fortune; and, as to such people commonly nothing is more obnoxious than a gentleman of settled (though moderate) income, he passed with most of them for a great miser. To my knowledge this was a mistake. His *intimados*,¹ to confess a truth, were in the world's eye a ragged regiment. He found them floating on the surface of society; and the color, or something else, in the weed pleased him. The burrs stuck to him — but they were good and loving burrs for all that. He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. If any of these were scandalized (and offences were sure to arise), he could not help it. When he has been remonstrated with for not making more concessions to the feelings of good people, he would retort by asking, what one point did these good people ever concede to him? He was temperate in his meals and diversions, but always kept a little on this side of abstemiousness. Only in the use of the Indian weed he might be thought a little excessive. He took it, he would say, as a solvent of speech. Marry — as the friendly vapor ascended, how his prattle would curl up sometimes with it! the ligaments, which tongue-tied him, were loosened, and the stammerer proceeded a statish!

I do not know whether I ought to bemoan or rejoice that my old friend is departed. His jests were beginning to grow obsolete, and his stories to be found out. He felt the approaches of age; and while he pretended to cling to life, you saw how slender were the ties left to bind him. Discoursing with him latterly on this subject, he expressed himself with a pettishness, which I thought unworthy of him. In our walks about his suburban retreat (as he called it) at Shacklewell, some children belonging to a school of industry had met us, and bowed and curtsied, as he thought, in an especial manner to him. "They take me for a visiting governor," he muttered earnestly. He had a horror, which he carried to a foible, of looking like anything important and parochial. He thought that he approached nearer to that stamp daily. He had a general aversion from being treated like a grave or respectable character, and kept a wary eye upon the advances of age that should so entitle him. He herded always, while it was possible, with people younger than himself. He did not conform to the march of time, but was dragged along in the procession. His man-

¹ intimates.

ners lagged behind his years. He was too much of the boy-man. The *toga virilis*¹ never sate gracefully on his shoulders. The impressions of infancy had burnt into him, and he resented the impertinence of manhood. These were weaknesses; but such as they were, they are a key to explicate some of his writings.

[He left little property behind him. Of course, the little that is left (chiefly in India bonds) devolves upon his cousin Bridget. A few critical dissertations were found in his *escritoire*, which have been handed over to the editor of this magazine, in which it is to be hoped they will shortly appear, retaining his accustomed signature.

He has himself not obscurely hinted that his employment lay in a public office. The gentlemen in the export department of the East India House will forgive me if I acknowledge the readiness with which they assisted me in the retrieval of his few manuscripts. They pointed out in a most obliging manner the desk at which he had been planted for forty years; showed me ponderous tomes of figures, in his own remarkably neat hand, which, more properly than his few printed tracts, might be called his "Works." They seemed affectionate to his memory, and universally commended his expertness in book-keeping. It seems he was the inventor of some ledger which should combine the precision and certainty of the Italian double entry (I think they called it) with the brevity and facility of some newer German system; but I am not able to appreciate the worth of the discovery. I have often heard him express a warm regard for his associates in office, and how fortunate he con-

¹ The Roman dress of manhood.

sidered himself in having his lot thrown in amongst them. "There is more sense, more discourse, more shrewdness, and even talent, among these clerks," he would say, "than in twice the number of authors by profession that I have conversed with." He would brighten up sometimes upon the "old days of the India House," when he consorted with Woodroffe and Wissett, and Peter Corbet (a descendant and worthy representative, bating the point of sanctity, of old facetious Bishop Corbet); and Hoole, who translated Tasso; and Bartlemy Brown, whose father (God assoil him therefor!) modernized Walton; and sly, warm-hearted old Jack Cole (King Cole they called him in those days) and Campe and Fombelle, and a world of choice spirits, more than I can remember to name, who associated in those days with Jack Burrell (the *bon-vivant* of the South-Sea House); and little Eyton (said to be a facsimile of Pope, — he was a miniature of a gentleman), that was cashier under him; and Dan Voight of the Custom-house, that left the famous library.

Well, Elia is gone, — for aught I know, to be re-united with them, — and these poor traces of his pen are all we have to show for it. How little survives of the wordiest authors! Of all they said or did in their lifetime, a few glittering words only! His Essays found some favorers, as they appeared separately; they shuffled their way in the crowd well enough singly; how they will *read*, now they are brought together, is a question for the publishers, who have thus ventured to draw out into one piece his "weaved-up follies."]

PHIL-ELIA.

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778–1830)

The father of William Hazlitt was a Unitarian clergyman, settled for a time at Maidstone, where in 1778 his second son, William, was born. The family moved to the United States in 1783, but returned to England in 1786. William was sent to a theological college at Hackney, but most of his education was the result of his own reading. In 1798, when the Hazlitts were living at Wem, in Shropshire, began the connection with Coleridge, narrated in *First Acquaintance with Poets*. He spent some time in Paris 1802–03, trying to become a painter. Returning to London he wrote on philosophy, politics, economics, and grammar. In 1808 he married Sarah Stoddard, who had a small estate at Winterslow near Salisbury, where they spent a number of years. In 1812 Hazlitt delivered a series of lectures on Modern Philosophy, but soon turned his attention to literature and dramatic criticism. He became dramatic critic of the *Morning Chronicle*, and delivered series of lectures on Shakespeare's characters and the *Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, as well as on *The English Poets* and *The English Comic Writers*. His enduring fame, however, rests on the essays which he wrote for Hunt's *Examiner*, the *London Magazine*, and others, and which were collected under the titles, *The Round Table*, *Table Talk*, *The Plain Speaker*.

A series of criticisms on leading contemporary figures, called *The Spirit of the Age*, appeared in 1825. He also published a *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, 1828-30. He died in 1830.

Hazlitt was a friend of Charles Lamb, and a member of his circle, but no two men could have been more opposed in character and attitude toward life. Lamb was kindness itself, a perfect friend, drawing men to himself and to each other. Hazlitt was harsh and bitter, quarreling fiercely with his many enemies and sometimes with his few friends. As the result of his youth within a small dissenting body and his irregular education he felt a sense of exclusion from normal society. This became real when he espoused the cause of the French Revolution and Napoleon Bonaparte, with whom his country was at war. He is said to have been one of four men in London to whom the British victory of Waterloo was a tragedy. His pro-French views were the cause of bitter hostility by the Tory reviews, the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood's*, which attacked his literary work without mercy. He responded with the ferocious *Letter to William Gifford*, the Editor of the *Quarterly*, in *The Spirit of the Age*. Hazlitt suffered keenly from his social maladjustment, though he carried it off with a kind of defiant bohemianism. He was a sensitive spirit. His sensibility and his complete freedom of speech are the chief qualities of his criticism. He felt keenly both beauty and deformity, and he expressed his feeling with gusto. This quality is still more notable in his essays upon life, such as *On Going a Journey*, or *The Fight*. But with Hazlitt, life and literature were not separate. His reading and his writing were important parts of his experience, and hence his attitude toward literature whether critical or creative remains extraordinarily vital.

Hazlitt's works have been collected in twelve volumes edited by Waller and Glover with an introductory essay by William Ernest Henley (1902-04). *Memoirs of William Hazlitt* (1867) and *Lamb and Hazlitt* (1900), both by his grandson, W. C. Hazlitt, are first-hand sources of information. A short biography by Augustine Birrell (1912) in the English Men of Letters series, and a very complete life by P. P. Howe, both partake of the interest of their subject.

MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH POETS

This essay appeared in *The Liberal*, in 1823. Its substance was given in a letter in *The Examiner* in 1817. It throws light on the life of Coleridge and Wordsworth at Nether Stowey described in *Biographia Literaria*, chap. x. (See page 753.)

My father was a Dissenting Minister at W—m^r in Shropshire; and in the year 1798 (the figures that compose that date are to me like the "dreaded name of Demogorgon")² Mr. Coleridge came to Shrewsbury, to succeed Mr. Rowe in the spiritual charge of a Unitarian congregation there. He did not come till late on the Saturday afternoon before he was to preach; and Mr. Rowe, who himself went down to the coach in a state of anxiety and expectation, to look for the arrival of his successor, could find no one at all answering the description but a round-faced man in a short black coat (like a shooting jacket) which hardly seemed to have been made for him, but who seemed to be talking at a great rate to his fellow-passengers. Mr. Rowe had scarce returned to give an account of his disappointment, when the round-faced man in black entered, and dissipated all doubts on the subject, by beginning to talk. He did not cease while he staid; nor has he since, that I know of. He held the good town of Shrewsbury in delightful suspense

for three weeks that he remained there, "fluttering the proud Salopians¹ like an eagle in a dove-cote"; and the Welsh mountains that skirt the horizon with their tempestuous confusion, agree to have heard no such mystic sounds since the days of

"High-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay!"

As we passed along between W—m and Shrewsbury, and I eyed their blue tops seen through the wintry branches, or the red rustling leaves of the sturdy oak-trees by the roadside, a sound was in my ears as of a Siren's song; I was stunned, startled with it, as from deep sleep; but I had no notion then that I should ever be able to express my admiration to others in motley imagery or quaint allusion, till the light of his genius shone into my soul, like the sun's rays glittering in the puddles of the road. I was at that time dumb, inarticulate, helpless, like a worm by the wayside, crushed, bleeding, lifeless; but now, bursting from the deadly bands that bound them,

"With Styx nine times round them,"

my ideas float on winged words, and as they expand their plumes, catch the golden light of other years. My soul has indeed remained in its original bondage, dark, obscure, with longings infinite and unsatisfied; my heart, shut up in the prison-house of this

¹ Wem. ² *Paradise Lost*, II, 964.

¹ People of Shropshire.

rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to; but that my understanding also did not remain dumb and brutish, or at length found a language to express itself, I owe to Coleridge. But this is not to my purpose.

My father lived ten miles from Shrewsbury, and was in the habit of exchanging visits with Mr. Rowe, and with Mr. Jenkins of Whitchurch (nine miles farther on) according to the custom of Dissenting Ministers in each other's neighborhood. A line of communication is thus established, by which the flame of civil and religious liberty is kept alive, and nourishes its smouldering fire unquenchable, like the fires in the Agamemnon of Æschylus, placed at different stations, that waited for ten long years to announce with their blazing pyramids the destruction of Troy. Coleridge had agreed to come over to see my father, according to the courtesy of the country, as Mr. Rowe's probable successor; but in the meantime I had gone to hear him preach the Sunday after his arrival. A poet and a philosopher getting up into a Unitarian pulpit to preach the Gospel, was a romance in these degenerate days, a sort of revival of the primitive spirit of Christianity, which was not to be resisted.

It was in January, 1798, that I rose one morning before daylight, to walk ten miles in the mud, and went to hear this celebrated person preach. Never, the longest day I have to live, shall I have such another walk as this cold, raw, comfortless one, in the winter of the year 1798. *Il y a des impressions que ni le tems ni les circonstances peuvent effacer. Dusse-je vivre des siècles entiers, le doux tems de ma jeunesse ne peut renaître pour moi, ni s'effacer jamais dans ma mémoire.*¹ When I got there, the organ was playing the rooth psalm, and, when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text, "And he went up into the mountain to pray, HIMSELF, ALONE." As he gave out this text, his voice "rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes," and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into mind, "of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose

food was locusts and wild honey." The preacher then launched into his subject, like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war; upon church and state — not their alliance, but their separation — on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had "inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore." He made a poetical and pastoral excursion, — and to shew the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd boy, driving his team afield, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock, "as though he should never be old," and the same poor country-lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an ale-house, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the loathsome finery of the profession of blood.

"Such were the notes our once-loved poet sung."

And for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and Philosophy had met together. Truth and Genius had embraced, under the eye and with the sanction of Religion. This was even beyond my hopes. I returned home well satisfied. The sun that was still laboring pale and wan through the sky, obscured by thick mists, seemed an emblem of the *good cause*²; and the cold dank drops of dew that hung half melted on the beard of the thistle, had something genial and refreshing in them; for there was a spirit of hope and youth in all nature, that turned everything into good. The face of nature had not then the brand of *JUS DIVINUM*² on it:

"Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe."

On the Tuesday following, the half-inspired speaker came. I was called down into the room where he was, and went half-hoping, half-afraid. He received me very graciously, and I listened for a long time without uttering a word. I did not suffer in his opinion by my silence. "For those two hours," he afterwards was pleased to say, "he was conversing with W. H.'s forehead!" His appearance was different from

¹ There are impressions which neither time nor circumstances can efface. If I should live entire centuries, the sweet time of youth cannot return or efface itself from my memory.

² The cause of freedom, emphasized by the French Revolution.

² Divine right (of kings).

what I had anticipated from seeing him before. At a distance, and in the dim light of the chapel, there was to me a strange wildness in his aspect, a dusky obscurity, and I thought him pitted with the small-pox. His complexion was at that time clear, and even bright —

“As are the children of yon azure sheen.”

His forehead was broad and high, light as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre. “A certain tender bloom his face o’erspread,” a purple tinge as we see it in the pale thoughtful complexions of the Spanish portrait-painters, Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin good-humored and round; but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing — like what he has done. It might seem that the genius of his face as from a height surveyed and projected him (with sufficient capacity and huge aspiration) into the world unknown of thought and imagination, with nothing to support or guide his veering purpose, as if Columbus had launched his adventurous course for the New World in a scallop, without oars or compass. So at least I comment on it after the event. Coleridge in his person was rather above the common size, inclining to the corpulent, or like Lord Hamlet, “somewhat fat and pury.” His hair (now, alas! grey) was then black and glossy as the raven’s, and fell in smooth masses over his forehead. This long pendulous hair is peculiar to enthusiasts, to those whose minds tend heavenward; and is traditionally inseparable (though of a different color) from the pictures of Christ. It ought to belong, as a character, to all who preach *Christ crucified*, and Coleridge was at that time one of those!

It was curious to observe the contrast between him and my father, who was a veteran in the cause, and then declining into the vale of years. He had been a poor Irish lad, carefully brought up by his parents, and sent to the University of Glasgow (where he studied under Adam Smith) to prepare him for his future destination. It was his mother’s proudest wish to see her son a Dissenting Minister. So if we look back to past generations (as far as eye can reach) we see the same hopes, fears, wishes, followed by the same disappointments, throbbing in the human heart; and so we may see them (if we look forward) rising up for ever, and disappear-

ing, like vaporish bubbles, in the human breast! After being tossed about from congregation to congregation in the heats of the Unitarian controversy, and squabbles about the American war, he had been relegated to an obscure village, where he was to spend the last thirty years of his life, far from the only converse that he loved, the talk about disputed texts of Scripture and the cause of civil and religious liberty. Here he passed his days, repining but resigned, in the study of the Bible, and the perusal of the Commentators, — huge folios, not easily got through, one of which would outlast a winter! Why did he pore on these from morn to night (with the exception of a walk in the fields or a turn in the garden to gather brocoli-plants or kidney-beans of his own rearing, with no small degree of pride and pleasure)? Here were “no figures nor no fantasies” — neither poetry nor philosophy — nothing to dazzle, nothing to excite modern curiosity; but to his lack-lustre eyes there appeared, within the pages of the ponderous, unwieldy, neglected tomes, the sacred name of JEHOVAH in Hebrew capitals: pressed down by the weight of the style, worn to the last fading thinness of the understanding, there were glimpses, glimmering notions of the patriarchal wanderings, with palm-trees hovering in the horizon, and processions of camels at the distance of three thousand years; there was Moses with the Burning Bush, the number of the Twelve Tribes, types, shadows, glosses on the law and the prophets; there were discussions (dull enough) on the age of Methuselah, a mighty speculation! there were outlines, rude guesses at the shape of Noah’s Ark and of the riches of Solomon’s Temple; questions as to the date of the creation, predictions of the end of all things; the great lapses of time, the strange mutations of the globe were unfolded with the voluminous leaf, as it turned over; and though the soul might slumber with an hieroglyphic veil of inscrutable mysteries drawn over it, yet it was in a slumber ill-exchanged for all the sharpened realities of sense, wit, fancy, or reason. My father’s life was comparatively a dream; but it was a dream of infinity and eternity, of death, the resurrection, and a judgment to come!

No two individuals were ever more unlike than were the host and his guest. A poet was to my father a sort of nondescript: yet whatever added grace to the Unitarian cause was to him welcome. He could hardly have been more surprised or pleased, if our visitor

had worn wings. Indeed, his thoughts had wings; and as the silken sounds rustled round our little wainscoted parlor, my father threw back his spectacles over his forehead, his white hairs mixing with its sanguine hue; and a smile of delight beamed across his rugged cordial face, to think that Truth had found a new ally in Fancy!¹ Besides, Coleridge seemed to take considerable notice of me, and that of itself was enough. He talked very familiarly, but agreeably, and glanced over a variety of subjects. At dinner-time he grew more animated, and dilated in a very edifying manner on Mary Wolstonecraft and Mackintosh.² The last, he said, he considered (on my father's speaking of his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* as a capital performance) as a clever scholastic man — a master of the topics, — or as the ready warehouseman of letters, who knew exactly where to lay his hand on what he wanted, though the goods were not his own. He thought him no match for Burke, either in style or matter. Burke was a metaphysician, Mackintosh a mere logician. Burke was an orator (almost a poet) who reasoned in figures, because he had an eye for nature: Mackintosh, on the other hand, was a rhetorician, who had only an eye to commonplaces. On this I ventured to say that I had always entertained a great opinion of Burke, and that (as far as I could find) the speaking of him with contempt might be made the test of a vulgar democratical mind. This was the first observation I ever made to Coleridge, and he said it was a very just and striking one. I remember the leg of Welsh mutton and the turnips on the table that day had the finest flavor imaginable. Coleridge added that Mackintosh and Tom Wedgwood (of whom, however, he spoke highly) had expressed a very indifferent opinion of his friend Mr. Wordsworth, on which he remarked to them — "He strides on so far before you, that he dwindles in the distance!" Godwin³ had once boasted to him of having carried on an argument with Mackintosh for three hours with dubious success; Coleridge

told him — "If there had been a man of genius in the room, he would have settled the question in five minutes." He asked me if I had ever seen Mary Wolstonecraft, and I said, I had once for a few moments, and that she seemed to me to turn off Godwin's objections to something she advanced with quite a playful, easy air. He replied, that "this was only one instance of the ascendancy which people of imagination exercised over those of mere intellect." He did not rate Godwin very high¹ (this was caprice or prejudice, real or affected) but he had a great idea of Mrs. Wolstonecraft's powers of conversation, none at all of her talent for book-making. We talked a little about Holcroft.² He had been asked if he was not much struck with him, and he said, he thought himself in more danger of being struck by him. I complained that he would not let me get on at all, for he required a definition of even the commonest word, exclaiming, "What do you mean by a *sensation*, Sir? What do you mean by an *idea*?" This, Coleridge said, was barricading the road to truth: — it was setting up a turnpike-gate at every step we took. I forget a great number of things, many more than I remember; but the day passed off pleasantly, and the next morning Mr. Coleridge was to return to Shrewsbury. When I came down to breakfast, I found that he had just received a letter from his friend T. Wedgwood, making him an offer of £150 a-year if he chose to wave his present pursuit, and devote himself entirely to the study of poetry and philosophy. Coleridge seemed to make up his mind to close with this proposal in the act of tying on one of his shoes. It threw an additional damp on his departure. It took the wayward enthusiast quite from us to cast him into Deva's winding vales, or by the shores of old romance. Instead of living at ten miles distance, of being the pastor of a Dissenting congregation at Shrewsbury, he was henceforth to inhabit the Hill of Parnassus, to be a Shepherd on the Delectable Mountains. Alas! I knew not the way thither, and felt very little gratitude for Mr. Wedgwood's bounty. I was presently relieved from the dilemma; for Mr. Coleridge, asking for a pen and ink, and going to a table to write something on a bit of card, advanced

¹ My father was one of those who mistook his talent after all. He used to be very much dissatisfied that I preferred his Letters to his Sermons. The last were forced and dry; the first came naturally from him. For ease, half-plays on words, and a supine, monkish, indolent pleasantriness, I have never seen them equalled. (Hazlitt's note.)

² Mary Wollstonecraft and Sir James Mackintosh were both sympathizers with the French Revolution. The former married William Godwin and was the mother of Mary Godwin, the wife of Shelley. Mackintosh answered Burke's attack on the French Revolution in *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, 1793.

³ William Godwin (1756-1836), a radical, author of *An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice*, 1793.

¹ He complained in particular of the presumption of attempting to establish the future immortality of man, "without" (as he said) "knowing what Death was or what Life was" — and the tone in which he pronounced these two words seemed to convey a complete image of both. (Hazlitt's note.)

² Thomas Holcroft (1745-1809), a dramatist and novelist, also one of the radicals of the time.

towards me with undulating step, and giving me the precious document, said that that was his address, *Mr. Coleridge, Nether Stowey, Somersetshire*; and that he should be glad to see me there in a few weeks' time, and, if I chose, would come half-way to meet me. I was not less surprised than the shepherd-boy (this simile is to be found in *Cassandra*) when he sees a thunder-bolt fall close at his feet. I stammered out my acknowledgments and acceptance of this offer (I thought Mr. Wedgwood's annuity a trifle to it) as well as I could; and this mighty business being settled, the poet-preacher took leave, and I accompanied him six miles on the road. It was a fine morning in the middle of winter, and he talked the whole way. The scholar in Chaucer is described as going

— "sounding on his way."¹

So Coleridge went on his. In digressing, in dilating, in passing from subject to subject, he appeared to me to float in air, to slide on ice. He told me in confidence (going along) that he should have preached two sermons before he accepted the situation at Shrewsbury, one on Infant Baptism, the other on the Lord's Supper, shewing that he could not administer either, which would have effectually disqualified him for the object in view. I observed that he continually crossed me on the way by shifting from one side of the foot-path to the other. This struck me as an odd movement; but I did not at that time connect it with any instability of purpose or involuntary change of principle, as I have done since. He seemed unable to keep on in a straight line. He spoke slightly of Hume (whose *Essay on Miracles* he said was stolen from an objection started in one of South's sermons — *Credat Judæus Apella!*)². I was not very much pleased at this account of Hume, for I had just been reading, with infinite relish, that completest of all metaphysical *choke-pears*; his *Treatise on Human Nature*, to which the *Essays*, in point of scholastic subtlety and close reasoning, are mere elegant trifling, light summer-reading. Coleridge even denied the excellence of Hume's general style, which I think betrayed a want of taste or candor. He however made me amends by the manner in which he spoke of Berkeley. He dwelt particularly on his *Essay on Vision*

as a masterpiece of analytical reasoning. ; So it undoubtedly is. He was exceedingly angry with Dr. Johnson for striking the stone with his foot, in allusion to this author's *Theory of Matter and Spirit*, and saying, "Thus I confute him, Sir." Coleridge drew a parallel (I don't know how he brought about the connection) between Bishop Berkeley and Tom Paine. He said the one was an instance of a subtle, the other of an acute mind, than which no two things could be more distinct. The one was a shop-boy's quality, the other the characteristic of a philosopher. He considered Bishop Butler as a true philosopher, a profound and conscientious thinker, a genuine reader of nature and of his own mind. He did not speak of his *Analogy*, but of his *Sermons at the Rolls' Chapel*, of which I had never heard. Coleridge somehow always contrived to prefer the *unknown* to the *known*. In this instance he was right. The *Analogy* is a tissue of sophistry, of wire-drawn, theological special-pleading; the *Sermons* (with the Preface to them) are in a fine vein of deep, matured reflection, a candid appeal to our observation of human nature, without pedantry and without bias. I told Coleridge I had written a few remarks, and was sometimes foolish enough to believe that I had made a discovery on the same subject (the *Natural Disinterestedness of the Human Mind*) — and I tried to explain my view of it to Coleridge, who listened with great willingness, but I did not succeed in making myself understood. I sat down to the task shortly afterwards for the twentieth time, got new pens and paper, determined to make clear work of it, wrote a few meagre sentences in the skeleton-style of a mathematical demonstration, stopped half way down the second page; and, after trying in vain to pump up any words, images, notions, apprehensions, facts, or observations, from that gulph of abstraction in which I had plunged myself for four or five years preceding, gave up the attempt as labor in vain, and shed tears of helpless despondency on the blank unfinished paper. I can write fast enough now. Am I better than I was then? Oh no! One truth discovered, one pang of regret at not being able to express it, is better than all the fluency and flippancy in the world. Would that I could go back to what I then was! Why can we not revive past times as we can revisit old places? If I had the quaint Muse of Sir Philip Sidney to assist me, I would write a *Sonnet to the Road between W——m and*

¹ Hazlitt confuses Chaucer's word "sowning," inclining to, with Wordsworth's use of "sounding," *Excursion*, III, 71;

² "Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way."

² Let the Jew Apella believe it.

HORACE, *Satires*, I, 5, 100.

Shrewsbury, and immortalize every step of it by some fond enigmatical conceit. I would swear that the very milestones had ears, and that Harmer-hill stooped with all its pines, to listen to a poet, as he passed! I remember but one other topic of discourse in this walk. He mentioned Paley, praised the naturalness and clearness of his style, but condemned his sentiments, thought him a mere time-serving casuist, and said that "the fact of his work on *Moral and Political Philosophy* being made a text-book in our Universities was a disgrace to the national character." We parted at the six-mile stone; and I returned homeward, pensive but much pleased. I had met with unexpected notice from a person, whom I believed to have been prejudiced against me. "Kind and affable to me had been his condescension, and should be honored ever with suitable regard." He was the first poet I had known, and he certainly answered to that inspired name. I had heard a great deal of his powers of conversation, and was not disappointed. In fact, I never met with any thing at all like them, either before or since. I could easily credit the accounts which were circulated of his holding forth to a large party of ladies and gentlemen, an evening or two before, on the Berkeleian Theory, when he made the whole material universe look like a transparency of fine words; and another story (which I believe he has somewhere told himself) of his being asked to a party at Birmingham, of his smoking tobacco and going to sleep after dinner on a sofa, where the company found him to their no small surprise, which was increased to wonder when he started up of a sudden, and rubbing his eyes, looked about him, and launched into a three-hours' description of the third heaven, of which he had had a dream, very different from Mr. Southey's *Vision of Judgment*,¹ and also from that other *Vision of Judgment*, which Mr. Murray, the Secretary of the Bridge-street Junta,² has taken into his especial keeping!

On my way back, I had a sound in my ears, it was the voice of Fancy: I had a light before me, it was the face of Poetry. The one still lingers there, the other has not quitted my side! Coleridge in truth met me half-way on the ground of philosophy, or I should not have been won over to his imagi-

native creed. I had an uneasy, pleasurable sensation all the time, till I was to visit him. During those months the chill breath of winter gave me a welcoming; the vernal air was balm and inspiration to me. The golden sun-sets, the silver star of evening, lighted me on my way to new hopes and prospects. *I was to visit Coleridge in the spring.* This circumstance was never absent from my thoughts, and mingled with all my feelings. I wrote to him at the time proposed, and received an answer postponing my intended visit for a week or two, but very cordially urging me to complete my promise then. This delay did not damp, but rather increased my ardor. In the meantime I went to Llangollen Vale, by way of initiating myself in the mysteries of natural scenery; and I must say I was enchanted with it. I had been reading Coleridge's description of England, in his fine *Ode on the Departing Year*, and I applied it, *con amore*, to the objects before me. That valley was to me (in a manner) the cradle of a new existence: in the river that winds through it, my spirit was baptized in the waters of Helicon!

I returned home, and soon after set out on my journey with unworn heart and untired feet. My way lay through Worcester and Gloucester, and by Upton, where I thought of Tom Jones¹ and the adventure of the muff. I remember getting completely wet through one day, and stopping at an inn (I think it was at Tewkesbury) where I sat up all night to read *Paul and Virginia*. Sweet were the showers in early youth that drenched my body, and sweet the drops of pity that fell upon the books I read! I recollect a remark of Coleridge's upon this very book, that nothing could shew the gross indelicacy of French manners and the entire corruption of their imagination more strongly than the behavior of the heroine in the last fatal scene, who turns away from a person on board the sinking vessel, that offers to save her life, because he has thrown off his clothes to assist him in swimming. Was this a time to think of such a circumstance? I once hinted to Wordsworth, as we were sailing in his boat on Grasmere lake, that I thought he had borrowed the idea of his *Poems on the Naming of Places* from the local inscriptions of the same kind in *Paul and Virginia*. He did not own the obligation, and stated some distinction without a difference, in defence of his claim to originality. Even the slightest variation would be sufficient for this purpose

¹ Southey's *Vision of Judgment* was a poem celebrating the reception of George III into heaven. Byron's satire upon it appeared in the *Liberal*.

² Murray was Byron's publisher, and also of the *Tory Quarterly Review*. His office was in Bridge Street, London.

¹ In Fielding's *Tom Jones*, Book X, Chapter V.

in his mind; for whatever *he* added or omitted would inevitably be worth all that any one else had done, and contain the marrow of the sentiment. I was still two days before the time fixed for my arrival, for I had taken care to set out early enough. I stopped these two days at Bridgewater, and when I was tired of sauntering on the banks of its muddy river, returned to the inn, and read *Camilla*.¹ So have I loitered my life away, reading books, looking at pictures, going to plays, hearing, thinking, writing on what pleased me best. I have wanted only one thing to make me happy; but wanting that, have wanted everything!

I arrived, and was well received. The country about Nether Stowey is beautiful, green and hilly, and near the sea-shore. I saw it but the other day, after an interval of twenty years, from a hill near Taunton. How was the map of my life spread out before me, as the map of the country lay at my feet! In the afternoon Coleridge took me over to All-Foxden, a romantic old family-mansion of the St. Aubins, where Wordsworth lived. It was then in the possession of a friend of the poet's, who gave him the free use of it. Somehow that period (the time just after the French Revolution) was not a time when *nothing was given for nothing*. The mind opened, and a softness might be perceived coming over the heart of individuals, beneath "the scales that fence" our self-interest. Wordsworth himself was from home, but his sister kept house, and set before us a frugal repast; and we had free access to her brother's poems, the *Lyrical Ballads*, which were still in manuscript, or in the form of *Sybilline Leaves*.² I dipped into a few of these with great satisfaction, and with the faith of a novice. I slept that night in an old room with blue hangings, and covered with the round-faced family-portraits of the age of George I. and II. and from the wooded declivity of the adjoining park that overlooked my window, at the dawn of day, could

— "hear the loud stag speak."

In the outset of life (and particularly at this time I felt it so) our imagination has a body to it. We are in a state between sleeping and waking, and have indistinct but glorious glimpses of strange shapes, and there is always something to come better than what we see. As in our dreams the fulness of

the blood gives warmth and reality to the coinage of the brain, so in youth our ideas are clothed, and fed, and pampered with our good spirits; we breathe thick with thoughtless happiness, the weight of future years presses on the strong pulses of the heart, and we repose with undisturbed faith in truth and good. As we advance, we exhaust our fund of enjoyment and of hope. We are no longer wrapped in *lamb's-wool*, lulled in Elysium. As we taste the pleasures of life, their spirit evaporates, the sense palls; and nothing is left but the phantoms, the lifeless shadows of what *has been!*

That morning, as soon as breakfast was over, we strolled out into the park, and seating ourselves on the trunk of an old ash-tree that stretched along the ground, Coleridge read aloud with a sonorous and musical voice the ballad of *Betty Foy*. I was not critically or sceptically inclined. I saw touches of truth and nature, and took the rest for granted. But in the *Thorn*, the *Mad Mother*, and the *Complaint of a Poor Indian Woman*, I felt that deeper power and pathos which have been since acknowledged,

"In spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,"

as the characteristics of this author; and the sense of a new style and a new spirit in poetry came over me. It had to me something of the effect that arises from the turning up of the fresh soil, or of the first welcome breath of Spring:

"While yet the trembling year is unconfirmed."

Coleridge and myself walked back to Stowey that evening, and his voice sounded high

"Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,"

as we passed through echoing grove, by fairy stream or waterfall, gleaming in the summer moonlight! He lamented that Wordsworth was not prone enough to believe in the traditional superstitions of the place, and that there was a something corporeal, a *matter-of-factness*, a clinging to the palpable, or often to the petty, in his poetry, in consequence. His genius was not a spirit that descended to him through the air; it sprung out of the ground like a flower, or unfolded itself from a green spray, on which the gold-finch sang. He said, however, (if I remember right) that this objection must be confined to his descriptive pieces, that his philosophic poetry had a grand and comprehensive spirit in it, so that his soul seemed to inhabit the uni-

¹ A novel by Frances Burney, 1796.

² Coleridge published a volume of verse under this title in 1817.

verse like a palace, and to discover truth by intuition, rather than by deduction. The next day Wordsworth arrived from Bristol at Coleridge's cottage. I think I see him now. He answered in some degree to his friend's description of him, but was more gaunt and Don Quixote-like. He was quaintly dressed (according to the costume of that unconstrained period) in a brown fustian jacket and striped pantaloons. There was something of a roll, a lounge in his gait, not unlike his own Peter Bell.¹ There was a severe, worn pressure of thought about his temples, a fire in his eye (as if he saw something in objects more than the outward appearance), an intense high narrow forehead, a Roman nose, cheeks furrowed by strong purpose and feeling, and a convulsive inclination to laughter about the mouth, a good deal at variance with the solemn, stately expression of the rest of his face. Chantry's bust wants the marking traits; but he was teased into making it regular and heavy: Haydon's head of him, introduced into the *Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem*,² is the most like his drooping weight of thought and expression. He sat down and talked very naturally and freely, with a mixture of clear gushing accents in his voice, a deep guttural intonation, and a strong tincture of the northern *burr*, like the crust on wine. He instantly began to make havoc of the half of a Cheshire cheese on the table, and said triumphantly that "his marriage with experience had not been so unproductive as Mr. Southey's in teaching him a knowledge of the good things of this life." He had been to see the *Castle Spectre*,³ by Monk Lewis, while at Bristol, and described it very well. He said "it fitted the taste of the audience like a glove." This *ad captandum*⁴ merit was however by no means a recommendation of it, according to the severe principles of the new school, which reject rather than court popular effect. Wordsworth, looking out of the low, latticed window, said, "How beautifully the sun sets on that yellow bank!" I thought within myself, "With what eyes these poets see nature!" and ever after, when I saw the sun-set stream upon the objects facing it, conceived I had made a discovery, or

thanked Mr. Wordsworth for having made one for me! We went over to All-Foxden again the day following, and Wordsworth read us the story of Peter Bell in the open air; and the comment made upon it by his face and voice was very different from that of some later critics! Whatever might be thought of the poem, "his face was a book where men might read strange matters," and he announced the fate of his hero in prophetic tones. There is a *chaunt* in the recitation both of Coleridge and Wordsworth, which acts as a spell upon the hearer, and disarms the judgment. Perhaps they have deceived themselves by making habitual use of this ambiguous accompaniment. Coleridge's manner is more full, animated, and varied; Wordsworth's more equable, sustained, and internal. The one might be termed more *dramatic*, the other more *lyrical*. Coleridge has told me that he himself liked to compose in walking over uneven ground, or breaking through the straggling branches of a copse-wood; whereas Wordsworth always wrote (if he could) walking up and down a straight gravel-walk, or in some spot where the continuity of his verse met with no collateral interruption. Returning that same evening, I got into a metaphysical argument with Wordsworth, while Coleridge was explaining the different notes of the nightingale to his sister, in which we neither of us succeeded in making ourselves perfectly clear and intelligible. Thus I passed three weeks at Nether Stowey and in the neighborhood, generally devoting the afternoons to a delightful chat in an arbor made of bark by the poet's friend Tom Poole,¹ sitting under two fine elm-trees, and listening to the bees humming round us, while we quaffed our *flip*. It was agreed, among other things, that we should make a jaunt down the Bristol-Channel, as far as Linton. We set off together on foot, Coleridge, John Chester, and I. This Chester was a native of Nether Stowey, one of those who were attracted to Coleridge's discourse as flies are to honey, or bees in swarming-time to the sound of a brass pan. He "followed in the chace like a dog who hunts, not like one that made up the cry." He had on a brown cloth coat, boots, and corduroy breeches, was low in stature, bow-legged, had a drag in his walk like a drover, which he assisted by a hazel switch, and kept on a sort of trot by the side of Coleridge, like a running footman by a

¹ The hero of Wordsworth's poem by this name, published in 1819.

² Benjamin Robert Haydon (1786-1846), a painter, introduced a portrait of Wordsworth into an historical picture on this subject.

³ A drama produced in 1797, by M. G. Lewis (1775-1818), whose earlier tale, *The Monk*, had given him the nickname.

⁴ Power of captivating.

¹ A friend of Coleridge who was responsible for his settlement at Nether Stowey.

state coach, that he might not lose a syllable or sound, that fell from Coleridge's lips. He told me his private opinion, that Coleridge was a wonderful man. He scarcely opened his lips, much less offered an opinion the whole way: yet of the three, had I to chuse during that journey, I would be John Chester. He afterwards followed Coleridge into Germany, where the Kantian philosophers were puzzled how to bring him under any of their categories. When he sat down at table with his idol, John's felicity was complete; Sir Walter Scott's, or Mr. Blackwood's, when they sat down at the same table with the King, was not more so. We passed Dunster on our right, a small town between the brow of a hill and the sea. I remember eying it wistfully as it lay below us: contrasted with the woody scene around, it looked as clear, as pure, as *embrowned* and ideal as any landscape I have seen since, of Gaspar Poussin's or Domenichino's. We had a long day's march — (our feet kept time to the echoes of Coleridge's tongue) — through Minehead and by the Blue Anchor, and on to Linton, which we did not reach till near midnight, and where we had some difficulty in making a lodgment. We however knocked the people of the house up at last, and we were repaid for our apprehensions and fatigue by some excellent rashers of fried bacon and eggs. The view in coming along had been splendid. We walked for miles and miles on dark brown heaths overlooking the channel, with the Welsh hills beyond, and at times descended into little sheltered valleys close by the sea-side, with a smuggler's face scowling by us, and then had to ascend conical hills with a path winding up through a coppice to a barren top, like a monk's shaven crown, from one of which I pointed out to Coleridge's notice the bare masts of a vessel on the very edge of the horizon and within the red-orbed disk of the setting sun, like his own spectre-ship in the *Ancient Mariner*. At Linton the character of the sea-coast becomes more marked and rugged. There is a place called the *Valley of Rocks* (I suspect this was only the poetical name for it) bedded among precipices overhanging the sea, with rocky caverns beneath, into which the waves dash, and where the sea-gull forever wheels its screaming flight. On the tops of these are huge stones thrown transverse, as if an earthquake had tossed them there, and behind these is a fretwork of perpendicular rocks, something like the *Giant's Causeway*. A thunderstorm came on while we

were at the inn, and Coleridge was running out bareheaded to enjoy the commotion of the elements in the *Valley of Rocks*, but as if in spite, the clouds only muttered a few angry sounds, and let fall a few refreshing drops. Coleridge told me that he and Wordsworth were to have made this place the scene of a prose-tale, which was to have been in the manner of, but far superior to, the *Death of Abel*,¹ but they had relinquished the design. In the morning of the second day, we breakfasted luxuriously in an old-fashioned parlor, on tea, toast, eggs, and honey, in the very sight of the bee-hives from which it had been taken, and a garden full of thyme and wild flowers that had produced it. On this occasion Coleridge spoke of Virgil's *Georgics*, but not well. I do not think he had much feeling for the classical or elegant. It was in this room that we found a little worn-out copy of the *Seasons*, lying in a window seat, on which Coleridge exclaimed, "*That is true fame!*" He said Thomson was a great poet, rather than a good one; his style was as meretricious as his thoughts were natural. He spoke of Cowper as the best modern poet. He said the *Lyrical Ballads* were an experiment about to be tried by him and Wordsworth, to see how far the public taste would endure poetry written in a more natural and simple style than had hitherto been attempted; totally discarding the artifices of poetical diction, and making use only of such words as had probably been common in the most ordinary language since the days of Henry II. Some comparison was introduced between Shakespeare and Milton. He said "he hardly knew which to prefer. Shakespeare appeared to him a mere stripling in the art; he was as tall and as strong, with infinitely more activity than Milton, but he never appeared to have come to man's estate; or if he had, he would not have been a man, but a monster." He spoke with contempt of Gray, and with intolerance of Pope. He did not like the versification of the latter. He observed that "the ears of these couplet-writers might be charged with having short memories, that could not retain the harmony of whole passages." He thought little of Junius as a writer; he had a dislike of Dr. Johnson; and a much higher opinion of Burke as an orator and politician, than of Fox or Pitt. He however thought him very inferior in richness of style and imagery to some of our elder prose-writers, particularly Jeremy Taylor. He

¹ By the Swiss poet Solomon Gessner, published in 1758.

liked Richardson, but not Fielding; nor could I get him to enter into the merits of *Caleb Williams*.¹ In short, he was profound and discriminating with respect to those authors whom he liked, and where he gave his judgment fair play; capricious, perverse, and prejudiced in his antipathies and distastes. We loitered on the "ribbed sea-sands," in such talk as this, a whole morning, and I recollect met with a curious sea-weed, of which John Chester told us the country name! A fisherman gave Coleridge an account of a boy that had been drowned the day before, and that they had tried to save him at the risk of their own lives. He said "he did not know how it was that they ventured, but, Sir, we have a nature towards one another." This expression, Coleridge remarked to me, was a fine illustration of that theory of disinterestedness which I (in common with Butler) had adopted. I broached to him an argument of mine to prove that *likeness* was not mere association of ideas. I said that the mark in the sand put one in mind of a man's foot, not because it was part of a former impression of a man's foot (for it was quite new) but because it was like the shape of a man's foot. He assented to the justness of this distinction (which I have explained at length elsewhere, for the benefit of the curious) and John Chester listened; not from any interest in the subject, but because he was astonished that I should be able to suggest anything to Coleridge that he did not already know. We returned on the third morning, and Coleridge remarked the silent cottage-smoke curling up the valleys where, a few evenings before, we had seen the lights gleaming through the dark.

In a day or two after we arrived at Stowey, we set out, I on my return home, and he for Germany. It was a Sunday morning, and he was to preach that day for Dr. Toulmin of Taunton. I asked him if he had prepared anything for the occasion? He said he had not even thought of the text, but should as soon as we parted. I did not go to hear him, — this was a fault, — but we met in the evening at Bridgewater. The next day we had a long day's walk to Bristol, and sat down, I recollect, by a well-side on the road,

¹ He had no idea of pictures, of Claude or Raphael, and at this time I had as little as he. He sometimes gives a striking account at present of the Cartoons at Pisa, by Buffalmacco and others; of one in particular where Death is seen in the air brandishing his scythe, and the great and mighty of the earth shudder at his approach, while the beggars and the wretched kneel to him as their deliverer. He would of course understand so broad and fine a moral as this at any time. (Hazlitt's note.)

to cool ourselves and satisfy our thirst, when Coleridge repeated to me some descriptive lines from his tragedy of *Remorse*; which I must say became his mouth and that occasion better than they, some years after, did Mr. Elliston's² and the Drury-lane boards,

"Oh memory! shield me from the world's poor strife,

And give those scenes thine everlasting life."

I saw no more of him for a year or two, during which period he had been wandering in the Hartz Forest in Germany; and his return was cometary, meteorous, unlike his setting out. It was not till some time after that I knew his friends Lamb and Southey. The last always appears to me (as I first saw him) with a commonplace-book under his arm, and the first with a *bon-mot* in his mouth. It was at Godwin's that I met him with Holcroft and Coleridge, where they were disputing fiercely which was the best — *Man as he was, or man as he is to be*. "Give me," says Lamb, "man as he is *not* to be." This saying was the beginning of a friendship between us, which I believe still continues. — Enough of this for the present.

"But there is matter for another rhyme,
And I to this may add a second tale."

ON GOING A JOURNEY

First published in the *New Monthly Magazine* in 1822. It was reprinted in *Table Talk*, 1821-22.

One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

"The fields his study, nature was his book."

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticizing hedge-rows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbowroom and fewer encumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

— "a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet."

² Robert William Elliston (1774-1831), a favorite actor.

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation

"May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd,"

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a Tilbury, to exchange good things with, and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner — and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sumless treasures," burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull common-places, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. "Leave, oh, leave me to my repose!" I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me "very stuff o' the conscience." Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, a neglect

of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship," say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's, that "he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time." So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. "Let me have a companion of my way," says Sterne, "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." It is beautifully said; but in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid: if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of nature without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the syncretical method on a journey in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomize them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with any one for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a bean-field crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveller has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is shortsighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the color of a cloud, which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill humor. Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you — these may recall a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined

to be possibly communicated to others.¹ Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company, seems extravagance or affectation; and on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered) is a task to which few are competent. We must "give it an understanding, but no tongue." My old friend C——,² however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale, a summer's day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. "He talked far above singing." If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have some one with me to admire the swelling theme; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing voice in the woods of All-Foxden. They had "that fine madness in them which our first poets had;" and if they could have been caught by some rare instrument, would have breathed such strains as the following:

— "Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As when smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled stream, with flow'rs as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbors o'ergrown with woodbine, caves and
dells;
'Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
How the pale Phoebe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each
night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest."
(*Faithful Shepherdess*)

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds; but at the sight of nature my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sunset. I can make nothing out on the spot: I must have time to collect myself.

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects: it should be reserved for Table-

¹ Coleridge.

talk. L——³ is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out of doors; because he is the best within. I grant there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey, and that is, what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavor of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at the approach of nightfall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to "take one's ease at one's inn!" These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heartfelt happiness to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop: they will do to talk of or to write about afterwards. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea —

"The cups that cheer, but not inebriate —"

and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper — eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal-cutlet! Sancho² in such a situation once fixed upon cow-heel; and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then, in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen. — *Procul, O procul este profani!*³ These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk; or if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon, I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place; he is a part of the furniture and costume of an inn. If he is a Quaker, or from the West Riding of Yorkshire, so much the better. I do not even try to sympathize with him, and he breaks no squares. I associate nothing with my travelling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs, I in a manner forget myself.

¹ Charles Lamb.

² Sancho Panza in *Don Quixote*.

³ "Avaunt! avaunt! ye unhallowed!"

VIRGIL, *Aeneid*, vi, 258.

But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits; or from having some one with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world; but your "unhoused free condition is put into circumscription and confine." The *incognito* of an inn is one of its striking privileges — "lord of one's self, uncumbered with a name." Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion — to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties — to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweetbreads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening — and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the Gentleman in the parlor!* One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively right-worshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. We are no more those hackneyed common-places that we appear in the world; an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society! I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns — sometimes when I have been left entirely to myself, and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Witham-Common, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas — at other times, when there have been pictures in the room, as at St. Neot's¹ (I think it was) where I first met with Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons,² into which I entered at once, and at a little inn on the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall's drawings, which I compared triumphantly (for a theory that I had, not for the admired artist) with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn, standing up in the boat between me and the twilight — at other times I might mention luxuriating in books, with a peculiar interest in this way, as I

remember sitting up half the night to read *Paul and Virginia*, which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame D'Arblay's *Camilla*. It was on the 10th of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the *New Eloise*, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which St. Preux describes his feelings as he first caught a glimpse from the heights of the Jura of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bon bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birthday, and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighborhood to visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham; and on passing a certain point you come all at once upon the valley, which opens like an amphitheatre, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with "green upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks" below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time "glittered green with sunny showers," and a budding ash-tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad I was to walk along the high road that overlooks the delicious prospect, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr. Coleridge's poems! But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large as Hope could make them, these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE; which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.

"The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."

Still I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot; but I would return to it alone. What other self could I find to share that influx of thoughts, of regret, and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to myself, so much have they been broken and defaced! I could stand on some tall rock, and overlook the precipice of years that separates me from what I then was. I was at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named. Where is he now? Not only I myself have changed; the world, which was then new to me, has become old and incorrigible. Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O sylvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness

I tidbit.

¹ A small town near Peterborough.

² Raphael's cartoons.

as thou then wert; and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely!

There is hardly anything that shows the shortsightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than travelling does. With change of place we change our ideas; nay, our opinions and feelings. We can by an effort indeed transport ourselves to old and long-forgotten scenes, and then the picture of the mind revives again; but we forget those that we have just left. It seems that we can think but of one place at a time. The canvas of the fancy is but of a certain extent, and if we paint one set of objects upon it, they immediately efface every other. We cannot enlarge our conceptions, we only shift our point of view. The landscape bares its bosom to the enraptured eye, we take our fill of it, and seem as if we could form no other image of beauty or grandeur. We pass on, and think no more of it: the horizon that shuts it from our sight also blots it from our memory like a dream. In travelling through a wild barren country I can form no idea of a woody and cultivated one. It appears to me that all the world must be barren, like what I see of it. In the country we forget the town, and in town we despise the country. "Beyond Hyde Park," says Sir Fopling Flutter, "all is a desert."¹ All that part of the map that we do not see before us is a blank. The world in our conceit of it is not much bigger than a nutshell. It is not one prospect expanded into another, county joined to county, kingdom to kingdom, lands to seas, making an image voluminous and vast; — the mind can form no larger idea of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written in a map, a calculation of arithmetic. For instance, what is the true signification of that immense mass of territory and population known by the name of China to us? An inch of paste-board on a wooden globe, of no more account than a China orange! Things near us are seen of the size of life: things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piecemeal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollec-

tions, we cannot as it were unfold the whole web of our existence; we must pick out the single threads. So in coming to a place where we have formerly lived, and with which we have intimate associations, every one must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot, from the mere anticipation of the actual impression: we remember circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names, that we had not thought of for years; but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten! — To return to the question I have quitted above.

I have no objection to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures, in company with a friend or a party, but rather the contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable and overt. Salisbury Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge will bear a discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical. In setting out on a party of pleasure, the first consideration always is where we shall go to: in taking a solitary ramble, the question is what we shall meet with by the way. "The mind is its own place;" nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. I can myself do the honors indifferently well to works of art and curiosity. I once took a party to Oxford with no mean *éclat* — shewed them that seat of the Muses at a distance,

"With glistening spires and pinnacles
adorned" —

descanted on the learned air that breathes from the grassy quadrangles and stone walls of halls and colleges — was at home in the Bodleian; and at Blenheim quite superseded the powdered Cicerone that attended us, and that pointed in vain with his wand to commonplace beauties in matchless pictures. — As another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, this relief, which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stilled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen: there must be allowed to be something in the view of

¹ From Etherege's *The Man of Mode* (1676).

Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any single contemplation. In such situations, so opposite to all one's ordinary train of ideas, one seems a species by one's-self, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support. — Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears; nor did the mariners' hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbor, as the sun went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity. I walked over "the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," erect and satisfied; for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones: I was at no loss for language, for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled: nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people! — There is undoubtedly a sensation in travelling into foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else; but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting. It is too remote from our habitual associations to be a common topic of discourse or reference, and, like a dream or another state of existence, does not piece into our daily modes of life. It is an animated but a momentary hallucination. It demands an effort to exchange our actual for our ideal identity; and to feel the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must "jump" all our present comforts and connections. Our romantic and itinerant character is not to be domesticated. Dr. Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there is both delightful, and in one sense instructive; but it appears to be cut out of our substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more enviable individual, all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves, as well as our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings:

"Out of my country and myself I go."

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts,

1 risk.

do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recall them; but we can be said only to fulfil our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life in travelling abroad, if I could any where borrow another life to spend afterwards at home!

THE FIGHT

The Fight was published in the *New Monthly Magazine* for February, 1822. The famous battle had occurred on December 11, 1821.

"— The fight, the fight's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

Where there's a will, there's a way. — I said so to myself, as I walked down Chancery-lane, about half-past six o'clock on Monday the 10th of December, to inquire at Jack Randall's where the fight the next day was to be; and I found "the proverb" nothing "musty" in the present instance. I was determined to see this fight, come what would, and see it I did, in great style. It was my *first fight*, yet it more than answered my expectations. Ladies! it is to you I dedicate this description; nor let it seem out of character for the fair to notice the exploits of the brave. Courage and modesty are the old English virtues; and may they never look cold and askance on one another! Think, ye fairest of the fair, loveliest of the lovely kind, ye practisers of soft enchantment, how many more ye kill with poisoned baits than ever fell in the ring; and listen with subdued air and without shuddering, to a tale tragic only in appearance, and sacred to the Fancy!¹

I was going down Chancery-lane, thinking to ask at Jack Randall's where the fight was to be, when looking through the glass-door of the *Hole in the Wall*, I heard a gentleman asking the same question at Mrs. Randall, as the author of *Waverley* would express it. Now Mrs. Randall stood answering the gentleman's question, with the authenticity of the lady of the Champion of the Light Weights. Thinks I, I'll wait till this person comes out, and learn from him how it is. For to say a truth, I was not fond of going into this house of call for heroes and philosophers, ever since the owner of it (for Jack is no gentleman) threatened once upon a time to kick me out of doors for wanting a mutt-chop at his hospitable board; when the conqueror in thirteen battles was more full of

¹ A slang term for the supporters of the sport of pugilism.

blue ruin than of good manners. I was the more mortified at this repulse, inasmuch as I had heard Mr. James Simpkins, hosier in the Strand, one day when the character of the *Hole in the Wall* was brought in question, observe — "The house is a very good house, and the company quite genteel: I have been there myself!" Remembering this unkind treatment of mine host, to which mine hostess was also a party, and not wishing to put her in unquiet thoughts at a time jubilant like the present, I waited at the door, when, who should issue forth but my friend Jo. Toms, and turning suddenly up Chancery-lane with that quick jerk and impatient stride which distinguishes a lover of the Fancy, I said, "I'll be hanged if that fellow is not going to the fight, and is on his way to get me to go with him." So it proved in effect, and we agreed to adjourn to my lodgings to discuss measures with that cordiality which makes old friends like new, and new friends like old, on great occasions. We are cold to others only when we are dull in ourselves, and have neither thoughts nor feelings to impart to them. Give a man a topic in his head, a throb of pleasure in his heart, and he will be glad to share it with the first person he meets. Toms and I, though we seldom meet, were an *alter idem* on this memorable occasion, and had not an idea that we did not candidly impart; and "so carelessly did we fleet the time," that I wish no better, when there is another fight, than to have him for a companion on my journey down, and to return with my friend Jack Pigott, talking of what was to happen or of what did happen, with a noble subject always at hand, and liberty to digress to others whenever they offered. Indeed, on my repeating the lines from Spenser in an involuntary fit of enthusiasm,

"What more felicity can fall to creature,
Than to enjoy delight with liberty?"

my last-named ingenious friend stopped me by saying that this, translated into the vulgate, meant "*Going to see a fight.*"

Jo. Toms and I could not settle about the method of going down. He said there was a caravan, he understood, to start from Tom Belcher's at two, which would go there *right out* and back again the next day. Now I never travel all night, and said I should get a cast to Newbury by one of the mails. Jo. swore the thing was impossible, and I could only answer that I had made up my mind to it. In short, he seemed to me to

waver, said he only came to see if I was going, had letters to write, a cause coming on the day after, and faintly said at parting (for I was bent on setting out that moment) — "Well, we meet at Philippi!" I made the best of my way to Piccadilly. The mail coach stand was bare. "They are all gone," said I — "this is always the way with me — in the instant I lose the future — if I had not stayed to pour out that last cup of tea, I should have been just in time" — and cursing my folly and ill-luck together, without inquiring at the coach-office whether the mails were gone or not, I walked on in despite, and to punish my own dilatoriness and want of determination. At any rate, I would not turn back: I might get to Hounslow, or perhaps farther, to be on my road the next morning. I passed Hyde Park Corner (my Rubicon), and trusted to fortune. Suddenly I heard the clattering of a Brentford stage, and the fight rushed full upon my fancy. I argued (not unwisely) that even a Brentford coachman was better company than my own thoughts (such as they were just then), and at his invitation mounted the box with him. I immediately stated my case to him — namely, my quarrel with myself for missing the Bath or Bristol mail, and my determination to get on in consequence as well as I could, without any disparagement or insulting comparison between longer or shorter stages. It is a maxim with me that stage-coaches, and consequently stage-coachmen, are respectable in proportion to the distance they have to travel: so I said nothing on that subject to my Brentford friend. Any incipient tendency to an abstract proposition, or (as he might have construed it) to a personal reflection of this kind, was however nipped in the bud; for I had no sooner declared indignantly that I had missed the mails, than he flatly denied that they were gone along, and lo! at the instant three of them drove by in rapid, provoking, orderly succession, as if they would devour the ground before them. Here again I seemed in the contradictory situation of the man in Dryden who exclaims,

"I follow Fate, which does too hard pursue!"

If I had stopped to inquire at the White Horse Cellar, which would not have taken me a minute, I should now have been driving down the road in all the dignified unconcern and *ideal* perfection of mechanical conveyance. The Bath mail I had set my mind upon, and I had missed it, as I missed every

thing else, by my own absurdity, in putting the will for the deed, and aiming at ends without employing means. "Sir," said he of the Brentford, "the Bath mail will be up presently, my brother-in-law drives it, and I will engage to stop him if there is a place empty." I almost doubted my good genius; but, sure enough, up it drove like lightning, and stopped directly at the call of the Brentford Jehu. I would not have believed this possible, but the brother-in-law of a mail-coach driver is himself no mean man. I was transferred without loss of time from the top of one coach to that of the other, desired the guard to pay my fare to the Brentford coachman for me as I had no change, was accommodated with a great coat, put up my umbrella to keep off a drizzling mist, and we began to cut through the air like an arrow. The mile-stones disappeared one after another, the rain kept off; Tom Turtle,¹ the trainer, sat before me on the coach-box, with whom I exchanged civilities as a gentleman going to the fight; the passion that had transported me an hour before was subdued to pensive regret and conjectural musing on the next day's battle; I was promised a place inside at Reading, and upon the whole, I thought myself a lucky fellow. Such is the force of imagination! On the outside of any other coach on the 10th of December, with a Scotch mist drizzling through the cloudy moonlight air, I should have been cold, comfortless, impatient, and, no doubt, wet through; but seated on the Royal mail, I felt warm and comfortable, the air did me good, the ride did me good, I was pleased with the progress we had made, and confident that all would go well through the journey. When I got inside at Reading, I found Turtle and a stout valetudinarian, whose costume bespoke him one of the Fancy, and who had risen from a three months' sick bed to get into the mail to see the fight. They were intimate, and we fell into a lively discourse. My friend the trainer was confined in his topics to fighting dogs and men, to bears and badgers; beyond this he was "quite chap-fallen," had not a word to throw at a dog, or indeed very wisely fell asleep, when any other game was started. The whole art of training (I, however, learnt from him), consists in two things, exercise and abstinence, abstinence and exercise, repeated alternately and without end. A yolk of an egg with a spoonful of rum in it is the first thing in a morning, and then a walk of six miles till breakfast.

This meal consists of a plentiful supply of tea and toast and beefsteaks. Then another six or seven miles till dinner-time, and another supply of solid beef or mutton with a pint of porter, and perhaps, at the utmost, a couple of glasses of sherry. Martin trains on water, but this increases his infirmity on another very dangerous side. The Gas-man takes now and then a chirping glass (under the rose) to console him, during a six weeks' probation, for the absence of Mrs. Hickman — an agreeable woman, with (I understand) a pretty fortune of two hundred pounds. How matter presses on me! What stubborn things are facts! How inexhaustible is nature and art! "It is well," as I once heard Mr. Richmond observe, "to see a variety." He was speaking of cockfighting as an edifying spectacle. I cannot deny but that one learns more of what *is* (I do not say of what *ought to be*) in this desultory mode of practical study, than from reading the same book twice over, even though it should be a moral treatise. Where was I? I was sitting at dinner with the candidate for the honors of the ring, "where good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both." Then follows an hour of social chat and native glee; and afterwards, to another breathing over heathy hill or dale. Back to supper, and then to bed, and up by six again — Our hero

"Follows so the ever-running sun
With profitable *ardor*" —

to the day that brings him victory or defeat in the green fairy circle. Is not this life more sweet than mine? I was going to say; but I will not libel any life by comparing it to mine, which is (at the date of these presents) bitter as coloquintida and the dregs of aconitum!

The invalid in the Bath mail soared a pitch above the trainer, and did not sleep so sound, because he had "more figures and more fantasies." We talked the hours away merrily. He had faith in surgery, for he had had three ribs set right, that had been broken in a *turn-up* at Belcher's, but thought physicians old women, for they had no antidote in their catalogue for brandy. An indigestion is an excellent common-place for two people that never met before. By way of ingratiating myself, I told him the story of my doctor, who, on my earnestly representing to him that I thought his regimen had done me harm, assured me that the whole pharmacopeia contained nothing comparable to the prescription he had given me; and, as a proof

¹ John Thurtell, to wit. (Hazlitt's note.)

of its undoubted efficacy, said, that, "he had had one gentleman with my complaint under his hands for the last fifteen years." This anecdote made my companion shake the rough sides of his three great coats with boisterous laughter; and Turtle, starting out of his sleep, swore he knew how the fight would go, for he had had a dream about it. Sure enough the rascal told us how the three first rounds went off, but "his dream," like others, "denoted a foregone conclusion." He knew his men. The moon now rose in silver state, and I ventured, with some hesitation, to point out this object of placid beauty, with the blue serene beyond, to the man of science, to which his ear he "seriously inclined," the more as it gave promise *d'un beau jour* for the morrow, and showed the ring undrenched by envious showers, arrayed in sunny smiles. Just then, all going on well, I thought on my friend Toms, whom I had left behind, and said innocently, "There was a blockhead of a fellow I left in town, who said there was no possibility of getting down by the mail, and talked of going by a caravan from Belcher's at two in the morning, after he had written some letters." "Why," said he of the lapells, "I should not wonder if that was the very person we saw running about like mad from one coach-door to another, and asking if any one had seen a friend of his, a gentleman going to the fight, whom he had missed stupidly enough by staying to write a note." "Pray, Sir," said my fellow-traveller, "had he a plaid-cloak on?" — "Why, no," said I, "not at the time I left him, but he very well might afterwards, for he offered to lend me one." The plaid-cloak and the letter decided the thing. Joe, sure enough, was in the Bristol mail, which preceded us by about fifty yards. This was droll enough. We had now but a few miles to our place of destination, and the first thing I did on alighting at Newbury, both coaches stopping at the same time, was to call out, "Pray, is there a gentleman in that mail of the name of Toms?" "No," said Joe, borrowing something of the vein of Gilpin, "for I have just got out." "Well!" says he, "this is lucky; but you don't know how vexed I was to miss you; for," added he, lowering his voice, "do you know when I left you I went to Belcher's to ask about the caravan, and Mrs. Belcher said very obligingly, she couldn't tell about that, but there were two gentlemen who had taken places by the mail and were gone on in a landau, and she could frank us. It's a pity I didn't meet with you;

we could then have got down for nothing. But *mum's the word*." It's the devil for any one to tell me a secret, for it's sure to come out in print. I do not care so much to gratify a friend, but the public ear is too great a temptation to me.

Our present business was to get beds and a supper at an inn; but this was no easy task. The public-houses were full, and where you saw a light at a private house, and people poking their heads out of the casement to see what was going on, they instantly put them in and shut the window, the moment you seemed advancing with a suspicious overture for accommodation. Our guard and coachman thundered away at the outer gate of the Crown for some time without effect — such was the greater noise within; — and when the doors were unbarred, and we got admittance, we found a party assembled in the kitchen round a good hospitable fire, some sleeping, others drinking, others talking on politics and on the fight. A tall English yeoman (something like Matthews in the face, and quite as great a wag). —

"A lusty man to ben an abbot able," —

was making such a prodigious noise about rent and taxes, and the price of corn now and formerly, that he had prevented us from being heard at the gate. The first thing I heard him say was to a shuffling fellow who wanted to be off a bet for a shilling glass of brandy and water — "Confound it, man, don't be *insipid*!" Thinks I, that is a good phrase. It was a good omen. He kept it up so all night, nor flinched with the approach of morning. He was a fine fellow, with sense, wit, and spirit, a hearty body and a joyous mind, free-spoken, frank, convivial — one of that true English breed that went with Harry the Fifth to the siege of Harfleur — "standing like greyhounds in the slips," &c. We ordered tea and eggs (beds were soon found to be out of the question) and this fellow's conversation was *sauce piquante*. It did one's heart good to see him brandish his oaken towel and to hear him talk. He made mince-meat of a drunken, stupid, red-face, quarrelsome, *frowsy* farmer, whose nose "he moralized into a thousand similies," making it out a firebrand like Bardolph's.¹ "I'll tell you what my friend," says he, "the landlady has only to keep you here to save fire and candle. If one was to touch your nose, it would go off like a piece of charcoal." At this the other only grinned like an idiot,

¹ In Shakespeare's *Henry IV*.

the sole variety in his purple face being his little peering grey eyes and yellow teeth; called for another glass, swore he would not stand it; and after many attempts to provoke his humorous antagonist to single combat, which the other turned off (after working him up to a ludicrous pitch of choler) with great adroitness, he fell quietly asleep with a glass of liquor in his hand, which he could not lift to his head. His laughing persecutor made a speech over him, and turning to the opposite side of the room, where they were all sleeping in the midst of this "loud and furious fun," said, "There's a scene, by G—d, for Hogarth to paint. I think he and Shakespeare were our two best men at copying life." This confirmed me in my good opinion of him. Hogarth, Shakespeare, and Nature, were just enough for him (indeed for any man) to know. I said, "You read Cobbett, don't you? At least," says I, "you talk just as well as he writes." He seemed to doubt this. But I said, "We have an hour to spare: if you'll get pen, ink, and paper, and keep on talking, I'll write down what you say; and if it doesn't make a capital *Political Register*,¹ I'll forfeit my head. You have kept me alive to-night, however. I don't know what I should have done without you." He did not dislike this view of the thing, nor my asking if he was not about the size of Jem Belcher; and told me soon afterwards, in the confidence of friendship, that "the circumstance which had given him nearly the greatest concern in his life, was Cribb's beating Jem after he had lost his eye by racket-playing." — The morning dawns; that dim but yet clear light appears, which weighs like solid bars of metal on the sleepless eyelids; the guests drop down from their chambers one by one — but it was too late to think of going to bed now (the clock was on the stroke of seven), we had nothing for it but to find a barber's (the pole that glittered in the morning sun lighted us to his shop), and then a nine miles march to Hungerford. The day was fine, the sky was blue, the mists were retiring from the marshy ground, the path was tolerably dry, the sitting-up all night had not done us much harm — at least the cause was good; we talked of this and that with amicable difference, roving and sipping of many subjects, but still invariably we returned to the fight. At length, a mile to the left of Hungerford, on a gentle eminence, we saw the ring surrounded by covered carts, gigs, and carriages, of which hundreds had

passed us on the road; Toms gave a youthful shout, and we hastened down a narrow lane to the scene of action.

Reader, have you ever seen a fight? If not, you have a pleasure to come, at least if it is a fight like that between the Gas-man and Bill Neate. The crowd was very great when we arrived on the spot; open carriages were coming up, with streamers flying and music playing, and the country-people were pouring in over hedge and ditch in all directions, to see their hero beat or be beaten. The odds were still on Gas, but only about five to four. Gully had been down to try Neate, and had backed him considerably, which was a damper to the sanguine confidence of the adverse party. About two hundred thousand pounds were pending. The Gas says, he has lost three thousand pounds which were promised him by different gentlemen if he had won. He had presumed too much on himself, which had made others presume on him. This spirited and formidable young fellow seems to have taken for his motto the old maxim, that "there are three things necessary to success in life — *Impudence! Impudence! Impudence!*" It is so in matters of opinion, but not in the *Fancy*, which is the most practical of all things, though even here confidence is half the battle, but only half. Our friend had vaped and swaggered too much, as if he wanted to grin and bully his adversary out of the fight. "Alas! the Bristol man was not so tamed!" — "This is *the grave-digger*" (would Tom Hickman exclaim in the moments of intoxication from gin and success, shewing his tremendous right hand), "this will send many of them to their long homes; I haven't done with them yet!" Why should he — though he had licked four of the best men within the hour, yet why should he threaten to inflict dishonorable chastisement on my old master Richmond, a veteran going off the stage, and who has borne his sable honors meekly? Magnanimity, by dear Tom, and bravery, should be inseparable. Or why should he go up to his antagonist, the first time he ever saw him at the Fives Court, and measuring him from head to foot with a glance of contempt, as Achilles surveyed Hector, say to him, "What, are you Bill Neate? I'll knock more blood out of that great carcase of thine, this day fortnight, than you ever knock'd out of a bullock's!" It was not manly, 'twas not fighter-like. If he was sure of the victory (as he was not), the less said about it the

¹ A periodical published by William Cobbett.

better. Modesty should accompany the *Fancy* as its shadow. The best men were always the best behaved. Jem Belcher, the Game Chicken (before whom the Gas-man could not have lived) were civil, silent men. So is Cribb, so is Tom Belcher, the most elegant of sparrers, and not a man for every one to take by the nose. I enlarged on this topic in the mail (while Turtle was asleep), and said very wisely (as I thought) that impertinence was a part of no profession. A boxer was bound to beat his man, but not to thrust his fist, either actually or by implication, in every one's face. Even a highwayman, in the way of trade, may blow out your brains, but if he uses foul language at the same time, I should say he was no gentleman. A boxer, I would infer, need not be a black-guard or a coxcomb, more than another. Perhaps I pressed this point too much on a fallen man — Mr. Thomas Hickman has by this time learnt that first of all lessons, "That man was made to mourn." He has lost nothing by the late fight but his presumption; and that every man may do as well without! By an over-display of this quality, however, the public had been prejudiced against him, and the *knowing-ones* were taken in. Few but those who had bet on him wished Gas to win. With my own prepossessions on the subject, the result of the 11th of December appeared to me as fine a piece of poetical justice as I had ever witnessed. The difference of weight between the two combatants (14 stone to 12) was nothing to the sporting men. Great, heavy, clumsy, long-armed Bill Neate kicked the beam in the scale of the Gas-man's vanity. The amateurs were frightened at his big words, and thought that they would make up for the difference of six feet and five feet nine. Truly, the *Fancy* are not men of imagination. They judge of what has been, and cannot conceive of any thing that is to be. The Gas-man had won hitherto; therefore he must beat a man half as big again as himself — and that to a certainty. Besides, there are as many feuds, factions, prejudices, pedantic notions in the *Fancy* as in the state or in the schools. Mr. Gully is almost the only cool, sensible man among them, who exercises an unbiassed discretion, and is not a slave to his passions in these matters. But enough of reflections, and to our tale. The day, as I have said, was fine for a December morning. The grass was wet, and the ground miry, and ploughed up with multitudinous feet, except that, within the ring itself, there was a spot

of virgin-green closed in and unprofaned by vulgar tread, that shone with dazzling brightness in the mid-day sun. For it was now noon, and we had an hour to wait. This is the trying time. It is then the heart sickens, as you think what the two champions are about, and how short a time will determine their fate. After the first blow is struck, there is no opportunity for nervous apprehensions; you are swallowed up in the immediate interest of the scene — but

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

I found it so as I felt the sun's rays clinging to my back, and saw the white wintry clouds sink below the verge of the horizon. "So, I thought, my fairest hopes have faded from my sight! — so will the Gas-man's glory, or that of his adversary, vanish in an hour." The *swells* were parading in their white box-coats, the outer ring was cleared with some bruises on the heads and shins of the rustic assembly (for the *cockneys* had been distanced by the sixty-six miles); the time drew near, I had got a good stand; a bustle, a buzz, ran through the crowd, and from the opposite side entered Neate, between his second and bottle-holder. He rolled along, swathed in his loose great coat, his knock-knees bending under his huge bulk; and, with a modest cheerful air, threw his hat into the ring. He then just looked round, and began quietly to undress; when from the other side there was a similar rush and an opening made, and the Gas-man came forward with a conscious air of anticipated triumph, too much like the cock-of-the-walk. He strutted about more than became a hero, sucked oranges with a supercilious air, and threw away the skin with a toss of his head, and went up and looked at Neate, which was an act of super-erogation. The only sensible thing he did was, as he strode away from the modern Ajax, to fling out his arms, as if he wanted to try whether they would do their work that day. By this time they had stripped, and presented a strong contrast in appearance. If Neate was like Ajax, "with Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear" the pugilistic reputation of all Bristol, Hickman might be compared to Diomed, light, vigorous, elastic, and his back glistened in the sun, as he moved about, like a panther's hide. There was now a dead pause — attention was awe-struck. Who at that moment, big with a great event, did not draw his breath short — did not feel

his heart throb? All was ready. They tossed up for the sun, and the Gas-man won. They were led up to the *scratch* — shook hands, and went at it.

In the first round every one thought it was all over. After making play a short time, the Gas-man flew at his adversary like a tiger, struck five blows in as many seconds, three first, and then following him as he staggered back, two more, right and left, and down he fell, a mighty ruin. There was a shout, and I said, "There is no standing this." Neate seemed like a lifeless lump of flesh and bone, round which the Gas-man's blows played with the rapidity of electricity or lightning, and you imagined he would only be lifted up to be knocked down again. It was as if Hickman held a sword or a fire in that right hand of his, and directed it against an unarmed body. They met again, and Neate seemed, not cowed, but particularly cautious. I saw his teeth clenched together and his brows knit close against the sun. He held out both his arms at full length straight before him, like two sledgehammers, and raised his left an inch or two higher. The Gas-man could not get over this guard — they struck mutually and fell, but without advantage on either side. It was the same in the next round; but the balance of power was thus restored — the fate of the battle was suspended. No one could tell how it would end. This was the only moment in which opinion was divided; for, in the next, the Gas-man aiming a mortal blow at his adversary's neck, with his right hand, and failing from the length he had to reach, the other returned it with his left at full swing, planted a tremendous blow on his cheek-bone and eyebrow, and made a red ruin of that side of his face. The Gas-man went down, and there was another shout — a roar of triumph as the waves of fortune rolled tumultuously from side to side. This was a settler. Hickman got up, and "grinned horrible a ghastly smile," yet he was evidently dashed in his opinion of himself; it was the first time he had ever been so punished; all one side of his face was perfect scarlet, and his right eye was closed in dingy blackness, as he advanced to the fight, less confident, but still determined. After one or two rounds, not receiving another such remembrancer, he rallied and went at it with his former impetuosity. But in vain. His strength had been weakened, — his blows could not tell at such a distance, — he was obliged to fling himself at his adversary, and could not strike from his

feet; and almost as regularly as he flew at him with his right hand, Neate warded the blow, or drew back out of its reach, and felled him with the return of his left. There was little cautious sparring — no half-hits — no tapping and trifling, none of the *petit-maitreship* of the art — they were almost all knock-down blows: — the fight was a good stand-up fight. The wonder was the half-minute time. If there had been a minute or more allowed between each round, it would have been intelligible how they should by degrees recover strength and resolution; but to see two men smashed to the ground, smeared with gore, stunned, senseless, the breath beaten out of their bodies; and then, before you recover from the shock, to see them rise up with new strength and courage, stand steady to inflict or receive mortal offense, and rush upon each other "like two clouds over the Caspian" — this is the most astonishing thing of all: — this is the high and heroic state of man! From this time forward the event became more certain every round; and about the twelfth it seemed as if it must have been over. Hickman generally stood with his back to me; but in the scuffle, he had changed positions, and Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended for a second or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw any thing more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head, spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's *Inferno*. Yet he fought on after this for several rounds, still striking the first desperate blow, and Neate standing on the defensive, and using the same cautious guard to the last, as if he had still all his work to do; and it was not till the Gas-man was so stunned in the seventeenth or eighteenth round, that his senses forsook him, and he could not come to time, that the battle was declared over.¹ Ye who despise the Fancy,

¹ Scroggins said of the Gas-man, that he thought he was a man of that courage, that if his hands were cut off, he would still fight on with the stumps — like that of Widdington, — "in doleful dumps.

Who, when his legs were smitten off
Still fought upon his stumps."

(Hazlitt's note.)

do something to shew as much *pluck*, or as much self-possession as this, before you assume a superiority which you have never given a single proof of by any one action in the whole course of your lives! — When the Gas-man came to himself, the first words he uttered were, "Where am I? What is the matter?" "Nothing is the matter, Tom, — you have lost the battle, but you are the bravest man alive." And Jackson whispered to him, "I am collecting a purse for you, Tom." — Vain sounds, and unheard at that moment! Neate instantly went up and shook him cordially by the hand, and seeing some old acquaintance, began to flourish with his fists, calling out, "Ah you always said I couldn't fight — What do you think now?" But all in good humor, and without any appearance of arrogance; only it was evident Bill Neate was pleased that he had won the fight. When it was over, I asked Cribb if he did not think it was a good one? He said, "*Pretty well!*" The carrier-pigeons now mounted into the air, and one of them flew with the news of her husband's victory to the bosom of Mrs. Neate. Alas, for Mrs. Hickman!

Mais au revoir, as Sir Fopling Flutter says. I went down with Toms; I returned with Jack Pigott, whom I met on the ground. Toms is a rattle brain; Pigott is a sentimentalist. Now, under favor, I am a sentimentalist too — therefore I say nothing, but that the interest of the excursion did not flag as I came back. Pigott and I marched along the causeway leading from Hungerford to Newbury, now observing the effect of a brilliant sun on the tawny meads or moss-colored cottages, now exulting in the fight, now digressing to some topic of general and elegant literature. My friend was dressed in character for the occasion, or like one of the *Fancy*; that is, with a double portion of great coats, clogs, and overhauls: and just as we had agreed with a couple of country-lads to carry his superfluous wearing-apparel to the next town, we were overtaken by a return post-chaise, into which I got, Pigott preferring a seat on the bar. There were two strangers already in the chaise, and on their observing they supposed I had been to the fight, I said I had, and concluded they had done the same. They appeared, however, a little shy and sore on the subject; and it was not till after several hints dropped, and questions put, that it turned out that they had missed it. One of these friends had undertaken to drive the other there in his gig: they

had set out, to make sure work, the day before at three in the afternoon. The owner of the one-horse vehicle scorned to ask his way, and drove right on to Bagshot, instead of turning off at Hounslow: there they stopped all night, and set off the next day across the country to Reading, from whence they took coach, and got down within a mile or two of Hungerford, just half an hour after the fight was over. This might be safely set down as one of the miseries of human life. We parted with these two gentlemen who had been to see the fight, but had returned as they went, at Wolhampton, where we were promised beds (an irresistible temptation, for Pigott had passed the preceding night at Hungerford as we had done at Newbury), and we turned into an old bow-windowed parlor with a carpet and a snug fire; and after devouring a quantity of tea, toast, and eggs, sat down to consider, during an hour of philosophic leisure, what we should have for supper. In the midst of an Epicurean deliberation between a roasted fowl and mutton chops with mashed potatoes, we were interrupted by an inroad of Goths and Vandals — *O procul este profani* — not real flash-men, but interlopers, noisy pretenders, butchers from Tothill-fields, brokers from White-chapel, who called immediately for pipes and tobacco, hoping it would not be disagreeable to the gentlemen, and began to insist that it was a *cross*. Pigott withdrew from the smoke and noise into another room, and left me to dispute the point with them for a couple of hours *sans intermission* by the dial. The next morning we rose refreshed; and on observing that Jack had a pocket volume in his hand, in which he read in the intervals of our discourse, I inquired what it was, and learned to my particular satisfaction that it was a volume of the *New Eloise*. Ladies, after this, will you contend that a love for the *Fancy* is incompatible with the cultivation of sentiment? — We jogged on as before, my friend setting me up in a genteel drab great coat and green silk handkerchief (which I must say became me exceedingly), and after stretching our legs for a few miles, and seeing Jack Randall, Ned Turner, and Scroggins, pass on the top of one of the Bath coaches, we engaged with the driver of the second to take us to London for the usual fee. I got inside, and found three other passengers. One of them was an old gentleman with an aquiline nose, powdered hair, and a pigtail, and who looked as if he had played many a rubber at the Bath rooms. I said to myself,

he is very like Mr. Windham. I wish he would enter into conversation, that I might hear what fine observations would come from those finely-turned features. However, nothing passed, till, stopping to dine at Reading, some inquiry was made by the company about the fight, and I gave (as the reader may believe) an eloquent and animated description of it. When we got into the coach again, the old gentleman, after a graceful exordium, said, he had, when a boy, been to a fight between the famous Broughton and George Stevenson, who was called the *Fighting Coachman*, in the year 1770, with the late Mr. Windham. This beginning flattered the spirit of prophecy within me and rivetted my attention. He went on — "George Stevenson was coachman to a friend of my father's. He was an old man when I saw him some years afterwards. He took hold of his own arm and said, 'there was muscle here once, but now it is no more than this young gentleman's.' He added, 'well, no matter; I have been here long, I am willing to go hence, and I hope I have done no more harm than another man.' Once," said my unknown companion, "I asked him if he had ever beat Broughton? He said Yes; that he had fought with him three times, and the last time he fairly beat him, though the world did not allow it. 'I'll tell you how it was, master. When the seconds lifted us up in the last round, we were so exhausted that neither of us could stand, and we fell upon one another, and as Master Broughton fell uppermost, the mob gave it in his favor, and he was said to have won the battle. But,' says he, 'the fact was, that as his second (John Cuthbert) lifted him up, he said to him, 'I'll fight no more, I've had enough;' which," says Stevenson, 'you know gave me the victory. And to prove to you that this was the case, when John Cuthbert was on his death-bed, and they asked him if there was any thing on his mind which he wished to confess, he answered, "Yes, that there was one thing he wished to set right, for that certainly Master Stevenson won that last fight with Master Broughton; for he whispered him as he lifted him up in the last round of all, that he had had enough." This," said the Bath gentleman, "was a bit of human nature;" and I have written this account of the fight on purpose that it might not be lost to the world. He also stated as a proof of the candor of mind in this class of men, that Stevenson acknowledged that Broughton could have beat him in his best day; but that he (Broughton) was getting old in their last rencounter. When we stopped in Piccadilly, I wanted to ask the gentleman some questions about the late Mr. Windham, but had not courage. I got out, resigned my coat and green silk handkerchief to Pigott (loth to part with these ornaments of life), and walked home in high spirits.

P.S. Toms called upon me the next day, to ask me if I did not think the fight was a complete thing? I said I thought it was. I hope he will relish my account of it.

A FAREWELL TO ESSAY-WRITING

Written at Winterslow. Published in the *London Weekly Review* for March 29, 1828. The essay reflects Hazlitt's temperament, his interest in life, and his relations with his friends, Lamb and Leigh Hunt. The latter was editor of the *Examiner*, in which many of Hazlitt's essays were published.

"This life is best, if quiet life is best."

Food, warmth, sleep, and a book; these are all I at present ask — the *ultima Thule*¹ of my wandering desires. Do you not then wish for

"A friend in your retreat,
Whom you may whisper, solitude is sweet?"

Expected, well enough: — gone, still better. Such attractions are strengthened by distance. Nor a mistress? "Beautiful mask! I know thee!" When I can judge of the heart from the face, of the thoughts from the lips, I may again trust myself. Instead of these give me the robin redbreast, pecking the crumbs at the door, or warbling on the leafless spray, the same glancing form that has followed me wherever I have been, and "done its spiriting gently;" or the rich notes of the thrush that startle the ear of winter, and seem to have drunk up the full draught of joy from the very sense of contrast. To these I adhere, and am faithful, for they are true to me; and, dear in themselves, are dearer for the sake of what is departed, leading me back (by the hand) to that dreaming world, in the innocence of which they sat and made sweet music, waking the promise of future years, and answered by the eager throbbings of my own breast. But now "the credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er," and I turn back from the world that has deceived me, to nature that lent it a false beauty, and that keeps up

¹ Farthest north.

the illusion of the past. As I quaff my libations of tea in a morning, I love to watch the clouds sailing from the west, and fancy that "the spring comes slowly up this way." In this hope, while "fields are dank and ways are mire," I follow the same direction to a neighboring wood, where, having gained the dry, level greensward, I can see my way for a mile before me, closed in on each side by copse-wood, and ending in a point of light more or less brilliant, as the day is bright or cloudy. What a walk is this to me! I have no need of book or companion — the days, the hours, the thoughts of my youth are at my side, and blend with the air that fans my cheek. Here I can saunter for hours, bending my eye forward, stopping and turning to look back, thinking to strike off into some less trodden path, yet hesitating to quit the one I am in, afraid to snap the brittle threads of memory. I remark the shining trunks and slender branches of the birch trees, waving in the idle breeze; or a pheasant springs up on whirring wing; or I recall the spot where I once found a wood-pigeon at the foot of a tree, weltering in its gore, and think how many seasons have flown since "it left its little life in air." Dates, names, faces come back — to what purpose? Or why think of them now? Or rather why not think of them oftener? We walk through life, as through a narrow path, with a thin curtain drawn around it; behind are ranged rich portraits, airy harps are strung — yet we will not stretch forth our hands and lift aside the veil, to catch glimpses of the one, or sweep the chords of the other. As in a theatre, when the old-fashioned green curtain drew up, groups of figures, fantastic dresses, laughing faces, rich banquets, stately columns, gleaming vistas appeared beyond; so we have only at any time to "peep through the blanket of the past," to possess ourselves at once of all that has regaled our senses, that is stored up in our memory, that has struck our fancy, that has pierced our hearts: — yet to all this we are indifferent, insensible, and seem intent only on the present vexation, the future disappointment. If there is a Titian hanging up in the room with me, I scarcely regard it: how then should I be expected to strain the mental eye so far, or to throw down, by the magic spells of the will, the stone-walls that enclose it in the Louvre? There is one head there of which I have often thought, when looking at it, that nothing should ever disturb me again, and I would become the character it represents — such per-

fect calmness and self possession reigns in it! Why do I not hang an image of this in some dusky corner of my brain, and turn an eye upon it ever and anon, as I have need of some such talisman to calm my troubled thoughts? The attempt is fruitless, if not natural; or, like that of the French, to hang garlands on the grave, and to conjure back the dead by miniature pictures of them while living! It is only some actual coincidence or local association that tends, without violence, to "open all the cells where memory slept." I can easily, by stooping over the long-sprent grass and clay cold clod, recall the tufts of primroses, or purple hyacinths, that formerly grew on the same spot, and cover the bushes with leaves and singing-birds, as they were eighteen summers ago; or prolonging my walk and hearing the sighing gale rustle through a tall, straight wood at the end of it, can fancy that I distinguish the cry of hounds, and the fatal group issuing from it, as in the tale of *Theodore and Honoria*.¹ A moaning gust of wind aids the belief; I look once more to see whether the trees before me answer to the idea of the horror-stricken grove, and an air-built city towers over their grey tops.

"Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief and most renown'd Ravenna stands."

I return home resolved to read the entire poem through, and, after dinner, drawing my chair to the fire, and holding a small print close to my eyes, launch into the full tide of Dryden's couplets (a stream of sound), comparing his didactic and descriptive pomp with the simple pathos and picturesque truth of Boccaccio's story, and tasting with a pleasure, which none but an habitual reader can feel, some quaint examples of pronunciation in this accomplished versifier.

"Which when Honoria viewed,
The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd."
(*Theodore and Honoria*.)

"And made th' insult, which in his grief appears,
The means to mourn thee with my pious tears."
(*Sigismonde and Guiscardo*.)

These trifling instances of the wavering and unsettled state of the language give double effect to the firm and stately march of the verse, and make me dwell with a sort of tender interest on the difficulties and doubts of an earlier period of literature. They pronounced words then in a manner which we should laugh at now; and they wrote verse in a manner which we can do anything but

¹ Dryden's version of a story from Boccaccio.

laugh at. The pride of a new acquisition seems to give fresh confidence to it; to impel the rolling syllables through the molds provided for them, and to overflow the envious bounds of rhyme into time-honored triplets. I am much pleased with Leigh Hunt's mention of Moore's involuntary admiration of Dryden's free, unshackled verse, and of his repeating *con amore*,¹ and with an Irish spirit and accent, the fine lines —

"Let honor and preferment go for gold.
But glorious beauty isn't to be sold."

What sometimes surprises me in looking back to the past is, with the exception already stated, to find myself so little changed in the time. The same images and trains of thought stick by me: I have the same tastes, likings, sentiments, and wishes that I had then. One great ground of confidence and support has, indeed, been struck from under my feet; but I have made it up to myself by proportionable pertinacity of opinion. The success of the great cause,² to which I had vowed myself, was to me more than all the world: I had a strength in its strength, a resource which I knew not of, till it failed me for the second time.

"Fall'n was Glenartny's stately tree!
Oh! ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!"

It was not till I saw the axe laid to the root that I found the full extent of what I had to lose and suffer. But my conviction of the right was only established by the triumph of the wrong; and my earliest hopes will be my last regrets. One source of this unbendingness (which some may call obstinacy) is that, though living much alone, I have never worshipped the Echo. I see plainly enough that black is not white, that the grass is green, that kings are not their subjects; and, in such self-evident cases, do not think it necessary to collate my opinions with the received prejudices. In subtler questions, and matters that admit of doubt, as I do not impose my opinion on others without a reason, so I will not give up mine to them without a better reason; and a person calling me names, or giving himself airs of authority, does not convince me of his having taken more pains to find out the truth than I have, but the contrary. Mr. Gifford³ once said, that "while I was sitting over my gin and tobacco-pipes, I fancied my-

self a Leibnitz." He did not so much as know that I had ever read a metaphysical book: — was I, therefore, out of complaisance or deference to him, to forget whether I had or not? I am rather disappointed, both on my own account and his, that Mr. Hunt has missed the opportunity of explaining the character of a friend as clearly as he might have done. He is puzzled to reconcile the shyness of my pretensions with the inveteracy and sturdiness of my principles. I should have thought they were nearly the same thing. Both from disposition and habit, I can *assume* nothing in word, look, or manner. I cannot steal a march upon public opinion in any way. My standing upright, speaking loud, entering a room gracefully, proves nothing; therefore I neglect these ordinary means of recommending myself to the good graces and admiration of strangers (and, as it appears, even of philosophers and friends). Why? Because I have other resources, or, at least, am absorbed in other studies and pursuits. Suppose this absorption to be extreme, and even morbid — that I have brooded over an idea till it has become a kind of substance in my brain, that I have reasons for a thing which I have found out with much labor and pains, and to which I can scarcely do justice without the utmost violence of exertion (and that only to a few persons) — is this a reason for my playing off my out-of-the-way notions in all companies, wearing a prim and self-complacent air, as if I were "the admired of all observers?" or is it not rather an argument (together with a want of animal spirits), why I should retire into myself, and perhaps acquire a nervous and uneasy look, from a consciousness of the disproportion between the interest and conviction I feel on certain subjects, and my ability to communicate what weighs upon my own mind to others? If my ideas, which I do not avouch, but suppose, lie below the surface, why am I to be always attempting to dazzle superficial people with them, or smiling, delighted, at my own want of success? What I have here stated is only the excess of the common and well-known English and scholastic character. I am neither a buffoon, a fop, nor a Frenchman, which Mr. Hunt would have me to be. He finds it odd that I am a close reasoner and a loose dresser. I have been (among other follies) a hard liver as well as a hard thinker; and the consequences of that will not allow me to dress as I please. People in real life are not like players on a stage, who put on a certain look

¹ with delight.

² The cause of liberty, typified by the French Revolution.

³ William Gifford, Editor of the *Quarterly Review* (Tory) and a bitter enemy of Hazlitt.

or costume, merely for effect. I am aware, indeed, that the gay and airy pen of the author does not seriously probe the errors or misfortunes of his friends — he only glances at their seeming peculiarities, so as to make them odd and ridiculous; for which forbearance few of them will thank him. Why does he assert that I was vain of my hair when it was black, and am equally vain of it now it is grey, when this is true in neither case? This transposition of motives makes me almost doubt whether Lord Byron was thinking so much of the rings on his fingers as his biographer was.¹ These sort of criticisms should be left to women. I am made to wear a little hat, stuck on the top of my head the wrong way. Nay, I commonly wear a large slouching hat over my eyebrows; and if ever I had another, I must have twisted it about in any shape to get rid of the annoyance. This probably tickled Mr. Hunt's fancy and retains possession of it, to the exclusion of the obvious truism that I naturally wear "a melancholy hat."

I am charged with using strange gestures and contortions of features in argument, in order to "look energetic." One would rather suppose that the heat of the argument produces the extravagance of the gestures, as I am said to be calm at other times. It is like saying that a man in a passion clenches his teeth, not because he is, but in order to seem, angry. Why should everything be construed into air and affectation? With Hamlet, I may say, "I know not *seems*."

Again, my old friend and pleasant "Companion" remarks it, as an anomaly in my character, that I crawl about the fives-court like a cripple till I get the racket in my hand, when I start up as if I was possessed with a devil. I have then a motive for exertion; I lie by for difficulties and extreme cases. *Aut Cæsar aut nullus*. I have no notion of doing nothing with an air of importance, nor should I ever take a liking to the game of battledore and shuttlecock. I have only seen by accident a page of the unpublished manuscript relating to the present subject, which I dare say is, on the whole, friendly and just, and which has been suppressed as being too favorable, considering certain prejudices against me.

In matters of taste and feeling, one proof that my conclusions have not been quite shallow or hasty, is the circumstance of their having been lasting. I have the same

favorite books, pictures, passages that I ever had: I may, therefore, presume that they will last me my life — nay, I may indulge a hope that my thoughts will survive me. This continuity of impression is the only thing on which I pride myself. Even L——,² whose relish of certain things is as keen and earnest as possible, takes a surfeit of admiration, and I should be afraid to ask about his select authors or particular friends, after a lapse of ten years. As to myself, anyone knows where to have me. What I have once made up my mind to, I abide by to the end of the chapter. One cause of my independence of opinion is, I believe, the liberty I give to others, or the very diffidence and distrust of making converts. I should be an excellent man on a jury. I might say little, but should starve "the other eleven obstinate fellows" out. I remember Mr. Godwin writing to Mr. Wordsworth, that "his tragedy of ANTONIO could not fail of success." It was damned past all redemption. I said to Mr. Wordsworth that I thought this a natural consequence; for how could anyone have a dramatic turn of mind who judged entirely of others from himself? Mr. Godwin might be convinced of the excellence of his work, but how could he know that others would be convinced of it, unless by supposing that they were as wise as himself, and as infallible critics of dramatic poetry — so many Aristotles sitting in judgment on Euripides! This shows why pride is connected with shyness and reserve; for the really proud have not so high an opinion of the generality as to suppose that they can understand them, or that there is any common measure between them. So Dryden exclaims of his opponents with bitter disdain —

"Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive."

I have not sought to make partisans, still less did I dream of making enemies; and have therefore kept my opinions myself, whether they were currently adopted or not. To get others to come into our ways of thinking, we must go over to theirs; and it is necessary to follow, in order to lead. At the time I lived here formerly, I had no suspicion that I should ever become a voluminous writer, yet I had just the same confidence in my feelings before I had ventured to air them in public as I have now. Neither the outcry *for* or *against* moves me a jot: I do not say that the one is not more agreeable than the other.

¹ Leigh Hunt wrote *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries* (1828).

² Lamb.

Not far from the spot where I write, I first read Chaucer's *Flower and Leaf*,¹ and was charmed with that young beauty, shrouded in her bower, and listening with ever-fresh delight to the repeated song of the nightingale close by her — the impression of the scene, the vernal landscape, the cool of the morning, the gushing notes of the songstress, "And ayen methought she sung close by mine ear,"

is as vivid as if it had been of yesterday; and nothing can persuade me that that is not a fine poem. I do not find this impression conveyed in Dryden's version, and therefore nothing can persuade me that that is as fine. I used to walk out at this time with Mr. and Miss L——² of an evening, to look at the Claude Lorraine skies over our heads melting from azure into purple and gold, and to gather mushrooms, that sprung up at our feet, to throw into our hashed mutton at supper. I was at that time an enthusiastic admirer of Claude, and could dwell for ever on one or two of the finest prints from him hung round my little room; the fleecy flocks, the bending trees, the winding streams, the groves, the nodding temples, the air-wave hills, and distant sunny vales; and tried to translate them into their lovely living hues. People then told me that Wilson was much superior to Claude: I did not believe them. Their pictures have since been seen together

at the British Institution, and all the world have come into my opinion. I have not, on that account, given it up. I will not compare our hashed mutton with Amelia's;¹ but it put us in mind of it, and led to a discussion, sharply seasoned and well sustained, till midnight, the result of which appeared some years after in the *Edinburgh Review*. Have I a better opinion of those criticisms on that account, or should I therefore maintain them with greater vehemence and tenaciousness? Oh no; both rather with less, now that they are before the public, and it is for them to make their election.

It is in looking back to such scenes that I draw my best consolation for the future. Later impressions come and go, and serve to fill up the intervals; but these are my standing resource, my true classics. If I have had few real pleasures or advantages, my ideas, from their sinewy texture, have been to me in the nature of realities; and if I should not be able to add to the stock, I can live by husbanding the interest. As to my speculations, there is little to admire in them but my admiration of others; and whether they have an echo in time to come or not, I have learned to set a grateful value on the past, and am content to wind up the account of what is personal only to myself and the immediate circle of objects in which I have moved, with an act of easy oblivion, "And curtain close such scene from every future view."

¹ Hazlitt is wrong in attributing this poem to Chaucer.

² Charles and Mary Lamb.

¹ Fielding's *Amelia*, Book X, Chapter V.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785–1859)

Thomas De Quincey was born at Manchester, August 15, 1785, the son of a prosperous merchant. He was sent to the Manchester Grammar School, from which he ran away when seventeen years old and spent a summer wandering in Wales. In the autumn he made his way to London, where he continued to lead a vagrant existence until his family reclaimed him and sent him to Oxford. He became acquainted with Coleridge, whose family he accompanied to Grasmere where, after 1809, he lived for some twenty years, in association with the Lake poets. Like Coleridge he had become addicted to the use of opium. His first important publication was an account of his use of the drug and the dreams that it brought him, *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, published in the *London Magazine* for 1821. In 1830 he removed with his family to Edinburgh, where he resided until his death in 1859.

De Quincey's writings are of a highly miscellaneous nature, being chiefly contributions to magazines on philosophy, political economy, history and literary criticism. His best known work was autobiographical, the famous *Confessions* and its sequel *Suspiria de Profundis* which describes the dreams induced by opium. *The English Mail Coach* is likewise an autobiographical experience with its attendant *Dream-Fugue*. This last and the *Suspiria* are the best examples of what De Quincey called impassioned prose, or prose having some of the imaginative and technical qualities of poetry, especially in the choice of words and sustained rhythms. In this respect De Quincey revived the poetic prose of the seventeenth century. He thus recovered for English

literature certain resources which had been lost sight of in the eighteenth century, and became a great influence on English prose style.

De Quincey's works have been edited by David Masson in fourteen volumes. A volume of selections edited by M. H. Turk is included in the Athenæum Press series. The best life is by Masson in the English Men of Letters series. There are critical essays by George Saintsbury in *Essays on English Literature*, and Sir Leslie Stephen in *Hours in a Library*.

SUSPIRIA DE PROFUNDIS

1845

This title (*Sighs from the Depths*) covered three articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*, which formed a continuation of the *Confessions*. The third, which is given here, is an account of dreams experienced under the influence of opium, and is the most famous of all the examples of De Quincey's prose poetry.

LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW

Oftentimes at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. I knew her by her Roman symbols. Who is Levana? Reader, that do not pretend to have leisure for very much scholarship, you will not be angry with me for telling you. Levana was the Roman goddess that performed for the newborn infant the earliest office of ennobling kindness — typical, by its mode, of that grandeur which belongs to man everywhere, and of that benignity in powers invisible, which even in Pagan worlds sometimes descends to sustain it. At the very moment of birth, just as the infant tasted for the first time the atmosphere of our troubled planet, it was laid on the ground. That might bear different interpretations. But immediately, lest so grand a creature should grovel there for more than one instant, either the paternal hand, as proxy for the goddess Levana, or some near kinsman, as proxy for the father, raised it upright, bade it look erect as the king of all this world, and presented its forehead to the stars, saying, perhaps, in his heart — “Behold what is greater than yourselves!” This symbolic act represented the function of Levana. And that mysterious lady, who never revealed her face (except to me in dreams), but always acted by delegation, had her name from the Latin verb (as still it is the Italian verb) *levare*, to raise aloft.

This is the explanation of Levana. And hence it has arisen that some people have understood by Levana the tutelary power that controls the education of the nursery. She, that would not suffer at his birth even a prefigurative or mimic degradation for her awful ward, far less could be supposed to suffer the real degradation attaching to the non-development of his powers. She there-

fore watches over human education. Now, the word *edūco*, with the penultimate short, was derived (by a process often exemplified in the crystallization of languages) from the word *edūco*, with the penultimate long. Whatsoever *edūces* or develops — *educates*. By the education of Levana, therefore, is meant — not the poor machinery that moves by spelling-books and grammars, but that mighty system of central forces hidden in the deep bosom of human life, which by passion, by strife, by temptation, by the energies of resistance, works for ever upon children — resting not day or night, any more than the mighty wheel of day and night themselves, whose moments, like restless spokes, are glimmering for ever as they revolve.

If, then, these are the ministries by which Levana works, how profoundly must she reverence the agencies of grief! But you, reader, think — that children generally are not liable to grief such as mine. There are two senses in the word *generally* — the sense of Euclid where it means *universally* (or in the whole extent of the *genus*), and a foolish sense of this world where it means *usually*. Now I am far from saying that children universally are capable of grief like mine. But there are more than you ever heard of, who die of grief in this island of ours. I will tell you a common case. The rules of Eton require that a boy on the *Foundation* should be there twelve years: he is superannuated at eighteen, consequently he must come at six. Children torn away from mothers and sisters at that age not unfrequently die. I speak of what I know. The complaint is not entered by the registrar as grief; but *that* it is. Grief of that sort, and at that age, has killed more than ever have been counted amongst its martyrs.

Therefore it is that Levana often communes with the powers that shake man's heart: therefore it is that she dotes upon grief. “These ladies,” said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana was conversing, “these are the Sorrows; and they are three in number, as the *Graces* are three, who dress man's life with beauty; the *Parcæ* are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mysterious loom always

with colors sad in part, sometimes angry with tragic crimson and black; the *Furies* are three, who visit with retributions called from the other side of the grave offences that walk upon this; and once even the *Muses* were but three, who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. These are the Sorrows, all three of whom I know." The last words I say *now*; but in Oxford I said — "one of whom I know, and the others too surely I shall know." For already, in my fervent youth, I saw (dimly relieved upon the dark background of my dreams) the imperfect lineaments of the awful sisters. These sisters — by what name shall we call them?

If I say simply — "The Sorrows," there will be a chance of mistaking the term; it might be understood of individual sorrow — separate cases of sorrow, — whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart; and I wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations, that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them, therefore, *Our Ladies of Sorrow*. I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household; and their paths are wide apart; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? Oh, no! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves is no voice nor sound — eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. *They* spoke not as they talked with Levana. *They* whispered not. *They* sang not. Though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung; for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure, not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven — by changes on earth — by pulses in secret rivers — heraldries painted on darkness — and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. *They* wheeled in mazes; *I* spelled the steps. *They* telegraphed from afar; *I* read the signals. *They* conspired together; and on the mirrors of darkness *my* eye traced the plots. *Theirs* were the symbols, — *mine* are the words.

What is it the sisters are? What is it that

they do? Let me describe their form, and their presence; if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline; or presence it were that for ever advanced to the front, or for ever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, when a voice was heard of lamentation — Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened for ever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven.

Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds; oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard the sobbing of litanies or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This sister, the elder, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sate all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring-time of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, He recalled her to Himself. But her blind father mourns for ever over *her*; still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he wakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844-5 within the bedchamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of her keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides a ghostly intruder into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honor with the title of "Madonna."

The second sister is called *Mater Suspriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever; for ever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic; raging in the highest against heaven; and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamors, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in Mediterranean galleys, of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England, of the baffled penitent reverting his eye for ever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for him a stepmother, as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against him sealed and sequestered; — every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; — every nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by wicked kinsmen, whom God will judge; — every captive in every dungeon; — all that are betrayed, and all that are rejected; outcasts by traditionary law, and children of hereditary disgrace — all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key;

but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest ranks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third sister, who is also the youngest — Hush! whisper, whilst we talk of her! Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybèle, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes rising so high, *might* be hidden by distance. But being what they are, they cannot be hidden; through the treble veil of crape which she wears, the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers — for noon of day or noon of night — for ebbing or for flowing tide — may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with a tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And her name is *Mater Tenebrarum* — Our Lady of Darkness.

These were the *Semnai Theai*, or Sublime Goddesses — these were the *Eumenides*, or Gracious Ladies (so called by antiquity in shuddering propitiation) — of my Oxford dreams. Madonna spoke. She spoke by her mysterious hand. Touching my head, she beckoned to Our Lady of Sighs; and *what* she spoke, translated out of the signs which (except in dreams) no man reads, was this:

"Lo! here is he, whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray, him I beguiled, and from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine. Through me did he be-

come idolatrous; and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshipped the worm, and prayed to the wormy grave. Holy was the grave to him; lovely was its darkness; saintly its corruption. Him, this young idolater, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle Sister of Sighs! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart, and season him for our dreadful sister. And thou" — turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum*, she said — "wicked sister, that temptest and hatest, do thou take him from *her*. See that thy sceptre lie heavy on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope — wither the relentings of love — scorch the fountains of tears: curse him as only thou canst curse. So shall he be accomplished in the furnace — so shall he see the things that ought *not* to be seen — sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise again *before* he dies. And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had — to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit."

THE ENGLISH MAIL COACH

1849

In October, 1849, *Blackwood's Magazine* contained an anonymous article entitled *The Glory of Motion*, giving an account of coaching experiences, particularly of the bearing of the news of the victory of Waterloo to all parts of the kingdom. In December appeared two more sections of what was then called *The English Mail Coach*. Later, for the collected edition of his works, De Quincey supplied the following introduction:

The English Mail-Coach. — This little paper, according to my original intention, formed part of the *Suspiria de Profundis*; from which, for a momentary purpose, I did not scruple to detach it, and to publish it apart, as sufficiently intelligible even when dislocated from its place in a larger whole. To my surprise, however, one or two critics, not carelessly in conversation, but deliberately in print, professed their inability to apprehend the meaning of the whole, or to follow the links of the connexion between its several parts. I am myself as little able to understand where the difficulty lies, or to detect any lurking obscurity, as these critics found themselves to unravel my logic. Possibly I may not be an indifferent and neutral judge in such a case. I will therefore sketch a brief abstract of the little paper according to my original design, and then leave the reader

to judge how far this design is kept in sight through the actual execution.

Thirty-seven years ago, or rather more, accident made me, in the dead of night, and of a night memorably solemn, the solitary witness of an appalling scene, which threatened instant death in a shape the most terrific to two young people whom I had no means of assisting, except in so far as I was able to give them a most hurried warning of their danger; but even *that* not until they stood within the very shadow of the catastrophe, being divided from the most frightful of deaths by scarcely more, if more at all, than seventy seconds.

Such was the scene, such in its outline, from which the whole of this paper radiates as a natural expansion. This scene is circumstantially narrated in Section the Second, entitled *The Vision of Sudden Death*.

But a movement of horror, and of spontaneous recoil from this dreadful scene, naturally carried the whole of that scene, raised and idealized, into my dreams, and very soon into a rolling succession of dreams. The actual scene, as looked down upon from the box of the mail was transformed into a dream, as tumultuous and changing as a musical fugue. This troubled dream is circumstantially reported in Section the Third, entitled *Dream-Fugue on the theme of Sudden Death*. What I had beheld from my seat upon the mail, — the scenical strife of action and passion, of anguish and fear, as I had there witnessed them moving in ghostly silence, — this duel between life and death narrowing itself to a point of such exquisite evanescence as the collision neared: all these elements of the scene blended, under the law of association, with the previous and permanent features of distinction investing the mail itself; which features at that time lay — 1st, in velocity unprecedented, 2dly, in the power and beauty of the horses, 3dly, in the official connexion with the government of a great nation, and, 4thly, in the function, almost a consecrated function, of publishing and diffusing through the land the great political events, and especially the great battles, during a conflict of unparalleled grandeur. These honorary distinctions are all described circumstantially in the First or introductory Section (*The Glory of Motion*). The three first were distinctions maintained at all times; but the fourth and grandest belonged exclusively to the war with Napoleon; and this it was which most naturally introduced Waterloo into the dream. Waterloo, I understand, was the particular feature of the *Dream-Fugue* which my censors were least able to account for. Yet surely Waterloo, which, in common with every other great battle, it had been our special privilege to publish over all the land, most naturally entered the dream under the licence of our privilege. If not — if there be anything amiss — let the Dream be responsible. The Dream is a law to itself; and as well quarrel with a rainbow for

showing, or for *not* showing, a secondary arch. So far as I know, every element in the shifting movements of the Dream derived itself either primarily from the incidents of the actual scene, or from secondary features associated with the mail. For example, the cathedral aisle derived itself from the mimic combination of features which grouped themselves together at the point of approaching collision — viz. an arrow-like section of the road, six hundred yards long, under the solemn lights described, with lofty trees meeting overhead in arches. The guard's horn, again — a humble instrument in itself — was yet glorified as the organ of publication for so many great national events. And the incident of the Dying Trumpeter, who rises from a marble bas-relief, and carries a marble trumpet to his marble lips for the purpose of warning the female infant, was doubtless secretly suggested by my own imperfect effort to seize the guard's horn, and to blow the warning blast. But the Dream knows best; and the Dream, I say again, is the responsible party.

SECTION II — THE VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH

What is to be taken as the predominant opinion of man, reflective and philosophic, upon SUDDEN DEATH? It is remarkable that, in different conditions of society, sudden death has been variously regarded as the consummation of an earthly career most fervently to be desired, or, again, as that consummation which is with most horror to be deprecated. Cæsar the Dictator, at his last dinner-party (*cæna*), on the very evening before his assassination, when the minutes of his earthly career were numbered, being asked what death, in *his* judgment, might be pronounced the most eligible, replied "that which should be most sudden." On the other hand, the divine Litany of our English Church, when breathing forth supplications, as if in some representative character, for the whole human race prostrate before God, places such a death in the very van of horrors: "From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from SUDDEN DEATH — *Good Lord, deliver us.*" Sudden death is here made to crown the climax in a grand ascent of calamities; it is ranked among the last of curses; and yet by the noblest of Romans it was ranked as the first of blessings. In that difference most readers will see little more than the essential difference between Christianity and Paganism. But this, on consideration, I doubt. The Christian Church may be right in its estimate of sudden death; and it is a natural feeling, though after all it may also be an infirm one, to wish for a

quiet dismissal from life, as that which *seems* most reconcilable with meditation, with penitential retrospects, and with the humiliations of farewell prayer. There does not, however, occur to me any direct scriptural warrant for this earnest petition of the English Litany, unless under a special construction of the word "sudden." It seems a petition indulged rather and conceded to human infirmity than exacted from human piety. It is not so much a doctrine built upon the eternities of the Christian system as a plausible opinion built upon special varieties of physical temperament. Let that, however, be as it may, two remarks suggest themselves as prudent restraints upon a doctrine which else *may* wander, and *has* wandered, into an uncharitable superstition. The first is this: that many people are likely to exaggerate the horror of a sudden death from the disposition to lay a false stress upon words or acts simply because by an accident they have become *final* words or acts. If a man dies, for instance, by some sudden death when he happens to be intoxicated, such a death is falsely regarded with peculiar horror; as though the intoxication were suddenly exalted into a blasphemy. But *that* is unphilosophic. The man was, or he was not, *habitually* a drunkard. If not, if his intoxication were a solitary accident, there can be no reason for allowing special emphasis to this act simply because through misfortune it became his final act. Nor, on the other hand, if it were no accident, but one of his *habitual* transgressions, will it be the more habitual or the more a transgression because some sudden calamity, surprising him, has caused this habitual transgression to be also a final one. Could the man have had any reason even dimly to foresee his own sudden death, there would have been a new feature in his act of intemperance — a feature of presumption and irreverence, as in one that, having known himself drawing near to the presence of God, should have suited his demeanor to an expectation so awful. But this is no part of the case supposed. And the only new element in the man's act is not any element of special immorality, but simply of special misfortune.

The other remark has reference to the meaning of the word *sudden*. Very possibly Cæsar and the Christian Church do not differ in the way supposed, — that is, do not differ by any difference of doctrine as between Pagan and Christian views of the moral temper appropriate to death; but perhaps

they are contemplating different cases. Both contemplate a violent death, a *Βιαιωτος* — death that is *βιαιος*, or, in other words, death that is brought about, not by internal and spontaneous change, but by active force having its origin from without. In this meaning the two authorities agree. Thus far they are in harmony. But the difference is that the Roman by the word "sudden" means *unlingering*, whereas the Christian Litany by "sudden death" means a death *without warning*, consequently without any available summons to religious preparation. The poor mutineer who kneels down to gather into his heart the bullets from twelve firelocks of his pitying comrades dies by a most sudden death in Cæsar's sense; one shock, one mighty spasm, one (possibly *not* one) groan, and all is over. But, in the sense of the Litany, the mutineer's death is far from sudden: his offence originally, his imprisonment, his trial, the interval between his sentence and its execution, having all furnished him with separate warnings of his fate — having all summoned him to meet it with solemn preparation.

Here at once, in this sharp verbal distinction, we comprehend the faithful earnestness with which a holy Christian Church pleads on behalf of her poor departing children that God would vouchsafe to them the last great privilege and distinction possible on a death-bed, viz., the opportunity of untroubled preparation for facing this mighty trial. Sudden death, as a mere variety in the modes of dying where death in some shape is inevitable, proposes a question of choice which, equally in the Roman and the Christian sense, will be variously answered according to each man's variety of temperament. Meantime, one aspect of sudden death there is, one modification, upon which no doubt can arise, that of all martyrdoms it is the most agitating — viz., where it surprises a man under circumstances which offer (or which seem to offer) some hurrying, flying, inappreciably minute chance of evading it. Sudden as the danger which it affronts must be any effort by which such an evasion can be accomplished. Even *that*, even the sickening necessity for hurrying in extremity where all hurry seems destined to be vain, — even that anguish is liable to a hideous exasperation in one particular case: viz., where the appeal is made not exclusively to the instinct of self-preservation, but to the conscience, on behalf of some other life besides your own, accidentally thrown upon *your* protection.

To fail, to collapse in a service merely your own, might seem comparatively venial; though, in fact, it is far from venial. But to fail in a case where Providence has suddenly thrown into your hands the final interests of another, — a fellow-creature shuddering between the gates of life and death: this, to a man of apprehensive conscience, would mingle the misery of an atrocious criminality with the misery of a bloody calamity. You are called upon, by the case supposed, possibly to die, but to die at the very moment when, by any even partial failure or effeminate collapse of your energies, you will be self-denounced as a murderer. You had but the twinkling of an eye for your effort, and that effort might have been unavailing; but to have risen to the level of such an effort would have rescued you, though not from dying, yet from dying as a traitor to your final and farewell duty.

The situation here contemplated exposes a dreadful ulcer, lurking far down in the depths of human nature. It is not that men generally are summoned to face such awful trials. But potentially, and in shadowy outline, such a trial is moving subterraneously in perhaps all men's natures. Upon the secret mirror of our dreams such a trial is darkly projected, perhaps, to every one of us. That dream, so familiar to childhood, of meeting a lion; and, through languishing prostration in hope and the energies of hope, that constant sequel of lying down before the lion publishes the secret frailty of human nature — reveals its deep-seated falsehood to itself — records its abysmal treachery. Perhaps not one of us escapes that dream; perhaps, as by some sorrowful doom of man, that dream repeats for every one of us, through every generation, the original temptation in Eden. Every one of us, in this dream, has a bait offered to the infirm places of his own individual will; once again a snare is presented for tempting him into captivity to a luxury of ruin; once again, as in aboriginal Paradise, the man falls by his own choice; again, by infinite iteration, the ancient earth groans to Heaven, through her secret caves, over the weakness of her child. "Nature, from her seat, sighing through all her works," again "gives signs of woe that all is lost"; and again the counter-sigh is repeated to the sorrowing heavens for the endless rebellion against God. It is not without probability that in the world of dreams every one of us ratifies for himself the original transgression. In dreams, perhaps under some secret conflict

of the midnight sleeper, lighted up to the consciousness at the time, but darkened to the memory as soon as all is finished, each several child of our mysterious race completes for himself the treason of the aboriginal fall.

The incident, so memorable in itself by its features of horror, and so scenical by its grouping for the eye, which furnished the text for this reverie upon *Sudden Death* occurred to myself in the dead of night, as a solitary spectator, when seated on the box of the Manchester and Glasgow mail, in the second or third summer after Waterloo. I find it necessary to relate the circumstances, because they are such as could not have occurred unless under a singular combination of accidents. In those days, the oblique and lateral communications with many rural post-offices were so arranged, either through necessity or through defect of system, as to make it requisite for the main north-western mail (*i.e.*, the *down* mail) on reaching Manchester to halt for a number of hours; how many, I do not remember; six or seven, I think; but the result was that, in the ordinary course, the mail recommenced its journey northwards about midnight. Wearied with the long detention at a gloomy hotel, I walked out about eleven o'clock at night for the sake of fresh air meaning to fall in with the mail and resume my seat at the post-office. The night, however, being yet dark, as the moon had scarcely risen, and the streets being at that hour empty, so as to offer no opportunities for asking the road, I lost my way, and did not reach the post-office until it was considerably past midnight; but, to my great relief (as it was important for me to be in Westmoreland by the morning), I saw in the huge saucer eyes of the mail, blazing through the gloom, an evidence that my chance was not yet lost. Past the time it was; but, by some rare accident, the mail was not even yet ready to start. I ascended to my seat on the box, where my cloak was still lying as it had lain at the Bridgewater Arms. I had left it there in imitation of a nautical discoverer, who leaves a bit of bunting on the shore of his discovery, by way of warning off the ground the whole human race, and notifying to the Christian and the heathen worlds, with his best compliments, that he has hoisted his pocket-handkerchief once and for ever upon that virgin soil: thenceforward claiming the *jus domini* to the top of the atmosphere above it, and also the right of driving shafts to the centre of the earth below it; so that all

1 law of ownership.

people found after this warning either aloft in upper chambers of the atmosphere, or groping in subterraneous shafts, or squatting audaciously on the surface of the soil, will be treated as trespassers — kicked, that is to say, or decapitated, as circumstances may suggest, by their very faithful servant, the owner of the said pocket-handkerchief. In the present case, it is probable that my cloak might not have been respected, and the *jus gentium* might have been cruelly violated in my person — for, in the dark, people commit deeds of darkness, gas being a great ally of morality; but it so happened that on this night there was no other outside passenger; and thus the crime, which else was but too probable, missed fire for want of a criminal.

Having mounted the box, I took a small quantity of laudanum, having already travelled two hundred and fifty miles — *viz.*, from a point seventy miles beyond London. In the taking of laudanum there was nothing extraordinary. But by accident it drew upon me the special attention of my assessor on the box, the coachman. And in *that* also there was nothing extraordinary. But by accident, and with great delight, it drew my own attention to the fact that this coachman was a monster in point of bulk, and that he had but one eye. In fact, he had been foretold by Virgil as

“Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.”²

He answered to the conditions in every one of the items: — 1, a monster he was; 2, dreadful; 3, shapeless; 4, huge; 5, who had lost an eye. But why should *that* delight me? Had he been one of the Calenders³ in the *Arabian Nights*, and had paid down his eye as the price of his criminal curiosity, what right had I to exult in his misfortune? I did *not* exult; I delighted in no man's punishment, though it were even merited. But these personal distinctions (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5) identified in an instant an old friend of mine whom I had known in the south for some years as the most masterly of mail-coachmen. He was the man in all Europe that could (if *any* could) have driven six-in-hand full gallop over *Al Sirat*⁴ — that dreadful bridge of Mahomet,

1 law of nations.

2 *Æneid*, III, 658. “A horrible monster, misshapen, immense, and bereft of eyesight.” Polyphemus, one of the Cyclops, whose eye was put out by Ulysses, is described.

3 A Calender is one of an order of Dervishes, founded in the fourteenth century, who live by alms.

4 According to Mahomet, the bridge over Hades, over which souls must pass to Paradise.

with no side battlements, and of *extra* room not enough for a razor's edge — leading right across the bottomless gulf. Under this eminent man, whom in Greek I cognominated Cyclops *Diphrelates* (Cyclops the Charioteer), I, and others known to me, studied the diphrelatic art. Excuse, reader, a word too elegant to be pedantic. As a pupil, though I paid extra fees, it is to be lamented that I did not stand high in his esteem. It showed his dogged honesty (though, observe, not his discernment) that he could not see my merits. Let us excuse his absurdity in this particular by remembering his want of an eye. Doubtless *that* made him blind to my merits. In the art of conversation, however, he admitted that I had the whip-hand of him. On the present occasion great joy was at our meeting. But what was Cyclops doing here? Had the medical men recommended northern air, or how? I collected, from such explanations as he volunteered, that he had an interest at stake in some suit-at-law now pending at Lancaster; so that probably he had got himself transferred to this station for the purpose of connecting with his professional pursuits an instant readiness for the calls of his lawsuit.

Meantime, what are we stopping for? Surely we have now waited long enough. Oh, this procrastinating mail, and this procrastinating post-office! Can't they take a lesson upon that subject from *me*? Some people have called *me* procrastinating. Yet you are witness, reader, that I was here kept waiting for the post-office. Will the post-office lay its hand on its heart, in its moments of sobriety, and assert that ever it waited for me? What are they about? The guard tells me that there is a large extra accumulation of foreign mails this night, owing to irregularities caused by war, by wind, by weather, in the packet service, which as yet does not benefit at all by steam. For an *extra* hour, it seems, the post-office has been engaged in threshing out the pure wheaten correspondence of Glasgow, and winnowing it from the chaff of all baser intermediate towns. But at last all is finished. Sound your horn, guard! Manchester, good-bye! we've lost an hour by your criminal conduct at the post-office: which, however, though I do not mean to part with a serviceable ground of complaint, and one which really *is* such for the horses, to me secretly is an advantage, since it compels us to look sharply for this lost hour amongst the next eight or nine, and to recover it (if we can) at the rate of one mile

extra per hour. Off we are at last, and at eleven miles an hour; and for the moment I detect no changes in the energy or in the skill of Cyclops.

From Manchester to Kendal, which virtually (though not in law) is the capital of Westmoreland, there were at this time seven stages of eleven miles each. The first five of these, counting from Manchester, terminate in Lancaster; which is therefore fifty-five miles north of Manchester, and the same distance exactly from Liverpool. The first three stages terminate in Preston (called, by way of distinction from other towns of that name, *Proud* Preston); at which place it is that the separate roads from Liverpool and from Manchester to the North become confluent.¹ Within these first three stages lay the foundation, the progress, and termination of our night's adventure. During the first stage, I found out that Cyclops was mortal: he was liable to the shocking affection of sleep — a thing which previously I had never suspected. If a man indulges in the vicious habit of sleeping, all the skill in aurigation of Apollo himself, with the horses of Aurora to execute his notions, avails him nothing. "Oh, Cyclops!" I exclaimed, "thou art mortal. My friend, thou snoorest." Through the first eleven miles, however, this infirmity — which I grieve to say that he shared with the whole Pagan Pantheon — betrayed itself only by brief snatches. On waking up, he made an apology for himself which, instead of mending matters, laid open a gloomy vista of coming disasters. The summer assizes, he reminded me, were now going on at Lancaster: in consequence of which for three nights and three days he had not lain down on a bed. During the day he was waiting for his own summons as a witness on the trial in which he was interested, or else, lest he should be missing at the critical moment, was drinking with the other witnesses under the pastoral surveillance of the attorneys. During the night, or that part of it which at sea would form the middle watch, he was driving. This explanation certainly accounted for his drowsiness, but in a way which made it much more alarming; since now, after several days' resistance to this infirmity, at length he was steadily giving way. Throughout the

¹ Suppose a capital Y (the Pythagorean letter): Lancaster is at the foot of this letter; Liverpool at the top of the *right* branch; Manchester at the top of the *left*; Proud Preston at the centre, where the two branches unite. It is thirty-three miles along either of the two branches; it is twenty-two miles along the stem, — viz., from Preston in the middle to Lancaster at the root. There's a lesson in geography for the reader! (De Quincey's note.)

second stage he grew more and more drowsy. In the second mile of the third stage he surrendered himself finally and without a struggle to his perilous temptation. All his past resistance had but deepened the weight of this final oppression. Seven atmospheres of sleep rested upon him; and, to consummate the case, our worthy guard, after singing "Love amongst the Roses" for perhaps thirty times, without invitation and without applause, had in revenge moodily resigned himself to slumber — not so deep, doubtless, as the coachman's, but deep enough for mischief. And thus at last, about ten miles from Preston, it came about that I found myself left in charge of his Majesty's London and Glasgow mail, then running at the least twelve miles an hour.

What made this negligence less criminal than else it must have been thought was the condition of the roads at night during the assizes. At that time, all the law business of populous Liverpool, and also of populous Manchester, with its vast cincture of populous rural districts, was called up by ancient usage to the tribunal of Lilliputian Lancaster.¹ To break up this old traditional usage required, 1, a conflict with powerful established interests, 2, a large system of new arrangements, and 3, a new parliamentary statute. But as yet this change was merely in contemplation. As things were at present, twice in the year² so vast a body of business rolled northwards from the southern quarter of the county that for a fortnight at least it occupied the severe exertions of two judges in its despatch. The consequence of this was that every horse available for such a service, along the whole line of road, was exhausted in carrying down the multitudes of people who were parties to the different suits. By sunset, therefore, it usually happened that, through utter exhaustion amongst men and horses, the road sank into profound silence. Except the exhaustion in the vast adjacent county of York from a contested election, no such silence succeeding to no such fiery uproar was ever witnessed in England.

On this occasion the usual silence and solitude prevailed along the road. Not a hoof nor a wheel was to be heard. And, to strengthen this false luxurious confidence in the noiseless roads, it happened also that the

night was one of peculiar solemnity and peace. For my own part, though slightly alive to the possibilities of peril, I had so far yielded to the influence of the mighty calm as to sink into a profound reverie. The month was August; in the middle of which lay my own birthday — a festival to every thoughtful man suggesting solemn and often sigh-born³ thoughts. The county was my own native county — upon which, in its southern section, more than upon any equal area known to man past or present, had descended the original curse of labor in its heaviest form, not mastering the bodies only of men, as of slaves, or criminals in mines, but working through the fiery will. Upon no equal space of earth was, or ever had been, the same energy of human power put forth daily. At this particular season also of the assizes, that dreadful hurricane of flight and pursuit, as it might have seemed to a stranger, which swept to and from Lancaster all day long, hunting the county up and down, and regularly subsiding back into silence about sunset, could not fail (when united with this permanent distinction of Lancashire as the very metropolis and citadel of labor) to point the thoughts pathetically upon that counter-vision of rest, of saintly repose from strife and sorrow, towards which, as their secret haven, the profounder aspirations of man's heart are in solitude continually travelling. Obliquely upon our left we were nearing the sea; which also must, under the present circumstances, be repeating the general state of halcyon repose. The sea, the atmosphere, the light, bore each an orchestral part in this universal lull. Moonlight and the first timid tremblings of the dawn were by this time blending; and the blendings were brought into a still more exquisite state of unity by a slight silvery mist, motionless, and dreamy, that covered the woods and fields, but with a veil of equable transparency. Except the feet of our own horses, — which, running on a sandy margin of the road, made but little disturbance, — there was no sound abroad. In the clouds and on the earth prevailed the same majestic peace; and, in spite of all that the villain of a schoolmaster has done for the ruin of our sublimer thoughts, which are the thoughts of our infancy, we still believe in no such nonsense as a limited atmosphere. Whatever we may swear with our false feign-

¹ Lancaster, the county town of Lancashire, in which Liverpool and Manchester, newer and much larger cities, are situated.

² There were at that time only two assizes even in the most populous counties — viz., the Lent Assizes and the Summer Assizes. (De Quincey's note.)

³ I owe the suggestion of this word to an obscure remembrance of a beautiful phrase in "Giraldus Cambrensis" — viz., *suspiriosa cogitationes*. (De Quincey's note.) "Giraldus Cambrensis": Gerald de Barry (1146-1220), a Welsh historian.

ing lips, in our faithful hearts we still believe, and must forever believe, in fields of air traversing the total gulf between earth and the central heavens. Still, in the confidence of children that tread without fear *every* chamber in their father's house, and to whom no door is closed, we, in that Sabbatic vision which sometimes is revealed for an hour upon nights like this, ascend with easy steps from the sorrow-stricken fields of earth upwards to the sandals of God.

Suddenly, from thoughts like these I was awakened to a sullen sound, as of some motion on the distant road. It stole upon the air for a moment; I listened in awe; but then it died away. Once roused, however, I could not but observe with alarm the quickened motion of our horses. Ten years' experience had made my eye learned in the valuing of motion; and I saw that we were now running thirteen miles an hour. I pretend to no presence of mind. On the contrary, my fear is that I am miserably and shamefully deficient in that quality as regards action. The palsy of doubt and distraction hangs like some guilty weight of dark unfathomed remembrances upon my energies when the signal is flying for *action*. But, on the other hand, this accursed gift I have, as regards *thought*, that in the first step towards the possibility of a misfortune I see its total evolution; in the radix of the series I see too certainly and too instantly its entire expansion; in the first syllable of the dreadful sentence I read already the last. It was not that I feared for ourselves. *Us* our bulk and impetus charmed against peril in any collision. And I had ridden through too many hundreds of perils that were frightful to approach, that were matter of laughter to look back upon, the first face of which was horror, the parting face a jest — for any anxiety to rest upon *our* interests. The mail was not built, I felt assured, nor bespoke, that could betray *me* who trusted to its protection. But any carriage that we could meet would be frail and light in comparison of ourselves. And I remarked this ominous accident of our situation, — we were on the wrong side of the road. But then, it may be said, the other party, if other there was, might also be on the wrong side; and two wrongs might make a right. *That* was not likely. The same motive which had drawn *us* to the right-hand side of the road — viz., the luxury of the soft beaten sand as contrasted with the paved centre — would prove attractive to others. The two adverse carriages would therefore,

to a certainty, be travelling on the same side; and from this side, as not being ours in law, the crossing over to the other would, of course, be looked for from *us*.¹ Our lamps, still lighted, would give the impression of vigilance on our part. And every creature that met us would rely upon *us* for quartering.² All this, and if the separate links of the anticipation had been a thousand times more, I saw, not discursively, or by effort, or by succession, but by one flash of horrid simultaneous intuition.

Under this steady though rapid anticipation of the evil which *might* be gathering ahead, ah! what a sullen mystery of fear, what a sigh of woe, was that which stole upon the air, as again the far-off sound of a wheel was heard! A whisper it was — a whisper from, perhaps, four miles off — secretly announcing a ruin that, being foreseen, was not the less inevitable; that, being known, was not therefore healed. What could be done — who was it that could do it — to check the storm-flight of these maniacal horses? Could I not seize the reins from the grasp of the slumbering coachman? You, reader, think that it would have been in *your* power to do so. And I quarrel not with your estimate of yourself. But, from the way in which the coachman's hand was viced between his upper and lower thigh, this was impossible. Easy was it? See, then, that bronze equestrian statue. The cruel rider has kept the bit in his horse's mouth for two centuries. Unbridle him for a minute, if you please, and wash his mouth with water. Easy was it? Unhorse me, then, that imperial rider; knock me those marble feet from those marble stirrups of Charlemagne.

The sounds ahead strengthened, and were now too clearly the sounds of wheels. Who and what could it be? Was it industry in a taxed cart? Was it youthful gaiety in a gig? Was it sorrow that loitered, or joy that raced? For as yet the snatches of sound were too intermitting, from distance, to decipher the character of the motion. Whoever were the travellers, something must be done to warn them. Upon the other party rests the active responsibility, but upon *us* — and, woe is me! that *us*, was reduced to my frail opium-

¹ It is true that, according to the law of the case as established by legal precedents, all carriages were required to give way before royal equipages, and therefore before the mail as one of them. But this only increased the danger, as being a regulation very imperfectly made known, very unequally enforced, and therefore often embarrassing the movements on both sides. (De Quincey's note.)

² This is the technical word, and, I presume, derived from the French *cartayer*, to evade a rut or any obstacle. (De Quincey's note.)

shattered self — rests the responsibility of warning. Yet, how should this be accomplished? Might I not sound the guard's horn? Already, on the first thought, I was making my way over the roof of the guard's seat. But this, from the accident which I have mentioned, of the foreign mails being piled upon the roof, was a difficult and even dangerous attempt to one cramped by nearly three hundred miles of outside travelling. And, fortunately, before I had lost much time in the attempt, our frantic horses swept round an angle of the road which opened upon us that final stage where the collision must be accomplished and the catastrophe sealed. All was apparently finished. The court was sitting; the case was heard; the judge had finished; and only the verdict was yet in arrears.

Before us lay an avenue straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees, which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high overhead, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light; but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this Gothic aisle, a frail reedy gig, in which were seated a young man, and by his side a young lady. Ah, young sir! what are you about? If it is requisite that you should whisper your communications to this young lady — though really I see nobody, at an hour and on a road so solitary, likely to overhear you — is it therefore requisite that you should carry your lips forward to hers? The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour; and the parties within it, being thus tenderly engaged, are naturally bending down their heads. Between them and eternity, to all human calculation, there is but a minute and a half. Oh heavens! what is it that I shall do? Speaking or acting, what help can I offer? Strange it is; and to a mere auditor of the tale might seem laughable, that I should need a suggestion from the *Iliad* to prompt the sole resource that remained. Yet so it was. Suddenly I remembered the shout of Achilles, and its effect. But could I pretend to shout like the son of Peleus, aided by Pallas? No; but then I needed not the shout that should alarm all Asia militant; such a shout would suffice as might carry terror into the hearts of two thoughtless young people and one gig-horse. I shouted — and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted — and now he heard me, for now he raised his head.

Here, then, all had been done that, by me *could* be done; more on *my* part was not possible. Mine had been the first step; the second was for the young man; the third was for God. If, said I, this stranger is a brave man, and if indeed he loves the young girl at his side — or, loving her not, if he feels the obligation, pressing upon every man worthy to be called a man, of doing his utmost for a woman confided to his protection — he will at least make some effort to save her. If *that* fails, he will not perish the more, or by a death more cruel, for having made it; and he will die as a brave man should, with his face to the danger, and with his arm about the woman that he sought in vain to save. But, if he makes no effort, — shrinking without a struggle from his duty, — he himself will not the less certainly perish for this baseness of poltroonery. He will die no less: and why not? Wherefore should we grieve that there is one craven less in the world? No; let him perish, without a pitying thought of ours wasted upon him; and, in that case, all our grief will be reserved for the fate of the helpless girl who now, upon the least shadow of failure in *him*, must by the fiercest of translations — must without time for a prayer — must within seventy seconds — stand before the judgment-seat of God.

But craven he was not: sudden had been the call upon him, and sudden was his answer to the call. He saw, he heard, he comprehended, the ruin that was coming down: already its gloomy shadow darkened above him; and already he was measuring his strength to deal with it. Ah! what a vulgar thing does courage seem when we see nations buying it and selling it for a shilling a-day: ah! what a sublime thing does courage seem when some fearful summons on the great deeps of life carries a man, as if running before a hurricane, up to the giddy crest of some tumultuous crisis from which lie two courses, and a voice says to him audibly, "One way lies hope; take the other, and mourn for ever!" How grand a triumph if, even then, amidst the raving of all around him, and the frenzy of the danger, the man is able to confront his situation — is able to retire for a moment into solitude with God, and to seek his counsel from *Him*!

For seven seconds, it might be, of his seventy, the stranger settled his countenance steadfastly upon us, as if to search and value every element in the conflict before him. For five seconds more of his seventy he sat immovably, like one that mused on some great purpose. For five more, perhaps, he sat with

eyes upraised, like one that prayed in sorrow, under some extremity of doubt, for light that should guide him to the better choice. Then suddenly he rose; stood upright; and, by a powerful strain upon the reins, raising his horse's fore-feet from the ground, he slewed him round on the pivot of his hind-legs, so as to plant the little equipage in a position nearly at right angles to ours. Thus far his condition was not improved; except as a first step had been taken towards the possibility of a second. If no more were done, nothing was done; for the carriage still occupied the very centre of our path, though in an altered direction. Yet even now it may not be too late: fifteen of the seventy seconds may still be unexhausted; and one almighty bound may avail to clear the ground. Hurry, then, hurry! for the flying moments — *they* hurry. Oh, hurry, hurry, my brave young man! for the cruel hoofs of our horses — *they* also hurry! Fast are the flying moments, faster are the hoofs of our horses. But fear not for *him*, if human energy can suffice; faithful was he that drove to his terrific duty; faithful was the horse to *his* command. One blow, one impulse given with voice and hand, by the stranger, one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence, landed the docile creature's forefeet upon the crown or arching centre of the road. The larger half of the little equipage had then cleared our overtowering shadow: *that* was evident even to my own agitated sight. But it mattered little that one wreck should float off in safety if upon the wreck that perished were embarked the human freightage. The rear part of the carriage — was *that* certainly beyond the line of absolute ruin? What power could answer the question? Glance of eye, thought of man, wing of angel, which of these had speed enough to sweep between the question and the answer, and divide the one from the other? Light does not tread upon the steps of light more indivisibly than did our all-conquering arrival upon the escaping efforts of the gig. *That* must the young man have felt too plainly. His back was now turned to us; not by sight could he any longer communicate with the peril; but, by the dreadful rattle of our harness, too truly had his ear been instructed that all was finished as regarded any effort of *his*. Already in resignation he had rested from his struggle; and perhaps in his heart he was whispering, "Father, which art in heaven, do Thou finish above what I on earth have attempted." Faster than ever millrace we ran past them in our

inexorable flight. Oh, raving of hurricanes that must have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! Even in that moment the thunder of collision spoke aloud. Either with the swinglebar, or with the haunch of our near leader, we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig; which stood rather obliquely, and not quite so far advanced as to be accurately parallel with the near-wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. I rose in horror, to gaze upon the ruins we might have caused. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene; which in a moment told its own tale, and wrote all its records on my heart for ever.

Here was the map of the passion that now had finished. The horse was planted immovably, with his fore-feet upon the paved crest of the central road. He of the whole party might be supposed untouched by the passion of death. The little cany carriage — partly, perhaps, from the violent torsion of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given to it — as if it sympathized with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man trembled not, nor shivered. He sat like a rock. But *his* was the steadiness of agitation frozen into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look round; for he knew that, if anything remained to do, by him it could no longer be done. And as yet he knew not for certain if their safety were accomplished. But the lady —

But the lady —! Oh, heavens! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing? Figure to yourself, reader, the elements of the case; suffer me to recall before your mind the circumstances of that unparalleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night — from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight — from the manly tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring love — suddenly as from the woods and fields — suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation — suddenly as from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and the tiger roar of his voice.

The moments were numbered; the strife was finished; the vision was closed. In the

twinkling of an eye, our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at the right angles we wheeled into our former direction; the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams for ever.

SECTION III — DREAM-FUGUE

FOUNDED ON THE PRECEDING THEME OF SUDDEN DEATH

"Whence the sound
Of instruments, that made melodious chime,
Was heard, of harp and organ; and who moved
Their stops and chords was seen; his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue."
Paradise Lost, Bk. XI.

Tumultuosissimamente

Passion of sudden death! that once in youth I read and interpreted by the shadows of thy averted signs!¹ — rapture of panic taking the shape (which amongst tombs in churches I have seen) of woman bursting her sepulchral bonds — of woman's Ionic form bending forward from the ruins of her grave with arching foot, with eyes upraised, with clasped adoring hands — waiting, watching, trembling, praying for the trumpet's call to rise from dust for ever! Ah, vision too fearful of shuddering humanity on the brink of almighty abysses! — vision that didst start back, that didst reel away, like a shrivelling scroll from before the wrath of fire racing on the wings of the wind! Epilepsy so brief of horror, wherefore is it that thou canst not die? Passing so suddenly into darkness, wherefore is it that still thou sheddest thy sad funeral blights upon the gorgeous mosaics of dreams? Fragment of music too passionate, heard once, and heard no more, what aileth thee, that thy deep rolling chords come up at intervals through all the worlds of sleep, and after forty years have lost no element of horror?

I

Lo, it is summer — almighty summer! The everlasting gates of life and summer are thrown open wide; and on the ocean, tranquil and verdant as a savannah, the unknown lady from the dreadful vision and I myself are floating — she upon a fairy pinnacle, and I upon an English three-decker. Both of us are wooing gales of festal happiness within the

¹ I read the course and changes of the lady's agony in the succession of her involuntary gestures; but it must be remembered that I read all this from the rear, never once catching the lady's full face, and even her profile imperfectly. (De Quincey's note.)

domain of our common country, within that ancient watery park, within the pathless chase of ocean, where England takes her pleasure as a huntress through winter and summer, from the rising to the setting sun. Ah, what a wilderness of floral beauty was hidden, or was suddenly revealed, upon the tropic islands through which the pinnacle moved! And upon her deck what a bevy of human flowers: young women how lovely, young men how noble, that were dancing together, and slowly drifting towards us amidst music and incense, amidst blossoms from forests and gorgeous corymbi² from vintages, amidst natural carolling, and the echoes of sweet girlish laughter. Slowly the pinnacle nears us, gaily she hails us, and silently she disappears beneath the shadow of our mighty bows. But then, as at some signal from heaven, the music, and the carols, and the sweet echoing of girlish laughter — all are hushed. What evil has smitten the pinnacle, meeting or overtaking her? Did ruin to our friends couch within our own dreadful shadow? Was our shadow the shadow of death? I looked over the bow for an answer, and, behold! the pinnacle was dismantled; the revel and the revellers were found no more; the glory of the vintage was dust; and the forests with their beauty were left without a witness upon the seas. "But where," and I turned to our crew — "where are the lovely women that danced beneath the awning of flowers and clustering corymbi? Whither have fled the noble young men that danced with them?" Answer there was none. But suddenly the man at the mast-head, whose countenance darkened with alarm, cried out, "Sail on the weather beam! Down she comes upon us: in seventy seconds she also will founder."

2

I looked to the weather side, and the summer had departed. The sea was rocking, and shaken with gathering wrath. Upon its surface sat mighty mists, which grouped themselves into arches and long cathedral aisles. Down one of these, with the fiery pace of a quarrel² from a cross-bow, ran a frigate right athwart our course. "Are they mad?" some voice exclaimed from our deck. "Do they woo their ruin?" But in a moment, as she was close upon us, some impulse of a heady current or local vortex gave a wheeling bias to her course, and off she forged without a

¹ clusters of fruit or flowers.

² bolt, of a cross-bow.

shock. As she ran past us, high aloft amongst the shrouds stood the lady of the pinnacle. The deeps opened ahead in malice to receive her, towering surges of foam ran after her, the billows were fierce to catch her. But far away she was borne into desert spaces of the sea: whilst still by sight I followed her, as she ran before the howling gale, chased by angry sea-birds and by maddening billows; still I saw her, at the moment when she ran past us, standing amongst the shrouds, with her white draperies streaming before the wind. There she stood, with hair dishevelled, one hand clutched amongst the tackling — rising, sinking, fluttering, trembling, praying; there for leagues I saw her as she stood, raising at intervals one hand to heaven, amidst the fiery crests of the pursuing waves and the raving of the storm; until at last, upon a sound from afar of malicious laughter and mockery, all was hidden for ever in driving showers; and afterwards, but when I knew not, nor how.

3

Sweet funeral bells from some incalculable distance, wailing over the dead that die before the dawn, awakened me as I slept in a boat moored to some familiar shore. The morning twilight even then was breaking; and, by the dusky revelations which it spread, I saw a girl, adorned with a garland of white roses about her head for some great festival, running along the solitary strand in extremity of haste. Her running was the running of panic; and often she looked back as to some dreadful enemy in the rear. But, when I leaped ashore, and followed on her steps to warn her of a peril in front, alas! from me she fled as from another peril, and vainly I shouted to her of quicksands that lay ahead. Faster and faster she ran; round a promontory of rocks she wheeled out of sight; in an instant I also wheeled round it, but only to see the treacherous sands gathering above her head. Already her person was buried; only the fair young head and the diadem of white roses around it were still visible to the pitying heavens; and, last of all, was visible one white marble arm. I saw by the early twilight this fair young head, as it was sinking down to darkness — saw this marble arm, as it rose above her head and her treacherous grave, tossing, faltering, rising, clutching, as at some false deceiving hand stretched out from the clouds — saw this marble arm uttering her dying hope, and then uttering her dying despair. The head, the diadem, the arm

— these all had sunk; at last over these also the cruel quicksand had closed; and no memorial of the fair young girl remained on earth, except my own solitary tears, and the funeral bells from the desert seas, that, rising again more softly, sang a requiem over the grave of the buried child, and over her blighted dawn.

I sat, and wept in secret the tears that men have ever given to the memory of those that died before the dawn, and by the treachery of earth, our mother. But suddenly the tears and funeral bells were hushed by a shout as of many nations, and by a roar as from some great king's artillery, advancing rapidly along the valleys, and heard afar by echoes from the mountains. "Hush!" I said, as I bent my ear earthwards to listen — "hush! — this either is the very anarchy of strife, or else" — and then I listened more profoundly, and whispered as I raised my head — "or else, oh heavens! it is *victory* that is final, victory that swallows up all strife."

4

Immediately, in trance, I was carried over land and sea to some distant kingdom, and placed upon a triumphal car, amongst companions crowned with laurel. The darkness of gathering midnight, brooding over all the land, hid from us the mighty crowds that were weaving restlessly about ourselves as a centre: we heard them, but saw them not. Tidings had arrived, within an hour, of a grandeur that measured itself against centuries; too full of pathos they were, too full of joy, to utter themselves by other language than by tears, by restless anthems, and *Te Deums* reverberated from the choirs and orchestras of earth. These tidings we that sat upon the laurelled car had it for our privilege to publish amongst all nations. And already, by signs audible through the darkness, by snortings and tramlings, our angry horses, that knew no fear or fleshly weariness, upbraided us with delay. Wherefore *was* it that we delayed? We waited for a secret word, that should bear witness to the hope of nations as now accomplished for ever. At midnight the secret word arrived; which word was — *Waterloo and Recovered Christendom!* The dreadful word shone by its own light; before us it went; high above our leaders' heads it rode, and spread a golden light over the paths which we traversed. Every city, at the presence of the secret word, threw open its gates. The rivers were conscious as we crossed. All the forests, as we ran along their

25

40

45

50

55

margins, shivered in homage to the secret word. And the darkness comprehended it.

Two hours after midnight we approached a mighty Minster. Its gates, which rose to the clouds, were closed. But, when the dreadful word that rode before us reached them with its golden light; silently they moved back upon their hinges; and at a flying gallop our equipage entered the grand aisle of the cathedral. Headlong was our pace; and at every altar, in the little chapels and oratories to the right hand and left of our course, the lamps, dying or sickening, kindled anew in sympathy with the secret word that was flying past. Forty leagues we might have run in the cathedral, and as yet no strength of morning light had reached us, when before us we saw the aerial galleries of organ and choir. Every pinnacle of fretwork, every station of advantage amongst the traceries, was crested by white-robed choristers that sang deliverance; that wept no more tears, as once their fathers had wept; but at intervals that sang together to the generations, saying,

"Chant the deliverer's praise in every tongue,"

and receiving answers from afar,

"Such as once in heaven and earth were sung."

And of their chanting was no end; of our headlong pace was neither pause nor slackening.

Thus we ran like torrents — thus as we swept with bridal rapture over the Campo Santo¹ of the cathedral graves — suddenly we became aware of a vast necropolis rising upon the far-off horizon — a city of sepulchres, built within the saintly cathedral for the warrior dead that rested from their feuds on earth. Of purple granite was the necropolis; yet, in the first minute, it lay like a purple stain upon the horizon, so mighty was the distance. In the second minute it trembled through many changes, growing into terraces and towers of wondrous altitude, so mighty was the pace. In the third minute already, with our dreadful gallop, we were entering its suburbs. Vast sarcophagi rose

on every side, having towers and turrets that, upon the limits of the central aisle, strode forward with haughty intrusion, that ran back with mighty shadows into answering recesses. Every sarcophagus showed many bas-reliefs — bas-reliefs of battles and of battle-fields; battles from forgotten ages, battles from yesterday; battle-fields that, long since, nature had healed and reconciled to herself with the sweet oblivion of flowers; battle-fields that were yet angry and crimson with carnage. Where the terraces ran, there did we run; where the towers curved, there did we curve. With the flight of swallows our horses swept round every angle. Like rivers in flood wheeling round headlands, like hurricanes that ride into the secrets of forests, faster than ever light unwove the mazes of darkness, our flying equipage carried earthly passions, kindled warrior instincts, amongst the dust that lay around us — dust oftentimes of our noble fathers that had slept in God from Crécy to Trafalgar. And now had we reached the last sarcophagus, now were we abreast of the last bas-relief, already had we recovered the arrow-like flight of the illimitable central aisle, when coming up this aisle to meet us we beheld afar off a female child, that rode in a carriage as frail as flowers. The mists which went before her hid the fawns that drew her, but could not hide the shells and tropic flowers with which she played — but could not hide the lovely smiles by which she uttered her trust in the mighty cathedral, and in the cherubim that looked down upon her from the mighty shafts of its pillars. Face to face she rode, as if danger there were none. Oh, "baby!" I exclaimed, "shalt thou be the ransom for Waterloo? Must we, that carry tidings of great joy to every people, be messengers of ruin to thee!" In horror I rose at the thought; but then also, in horror at the thought, rose one that was sculptured on a bas-relief — a Dying Trumpeter. Solemnly from the field of battle he rose to his feet; and, unslinging his stony trumpet, carried it, in his dying anguish, to his stony lips — sounding once, and yet once again; proclamation that, in *thy* ears, oh baby! spoke from the battlements of death. Immediately deep shadows fell between us, and aboriginal silence. The choir had ceased to sing. The hoofs of our horses, the dreadful rattle of our harness, the groaning of our wheels, alarmed the graves no more. By horror the bas-relief had been unlocked unto life. By horror we, that were

¹ It is probable that most of my readers will be acquainted with the history of the Campo Santo (or cemetery) at Pisa, composed of earth brought from Jerusalem from a bed of sanctity as the highest prize which the noble piety of crusaders could ask or imagine. To readers who are unacquainted with England, or who (being English) are yet unacquainted with the cathedral cities of England, it may be right to mention that the graves within-side the cathedrals often form a flat pavement over which carriages and horses *might* run; and perhaps a boyish remembrance of one particular cathedral, across which I had seen passengers walk and burdens carried, as about two centuries back they were through the middle of St. Paul's in London, may have assisted my dream. (De Quincey's note.)

so full of life, we men and our horses, with their fiery fore-legs rising in mid air to their everlasting gallop, were frozen to a bas-relief. Then a third time the trumpet sounded; the seals were taken off all pulses; life, and the frenzy of life, tore into their channels again; again the choir burst forth in sunny grandeur, as from the muffling of storms and darkness; again the thunderings of our horses carried temptation into the graves. One cry burst from our lips, as the clouds, drawing off from the aisle, showed it empty before us. — “Whither has the infant fled? — is the young child caught up to God?” Lo! afar off, in a vast recess, rose three mighty windows to the clouds; and on a level with their summits, at height insuperable to man, rose an altar of purest alabaster. On its eastern face was trembling a crimson glory. A glory was it from the reddening dawn that now streamed *through* the windows? Was it from the crimson robes of the martyrs painted *on* the windows? Was it from the bloody bas-reliefs of earth? There, suddenly, within that crimson radiance, rose the apparition of a woman’s head, and then of a woman’s figure. The child it was — grown up to woman’s height. Clinging to the horns of the altar, voiceless she stood — sinking, rising, raving, despairing; and behind the volume of incense that, night and day, streamed upwards from the altar, dimly was seen the fiery font, and the shadow of that dreadful being who should have baptized her with the baptism of death. But by her side was kneeling her better angel, that hid his face with wings; that wept and pleaded for *her*; that prayed when *she* could *not*; that fought with Heaven by tears for *her* deliverance; which also, as he raised his immortal countenance from his wings, I saw, by the glory in his eye, that from Heaven he had won at last.

5

Then was completed the passion of the mighty fugue. The golden tubes of the organ, which as yet had but muttered at intervals — gleaming amongst clouds and surges of incense — threw up, as from fountains unfathomable, columns of heart-shattering music. Choir and anti-choir were filling

fast with unknown voices. Thou also, Dying Trumpeter, with thy love that was victorious, and thy anguish that was finishing, didst enter the tumult; trumpet and echo — farewell love, and farewell anguish — rang through the dreadful *sanctus*. Oh, darkness of the grave! that from the crimson altar and from the fiery font wert visited and searched by the effulgence in the angel’s eye — were these indeed thy children? Pumps of life, that, from the burials of centuries, rose again to the voice of perfect joy, did ye indeed mingle with the festivals of Death? Lo! as I looked back for seventy leagues through the mighty cathedral, I saw the quick and the dead that sang together to God, together that sang to the generations of man. All the hosts of jubilation, like armies that ride in pursuit, moved with one step. Us, that, with laurelled heads, were passing from the cathedral, they overtook, and, as with a garment, they wrapped us round with thunders greater than our own. As brothers we moved together; to the dawn that advanced, to the stars that fled; rendering thanks to God in the highest — that, having hid His face through one generation behind thick clouds of War, once again was ascending, from the Campo Santo of Waterloo was ascending, in the visions of Peace; rendering thanks for thee, young girl! whom having overshadowed with His ineffable passion of death, suddenly did God relent, suffered thy angel to turn aside His arm, and even in thee, sister unknown! shown to me for a moment only to be hidden for ever, found an occasion to glorify His goodness. A thousand times, amongst the phantoms of sleep, have I seen thee entering the gates of the golden dawn, with the secret word riding before thee, with the armies of the grave behind thee, — seen thee sinking, rising, raving, despairing; a thousand times in the worlds of sleep have I seen thee followed by God’s angel through storms, through desert seas, through the darkness of quicksands, through dreams and the dreadful revelations that are in dreams; only that at the last, with one sling of His victorious arm, He might snatch thee back from ruin, and might emblazon in thy deliverance the endless resurrections of His love!

THE LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE LATER NINETEENTH CENTURY

The later nineteenth century is a period of rapid change in the social fabric of the English people. With the extension of machinery, production in every department showed an enormous increase, and population doubled and trebled. This mass of human beings demanded education and entertainment, and accordingly the function of literature became greatly enlarged. They demanded, also, a share in the government. The Reform Bill of 1832 had extended the franchise to the upper industrial class. After its passage the workers organized a campaign for a more popular government, with universal suffrage, and a Parliament elected every three years. These demands were embodied in the People's Charter, whence came the name "Chartism." Although as an attempt at mass action Chartism failed, its aims have been gradually achieved. Another popular movement was that for the repeal of the duties on foodstuffs, imposed by the so-called "Corn Laws," which were levied in the interest of the landowning agricultural class and kept the industrial population on the verge of starvation. They were repealed in 1845. Soon afterwards free trade was extended to nearly all commodities, and English manufacture and trade increased more rapidly than ever. This industrial activity demanded new markets, which were secured by extending the British Empire in Asia and Africa, by penetration, colonization, and conquest. There continued to be great misery among the workers in mine and factory, and the labor of small children was necessary to support the family. Factory legislation gradually cured the worst evils, and the workers themselves organized trade unions which gave them an opportunity to check, by collective bargaining, the exploitation of capitalism.

These and similar movements are clearly reflected in the literature of the period. The great advance in prosperity of the middle class and the multiplication of material comforts made possible by machinery contributed to a sense of well-being, of pride in wealth, of belief in progress through mechanical inventions and social organization. The most eloquent representative of this complacency was Lord Macaulay. Later in the century we find a corresponding pride in the increasing extent and power of the Empire, of which Rudyard Kipling was the exponent. On the other hand, the sense that this prosperity and power were paid for by the misery of the working class, that revolution was imminent in the mass demonstrations when the Chartists took their monster petitions to Parliament, was the burden of the urgent prophecies of Thomas Carlyle. The suffering of the poor was a theme in Dickens's work and in the poetry of Mrs. Browning. The injury to the natural beauty of the country caused by the growth of cities, with factories and railroads, and the decline in taste for beauty of workmanship under mass production were subjects of bitter protest by John Ruskin and William Morris. The vulgarity, as well as the selfishness of a society devoted to material ends and contented with mechanical triumphs was denounced by these writers and by Matthew Arnold, all of whom asserted the claims of the spiritual life upon the individual, and of art and beauty upon society, to be achieved only through the establishment of social justice.

There are to be discerned in this period two marked tendencies, which defined themselves at the time of the French Revolution. On the one hand were those who believed in the application of intelligence to human affairs, who held that social problems were to be solved by democracy, that is, by giving the people control over the government and educating them to use their power for their own welfare. This trust in intelligence was characteristic of the Liberals; its classic expression is to be found in John Stuart Mill's tract on *Liberty*. On the other hand were those who felt that the unconscious, non-intellectual elements in human nature, often called instincts, were more in harmony with the underlying forces which moved the world. Carlyle was their leader. Their doctrine of the spiritual nature of man and the universe made them skeptical or scornful of the triumphs of machinery, education, and democracy, to which the Liberal pointed as signs of progress. "What shall it profit a man," they asked, "if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The intellectual attitude of the century was profoundly influenced by the scientific discoveries which led up to the promulgation of the theory of evolution in Darwin's *Origin of Species*, in 1859. This linking of man in his natural history to the lower animals had a disturbing influence on belief in revealed religion. One of the chief themes in nineteenth-century poetry and fiction is this decline in religious faith and its tragic consequences to the individual and to society. This idea of man's evolution became the intellectual background for thought on social and ethical themes, even of writers like Walter Pater and R. L. Stevenson, whose interests were largely æsthetic. On the other hand, the Church was aroused from its lethargy to meet this new foe. About the time of the passage of the Reform Bill a movement began at Oxford for the revival of spiritual power in the Church of England, led by John Henry Newman. The Oxford Movement, as it is called,

emphasized the historical inheritance of Anglicanism in the Church of the Middle Ages. Many of its adherents, including Newman himself, were led to join the Roman Catholic Church. Newman's followers in the Anglo-Catholic Movement became the dominant party within the Church of England. Both churches gained in spiritual and social force: and to this revival is to be traced a group of religious poets, chief among whom is Francis Thompson, unequaled since the seventeenth century.

The great prose writers of the late nineteenth century reflected in their lives the growing seriousness of the age. They began their work with the literary and philosophical inheritance of romanticism, and gradually subordinated their individual interests to the social necessities of the time. Carlyle, a critic of literature, became a historian and critic of society. Ruskin turned from art criticism to political economy. Matthew Arnold's early romantic verse gave place to the grave poetry of religious doubt, and to the prose of social criticism. This is true of the poets also. Tennyson's early master was Keats, and his early verse, chiefly sensuous and decorative. His later history is an effort to deal with problems of the day, sometimes in allegory and symbol as in *The Princess* and the *Idylls of the King*, sometimes in the realism of *Dora* and *Aylmer's Field*. Browning's early master was Shelley. He likewise turned from the romantic studies of the individual, in *Pauline*, *Paracelsus*, and *Sordello*, to problems of men and women in social bonds, as in *The Ring and the Book*. Mrs. Browning's transition from *The Seraphim* to *Aurora Leigh*, and William Morris's from *The Earthly Paradise* to his propaganda for socialism, are even more striking. The effort of Victorian poetry to escape from its romantic inheritance, to deal with realities, and share in the social burden of the time is a long descent from Parnassus.

There is one apparent exception to the general course of Victorian poetry. That is the pre-Raphaelite Movement. This owed its impulse largely to the Oxford Movement, with its revival of the mediæval spirit of religious sincerity. The pre-Raphaelites, led by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, found a corresponding sincerity in art in the painters and poets who came before the Renaissance in Italy. The pre-Raphaelites were interested in æsthetic matters; they looked for their themes to mediæval and early Christian stories; they were not concerned with social problems. Yet they contributed, in Christina Rossetti, to the revival of religious poetry of the later century; and their admiration of mediæval ideals carried Ruskin and Morris into their attempts to revive mediæval craftsmanship, and thence to restore the social conditions out of which that craftsmanship grew. In the main, however, the pre-Raphaelite Movement was a romantic escape from the serious pre-occupation with society which absorbed much of the energy of the time. It furnished a sort of æsthetic background for a poet such as Swinburne, whose inspiration was purely literary, for the neo-pagan philosophy of Walter Pater, and for the various eccentricities of the mood of protest against Victorian seriousness which marked the last decade of the century.

The novel was for many reasons the most popular form of prose in the nineteenth century. It was a free form, unsubjected to definite rules; it lent itself readily to the journalistic interests of the day; for both reasons it was agreeable to the new public of uncritical readers. The Victorian novel, like poetry, had to disembarass itself from the romantic inheritance. The success of Scott in the Waverley novels at first threatened to dominate fiction for an indefinite time. Other modes of popularity in time succeeded the historical interest, but down to the close of the century nearly every novelist chose to write his intended masterpiece in the historical form. The fiction-reading public built up by Scott was accustomed to romance, and his successors, Disraeli, Bulwer-Lytton, and others, sought it in various fields.

The next great reputation in fiction to Scott's was that of Charles Dickens (1812-70). Dickens began by using a humble popular form, the narrative of adventures of characters who find themselves in various incongruous situations, more or less humorous. He thus came to write *Pickwick Papers*. For more serious fiction he drew characters, mainly children, who are victims of some private vice or institutional cruelty. His novels were an important influence in the redress of social wrongs which the industrial system had aggravated. For romantic appeal he replaced the terror of the supernatural by that of lawlessness, of crime and mobs. In so doing Dickens could claim to be a realist, but his effort was always to present the romantic elements of real life. He effected a great democratic revolution in the publication of fiction by issuing his novels in monthly installments at a shilling each, instead of in three volumes at a guinea and a half. This periodical form of publication tempted W. M. Thackeray (1811-63), who had a reputation as a writer of essays and sketches, to throw his material into a novel, whence came *Vanity Fair* (1846), a panorama of English society in the first half of the century. Thackeray was a more thoroughgoing realist than Dickens; he worked in the spirit of Fielding in his next novel *Pendennis* (1848). His masterpiece *Henry Esmond* (1852) is one of the best pictures of the eighteenth century imaginable. The third in the trio of great nineteenth-century novelists is Mary Ann Evans (1819-80) who is known by her pen name of George Eliot. She began to write fiction about the time when the decline of faith in supernatural religion seemed to threaten the very basis of morality. George Eliot wrote to show that the principle of right conduct was implicit in the human soul, in a spirit of self-renunciation and unselfish service of others. These ideals, which reflect the spirit of Carlyle, are set forth in *Adam Bede* (1859), *The Mill on the Floss* (1860), *Romola* (1863), *Middlemarch* (1872).

Two novelists whose reputations fill the closing years of the century, George Meredith (1828-1909) and Thomas Hardy (1841-1928) offer interesting illustration of the opposition above noted, between the school of thought which emphasizes conscious intelligence, and that which regards the unconscious forces as more important in human life. Meredith held that evolution, having produced man as a physical being, would continue to raise him to higher power as an intellectual one. His poetry expresses this faith: "Never is earth misread by brain." Hardy's view of life rested upon the same revelation of the world by science as Meredith's, to which, however, it is totally opposed. Hardy pictures man as controlled by blind forces of which intelligence merely serves to make him tragically aware. The happiest are the unconscious, simple souls, who resign themselves to fate. Hardy's most distinctive characters are his simple-minded peasants.

There was much to justify the mood of pessimism which settled down upon the late nineteenth century, of which Hardy's novels are typical. Industry destroyed the natural beauty of the parts of the world in which most of the great population which had been called into existence was obliged to live. It killed the primary source of satisfaction for most men, their joy in their work. As life in the present world became more bitter, faith grew weaker in a world to come. The great hopes entertained of science and intellectual progress, of the happiness of man through the extension of his control over Nature and through the intelligent organization of society, seemed doomed to disappointment. Many of the poets of the period reflect this discouragement, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Morris, Swinburne, James Thomson, as well as Carlyle, Ruskin, and George Eliot. These great Victorians were all deeply serious in their outlook on life. In the last decade of the century, this seriousness gave way to a mood of indifference to the social problems of mankind, a disposition to escape from them by way of æsthetic interests, to find satisfaction in art for its own sake. This mood has something in common with the pre-Raphaelite Movement. It gave rise to much invention in forms of verse as in the other arts. Its philosophy was Walter Pater's Epicureanism. At the same time Browning with his instinctive optimism was gaining in popularity, as was Meredith with his more intellectual faith. Against the Epicureanism of Pater, there was the Stoicism of Stevenson and Henley. There was a revival of religious poetry. Altogether, the decade of the nineties was one of those periods in which no general tendency can be discerned among the many cross and shifting currents, a period to which the term "decadence" is often applied.

The student will find the following works useful: *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vols. XIII and XIV; H. D. Traill, *Social England*, Vol. VI; O. Elton, *Survey of English Literature*, Vols. III and IV; G. Saintsbury, *History of Nineteenth Century Literature*; A. H. Thorndike, *Literature in a Changing Age*; Hugh Walker, *Literature in the Victorian Era*; G. K. Chesterton, *The Victorian Age in Literature*; J. W. Cunliffe, *English Literature during the Last Half Century*; Emery Neff, *Carlyle and Mill*; Holbrook Jackson, *The Eighteen-Nineties*; W. L. Cross, *The Development of the English Novel*.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881)

Thomas Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan, Annandale, December 4, 1795. He was sent to the Annan grammar school, and thence to the University of Edinburgh, to prepare for the ministry. He taught school at Annan and at Kircaldy, became a private tutor for a time, and then turned to literature. In 1826 he married Jane Welsh and shortly afterwards went to the remote farm of Craigenputtock, where for six years he struggled with farming and literature. Here Emerson visited him, and the friendship began which was to be an important influence in the lives of both, bringing Carlyle into contact with the Transcendentalists in Massachusetts, and securing to him returns from the American publication of his books. In 1834 he moved to London and took up his residence at 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Here he remained during the long remainder of his life, gathering about him a circle of younger men whose guide and philosopher he became — Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning, Dickens, Thackeray, John Sterling, Clough; and seeing visitors from America — Emerson, Norton, Alcott, and Margaret Fuller. The personal influence of Carlyle upon his contemporaries is one of the most important facts in the history of English literature in the century. In 1876 he was elected Rector of the University of Edinburgh. It was while he was in Scotland to receive this honor that Mrs. Carlyle died. His death occurred in 1881.

Carlyle's earliest writings had to do with literature. He learned German at a time when few Englishmen knew that language, and became a translator and interpreter of Goethe, Schiller, Richter, and others. He wrote also essays for the *Edinburgh Review* on his own countrymen, Burns, Scott, and Boswell's *Johnson*. He was, however, essentially a teacher and prophet rather than a literary critic. While a student at Edinburgh he passed through a spiritual crisis from which he emerged with an unshakable faith in the spiritual reality of the universe underneath its material appearance. Thenceforth he inclined more and more to dealing with life directly rather

than with literature. His essay on *Characteristics* (1831) contains the substance of his teaching, his distrust of reason, and his reliance on intuition for the revelation of truth necessary to the individual and society. *Sartor Resartus*, his spiritual autobiography, was published in 1834. History as the record of life in the past was to him the most important of subjects, and history in his view consisted of the essence of innumerable biographies, and was the story of what great men had accomplished in the world. His *History of the French Revolution* was written in the years after his arrival in London and published in 1837. Then followed *Past and Present* (1843), *The Letters and Speeches of Cromwell* (1845), and a long history of *Frederick the Great*, finished in 1865. In the meantime Carlyle wrote the *Life of John Sterling* (1851) and a series of essays entitled *Latter Day Pamphlets* (1850), in which he expressed violently his distrust and dislike of political democracy, extension of the suffrage, and various reforms which to him seemed to represent mere superficial exercises of the mind. The bitterness of Carlyle's scorn alienated many of his friends, but his Inaugural Address at Edinburgh had a wide appeal as an eloquent and beautiful summing up of his message to his time.

The complete works of Carlyle are published in many editions, notably the Ashburton, by Chapman and Hall. A critical edition of *Sartor Resartus* is that by Archibald MacMechan in the Athenæum Press series. *Sartor Resartus* and *Heroes and Hero Worship* form a volume in Everyman's Library, which includes also several other works. The standard biography is that by J. A. Froude, who also edited Carlyle's *Reminiscences*. A new *Life* by David Alec Wilson has reached its fifth volume. Short Lives are those by John Nichol in the English Men of Letters and Richard Garnett in the Great Writers series.

SARTOR RESARTUS

1834

In 1831 Carlyle, then at Craigenputtock, wrote, "Am engaged on a strange piece on clothes. Know not what will come of it." This was the germ of *Sartor Resartus*, which was published in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1834, and in book form in Boston two years later. The book consists of supposed autobiographical fragments of Professor Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo, which Carlyle supposes himself obliged to arrange and publish with explanatory comments. The title of the book, *The Tailor Reclothed*, has reference to a humorous philosophy of Professor Teufelsdröckh, according to which the opinions of men are likened to the clothes which they put on or off, change and renew — doubtless a reminiscence of Swift's satire in *A Tale of a Tub*. The experience and philosophy are those of Carlyle himself. The chapters here given narrate an episode, as Carlyle says quite literally, which occurred to him in Leith Walk, Edinburgh. In deep spiritual discouragement, "without hope and God in the world," he suddenly realized the strength of his own unconquerable soul. This sense of personality was the basis of Carlyle's faith. It was strengthened by sacrifice and work. It became the source of a mystic faith in the spiritual nature of the universe which is developed in the further chapter, on Natural Supernaturalism.

Sartor Resartus is written in a style distinguished by strange words placed in unusual order for emphasis, an explosive rather than a sustained rhythmic style. Carlyle excuses it by reference to his original which he is supposed to be translating, but in fact it is the style which he made thereafter his own, a style suited to the burden of his utterance, which was of the nature of Hebrew prophecy.

BOOK II

CHAPTER VII

THE EVERLASTING NO

Under the strange nebulous envelopment, wherein our Professor has now shrouded himself, no doubt but his spiritual nature is nevertheless progressive, and growing: for how can the "Son of Time," in any case, stand still? We behold him, through those dim years, in a state of crisis, of transition: his mad Pilgrimages, and general solution into aimless Discontinuity, what is all this but a mad Fermentation; wherefrom, the fiercer it is, the clearer product will one day evolve itself?

Such transitions are ever full of pain: thus the Eagle when he molts is sickly; and, to attain his new beak, must harshly dash-off the old one upon rocks. What Stoicism soever our Wanderer, in his individual acts and motions, may affect, it is clear that there is a hot fever of anarchy and misery raging within; coruscations of which flash out: as, indeed, how could there be other? Have we not seen him disappointed, bemoaned of Destiny, through long years? All that the young heart might desire and pray for has been denied; nay, as in the last worst instance, offered and then snatched away. Ever an "excellent Passivity"; but of useful, reasonable Activity, essential to the former as Food to Hunger, nothing granted: till at length, in this wild Pilgrimage, he must forcibly seize for himself an Activity, though useless, unreasonable. Alas, his cup of bitterness, which had been filling drop by

drop, ever since that first "ruddy morning" in the Hinterschlag Gymnasium, was at the very lip; and then with that poison-drop, of the Towgood-and-Blumine business, it runs over, and even hisses over in a deluge of foam.

He himself says once, with more justice than originality: "Man is, properly speaking, based upon Hope, he has no other possession but Hope; this world of his is emphatically the 'Place of Hope.'" What, then, was our Professor's possession? We see him, for the present, quite shut-out from Hope; looking not into the golden orient, but vaguely all round into a dim copper firmament, pregnant with earthquake and tornado.

Alas, shut-out from Hope, in a deeper sense than we yet dream of! For, as he wanders wearisomely through this world, he has now lost all tidings of another and higher. Full of religion, or at least of religiosity, as our Friend has since exhibited himself, he hides not that, in those days, he was wholly irreligious: "Doubt had darkened into Unbelief," says he; "shade after shade goes grimly over your soul, till you have the fixed, starless, Tartarean black." To such readers as have reflected, what can be called reflecting, on man's life, and happily discovered, in contradiction to much Profit-and-Loss Philosophy, speculative and practical, that Soul is *not* synonymous with Stomach; who understand, therefore, in our Friend's words, "that, for man's well-being, Faith is properly the one thing needful; how, with it, Martyrs, otherwise weak, can cheerfully endure the shame and the cross; and without it, Worldlings puke-up their sick existence, by suicide, in the midst of luxury": to such it will be clear that, for a pure moral nature, the loss of his religious Belief was the loss of everything. Unhappy young man! All wounds, the crush of long-continued Destitution, the stab of false Friendship and of false Love, all wounds in thy so genial heart, would have healed again, had not its life-warmth been withdrawn. Well might he exclaim, in his wild way: "Is there no God, then; but at best an absentee God, sitting idle, ever since the first Sabbath, at the outside of his Universe, and *seeing* it go? Has the word Duty no meaning; is what we call Duty no divine Messenger and Guide, but a false earthly Fantasm, made-up of Desire and Fear, of emanations from the Gallows and from Doctor Graham's Celestial-Bed? Happiness of an approving Conscience! Did

1 A famous quack doctor.

not Paul of Tarsus, whom admiring men have since named Saint, feel that *he* was 'the chief of sinners'; and Nero of Rome, jocund in spirit (*wohlgemuth*), spend much of his time in fiddling? Foolish Wordmonger and Motive-grinder, who in thy Logic-mill hast an earthly mechanism for the Godlike itself, and wouldst fain grind me out Virtue from the husks of Pleasure, — I tell thee, Nay! To the unregenerate Prometheus Vinctus of a man, it is ever the bitterest aggravation of his wretchedness that he is conscious of Virtue, that he feels himself the victim not of suffering only, but of injustice. What then? Is the heroic inspiration we name Virtue but some Passion; some bubble of the blood, bubbling in the direction others *profit* by? I know not: only this I know, If what thou namest Happiness be our true aim, then are we all astray. With Stupidity and sound Digestion man may front much. But what, in these dull unimaginative days, are the terrors of Conscience to the diseases of the Liver! Not on Morality, but on Cookery, let us build our stronghold: there brandishing our frying-pan, as censer, let us offer sweet incense to the Devil, and live at ease on the fat things *he* has provided for his Elect!"

Thus has the bewildered Wanderer to stand, as so many have done, shouting question after question into the Sibyl cave of Destiny, and receive no Answer but an Echo. It is all a grim Desert, this once-fair world of his; wherein is heard only the howling of wild-beasts, or the shrieks of despairing, hate-filled men; and no Pillar of Cloud by day, and no Pillar of Fire by night, any longer guides the Pilgrim. To such length has the spirit of Inquiry carried him. "But what boots it (*was thut's*)?" cries he: "it is but the common lot in this era. Not having come to spiritual majority prior to the *Siècle de Louis Quinze*, and not being born purely a Loghead (*Dummkopf*), thou hadst no other outlook. The whole world is, like thee, sold to Unbelief; their old Temples of the Godhead, which for long have not been rainproof, crumble down; and men ask now: where is the Godhead; our eyes never saw him?"

Pitiful enough were it, for all these wild utterances, to call our Diogenes wicked. Unprofitable servants as we all are, perhaps at no era of his life was he more decisively the Servant of Goodness, the Servant of God, than even now when doubting God's existence. "One circumstance I note," says he: "after all the nameless woe that Inquiry,

which for me, what it is not always, was genuine Love of Truth, had wrought me, I nevertheless still loved Truth, and would bate no jot of my allegiance to her. 'Truth!' I cried, 'though the Heavens crush me for following her: no Falsehood! though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of Apostasy.' In conduct it was the same. Had a divine Messenger from the clouds, or miraculous Handwriting on the wall, convincingly proclaimed to me *This thou shalt do*, with what passionate readiness, as I often thought, would I have done it, had it been leaping into the infernal Fire. Thus, in spite of all Motive-grinders, and Mechanical Profit-and-Loss Philosophies, with the sick ophthalmia and hallucination they had brought on, was the Infinite nature of Duty still dimly present to me: living without God in the world, of God's light I was not utterly bereft; if my as yet sealed eyes, with their unspeakable longing, could nowhere see Him, nevertheless in my heart He was present, and His heaven-written Law still stood legible and sacred there."

Meanwhile, under all these tribulations, and temporal and spiritual destitutions, what must the Wanderer, in his silent soul, have endured! "The painfullest feeling," writes he, "is that of your own Feebleness (*Unkraft*); ever, as the English Milton says, to be weak is the true misery. And yet of your Strength there is and can be no clear feeling, save by what you have prospered in, by what you have done. Between vague wavering Capability and fixed indubitable Performance, what a difference! A certain inarticulate Self-consciousness dwells dimly in us; which only our Works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our Works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible Precept, *Know thyself*;¹ till it be translated into this partially possible one, *Know what thou canst work at*.

"But for me, so strangely unprosperous had I been, the net-result of my Workings amounted as yet simply to — Nothing. How then could I believe in my Strength, when there was as yet no mirror to see it in? Ever did this agitating, yet, as I now perceive, quite frivolous question, remain to me insoluble: Hast thou a certain Faculty, a certain Worth, such even as the most have not; or art thou the completest Dullard of these modern times? Alas, the fearful Un-

belief is unbelief in yourself; and how could I believe? Had not my first, last Faith in myself, when even to me the Heavens seemed laid open, and I dared to love, been all-too cruelly belied? The speculative Mystery of Life grew ever more mysterious to me: neither in the practical Mystery had I made the slightest progress, but been everywhere buffeted, foiled, and contemptuously cast out. A feeble unit in the middle of a threatening Infinitude, I seemed to have nothing given me but eyes, whereby to discern my own wretchedness. Invisible yet impenetrable walls, as of Enchantment, divided me from all living: was there, in the wide world, any true bosom I could press trustfully to mine? O Heaven, No, there was none! I kept a lock upon my lips: why should I speak much with that shifting variety of so-called Friends, in whose withered, vain and too-hungry souls Friendship was but an incredible tradition? In such cases, your resource is to talk little, and that little mostly from the Newspapers. Now when I look back, it was a strange isolation I then lived in. The men and women around me, even speaking with me, were but Figures; I had, practically, forgotten that they were alive, that they were not merely automatic. In the midst of their crowded streets and assemblages, I walked solitary; and (except as it was my own heart, not another's, that I kept devouring) savage also, as the tiger in his jungle. Some comfort it would have been, could I, like a Faust, have fancied myself tempted and tormented of the Devil; for a Hell, as I imagine, without Life, though only diabolic Life, were more frightful: but in our age of Down-pulling and Disbelief, the very Devil has been pulled down, you cannot so much as believe in a Devil. To me the Universe was all void of Life, of Purpose, of Volition, even of Hostility: it was one huge, dead, immeasurable Steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb. O, the vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha,² and Mill of Death! Why was the Living banished thither companionless, conscious? Why, if there is no Devil; nay, unless the Devil is your God?"

A prey incessantly to such corrosions, might not, moreover, as the worst aggravation to them, the iron constitution even of a Teufelsdröckh threaten to fail? We conjecture that he has known sickness; and, in spite of his locomotive habits, perhaps sickness of the chronic sort. Hear this, for ex-

¹ Maxim of Solon inscribed over the portico of the temple of Delphi.

² St. Matthew xxvii, 33.

ample: "How beautiful to die of broken-heart, on Paper! Quite another thing in practice; every window of your Feeling, even of your Intellect, as it were, begrimed and mud-bespattered, so that no pure ray can enter; a whole Drugshop in your inwards; the fordome soul drowning slowly in quagmires of Disgust!"

Putting all which external and internal miseries together, may we not find in the following sentences, quite in our Professor's still vein, significance enough? "From Suicide a certain aftershine (*Nachschein*) of Christianity withheld me: perhaps also a certain indolence of character; for, was not that a remedy I had at any time within reach? Often, however, was there a question present to me: Should some one now, at the turning of that corner, blow thee suddenly out of Space, into the other World, or other No-world, by pistol-shot, — how were it? On which ground, too, I often, in seastorms and sieged cities and other death-scenes, exhibited an imperturbability, which passed, falsely enough, for courage."

"So had it lasted," concludes the Wanderer, "so had it lasted as in bitter protracted Death-agony, through long years. The heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly dew-drop was smoldering in sulphurous, slow-consuming fire. Almost since earliest memory I had shed no tear; or once only when I, murmuring half-audibly, recited Faust's Death-song, that wild *Selig der den er im Siegesglanze findet* (Happy whom he finds in Battle's splendor), and thought that of this last Friend even I was not forsaken, that Destiny itself could not doom me not to die. Having no hope, neither had I any definite fear, were it of Man or of Devil: nay, I often felt as if it might be solacing, could the Arch-Devil himself, though in Tartarean terrors, but rise to me, that I might tell him a little of my mind. And yet, strangely enough, I lived in a continual, indefinite, pining fear; tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I knew not what; it seemed as if all things in the Heavens above and the Earth beneath would hurt me; as if the Heavens and the Earth were but boundless jaws of a devouring monster, wherein I, palpitating, waited, to be devoured."

"Full of such humor, and perhaps the miserablest man in the whole French Capital or Suburbs, was I, one sultry Dogday, after much perambulation, toiling along the dirty little *Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer*, among civic rubbish enough, in a close atmosphere,

and over pavements hot as Nebuchadnezzar's Furnace; whereby doubtless my spirits were little cheered; when, all at once, there rose a Thought in me, and I asked myself: 'What art thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou forever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! what is the sum-total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, Death; and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the Devil and Man may, will or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart; canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be; and, as a Child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; I will meet it and defy it!' And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul; and I shook base Fear away from me forever. I was strong, of unknown strength; a spirit, almost a god. Ever from that time, the temper of my misery was changed: not Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation and grim fire-eyed Defiance."

"Thus had the EVERLASTING NO (*das ewige Nein*) pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being, of my ME; and then was it that my whole ME stood up, in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its Protest. Such a Protest, the most important transaction in Life, may that same Indignation and Defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called. The Everlasting No had said: 'Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine (the Devil's)'; to which my whole Me now made answer: 'I am not thine, but Free, and forever hate thee!'

"It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual New-birth, or Baphometic¹ Fire-baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a Man."

CHAPTER VIII

CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE

Though, after this "Baphometic Fire-baptism" of his, our Wanderer signifies that his Unrest was but increased; as, indeed, "Indignation and Defiance," especially against things in general, are not the most peaceable inmates; yet can the Psychologist surmise that it was no longer a quite hopeless Unrest; that henceforth it had at least a fixed centre to revolve round. For the fire-baptized soul, long so scathed and thunder-

¹ From Baphomet, the imaginary idol or symbol which the Templars were accused of worshipping.

riven, here feels its own Freedom, which feeling is its Baphometric Baptism: the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battling, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated. Under another figure, we might say, if in that great moment, in the *Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer*, the old inward Satanic School was not yet thrown out of doors, it received peremptory judicial notice to quit; — whereby, for the rest, its howl-chantings, Ernulphus-¹ cursings, and rebellious gnashings of teeth, might, in the meanwhile, become only the more tumultuous, and difficult to keep secret.

Accordingly, if we scrutinize these Pilgrimages well, there is perhaps discernible henceforth a certain incipient method in their madness. Not wholly as a Spectre does Teufelsdröckh now storm through the world; at worst as a spectre-fighting Man, nay who will one day be a Spectre-queller. If pilgriming restlessly to so many "Saints' Wells," and ever without quenching of his thirst, he nevertheless finds little secular wells, whereby from time to time some alleviation is ministered. In a word, he is now, if not ceasing, yet intermitting to "eat his own heart"; and clutches round him outwardly on the NOT-ME for wholesomer food. Does not the following glimpse exhibit him in a much more natural state?

"Towns also and Cities, especially the ancient, I failed not to look upon with interest. How beautiful to see thereby, as through a long vista, into the remote Time; to have as it were, an actual section of almost the earliest Past brought safe into the Present, and set before your eyes! There, in that old City, was a live ember of Culinary Fire put down, say only two-thousand years ago; and there, burning more or less triumphantly, with such fuel as the region yielded, it has burnt, and still burns, and thou thyself seest the very smoke thereof. Ah! and the far more mysterious live ember of Vital Fire was then also put down there; and still miraculously burns and spreads; and the smoke and ashes thereof (in these Judgment-Halls and Church-yards), and its bellows-engines (in these Churches), thou still seest; and its flame, looking out from every kind countenance, and every hateful one, still warms thee or scorches thee.

"Of Man's Activity and Attainment the

¹ The curse is given in *Tristram Shandy*, III, xi.

chief results are aeriform, mystic, and preserved in Tradition only: such are his Forms of Government, with the Authority they rest on; his Customs, or Fashions both of Cloth-habits and of Soul-habits; much more his collective stock of Handicrafts, the whole Faculty he has acquired of manipulating Nature: all these things, as indispensable and priceless as they are, cannot in any way be fixed under lock and key, but must flit, spirit-like, on impalpable vehicles, from Father to Son; if you demand sight of them, they are nowhere to be met with. Visible Plowmen and Hammermen there have been, ever from Cain and Tubalcain downwards: but where does your accumulated Agricultural, Metallurgic, and other Manufacturing SKILL lie warehoused? It transmits itself on the atmospheric air, on the sun's rays (by Hearing and by Vision); it is a thing aeriform, impalpable, of quite spiritual sort. In like manner, ask me not, Where are the LAWS; where is the GOVERNMENT? In vain wilt thou go to Schönbrunn, to Downing Street, to the Palais Bourbon: thou findest nothing there but brick or stone houses, and some bundles of Papers tied with tape. Where, then, is that same cunningly-devised almighty GOVERNMENT of theirs to be laid hands on? Everywhere, yet nowhere: seen only in its works, this too is a thing aeriform, invisible; or if you will, mystic and miraculous. So spiritual (*geistig*) is our whole daily Life: all that we do springs out of Mystery, Spirit, invisible Force; only like a little Cloud-image, or Armida's Palace,¹ air-built, does the Actual body itself forth from the great mystic Deep.

"Visible and tangible products of the Past, again, I reckon-up to the extent of three. Cities, with their Cabinets and Arsenals; then tilled Fields, to either or to both of which divisions Roads with their Bridges, may belong; and thirdly — Books. In which third truly, the last invented, lies a worth far surpassing that of the two others. Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a true Book. Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair; more like a tilled field, but then a spiritual field: like a spiritual tree, let me rather say, it stands from year to year, and from age to age (we have Books that already number some hundred-and-fifty human ages); and yearly comes its new produce of leaves (Commentaries, Deductions, Philosophical, Political Systems: or

¹ The palace of an enchantress in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, bk. 16:

were it only Sermons, Pamphlets, Journalistic Essays), every one of which is talismanic and thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men. O thou who art able to write a Book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name City-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conqueror or City-burner! Thou too art a Conqueror and Victor; but of the true sort, namely over the Devil: thou too hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, and be a wonder-bringing City of the Mind, a Temple and Seminary and Prophetic Mount, whereto all kindreds of the Earth will pilgrim. — Fool! why journeyest thou wearisomely, in thy antiquarian fervor, to gaze on the stone pyramids of Geeza, or the clay ones of Sacchara? These stand there, as I can tell thee, idle and inert, looking over the Desert, foolishly enough, for the last three-thousand years: but canst thou not open thy Hebrew BIBLE, then, or even Luther's Version thereof?"

No less satisfactory is his sudden appearance not in Battle, yet on some Battle-field; which, we soon gather, must be that of Wagram; so that here, for once, is a certain approximation to distinctiveness of date. Omitting much, let us impart what follows:

"Horrible enough! A whole Marchfeld strewn with shell-splinters, cannon-shot, ruined tumbrils, and dead men and horses; stragglers still remaining not so much as buried. And those red mould heaps: ay, there lie the Shells of Men, out of which all the Life and Virtue has been blown; and now are they swept together, and crammed-down out of sight, like blown Egg-shells! — Did Nature, when she bade the Donau bring down his mould-cargoes from the Carinthian and Carpathian Heights, and spread them out here into the softest, richest level, intend thee, O Marchfeld, for a corn-bearing Nursery, whereon her children might be nursed; or for a Cockpit, wherein they might the more commodiously be throttled and tattered? Were thy three broad Highways, meeting here from the ends of Europe, made for Ammunition-wagons, then? Were thy Wagrams and Stillfrieds but so many ready-built Casemates, wherein the house of Hapsburg might batter with artillery, and with artillery be battered? König Ottokar, amid yonder hillocks, dies under Rodolf's truncheon; here Kaiser Franz falls a-swoon under

Napoleon's: within which five centuries, to omit the others, how has thy breast, fair Plain, been defaced and defiled! The green-sward is torn-up and trampled-down; man's fond care of it, his fruit-trees, hedge-rows, and pleasant dwellings, blown away with gunpowder; and the kind seedfield lies a desolate, hideous Place of Skulls. — Nevertheless, Nature is at work; neither shall these Powder-Devilkins with their utmost devilry gainsay her: but all that gore and carnage will be shrouded-in, absorbed into manure; and next year the Marchfeld will be green, nay greener. Thrifty unwearied Nature, ever out of our great waste educating some little profit of thy own, — how dost thou, from the very carcass of the Killer, bring Life for the Living!

"What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net-purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five-hundred souls. From these, by certain 'Natural Enemies' of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men: Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two-thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending: till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given: and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their Governors had fallen-out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make

¹ A decisive battle between the Emperor, Rudolph of Hapsburg, and Ottokar, King of Bohemia, fought in 1278.

these poor blockheads shoot. — Alas, so is it in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands; still as of old, 'what devilry soever Kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper!' — In that fiction of the English Smollett, it is true, the final Cessation of War is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth; where the two Natural Enemies, in person, take each a Tobacco-pipe, filled with Brimstone; light the same, and smoke in one another's faces, till the weaker gives in: but from such predicted Peace-Era, what blood-filled trenches, and contentious centuries, may still divide us!"

Thus can the Professor, at least in lucid intervals, look away from his own sorrows, over the many-colored world, and pertinently enough note what is passing there. We may remark, indeed, that for the matter of spiritual culture, if for nothing else, perhaps few periods of his life were richer than this. Internally, there is the most momentous instructive Course of Practical Philosophy, with Experiments, going on; towards the right comprehension of which his Peripatetic habits, favorable to Meditation, might help him rather than hinder. Externally, again, as he wanders to and fro, there are, if for the longing heart little substance, yet for the seeing eye sights enough: in these so boundless Travels of his, granting that the Satanic School was even partially kept down, what an incredible knowledge of our Planet, and its Inhabitants and their Works, that is to say, of all knowable things, might not Teufelsdröckh acquire!

"I have read in most Public Libraries," says he, "including those of Constantinople and Samarcand: in most Colleges, except the Chinese Mandarin ones, I have studied, or seen that there was no studying. Unknown Languages have I oftenest gathered from their natural repertory, the Air, by my organ of Hearing; Statistics, Geographics, Topographics came, through the Eye, almost of their own accord. The ways of Man, how he seeks food, and warmth, and protection for himself, in most regions, are ocularly known to me. Like the great Hadrian, I meted-out much of the terraqueous Globe with a pair of Compasses that belonged to myself only."

"Of great Scenes why speak? Three summer days, I lingered reflecting, and even composing (*dichtete*) by the Pine-chasms of Vaucluse; and in that clear Lakelet moistened my bread. I have sat under the Palm-

trees of Tadmor; smoked a pipe among the ruins of Babylon. The great Wall of China I have seen; and can testify that it is of gray brick, coped and covered with granite, and shows only second-rate masonry. — Great Events, also, have not I witnessed? Kings sweated-down (*ausgemergelt*) into Berlin and Milan Customhouse-Officers; the World well won, and the World well lost; oftener than once a hundred-thousand individuals shot (by each other) in one day. All kindreds and peoples and nations dashed together, and shifted and shovelled into heaps, that they might ferment there, and in time unite. The birth-pangs of Democracy, wherewith convulsed Europe was groaning in cries that reached Heaven, could not escape me.

"For great Men I have ever had the warmest predilection; and can perhaps boast that few such in this era have wholly escaped me. Great Men are the inspired (speaking and acting) Texts of that divine BOOK OF REVELATION, whereof a Chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, and by some named HISTORY; to which inspired Texts your numerous talented men, and your innumerable untalented men, are the better or worse exegetic Commentaries, and wagonload of too-stupid, heretical or orthodox, weekly Sermons. For my study, the inspired Texts themselves! Thus did not I, in very early days, having disguised me as tavern-waiter, stand behind the field-chairs, under the shady Tree at Treisnitz by the Jena Highway; waiting upon the great Schiller and greater Goethe; and hearing what I have not forgotten. For —"

— But at this point the Editor recalls his principle of caution, some time ago laid down, and must suppress much. Let not the sacredness of Laurells, still more, of Crowned Heads, be tampered with. Should we, at a future day, find circumstances altered, and the time come for Publication, then may these glimpses into the privacy of the Illustrious be conceded; which for the present were little better than treacherous, perhaps traitorous Eavesdroppings. Of Lord Byron, therefore, of Pope Pius, Emperor Tarakwang,¹ and the "White Water-roses" (Chinese Carbönari) with their mysteries, no notice here! Of Napoleon himself we shall only, glancing from afar, remark that Teufelsdröckh's relation to him seems to have

¹ Palmyra, once a city on an oasis in the desert east of Syria.

² The Berlin and Milan decrees were directed by Napoleon from those cities, imposing restrictions on British trade.

³ The contemporary Emperor of China.

¹ A village near Avignon where Petrarch once lived.

been of very varied character. At first we find our poor Professor on the point of being shot as a spy; then taken into private conversation, even pinched on the ear, yet presented with no money; at last indignantly dismissed, almost thrown out of doors, as an "Ideologist." "He himself," says the Professor, "was among the completest Ideologists, at least Ideopraxists: in the Idea (*in der Idee*) he lived, moved and fought. The man was a Divine Missionary, though unconscious of it; and preached, through the cannon's throat, that great doctrine, *La carrière ouverte aux talens* (The Tools to him that can handle them), which is our ultimate Political Evangel, wherein alone can liberty lie. Madly enough he preached, it is true, as Enthusiasts and first Missionaries are wont, with imperfect utterance, amid much frothy rant; yet as articulately perhaps as the case admitted. Or call him, if you will, an American Backwoodsman, who had to fell unpenetrated forests, and battle with innumerable wolves, and did not entirely forbear strong liquor, rioting, and even theft; whom, notwithstanding, the peaceful Sower will follow, and, as he cuts the boundless harvest, bless."

More legitimate and decisively authentic is Teufelsdröckh's appearance and emergence (we know not well whence) in the solitude of the North Cape, on that June Midnight. He has a "light-blue Spanish cloak" hanging round him, as his "most commodious, principal, indeed sole upper-garment"; and stands there, on the World-promontory, looking over the infinite Brine, like a little blue Belfry (as we figure), now motionless indeed, yet ready, if stirred, to ring quaintest changes.

"Silence as of death," writes he; "for Midnight, even in the Arctic latitudes, has its character: nothing but the granite cliffs ruddy-tinged, the peaceable gurgle of that slow-heaving Polar Ocean, over which in the utmost North the great Sun hangs low and lazy, as if he too were slumbering. Yet is his cloud-couch wrought of crimson and cloth-of-gold; yet does his light stream over the mirror of waters, like a tremulous fire-pillar, shooting downwards to the abyss, and hide itself under my feet. In such moments, Solitude also is invaluable; for who would speak, or be looked on, when behind him lies all Europe and Africa, fast asleep, except the watchmen; and before him the silent Immensity, and Palace of the Eternal, whereof our Sun is but a porch-lamp?"

"Nevertheless, in this solemn moment

comes a man, or monster, scrambling from among the rock-hollows; and, shaggy, huge as the Hyperborean Bear, hails me in Russian speech: most probably, therefore, a Russian Smuggler. With courteous brevity, I signify my indifference to contraband trade, my humane intentions, yet strong wish to be private. In vain: the monster, counting doubtless on his superior stature, and minded to make sport for himself, or perhaps profit, were it with murder, continues to advance; ever assailing me with his importunate train-oil breath; and now has advanced, till we stand both on the verge of the rock, the deep Sea rippling greedily down below. What argument will avail? On the thick Hyperborean, cherubic reasoning, seraphic eloquence were lost. Prepared for such extremity, I, deftly enough, whisk aside one step; draw out, from my interior reservoirs, a sufficient Birmingham Horse-pistol, and say, 'Be so obliging as retire, Friend (*Er ziehe sich zurück, Freund*), and with promptitude!' This logic even the Hyperborean understands: fast enough, with apologetic, petitionary growl, he sidles off; and, except for suicidal as well as homicidal purposes, need not return.

"Such I hold to be the genuine use of Gunpowder: that it makes all men alike tall. Nay, if thou be cooler, cleverer than I, if thou have more *Mind*, though all but no *Body* whatever, then canst thou kill me first, and art the taller. Hereby, at last, is the Goliath powerless, and the David resistless; savage Animalism is nothing, inventive Spiritualism is all.

"With respect to Duels, indeed, I have my own ideas. Few things, in this so surprising world, strike me with more surprise. Two little visual Spectra of men, hovering with insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the UNFATHOMABLE, and to dissolve therein, at any rate, very soon, — make pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder; whirl round; and, simultaneously by the cunningest mechanism, explode one another into Dissolution; and off-hand become Air, and Non-extant! Deuce on it (*verdammt*), the little spitfires! — Nay, I think with old Hugo von Trimberg: 'God must needs laugh outright, could such a thing be, to see his wondrous Manikins here below.'"

But amid these specialties, let us not forget the great generality, which is our chief quest here: How prospered the inner man of Teufelsdröckh under so much outward shifting? Does Legion still lurk in him, though

repressed; or has he exorcised that Devil's Brood? We can answer that the symptoms continue promising. Experience is the grand spiritual Doctor; and with him Teufelsdröckh had been long a patient, swallowing many a bitter bolus. Unless our poor Friend belong to the numerous class of Incurables, which seems not likely, some cure will doubtless be affected. We should rather say that Legion, or the Satanic School,¹ was now pretty well extirpated and cast out, but next to nothing introduced in its room; whereby the heart remains, for the while, in a quiet but no comfortable state.

"At length, after so much roasting," thus writes our Autobiographer, "I was what you might name calcined. Pray only that it be not rather, as is the more frequent issue, reduced to a *caput-mortuum*!"² But in any case, by mere dint of practice, I had grown familiar with many things. Wretchedness was still wretched; but I could now partly see through it, and despise it. Which highest mortal, in this inane Existence, had I not found a Shadow-hunter, or Shadow-hunted; and, when I looked through his brave garnitures, miserable enough? Thy wishes have all been sniffed aside, thought I: but what, had they even been all granted! Did not the Boy Alexander weep because he had not two Planets to conquer; or a whole Solar System; or after that, whole Universe? *Ach Gott*, when I gazed into these Stars, have they not looked-down on me as if with pity, from their serene spaces; like Eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the little lot of man! Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed-up of Time, and there remains no wreck of them any more; and Arcturus and Orion and Sirius and the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the Shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar. Pshaw! what is this paltry little Dogcage of an Earth; what art thou that sittest whining there? Thou art still Nothing, Nobody: true; but who, then, is Something, Somebody? For thee the Family of Man has no use; it rejects thee; thou art wholly as a dis-severed limb: so be it; perhaps it is better so!"

Too-heavy-laden Teufelsdröckh! Yet surely his bands are loosening; one day he will hurl the burden far from him, and bound forth free and with a second youth.

"This," says our Professor, "was the CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE I had now reached; through which whoso travels from the Negative Pole to the Positive must necessarily pass."

CHAPTER IX

THE EVERLASTING YEA

"Temptations in the Wilderness!" exclaims Teufelsdröckh: "Have we not all to be tried with such? Not so easily can the old Adam, lodged in us by birth, be dispossessed. Our Life is compassed round with Necessity; yet is the meaning of Life itself no other than Freedom, than Voluntary Force: thus have we a warfare; in the beginning, especially, a hard-fought battle. For the God-given mandate, *Work thou in Well-doing*, lies mysteriously written, in Promethean Prophetic Characters, in our hearts; and leaves us no rest, night or day, till it be deciphered and obeyed; till it burn forth, in our conduct, a visible, acted Gospel of Freedom. And as the clay-given mandate, *Eat thou and be filled*, at the same time persuasively proclaims itself through every nerve, — must not there be a confusion, a contest, before the better Influence can become the upper?"

"To me nothing seems more natural than that the Son of Man, when such God-given mandate first prophetically stirs within him, and the Clay must now be vanquished or vanquish, — should be carried of the spirit into grim Solitudes, and there fronting the Tempter do grimdest battle with him; defiantly setting him at naught, till he yield and fly. Name it as we choose: with or without visible Devil, whether in the natural Desert of rocks and sands, or in the populous moral Desert of selfishness and baseness, — to such Temptation are we all called. Unhappy if we are not! Unhappy if we are but Half-men, in whom that divine hand-writing has never blazed forth, all-subduing, in true sun-splendor; but quivers dubiously amid meaner lights: or smoulders, in dull pain, in darkness, under earthly vapors! — Our Wilderness is the wide World in an Atheistic Century; our Forty Days are long years of suffering and fasting: nevertheless, to these also comes an end. Yes, to me also was given, if not Victory, yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life or faculty is left. To me also, entangled in the enchanted forests, demon-peopled, doleful of sight and of sound, it was given, after weariest wanderings, to work out

¹ So Southey called the school of Byron.

² Literally, a dead-head — from the terminology of the old chemists, denoting the residuum when volatile elements had escaped.

my way into the higher sunlight slopes — of that Mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven only!"

He says elsewhere, under a less ambitious figure; as figures are, once for all, natural to him: "Has not thy Life been that of most sufficient men (*tüchtigen Männer*) thou hast known in this generation? An outflush of foolish young Enthusiasm, like the first fallow-crop, wherein are as many weeds as 10 valuable herbs: this all parched away, under the Droughts of practical and spiritual Unbelief, as Disappointment, in thought and act, often-repeated gave rise to Doubt, and Doubt gradually settled into Denial! If I 15 have had a second-crop, and now see the perennial greensward, and sit under umbrageous cedars, which defy all Drought (and Doubt); herein too, be the Heavens praised, I am not without examples, and 20 even examplars."

So that, for Teufelsdröckh also, there has been a "glorious revolution": these mad shadow-hunting and shadow-hunted Pilgrimings of his were but some purifying 25 "Temptation in the Wilderness," before his apostolic work (such as it was) could begin; which Temptation is now happily over, and the Devil once more worsted! Was "that high moment in the *Rue de l'Enfer*," then, 30 properly the turning-point of the battle; when the Fiend said, *Worship me, or be torn in shreds*; and was answered valiantly with an *Apage Satana?*¹—Singular Teufelsdröckh, would thou hadst told thy singular story in 35 plain words! But it is fruitless to look there, in those Paper-bags, for such. Nothing but innuendoes, figurative crotchets: a typical Shadow, fitfully wavering, propheticos-satiric; no clear logical Picture. "How paint 40 to the sensual eye," asks he once, "what passes in the Holy-of-Holies of Man's Soul; in what words, known to these profane times, speak even afar-off of the unspeakable?" We ask in turn: Why perplex these times, 45 profane as they are, with needless obscurity, by omission and by commission? Not mystical only is our Professor, but whimsical; and involves himself, now more than ever, in eye-bewildering *chiaroscuro*. Successive 50 glimpses, here faithfully imparted, our more gifted readers must endeavor to combine for their own behoof.

He says: "The hot Harmattan² wind had 55 raged itself out; its howl went silent within

me; and the long-deafened soul could now hear. I paused in my wild wanderings; and sat me down to wait, and consider; for it was as if the hour of change drew nigh. I seemed 5 to surrender, to renounce utterly, and say: Fly, then, false shadows of Hope; I will chase you no more, I will believe you no more. And ye too, haggard spectres of Fear, I care not for you; ye too are all shadows and a lie. Let me rest here: for I am way-weary and life-weary; I will rest here, were it but to die: to die or to live is alike to me; alike insignificant." — And again: "Here, then, as I lay in that CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE; cast, 10 doubtless by benignant upper Influence, into a healing sleep, the heavy dreams rolled gradually away, and I awoke to a new Heaven and a new Earth. The first preliminary moral Act, Annihilation of Self (*Selbsttödtung*), had been happily accomplished; and my mind's eyes were now unsealed, and its hands ungyved."

Might we not also conjecture that the following passage refers to his Locality, during this same "healing sleep"; that his Pilgrim-staff lies cast aside here, on "the high table-land"; and indeed that the repose is already taking wholesome effect on him? If it were not that the tone, in some parts, has more of riancy, even of levity, than we could have expected! However, in Teufelsdröckh, there is always the strangest Dualism: light dancing, with guitar-music, will be going on in the fore-court, while by fits from 35 within comes the faint whimpering of woe and wail. We transcribe the piece entire.

"Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey Tent, musing and meditating; on the high table-land, in front of the Mountains; 40 over me, as roof, the azure Dome, and around me, for walls, four azure-flowing curtains, — namely, of the Four azure Winds, on whose bottom-fringes also I have seen gilding. And then to fancy the fair Castles that stood sheltered in these Mountain hollows; with their green flower-lawns, and white dames and damosels, lovely enough: or better still, the straw-roofed Cottages, wherein stood many a Mother baking bread, 50 with her children round her: — all hidden and protectingly folded-up in the valley-folds; yet there an alive, as sure as if I beheld them. Or to see, as well as fancy, the nine Towns and Villages, that lay round my mountain-seat, which, in still weather, were wont to speak to me (by their steeplebells) with metal tongue; and, in almost all weather, proclaimed their vitality by re-

¹ "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Matthew IV, 10.

² A devastating dry land wind felt on the coast of Africa.

peated Smoke-clouds; whereon, as on a culinary horologe, I might read the hour of the day. For it was the smoke of cookery, as kind housewives at morning, midday, eventide, were boiling their husbands' kettles; and ever a blue pillar rose up into the air, successively or simultaneously, from each of the nine, saying, as plainly as smoke could say: Such and such a meal is getting ready here. Not uninteresting! For you have the whole Borough, with all its love-makings and scandal-mongeries, contentions and contentments, as in miniature, and could cover it all with your hat. — If, in my wide Wayfarings, I had learned to look into the business of the World in its details, here perhaps was the place for combining it into general propositions, and deducing inferences therefrom.

"Often also could I see the black Tempest marching in anger through the Distance: round some Schreckhorn,¹ as yet grim-blue, would the eddying vapor gather, and there tumultuously eddy, and flow down like a mad witch's hair; till, after a space, it vanished, and, in the clear sunbeam, your Schreckhorn stood smiling grim-white, for the vapor had held snow. How thou fermentest and elaboratest, in thy great fermenting-vat and laboratory of an Atmosphere, of a World, O Nature! — Or what is Nature? Ha! why do I not name thee God? Art not thou the 'Living Garment of God'? O Heavens, is it, in very deed, HE, then, that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me?

"Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-splendors, of that Truth, and Beginning of Truths, fell mysteriously over my soul. Sweeter than Dayspring to the Ship-wrecked in Nova Zembla;² ah, like the mother's voice to her little child that strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft streamings of celestial music to my too-exasperated heart, came that Evangel. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres; but godlike, and my Father's!

"With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man: with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden;

and thy Bed of Rest is but a Grave. O my Brother, my Brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes! — Truly, the din of many-voiced Life, which, in this solitude, with the mind's organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord; but a melting one; like inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy Mother, not my cruel Stepdame; Man, with his so mad Wants and so mean Endeavors, had become the dearer to me; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him Brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of that 'Sanctuary of Sorrow';¹ by strange, steep ways had I too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred gates would open, and the 'Divine Depth of Sorrow' lie disclosed to me."

The Professor says, he here first got eye on the Knot that had been strangling him, and straightway could unfasten it, and was free. "A vain interminable controversy," writes he, "touching what is at present called Origin of Evil, or some such thing, arises in every soul, since the beginning of the world; and in every soul, that would pass from idle Suffering into actual Endeavoring, must first be put an end to. The most, in our time, have to go content with a simple, incomplete enough Suppression of this controversy; to a few some Solution of it is indispensable. In every new era, too, such Solution comes-out in different terms; and ever the Solution of the last era has become obsolete, and is found unserviceable. For it is man's nature to change his Dialect from century to century; he cannot help it though he would. The authentic *Church-Catechism* of our present century has not yet fallen into my hands: meanwhile, for my own private behoof, I attempt to elucidate the matter so. Man's Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite. Will the whole Finance Ministers and Upholsterers and Confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one Shoeblick HAPPY? They cannot accomplish it, above an hour or two: for the Shoeblick also has a Soul quite other than his Stomach; and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more, and no less: *God's infinite Universe altogether to himself.*

1 From Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*, chap. xi.

1 Peak of Terror. In the Bernese Alps.

2 A reference to the Barents Expedition seeking a northern passage whose ship was frozen in off the coast of Nova Zembla in the late sixteenth century.

therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Oceans of Hochheimer, a Throat like that of Ophiuchus: speak not of them; to the infinite Shoeblack they are as nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled, than he grumbles that it might have been of better vintage. Try him with half of a Universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarrelling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares himself the most maltreated of men. — Always there is a black spot in our sunshine: it is even, as I said, the *Shadow of Ourselves*.

“But the whim we have of Happiness is somewhat thus. By certain valuations, and averages, or our own striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot; this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right. It is simple payment of our wages, of our deserts; requires neither thanks nor complaint; only such *overplus* as there may be do we account Happiness; any *deficit* again is Misery. Now consider that we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves, and what a fund of Self-conceit there is in each of us, — do you wonder that the balance should so often dip the wrong way, and many a Blockhead cry: See there, what a payment; was ever worthy gentleman so used! — I tell thee, Blockhead, it all comes of thy Vanity; of what thou *fanciest* those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot: fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp.

“So true is it, what I then said, that *the Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator*. Nay, unless my Algebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will give *Infinity*. Make thy claim of wages a zero, then; thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the Wisest of our time¹ write: ‘It is only with Renunciation (*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin.’

“I asked myself: What is this that, ever since earliest years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting and self-tormenting, on account of? Say it in a word: is it not because thou art not HAPPY? Because the THOU (sweet gentleman) is not sufficiently honored, nourished, soft-bedded, and lovingly cared-for? Foolish soul! What Act of Legislature was there that thou shouldst be Happy? A little while ago thou

hadst no right to *be* at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be Happy, but to be Unhappy! Art thou nothing other than a Vulture, then, that fliest through the Universe seeking after somewhat to *eat*; and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee? Close thy *Byron*; open thy *Goethe*.”

“*Es leuchtet mir ein*, I see a glimpse of it!” cries he elsewhere: “there is in man a HIGHER than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! Was it not to preach-forth this same HIGHER that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom? Which God-inspired Doctrine art thou also honored to be taught; O Heavens! and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou become contrite, and learn it! O, thank thy Destiny for these; thankfully bear what yet remain: thou hadst need of them; the Self in thee needed to be annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death. On the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved: wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him.”

And again: “Small is it that thou canst trample the Earth with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek Zeno² trained thee: thou canst love the Earth while it injures thee, and even because it injures thee; for this a Greater than Zeno was needed, and he too was sent. Knowest thou that ‘*Worship of Sorrow*’? The Temple thereof, founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures: nevertheless, venture forward; in a low crypt, arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the Altar still there, and its sacred Lamp perennially burning.”

Without pretending to comment on which strange utterances, the Editor will only remark, that there lies beside them much of a still more questionable character; unsuited to the general apprehension; nay wherein he himself does not see his way. Nebulous disquisitions on Religion, yet not without bursts of splendor; on the “perennial continuance of Inspiration”; on Prophecy; that there are

¹ Goethe.

² Founder of the Stoic philosophy.

"true Priests, as well as Baal-Priests, in our own day": with more of the like sort. We select some fractions, by way of finish to this farrago.

"Cease, my much respected Herr von Voltaire," thus apostrophizes the Professor: "shut thy sweet voice; for the task appointed thee seems finished. Sufficiently hast thou demonstrated this proposition, considerable or otherwise: That the Mythus of the Christian Religion looks not in the eighteenth century as it did in the eighth. Alas, were thy six-and-thirty quartos, and the six-and-thirty thousand other quartos and folios, and flying sheets or reams, printed before and since on the same subject, all needed to convince us of so little! But what next? Wilt thou help us to embody the divine Spirit of that Religion in a new Mythus, in a new vehicle and vesture, that our Souls, otherwise too like perishing, may live? What! thou hast no faculty in that kind? Only a torch for burning, no hammer for building? Take our thanks, then, and ——— thyself away.

"Meanwhile what are antiquated Mythuses to me? Or is the God present, felt in my own heart, a thing which Herr von Voltaire will dispute out of me; or dispute into me? To the '*Worship of Sorrow*' ascribe what origin and genesis thou pleasest, has not that Worship originated, and been generated; is it not *here*? Feel it in thy heart, and then say whether it is of God! This is Belief; all else is Opinion, — for which latter whoso will, let him worry and be worried."

"Neither," observes he elsewhere, "shall ye tear-out one another's eyes, struggling over 'Plenary Inspiration,' and such-like: try rather to get a little even Partial Inspiration, each of you for himself. One BIBLE I know, of whose Plenary Inspiration doubt is not so much as possible; nay with my own eyes I saw the God's-Hand writing it: thereof all other Bibles are but Leaves, — say, in Picture-Writing to assist the weaker faculty."

Or, to give the wearied reader relief, and bring it to an end, let him take the following perhaps more intelligible passage:

"To me, in this our life," says the Professor, "which is an internecine warfare with the Time-spirit, other warfare seems questionable. Hast thou in any way a Contention with thy brother, I advise thee, think well what the meaning thereof is. If thou gauge it to the bottom, it is simply this: 'Fellow, see! thou art taking more than thy

share of Happiness in the world, something from *my* share: which, by the Heavens, thou shalt not; nay I will fight thee rather.' — Alas, and the whole lot to be divided is such a beggarly matter, truly a 'feast of shells,' for the substance has been spilled out: not enough to quench one Appetite; and the collective human species clutching at them! — Can we not, in all such cases, rather say: 'Take it, thou too-ravenous individual; take that pitiful additional fraction of a share, which I reckoned mine, but which thou so wantest; take it with a blessing: would to Heaven I had enough for thee!' — If Fichte's *Wissenschaftslehre*¹ be, 'to a certain extent, Applied Christianity,' surely to a still greater extent, so is this. We have here not a Whole Duty of Man,² yet a Half Duty, namely the Passive half: could we but do it, as we can demonstrate it!

"But indeed Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Nay properly Conviction is not possible till then; inasmuch as all Speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices: only by a felt indubitable certainty of Experience does it find any centre to revolve round, and so fashion itself into a system. Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that 'Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by Action.' On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service; '*Do the Duty which lies nearest thee,*' which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.

"May we not say, however, that the hour of Spiritual Enfranchisement is even this: When your Ideal World, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed, and thrown open; and you discover, with amazement enough, like the Lothario in *Wilhelm Meister*, that your 'America is here or nowhere'? The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the impediment too is in thyself: thy

¹ The Theory of Knowledge by Johann Gottlieb Fichte (1762-1814).

² An anonymous book of moral instruction first published in 1659.

Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of: what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, 'here or nowhere,' couldst thou only see!

"But it is with man's Soul as it was with Nature: the beginning of Creation is — Light. Till the eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds. Divine moment, when over the tempest-tossed Soul, as once 15 over the wild-weltering Chaos, it is spoken: Let there be Light! Ever to the greatest that has felt such moment, is it not miraculous and God-announcing; even as, under simpler figures, to the simplest and least. 20 The mad primeval Discord is hushed; the rudely-jumbled conflicting elements bind themselves into separate Firmaments: deep silent rock-foundations are built beneath; and the skyey vault with its everlasting 25 Luminaries above: instead of a dark wasteful Chaos, we have a blooming, fertile, heaven-encompassed World.

"I too could now say to myself: Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even World-kin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it, then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it 35 with thy whole might. Work while it is called Today; for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work."

BOOK III

CHAPTER VIII

NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM

It is in his stupendous Section, headed 45 *Natural Supernaturalism*, that the Professor first becomes a Seer; and, after long effort, such as we have witnessed, finally subdues under his feet this refractory Clothes-Philosophy, and takes victorious possession 50 thereof. Phantasms enough he has had to struggle with; "Cloth-webs and Cob-webs," of Imperial Mantles, Superannuated Symbols, and what not: yet still did he courageously pierce through. Nay, worst of all, 55 two quite mysterious, world-embracing Phantasms, TIME and SPACE, have ever hovered round him, perplexing and bewildering: but

with these also he now resolutely grapples, these also he victoriously rends asunder. In a word, he has looked fixedly on Existence, till, one after the other, its earthly hulls and 5 garnitures have all melted away; and now, to his rapt vision, the interior celestial Holy of Holies lies disclosed.

Here, therefore, properly it is that the Philosophy of Clothes attains to Transcendentalism; this last leap, can we but clear it, 10 takes us safe into the promised land, where *Palingenesia*,¹ in all senses, may be considered as beginning. "Courage, then!" may our Diogenes exclaim, with better right than 15 Diogenes the First once did. This stupendous Section we, after long painful meditation, have found not to be unintelligible; but, on the contrary, to grow clear, nay radiant, and all-illuminating. Let the reader, turning on it what utmost force of speculative intellect is in him, do his part; as we, by 20 judicious selection and adjustment, shall study to do ours:

"Deep has been, and is, the significance of Miracles," thus quietly begins the Professor; "far deeper perhaps than we imagine. Meanwhile, the question of questions were: What specially is a Miracle? To that Dutch King of Siam, an icicle had been a miracle; 25 whoso had carried with him an air-pump, and vial of vitriolic ether, might have worked a miracle. To my Horse, again, who unhappily is still more unscientific, do not I work a miracle, and magical '*Open sesame!*' every time I please to pay twopence, and open for him an impassable *Schlagbaum*, or shut Turnpike?

"But is not a real Miracle simply a violation of the Laws of Nature?" ask several. 40 Whom I answer by this new question: What are the Laws of Nature? To me perhaps the rising of one from the dead were no violation of these Laws, but a confirmation; were some far deeper Law, now first penetrated into, and by Spiritual Force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear on us with its Material Force.

"Here too may some inquire, not without astonishment: On what ground shall one, that can make Iron swim, come and declare that therefore he can teach Religion? To us, truly, of the Nineteenth Century, such declaration were inept enough; which nevertheless to our fathers, of the First Century, 55 was full of meaning.

"But is it not the deepest Law of Nature that she be constant?" cries an illuminated

¹ second birth.

class: 'Is not the Machine of the Universe fixed to move by unalterable rules?' Probable enough, good friends: nay I, too, must believe that the God, whom ancient inspired men assert to be 'without variableness or shadow of turning,' does indeed never change; that Nature, that the Universe, which no one whom it so pleases can be prevented from calling a Machine, does move by the most unalterable rules. And now of you, too, I make the old inquiry: What those same unalterable rules, forming the complete Statute-Book of Nature, may possibly be?

"They stand written in our Works of Science, say you; in the accumulated records of Man's Experience? — Was Man with his Experience present at the Creation, then, to see how it all went on? Have any deepest scientific individuals yet dived down to the foundations of the Universe, and gauged everything there? Did the Maker take them into His counsel; that they read His ground-plan of the incomprehensible All; and can say, This stands marked therein, and no more than this? Alas, not in anywise! These scientific individuals have been nowhere but where we also are; have seen some handbreadths deeper than we see into the Deep that is infinite, without bottom as without shore.

"Laplace's Book on the Stars, wherein he exhibits that certain Planets, with their Satellites, gyrate round our worthy Sun, at a rate and in a course, which, by greatest good fortune, he and the like of him have succeeded in detecting, — is to me as precious as to another. But is this what thou namest 'Mechanism of the Heavens,' and 'System of the World'; this, wherein Sirius and the Pleiades, and all Herschel's Fifteen-thousand Suns per minute, being left out, some paltry handful of Moons, and inert Balls, had been — looked at, nicknamed, and marked in the Zodiacal Way-bill: so that we can now prate of their Whereabout; their How, their Why, their What, being hid from us, as in the signless Inane?

"System of Nature! To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, Nature remains of quite infinite depth, of quite infinite expansion; and all Experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries and measured square-miles. The course of Nature's phases, on this our little fraction of a Planet, is partially known to us: but who knows what deeper courses these depend on; what infinitely larger Cycle (of causes) our little Epicycle revolves on? To the Minnow every

cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native Creek may have become familiar: but does the Minnow understand the Ocean Tides and periodic Currents, the Trade-winds, and Monsoons, and Moon's Eclipses; by all which the condition of its little Creek is regulated, and may, from time to time (*unmiraculously* enough), be quite overset and reversed? Such a minnow is Man; his Creek this Planet Earth; his Ocean the immeasurable All; his Monsoons and periodic Currents the mysterious Course of Providence through *Æons* of *Æons*.

"We speak of the Volume of Nature: and truly a Volume it is, — whose Author and Writer is God. To read it! Dost thou, does man, so much as well know the Alphabet thereof? With its Words, Sentences, and grand descriptive Pages, poetical and philosophical, spread out through Solar Systems, and Thousands of Years, we shall not try thee. It is a Volume written in celestial hieroglyphs, in the true Sacred-writing; of which even Prophets are happy that they can read here a line and there a line. As for your Institutes, and Academies of Science, they strive bravely; and, from amid the thick-crowded, inextricably intertwined hieroglyphic writing, pick out, by dextrous combination, some Letters in the vulgar Character, and therefrom put together this and the other economic Recipe, of high avail in Practice. That Nature is more than some boundless Volume of such Recipes, or huge, well-nigh inexhaustible Domestic-Cookery Book, of which the whole secret will in this manner one day evolve itself, the fewest dream.

"Custom," continues the Professor, "doth make dotards of us all. Consider well, thou wilt find that Custom is the greatest of Weavers; and weaves air-raiment for all the Spirits of the Universe; whereby indeed these dwell with us visibly, as ministering servants, in our houses and workshops; but their spiritual nature becomes, to the most, forever hidden. Philosophy complains that Custom has hoodwinked us, from the first; that we do everything by Custom, even Believe by it; that our very Axioms, let us boast of Free-thinking as we may, are oftenest simply such Beliefs as we have never heard questioned. Nay, what is Philosophy throughout but a continual battle against Custom; an ever-renewed effort to *transcend* the sphere of blind Custom, and so become Transcendental?

"Innumerable are the illusions and legerdemain-tricks of Custom: but of all these, perhaps the cleverest is her knack of persuading us that the Miraculous, by simple repetition, ceases to be Miraculous. True, it is by this means we live; for man must work as well as wonder: and herein is Custom so far a kind nurse, guiding him to his true benefit. But she is a fond foolish nurse, or rather we are false foolish nurse-¹⁰lings, when, in our resting and reflecting hours, we prolong the same deception. Am I to view the Stupendous with stupid indifference, because I have seen it twice, or two-hundred, or two-million times? There¹⁵ is no reason in Nature or in Art why I should: unless, indeed, I am a mere Work-Machine, for whom the divine gift of Thought were no other than the terrestrial gift of Steam is to the Steam-engine; a power whereby cotton²⁰ might be spun, and money and money's worth realized.

"Notable enough too, here as elsewhere, wilt thou find the potency of Names; which indeed are but one kind of such custom-²⁵woven, wonder-hiding Garments. Witchcraft, and all manner of Spectre-work, and Demonology, we have now named Madness and Diseases of the Nerves. Seldom reflecting that still the new question comes upon³⁰ us: What is Madness, what are Nerves? Ever, as before, does Madness remain a mysterious-terrific, altogether *infernal* boiling-up of the Nether Chaotic Deep, through this fair-painted Vision of Creation,³⁵ which swims thereon, which we name the Real. Was Luther's Picture of the Devil less a Reality, whether it were formed within the bodily eye, or without it? In every the wisest Soul lies a whole world of internal⁴⁰ Madness, an authentic Demon-Empire; out of which, indeed, his world of Wisdom has been creatively built together, and now rests there, as on its dark foundations does a habitable flowery Earth-rind.

"But deepest of all illusory Appearances, for hiding Wonder, as for many other ends, are your two grand fundamental world-enveloping Appearances, SPACE and TIME.⁵⁰ These, as spun and woven for us from before Birth itself, to clothe our celestial ME for dwelling here, and yet to blind it, — lie all-embracing, as the universal canvas, or warp and woof, whereby all minor Illusions, in this Phantasm Existence, weave and paint⁵⁵ themselves. In vain, while here on Earth, shall you endeavor to strip them off; you can,

at best, but rend them asunder for moments, and look through.

"Fortunatus had a wishing Hat, which when he put on, and wished himself Any-⁵where, behold he was There. By this means had Fortunatus triumphed over Space, he had annihilated Space; for him there was no Where, but all was Here. Were a Hatter to establish himself, in the Wahngasse of Weiss-¹⁰nichtwo, and make felts of this sort for all mankind, what a world we should have of it! Still stranger, should, on the opposite side of the street, another Hatter establish himself; and, as his fellow-craftsman made Space-¹⁵annihilating Hats, make Time-annihilating! Of both would I purchase, were it with my last groschen; but chiefly of this latter. To clap-on your felt, and, simply by wishing that you were *Anywhere*, straightway to be *There!* Next to clap-on your other felt, and, simply by wishing that you were *Anywhen*, straightway to be *Then!* This²⁰ were indeed the grander: shooting at will from the Fire-Creation of the World to its Fire-Consummation; here historically present in the First Century, conversing face to face with Paul and Seneca; there propheti-²⁵cally in the Thirty-first, conversing also face to face with other Pauls and Senecas, who as yet stand hidden in the depth of that late Time!

"Or thinkest thou it were impossible, unimaginable? Is the Past annihilated, then, or only past; is the Future nonextant, or only future? Those mystic faculties of³⁵ thine, Memory and Hope, already answer: already through those mystic avenues, thou the Earth-blinded summonest both Past and Future, and communest with them, though⁴⁰ as yet darkly, and with mute beckonings. The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of Tomorrow roll up; but Yesterday and Tomorrow both *are*. Pierce through the Time-element, glance into the Eternal. Be-⁴⁵lieve what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of Man's Soul, even as all Thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read it there: that Time and Space are not God, but creations of God; that with God as it is a universal⁵⁰ HERE, so is it an everlasting NOW.

"And seest thou therein any glimpse of IMMORTALITY? — O Heaven! Is the white Tomb of our Loved One, who died from our arms, and had to be left behind us there,⁵⁵ which rises in the distance, like a pale, mournfully receding Milestone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone, — but a pale spectral

Illusion! Is the lost Friend still mysteriously Here, even as we are Here mysteriously, with God! — Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* even now and forever. This, should it unhappily seem new, thou mayest ponder at thy leisure; for the next twenty years, or the next twenty centuries: believe it thou must; understand it thou canst not.

“That the Thought-forms, Space and Time, wherein, once for all, we are sent into this Earth to live, should condition and determine our whole Practical reasonings, conceptions, and imagings or imaginings, seems altogether fit, just, and unavoidable. But that they should, furthermore, usurp such sway over pure spiritual Meditation, and blind us to the wonder everywhere lying close on us, seems nowise so. Admit Space and Time to their due rank as Forms of Thought; nay even, if thou wilt, to their quite undue rank of Realities: and consider, then, with thyself how their thin disguises hide from us the brightest God-effulgences! Thus, were it not miraculous, could I stretch forth my hand and clutch the Sun? Yet thou seest me daily stretch forth my hand and therewith clutch many a thing, and swing it hither and thither. Art thou a grown baby, then, to fancy that the Miracle lies in miles of distance, or in pounds avoirdupois of weight; and not to see that the true inexplicable God-revealing Miracle lies in this, that I can stretch forth my hand at all; that I have free Force to clutch aught therewith? Innumerable other of this sort are the deceptions, and wonder-hiding stupefactions, which Space practices on us.

“Still worse is it with regard to Time. Your grand antimagician, and universal wonder-hider, is this same lying Time. Had we but the Time-annihilating Hat, to put on for once only, we should see ourselves in a World of Miracles, wherein all fabled or authentic Thaumaturgy, and feats of Magic, were outdone. But unhappily we have not such a Hat; and man, poor fool that he is, can seldom and scantily help himself without one.

“Were it not wonderful, for instance, had Orpheus, or Amphion, built the walls of Thebes by the mere sound of his Lyre? Yet tell me, Who built these walls of Weissnichtwo; summoning out all the sandstone rocks, to dance along from the *Steinbruch** (now a

huge Troglodyte Chasm, with frightful green-mantled pools); and shape themselves into Doric and Ionic pillars, squared ashlar houses and noble streets? Was it not the still higher Orpheus, or Orpheuses, who, in past centuries, by the divine Music of Wisdom, succeeded in civilizing Man? Our highest Orpheus walked in Judea, eighteen-hundred years ago: his sphere-melody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men; and, being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold accompaniments, and rich symphonies, through all our hearts; and modulates, and divinely leads them. Is that a wonder, which happens in two hours; and does it cease to be wonderful if happening in two million? Not only was Thebes built by the music of an Orpheus; but without the music of some inspired Orpheus was no city ever built, no work that man glories in ever done.

“Sweep away the Illusion of Time; glance, if thou have eyes, from the near moving-cause to its far-distant Mover: The stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball only had been struck, and sent flying? O, could I (with the Time-annihilating Hat) transport thee direct from the Beginnings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the Light-sea of celestial wonder! Then sawest thou that this fair Universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God; that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every Living Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish.

“Again, could anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic Ghost? The English Johnson longed, all his life, to see one; but could not, though he went to Cock Lane, and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never, with the mind’s eye as well as with the body’s, look round him into that full tide of human Life he so loved; did he never so much as look into Himself? The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish; well-nigh a million of Ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Once more I say, sweep away the illusion of Time; compress the threescore years into three minutes: what else was he, what else

* quarry.

are we? Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance; and that fade away again into air and Invisibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific fact; we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is Eternity; and to Eternity minutes are as years and æons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the Song of beatified Souls? And again, do not we squeak and jibber (in our discordant, screech-owlish debatings and recriminatings); and glide bodeful, and feeble, and fearful; or uproar (*poltern*), and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead, — till the scent of the morning air summons us to our still Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day? Where now is Alexander of Macedon: does the steel Host, that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must? Napoleon too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-hunt; which has now, with its howling tumult that made Night hideous, flitted away? — Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand-million walking the Earth openly at noontide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

“O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within Him; but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning Passion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered round our ME; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart: but warrior and war-horse are a vision; a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance: fool! the Earth is but a film; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet’s sounding. Plummet’s? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago, they were not; a little while, and they are not, their very ashes are not.

“So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven’s mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends; one grinding in

the mill of Industry; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow: — and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven’s Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth’s mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage: can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped-in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence? — O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

‘We are such stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep!’”

PAST AND PRESENT

1843

The publication by the Camden Society of a mediæval chronicle, giving an account of the reformation of the Monastery of Saint Edmundsbury in the reign of King John, furnished Carlyle with the text for a sermon on the necessity of a similar reform in the England of his day. In 1843 the condition of the country was alarming. The extension of manufacturing had called into existence a great population of industrial workers, men, women, and children, whose lives depended precariously on the demand for English-made goods. There was a high tariff on imported grain to protect the agricultural interests, and as England had long ceased to raise enough food for her population, starvation of the poor was chronic. Carlyle saw the three classes which divided England at odds with each other. The old landed aristocracy had ceased to govern, and were sunk in idleness and pleasure. The active middle class to which the political power had passed were ambitious of material success and selfishly devoted to their own interests, content to attribute the misery of the workers to economic law. The lower class were demanding a share in the government through the People’s Charter, and threatening revolution. Carlyle believed that the well-being of the community, as of the single life, depended on the practice of the

virtues of toil and sacrifice; and he felt the necessity of putting at the head of the State a strong governor, like the Abbot Samson who brought the idle and dissipated monks of Saint Edmundsbury to order. This notion of the part played by the strong man, the hero, in history, and the need of hero-worship, in the present, is the essence of Carlyle's social doctrine.

BOOK III

CHAPTER XII

REWARD

"Religion," I said; for, properly speaking, all true Work is Religion: and whatsoever Religion is not Work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will; with me it shall have no harbor. Admirable was that of the old Monks, "*Laborare est Orare*, Work is Worship."

Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever-enduring Gospel: Work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a Spirit of active Method, a Force for Work;—and burns like a painfully-smoldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent Facts around thee! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable; obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make Order of him, the subject not of Chaos, but of Intelligence, Divinity and Thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But above all, where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness,—yes, there, with or without Church-tithes and Shovel-hat, with or without Talfourd-Mahon¹ Copyrights, or were it with mere dungeons and gibbets and crosses, attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite, in the name of God! The Highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so

command thee; still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his *unspoken* voice, awfulest than any Sinai thunders or syllabled speech of Whirlwinds; for the
5 SILENCE of deep Eternities, of Worlds from beyond the morning-stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn Ages; the old Graves, with their long-moldering dust, the very tears that wetted it now all dry,—do not
10 these speak to thee, what ear hath not heard? The deep Death-kingdoms, the Stars in their never-resting courses, all Space and all Time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou too, if ever man should,
15 shalt work while it is called Today. For the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the
20 Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Hero-
25 isms, Martyrdoms,—up to that "Agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under
30 God's sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow Workmen there, in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred Band of the Im-
35 mortals, celestial Bodyguard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of Time!
40 To thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; Heaven is kind,—as a noble Mother; as that Spartan Mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou too shalt return *home* in
45 honor; to thy far-distant Home, in honor; doubt it not,—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not;
50 the very Spartans did not *complain*.

And who art thou that braggest of thy life of Idleness; complacently showest thy bright gilt equipages; sumptuous cushions; appliances for folding of the hands to mere sleep? Looking up, looking down, around, behind or before, discernest thou, if it be not in Mayfair alone, any *idle* hero, saint, god, or even devil? Not a vestige of one.

¹ Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd (1795–1854), English jurist and poet, best known in Parliament as author of the International Copyright Law.

In the Heavens, in the Earth, in the Waters under the Earth, is none like unto thee. Thou art an original figure in this Creation; a denizen in Mayfair alone, in this extraordinary Century or Half-Century alone! One monster there is in the world: the idle man. What is his "Religion"? That Nature is a Phantasm, where cunning beggary or thievery may sometimes find good victual. That God is a lie; and that Man and his Life are a lie. — Alas, alas, who of us *is* there that can say, I have worked? The faithfulest of us are unprofitable servants; the faithfulest of us know that best. The faithfulest of us may say, with sad and true old Samuel,¹ "Much of my life has been trifled away!" But he that has, and except "on public occasions" professes to have, no function but that of going idle in a graceful or graceless manner; and of begetting sons to go idle; and to address Chief Spinners and Diggers, who at least *are* spinning and digging, "Ye scandalous persons who produce too much" — My Corn-Law friends, on what imaginary still richer Eldorados, and true iron-spikes with law of gravitation, are ye rushing!

As to the Wages of Work there might innumerable things be said; there will and must yet innumerable things be said and spoken, in Saint Stephen's² and out of Saint Stephen's; and gradually not a few things be ascertained and written, on Law-parchment, concerning this very matter: — "Fair day's-wages for a fair day's-work" is the most unrefusable demand! Money-wages "to the extend of keeping your worker alive that he may work more;" these, unless you mean to dismiss him straightway out of this world, are indispensable alike to the noblest Worker and to the least noble!

One thing only I will say here, in special reference to the former class, the noble and noblest; but throwing light on all the other classes and their arrangements of this difficult matter: The "wages" of every noble Work do yet lie in Heaven or else Nowhere. Not in Bank-of-England bills, in Owen's³ Labor-bank, or any the most improved establishment of banking and money-changing, needest thou, heroic soul, present thy account of earnings. Human banks and labor-banks know thee not; or know thee after generations and centuries have passed away, and thou art clean gone from "rewarding," — all

manner of bank-drafts, shop-tills, and Downing-street Exchequers lying very invisible, so far from thee! Nay, at bottom, dost thou need any reward? Was it thy aim and life-purpose to be filled with good things for thy heroism; to have a life of pomp and ease, and be what men call "happy," in this world, or in any other world? I answer for thee deliberately, No. The whole spiritual secret of the new epoch lies in this, that thou canst answer for thyself, with thy whole clearness of head and heart, deliberately, No!

My brother, the brave man has to give his Life away. Give it, I advise thee; — thou dost not expect to *sell* thy Life in an adequate manner? What price, for example, would content thee? The just price of thy LIFE to thee, — why, God's entire Creation to thyself, the whole Universe of Space, the whole Eternity of Time, and what they hold: that is the price which would content thee; that, and if thou wilt be candid, nothing short of that! It is thy all; and for it thou wouldst have all. Thou art an unreasonable mortal: — or rather thou art a poor *infinite* mortal, who, in thy narrow clay-prison here, *seemest* so unreasonable! Thou wilt never sell thy Life, or any part of thy Life, in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal heart; let the price be Nothing: thou *hast* then, in a certain sense, got All for it! The heroic man, — and is not every man, God be thanked, a potential hero? — has to do so, in all times and circumstances. In the most heroic age, as in the most unheroic, he will have to say, as Burns said proudly and humbly of his little Scottish Songs, little dewdrops of Celestial Melody in an age when so much was unmelodious: "By Heaven, they shall either be invaluable or of no value; I do not need your guineas for them!" It is an element which should, and must, enter deeply into all settlements of wages here below. They never will be "satisfactory" otherwise; they cannot, O Mammon Gospel, they never can! Money for my little piece of work "to the extent that will allow me to keep working;" yes, this, — unless you mean that I shall go my ways *before* the work is all taken out of me: but as to "wages" —! —

On the whole, we do entirely agree with those old Monks, *Laborare est Orare*. In a thousand senses, from one end of it to the other, true Work *is* Worship. He that works, whatsoever be his work, he bodies forth the form of Things Unseen; a small Poet every Worker is. The idea, were it but of his poor Delf Platter, how much more of his Epic

¹ Samuel Johnson.

² The British Parliament.

³ Robert Owen (1771-1858), founder of English socialism.

Poem, is as yet "seen," half-seen, only by himself; to all others it is a thing unseen, impossible; to Nature herself it is a thing unseen, a thing which never hitherto was; — very "impossible," for it is as yet a No-thing! The Unseen Powers had need to watch over such a man; he works in and for the Unseen. Alas, if he look to the Seen Powers only, he may as well quit the business; his No-thing will never rightly issue as a Thing, but as a Deceptivity, a Sham-thing, — which it had better not do!

Thy No-thing of an Intended Poem, O Poet who hast looked merely to reviewers, copyrights, booksellers, popularities, behold it has not yet become a Thing; for the truth is not in it! Though printed, hotpressed, reviewed, celebrated, sold to the twentieth edition: what is all that? The Thing, in philosophical uncommercial language, is still a No-thing, mostly semblance and deception of the sight; — benign Oblivion incessantly gnawing at it, impatient till Chaos, to which it belongs, do reabsorb it! —

He who takes not counsel of the Unseen and Silent, from him will never come real visibility and speech. Thou must descend to the *Mothers*,¹ to the *Manes*,² and Hercules-like long suffer and labor there, wouldst thou emerge with victory into the sunlight. As in battle and the shock of war, — for is not this a battle? — thou too shalt fear no pain or death, shalt love no ease or life; the voice of festive Lubberlands, the noise of greedy Acheron shall alike lie silent under thy victorious feet. Thy work, like Dante's, shall "make thee lean for many years." The world and its wages, its criticisms, counsels, helps, impediments, shall be as a waste ocean-flood; the chaos through which thou art to swim and sail. Not the waste waves and their weedy gulf-streams, shalt thou take for guidance: thy star alone, — "*Se tu segui tua stella!*" Thy star alone, now clear-beaming over Chaos, nay now by fits gone out, disastrously eclipsed: this only shalt thou strive to follow. O, it is a business, as I fancy, that of weltering your way through Chaos and the murk of Hell! Green-eyed dragons watching you, three-headed Cerberuses, — not without sympathy of their sort! "*Eccovi l' uom ch' è stato all' Inferno.*"³ For in fine, as Poet Dryden says, you do walk hand in hand with sheer Madness, all the way, — who is by no means pleasant

company! You look fixedly into Madness, and *her* undiscovered, boundless, bottomless Night-empire; that you may extort new Wisdom out of it, as an Eurydice from Tartarus. The higher the Wisdom, the closer was its neighborhood and kindred with mere Insanity; literally so; — and thou wilt, with a speechless feeling, observe how highest Wisdom, struggling up into this world, has oftentimes carried such tinctures and adhesions of Insanity still cleaving to it hither!

All Works, each in their degree, are a making of Madness sane; — truly enough a religious operation; which cannot be carried on without religion. You have not work otherwise; you have eye-service, greedy grasping of wages, swift and ever swifter manufacture of semblances to get hold of wages. Instead of better felt-hats to cover your head, you have bigger lath-and-plaster hats set travelling the streets on wheels. Instead of heavenly and earthly Guidance for the souls of men, you have "Black or White Surplice" Controversies, stuffed hair-and-leather Popes; — terrestrial *Law-wards*, Lords and Law-bringers, "organizing Labor" in these years, by passing Corn-Laws. With all which, alas, this distracted Earth is now full, nigh to bursting. Semblances most smooth to the touch and eye; most accursed, nevertheless, to body and soul. Semblances, be they of Shamwoven Cloth or of Dilettante Legislation, which are *not* real wool or substance, but Devil's-dust, accursed of God and man! No man has worked, or can work, except religiously; not even the poor day-laborer, the weaver of your coat, the sewer of your shoes. All men, if they work not as in a Great Taskmaster's eye will work wrong, work unhappily for themselves and you.

Industrial work, still under bondage to Mammon, the rational soul of it not yet awakened, is a tragic spectacle. Men in the rapidest motion and self-motion; restless, with convulsive energy, as if driven by Galvanism, as if possessed by a Devil: tearing asunder mountains, — to no purpose, for Mammonism is always Midas-eared! This is sad, on the face of it. Yet courage: the beneficent Destinies, kind in their sternness, are apprising us that this cannot continue. Labor is not a devil, even while encased in Mammonism; Labor is ever an imprisoned god, writhing unconsciously or consciously to escape out of Mammonism!

¹ Mothers of Destiny or Fates.

² Shades of Hades in Greek Mythology.

³ "Behold the man who has been in Hell!" said of Dante.

Plugson of Undershot, like Taillefer¹ of Normandy, wants victory; how much happier will even Plugson be to have a Chivalrous victory than a Chactaw one! The unredeemed ugliness is that of a slothful People. Show me a People energetically busy; heaving, struggling, all shoulders at the wheel; their heart pulsing, every muscle swelling, with man's energy and will; — I show you a People of whom great good is already predictable; to whom all manner of good is yet certain, if their energy endure. By very working, they will learn; they have, Antæus-like, their foot on Mother Fact; how can they but learn?

The vulgarest Plugson of a Master-Worker, who can command Workers, and get work out of them, is already a considerable man. Blessed and thrice-blessed symptoms I discern of Master-Workers who are not vulgar men; who are Nobles, and begin to feel that they must act as such: all speed to these, they are England's hope at present! But in this Plugson himself, conscious of almost no nobleness whatever, how much is there! Not without man's faculty, insight, courage, hard energy, is this rugged figure. His words none of the wisest; but his actings cannot be altogether foolish. Think, how were it, stoodst thou suddenly in his shoes! He has to command a thousand men. And not imaginary commanding; no, it is real, incessantly practical. The evil passions of so many men (with the Devil in them, as in all of us) he has to vanquish; by manifold force of speech and of silence, to repress or evade. What a force of silence, to say nothing of the others, is in Plugson! For these his thousand men he has to provide raw-material, machinery, arrangement, houseroom; and ever at the week's end, wages by due sale. No Civil-List, or Goulburn-Baring² Budget has he to fall back upon, for paying of his regiment; he has to pick his supplies from the confused face of the whole Earth and Contemporaneous History, by his dexterity alone. There will be dry eyes if he fail to do it! — He exclaims, at present, "black in the face," near strangled with Dilettante Legislation: "Let me have elbow-room, throat-room, and I will not fail! No, I will spin yet, and conquer like a giant: what 'sinews of war' lie in me, untold resources towards the Conquest

of this Planet, if instead of hanging me, you husband them, and help me!" — My indomitable friend, it is *true*; and thou shalt and must be helped.

This is not a man I would kill and strangle by Corn-Laws, even if I could! No, I would fling my Corn-Laws and Shotbelts to the Devil; and try to help this man. I would teach him, by noble precept and law-precept, by noble example most of all, that Mammonism was not the essence of his or of my station in God's Universe; but the adscititious excrescence of it; the gross, terrene, godless embodiment of it; which would have to become, more or less, a godlike one. By noble *real* legislation, by true *noble's*-work, by unwearied, valiant, and were it wageless effort, in my Parliament and in my Parish, I would aid, constrain, encourage him to effect more or less this blessed change. I should know that it would have to be effected; that unless it were in some measure effected, he and I and all of us, I first and soonest of all were doomed to perdition! — Effected it will be; unless it were a Demon that made this Universe; which I, for my own part, do at no moment, under no form, in the least believe.

May it please your Serene Highness, your Majesties, Lordships and Law-wardships, the proper Epic of this world is not now "Arms and the Man;" how much less, "Shirt-frills and the Man;" no, it is now "Tools and the Man;" that, henceforth to all time, is now our Epic; — and you, first of all others, I think, were wise to take note of that!

CHAPTER XIII

DEMOCRACY

If the Serene Highnesses and Majesties do not take note of that, then, as I perceive, *that* will take note of itself! The time for levity, insincerity, and idle babble and play-acting, in all kinds, is gone by; it is a serious, grave time. Old long-vexed questions, not yet solved in logical words or parliamentary laws, are fast solving themselves in facts, somewhat unblest to behold! This largest of questions, this question of Work and Wages, which ought, had we heeded Heaven's voice, to have begun two generations ago or more, cannot be delayed longer without hearing Earth's voice. "Labor" will verily need to be somewhat "organized," as they say, — God knows with what difficulty. Man will actually need to have his debts and earnings a little better paid by man; which, let Parliaments speak of them or be silent of them, are

¹ The Minstrel who rode in front of the Norman army at the Battle of Hastings, tossing his sword in the air and catching it as it fell. Chanting *The Song of Roland*, he was the first to fall in battle.

² Henry Goulburn (1784-1856) was Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1841 to 1846, succeeding in that office Sir Francis Thornhill Baring (1796-1866).

eternally his due from man, and cannot, without penalty and at length not without death-penalty, be withheld. How much ought to cease among us straightway; how much ought to begin straightway, while the hours yet are!

Truly they are strange results to which this of leaving all to "Cash;" of quietly shutting-up the God's Temple, and gradually opening wide-open the Mammon's Temple, with "Laissez-faire, and Every man for himself," — have led us in these days! We have Upper, speaking Classes, who indeed do "speak" as never man spake before; the withered flimsiness, the godless baseness and barrenness of whose Speech might of itself indicate what kind of Doing and practical Governing went on under it! For Speech is the gaseous element out of which most kinds of Practice and Performance, especially all kinds of moral Performance, condense themselves, and take shape; as the one is, so will the other be. Descending, accordingly, into the Dumb Class in its Stockport Cellars and Poor-Law Bastilles, have we not to announce that they also are hitherto unexampled in the History of Adam's Posterity?

Life was never a May-game for men: in all times the lot of the dumb millions born to toil was defaced with manifold sufferings, injustices, heavy burdens, avoidable and unavoidable; not play at all, but hard work that made the sinews sore and the heart sore. As bond-slaves, *villani*, *bordarii*, *sochemanni*, nay indeed as dukes, earls and kings, men were oftentimes made weary of their life; and had to say, in the sweat of their brow and of their soul, Behold, it is not sport, it is grim earnest, and our back can bear no more! Who knows not what mas-sacrings and harrings there have been; grinding, long-continuing, unbearable injustices, — till the heart had to rise in madness, and some "*Eu Sachsen, nimith euer sachsen*, You Saxons, out with your gully-knives, then!" You Saxons, some "arrestment," partial "arrestment of the Knaves and Dastards" has become indispensable! — The page of Dryasdust is heavy with such details.

And yet I will venture to believe that in no time, since the beginnings of Society, was the lot of those same dumb millions of toilers so entirely unbearable as it is even in the days now passing over us. It is not to die, or even to die of hunger, that makes a man wretched; many men have died; all men must die, — the last exit of us all is in a Fire-

Chariot of Pain. But it is to live miserable we know not why; to work sore and yet gain nothing; to be heart-worn, weary, yet isolated, unrelated, girt-in with a cold universal Laissez-faire: it is to die slowly all our life long, imprisoned in a deaf, dead, Infinite Injustice, as in the accursed iron belly of a Phalaris' Bull! This is and remains forever intolerable to all men whom God has made. Do we wonder at French Revolutions, Chartisms, Revolts of Three Days? The times, if we will consider them, are really unexampled.

Never before did I hear of an Irish Widow reduced to "prove her sisterhood by dying of typhus-fever and infecting seventeen persons," — saying in such undeniable way, "You see I was your sister!" Sisterhood, brotherhood, was often forgotten; but not till the rise of these ultimate Mammon and Shotbelt Gospels did I ever see it so expressly denied. If no pious Lord or *Lawward* would remember it, always some pious Lady ("*Hlaf-dig*," Benefactress, "*Loaf-giveress*," they say she is, — blessings on her beautiful heart!) was there, with mild mother-voice and hand, to remember it; some pious thoughtful *Elder*, what we now call "Prester," *Presbyter* or "Priest," was there to put all men in mind of it, in the name of the God who had made all.

Not even in Black Dahomey was it ever, I think, forgotten to the typhus-fever length. Mungo Park, resourceless, had sunk down to die under the Negro Village-Tree, a horrible White object in the eyes of all. But in the poor Black Woman, and her daughter who stood aghast at him, whose earthly wealth and funded capital consisted of one small calabash of rice, there lived a heart richer than *Laissez-faire*: they, with a royal munificence, boiled their rice for him; they sang all night to him, spinning assiduous on their cotton distaffs, as he lay to sleep: "Let us pity the poor white man; no mother has he to fetch him milk, no sister to grind him corn!" Thou poor black Noble One, — thou *Lady* too: did not a God make thee too; was there not in thee too something of a God! —

Gurth,¹ born thrall of Cedric the Saxon, has been greatly pitied by Dryasdust and others. Gurth, with the brass collar round his neck, tending Cedric's pigs in the glades of the wood, is not what I call an exemplar of human felicity: but Gurth, with the sky

¹ The "three days of July," 1830, when Charles X was dethroned and forced to flee from Paris.

² See *Ivanhoe*, chapter I.

above him, with the free air and tinted bosage and umbrage round him, and in him at least the certainty of supper and social lodging when he came home; Gurth to me seems happy, in comparison with many a Lancashire and Buckinghamshire man of these days, not born thrall of anybody! Gurth's brass collar did not gall him: Cedric *deserved* to be his master. The pigs were Cedric's, but Gurth too would get his parings of them. Gurth had the inexpressible satisfaction of feeling himself related indissolubly, though in a rude brass-collar way, to his fellow-mortals in this Earth. He had superiors, inferiors, equals. — Gurth is now "emancipated" long since; has what we call "Liberty." Liberty, I am told, is a divine thing. Liberty when it becomes the "Liberty to die by starvation" is not so divine!

Liberty? The true liberty of a man, you would say, consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out the right path, and to walk thereon. To learn, or to be taught, what work he actually was able for; and then by permission, persuasion, and even compulsion, to set about doing of the same! That is his true blessedness, honor, "liberty" and maximum of wellbeing; if liberty be not that, I for one have small care about liberty. You do not allow a palpable madman to leap over precipices; you violate his liberty, you that are wise; and keep him, were it in strait-waistcoats, away from the precipices! Every stupid, every cowardly and foolish man is but a less palpable madman: his true liberty were that a wiser man, that any and every wiser man, could, by brass collars, or in whatever milder or sharper way, lay hold of him when he was going wrong, and order and compel him to go a little righter. O, if thou really art my *Senior*, *Seigneur*, my *Elder*, *Presbyter* or *Priest*, — if thou art in very deed my *Wiser*, may a beneficent instinct lead and impel thee to "conquer" me, to command me! If thou do know better than I what is good and right, I conjure thee in the name of God, force me to do it; were it by never such brass collars, whips and handcuffs, leave me not to walk over precipices! That I have been called, by all the Newspapers, a "free man" will avail me little, if my pilgrimage have ended in death and wreck. O that the Newspapers had called me slave, coward, fool, or what it pleased their sweet voices to name me, and I had attained not death, but life! — Liberty requires new definitions.

A conscious abhorrence and intolerance of

Folly, of Baseness, Stupidity, Poltroonery and all that brood of things, dwells deep in some men: still deeper in others an *unconscious* abhorrence and intolerance, clothed moreover by the beneficent Supreme Powers in what stout appetites, energies, egoisms so-called, are suitable to it; — these latter are your Conquerors, Romans, Normans, Russians, Indo-English; Founders of what we call Aristocracies. Which indeed have they not the most "divine right" to found; — being themselves very truly *Ἀριστοί*, BRAVEST, BEST; and conquering generally a confused rabble of WORST, or at lowest, clearly enough, of WORSE? I think their divine right, tried, with affirmatory verdict, in the greatest Law-Court known to me, was good! A class of men who are dreadfully exclaimed against by Dryasdust; of whom nevertheless beneficent Nature has oftentimes had need; and may, alas, again have need.

When, across the hundredfold poor scepticisms, trivialisms and constitutional cobwebberies of Dryasdust, you catch any glimpse of a William the Conqueror, a Tancred of Hauteville or suchlike, — do you not discern veritably some rude outline of a true God-made King; whom not the Champion of England cased in tin, but all Nature and the Universe were calling to the throne? It is absolutely necessary that he get thither. Nature does not mean her poor Saxon children to perish, of obesity, stupor or other malady, as yet: a stern Ruler and Line of Rulers therefore is called in, — a stern but most beneficent *perpetual House-Surgeon* is by Nature herself called in, and even the appropriate *fees* are provided for him! Dryasdust talks lamentably about Hereward and the Fen Counties; fate of Earl Waltheof; Yorkshire and the North reduced to ashes: all which is undoubtedly lamentable.¹ But even Dryasdust apprises me of one fact: "A child, in this William's reign, might have carried a purse of gold from end to end of England." My erudite friend, it is a fact which outweighs a thousand! Sweep away thy constitutional, sentimental and other cobwebberies; look eye to eye, if thou still have any eye, in the face of this big burly William Bastard: thou wilt see a fellow of most flashing discernment, of most strong lion-heart; — in whom, as it were, within a frame of oak and iron, the gods have planted the soul of "a man of genius"! Dost thou call that nothing? I call it an immense thing! — Rage enough was in this Willelmus

¹ A reference to revolts which William suppressed.

Conquæstor, rage enough for his occasions; — and yet the essential element of him, as of all such men, is not scorching *fire*, but shining illuminative *light*. Fire and light are strangely interchangeable; nay, at bottom, I have found them different forms of the same most godlike "elementary substance" in our world: a thing worth stating in these days. The essential element of this Conquæstor is, first of all, the most sun-eyed perception of what is really what on this God's Earth; — which, thou wilt find, does mean at bottom "Justice," and "Virtues" not a few: *Conformity* to what the Maker has seen good to make; that, I suppose, will mean Justice and a Virtue or two? —

Dost thou think Willelmus Conquæstor would have tolerated ten years' jargon, one hour's jargon, on the propriety of killing Cotton-manufacturers by partridge Corn-Laws? I fancy, this was not the man to knock out of his night's-rest with nothing but a noisy bedlamism in your mouth! "Assist us still better to bush the partridges; strangle Plugson who spins the shirts?" — "*Par la Splendeur de Dieu!*" — Dost thou think Willelmus Conquæstor, in this new time, with Steam-engine Captains of Industry on one hand of him, and Joe-Manton's Captains of Idleness on the other, would have doubted which *was* really the BEST; which did deserve strangling, and which not?

I have a certain indestructible regard for Willelmus Conquæstor. A resident House-Surgeon, provided by Nature for her beloved English People, and even furnished with the requisite fees, as I said; for he by no means felt himself doing Nature's work, this Willelmus, but his own work exclusively! And his own work withal it was; informed "*par la Splendeur de Dieu!*" — I say, it is necessary to get the work out of such a man, however harsh that be! When a world, not yet doomed for death, is rushing down to ever-deeper Baseness and Confusion, it is a dire necessity of Nature's to bring in her ARISTOCRACIES, her BEST, even by forcible methods. When their descendants or representatives cease entirely to be the Best, Nature's poor world will very soon rush down again to Baseness; and it becomes a dire necessity of Nature's to cast them out. Hence French Revolutions, Five-point Charters, Democracies, and a mournful list of *Etceteras*, in these our afflicted times.

To what extent Democracy has now

1 Joseph Manton (1766-1835) was a gun-smith. His name suggests the sporting aristocracy.

reached, how it advances irresistible with ominous, ever-increasing speed, he that will open his eyes on any province of human affairs may discern. Democracy is everywhere the inexorable demand of these ages, swiftly fulfilling itself. From the thunder of Napoleon battles; to the jabbering of Open-vestry in St. Mary Axe, all things announce Democracy. A distinguished man, whom some of my readers will hear again with pleasure, thus writes to me what in these days he notes from the Wahngasse of Weissenichtwo, where our London fashions seem to be in full vogue. Let us hear the Herr Teufelsdröckh again, were it but the smallest word!

"Democracy, which means despair of finding any Heroes to govern you, and contented putting-up with the want of them, — alas, thou too, *mein Lieber*, seest well how close it is of kin to *Atheism*, and other sad *Isms*: he who discovers no God whatever, how shall he discover Heroes, the visible Temples of God? — Strange enough meanwhile it is, to observe with what thoughtlessness, here in our rigidly Conservative Country, men rush into Democracy with full cry. Beyond doubt, his Excellenz the Titular-Herr Ritter Kauderwälsch von Pferdefuss-Quacksalber, he our distinguished Conservative Premier himself, and all but the thicker-headed of his Party, discern Democracy to be inevitable as death, and are even desperate of delaying it much!

"You cannot walk the streets without beholding Democracy announce itself: the very Tailor has become, if not properly Sansculottic, which to him would be ruinous, yet a Tailor unconsciously symbolizing, and prophesying with his scissors, the reign of Equality. What now is our fashionable coat? A thing of super-finest texture, of deeply meditated cut; with Malineslace cuffs; quilted with gold; so that a man can carry, without difficulty, an estate of land on his back! *Keineswegs*, By no manner of means! The Sumptuary Laws have fallen into such a state of desuetude as was never before seen. Our fashionable coat is an amphibium between barn-sack and drayman's doublet. The cloth of it is studiously coarse; the color a speckled soot-black or rust-brown gray; the nearest approach to a Peasant's. And for shape, — thou shouldst see it! The last consummation of the year now passing over us is definable as Three Bags; a big bag for the body, two small bags for the arms, and by way of collar a hem! The first Antique

Cherusan¹ who, of felt-cloth or bear's-hide, with bone or metal needle, set about making himself a coat, before Tailors had yet awakened out of Nothing, — did not he make it even so? A loose wide poke for body, with two holes to let out the arms; this was his original coat: to which holes it was soon visible that two small loose pokes, or sleeves, easily appended, would be an improvement.

"Thus has the Tailor-art, so to speak, 10 overset itself, like most other things; changed its centre-of-gravity; whirled suddenly over from zenith to nadir. Your Stulz, with huge somerset, vaults from his high shopboard down to the depths of primal savagery, — carrying much along with him! For I will 15 invite thee to reflect that the Tailor, as topmost ultimate froth of Human Society, is indeed swift-passing, evanescent, slippery to decipher; yet significant of much, nay of all. Topmost evanescent froth, he is churned-up from the very lees, and from all intermediate regions of the liquor. The general outcome he, visible to the eye, of what men aimed to do, and were obliged and enabled to do, in 25 this one public department of symbolizing themselves to each other by covering of their skins. A smack of all Human Life lies in the Tailor: its wild struggles towards beauty, dignity, freedom, victory; and how, hemmed-in by Sedan and Huddersfield, by Nescience, Dulness, Prurience, and other sad necessities and laws of Nature, it has attained just to this: Gray savagery of Three Sacks with a hem!

"When the very Tailor verges towards Sansculottism, is it not ominous? The last Divinity of poor mankind dethroning himself; sinking *his* taper too, flame downmost, like the Genius of Sleep or of Death; admonitory that Tailor time shall be no more! — 40 For, little as one could advise Sumptuary Laws at the present epoch, yet nothing is clearer than that where ranks do actually exist, strict division of costumes will also be enforced; that if we ever have a new Hierarchy and Aristocracy, acknowledged veritably as such, for which I daily pray Heaven, the Tailor will reawaken; and be, by volunteering and appointment, consciously and 50 unconsciously, a safeguard of that same." — Certain farther observations, from the same invaluable pen, on our never-ending changes of mode, our "perpetual nomadic and even ape-like appetite for change and mere change" in all the equipments of our existence, and the "fatal revolutionary char-

acter" thereby manifested, we suppress for the present. It may be admitted that Democracy, in all meanings of the word, is in full career; irresistible by any Ritter Kauderwälsch or other Son of Adam as times go. "Liberty" is a thing men are determined to have.

But truly, as I had to remark in the meanwhile, "the liberty of not being oppressed by your fellow man" is an indispensable, yet one of the most insignificant fractional parts of Human Liberty. No man oppresses thee, can bid thee fetch or carry, come or go, without reason shown. True; from all men thou art emancipated: but from Thyself and from the Devil —? No man, wiser, unwiser, can make thee come or go: but thy own futilities, bewilderments, thy false appetites for Money, Windsor Georges¹ and suchlike? No man oppresses thee, O free and independent Franchiser: but does not this stupid Porter-pot oppress thee? No Son of Adam can bid thee come or go; but this absurd Pot of Heavy-wet, this can and does! Thou art the thrall not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites and this scoured dish of liquor. And thou pratest of thy "liberty?" Thou entire blockhead!

Heavy-wet and gin: alas, these are not the only kinds of thralldom. Thou who walkest in a vain show, looking out with ornamental dilettante sniff and serene supremacy at all Life and all Death; and amblest jauntily; perking up thy poor talk into crotchets, thy 35 poor conduct into fatuous somnambulisms; — and *art* as an "enchanted Ape" under God's sky, where thou mightest have been a man, had proper Schoolmasters and Conquerors, and Constables with cat-o'-nine tails, been vouchsafed thee; dost thou call that "liberty?" Or your unreposing Mammon-worshipper again, driven, as if by Galvanisms, by Devils, and Fixed-ideas, who rises early and sits late, chasing the impossible; straining every faculty to "fill himself with the east wind," — how merciful were it, could you, by mild persuasion, or by the severest tyranny so-called, check him in his mad path, and turn him into a wiser one! All painful tyranny, in that case again, were but mild "surgery;" the pain of it cheap, as health and life, instead of galvanism and fixed-idea, are cheap at any price.

Sure enough, of all paths a man could strike into, there *is*, at any given moment, a *best path* for every man; a thing which, here and now, it were of all things *wisest* for him

¹ A German tribe in the time of Cæsar.

¹ Decorations granted by King George.

to do; — which could he be but led or driven to do, he were then doing "like a man," as we phrase it; all men and gods agreeing with him, the whole Universe virtually exclaiming Well-done to him! His success, in such case, were complete; his felicity a maximum. This path, to find this path and walk in it, is the one thing needful for him. Whatsoever forwards him in that, let it come to him even in the shape of blows and spurnings, is liberty: whatsoever hinders him, were it ward-motes, open-vestries pollbooths, tremendous cheers, rivers of heavy-wet, is slavery.

The notion that a man's liberty consists in giving his vote at election-hustings, and saying, "Behold, now I too have my twenty-thousandth part of a Talker in our National Palaver; will not all the gods be good to me?" — is one of the pleasantest! Nature nevertheless is kind at present; and puts it into the heads of many, almost of all. The liberty especially which has to purchase itself by social isolation, and each man standing separate from the other, having "no business with him" but a cash-account: this is such a liberty as the Earth seldom saw; — as the Earth will not long put up with, recommend it how you may. This liberty turns out, before it have long continued in action, with all men flinging up their caps round it, to be, for the Working Millions a liberty to die by want of food; for the Idle Thousands and Units, alas, a still more fatal liberty to live in want of work; to have no earnest duty to do in this God's-World any more. What becomes a man in such predicament? Earth's Laws are silent; and Heaven's speak in a voice which is not heard. No work, and the ineradicable need of work, give rise to new very wondrous life-philosophies, new very wondrous life-practices! Dilettantism, Pococurantism,¹ Beau-Brummelism, with perhaps an occasional, half-mad, protesting burst of Byronism, establish themselves: at the end of a certain period, — if you go back to "the Dead Sea," there is, say our Moslem friends, a very strange "Sabbath-day" transacting itself there! — Brethren, we know but imperfectly yet, after ages of Constitutional Government, what Liberty and Slavery are.

Democracy, the chase of Liberty in that direction, shall go its full course; unrestrainable by him of *Pferdefuss-Quacksalber*, or any of *his* household. The Toiling Millions

of Mankind, in most vital need and passionate instinctive desire of Guidance, shall cast away False-Guidance; and hope, for an hour, that No-Guidance will suffice them: but it can be for an hour only. The smallest item of human Slavery is the oppression of man by his Mock-Superiors; the palpablest, but I say at bottom the smallest. Let him shake-off such oppression, trample it indignantly under his feet; I blame him not, I pity and commend him. But oppression by your Mock-Superiors well shaken off, the grand problem yet remains to solve: That of finding government by your Real-Superiors! Alas, how shall we ever learn the solution of that, benighted, bewildered, sniffing, sneering, godforgetting unfortunates as we are? It is a work for centuries; to be taught us by tribulations, confusions, insurrections, obstructions; who knows if not by conflagration and despair! It is a lesson inclusive of all other lessons; the hardest of all lessons to learn.

One thing I do know: Those Apes, chattering on the branches by the Dead Sea, never got it learned; but chatter there to this day. To them no Moses need come a second time; a thousand Moseses would be but so many painted Phantasms, interesting Fellow-Apes of new strange aspect, — whom they would "invite to dinner," be glad to meet with in lion-soirées. To them the voice of Prophecy, of heavenly monition, is quite ended. They chatter there, all Heaven shut to them, to the end of the world. The unfortunates! Oh, what is dying of hunger, with honest tools in your hand, with a manifold-purpose in your heart, and much real labor lying round you done, in comparison? You honestly quit your tools; quit a most muddy confused coil of sore work, short rations, of sorrows, dispiritments and contradictions, having now honestly done with it all; — and await, not entirely in a distracted manner, what the Supreme Powers, and the Silences and the Eternities may have to say to you.

A second thing I know: This lesson will have to be learned, — under penalties! England will either learn it, or England also will cease to exist among Nations. England will either learn to reverence its Heroes, and discriminate them from its Sham-Heroes and Valets and gaslighted Histrios; and to prize them as the audible God's-voice, amid all inane jargons and temporary market-cries, and say to them with heart-loyalty, "Be ye King and Priest, and Gospel and Guidance

¹ Pococurantism, from *Pococurante*, a character in Voltaire's *Candide*, who, with wealth and command of all the arts, is yet incapable of enjoyment.

for us:" or else England will continue to worship new and ever-new forms of Quackhood, — and so, with what resiliences and reboundings matters little, go down to the Father of Quacks! Can I dread such things of England? Wretched, thick-eyed, gross-hearted mortals, why will ye worship lies, and "Stuffed Clothes-suits created by the ninth-parts of men!" It is not your purses that suffer; your farm-rents, your com-¹⁰merces, your mill-revenues, loud as ye lament over these; no, it is not these alone, but a far deeper than these: it is your souls that lie dead, crushed down under despicable Nightmares, Atheisms, Brain-fumes; and are not souls at all, but mere succedanea for *salt* to keep your bodies and their appetites from putrefying! Your cotton-spinning and thrice-miraculous mechanism, what is this too, by itself, but a larger kind of Animalism? ²⁰ Spiders can spin, Beavers can build and show contrivance; the Ant lays-up accumulation of capital, and has, for aught I know, a Bank of Antland. If there is no soul in man higher than all that, did it reach to sailing on the cloud-rack and spinning sea-sand; then I say, man is but an animal, a more cunning kind of brute: he has no soul, but only a succedaneum for salt. Whereupon, seeing himself to be truly of the beasts that perish, he ³⁰ ought to admit it, I think; — and also straightway universally to kill himself; and so, in a manlike manner at least *end*, and wave these brute-worlds *his* dignified farewell! —

BOOK IV

CHAPTER I

ARISTOCRACIES

To predict the Future, to manage the Present, would not be so impossible, had not the Past been so sacrilegiously mishandled; effaced, and what is worse, defaced! The Past cannot be seen; the Past, looked at ⁴⁵ through the medium of "Philosophical History" in these times, cannot even be *not* seen: it is misseen; affirmed to have existed, — and to have been a godless impossibility. Your Norman Conquerors, true royal souls, ⁵⁰ crowned kings as such, were vulturous irrational tyrants: your Becket was a noisy egoist and hypocrite; getting his brains spilt on the floor of Canterbury Cathedral, to secure the main chance, — somewhat uncertain ⁵⁵ how! "Policy, Fanaticism;" or say "Enthusiasm," even "honest Enthusiasm," — ah yes, of course;

"The Dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the Man!" —

For in truth, the eye sees in all things "what it brought with it the means of seeing." A godless century, looking back on centuries that were godly, produces portraits more miraculous than any other. All was inane discord in the Past; brute Force bore rule everywhere; Stupidity, savage Unreason, fitter for Bedlam than for a human World! Whereby indeed it becomes sufficiently natural that the like qualities, in new sleeker habiliments, should continue in our time to rule. Millions enchanted in Bastille-Workhouses; Irish Widows proving their relationship by typhus-fever: what would you have? It was ever so, or worse. Man's History, was it not always even this: The cookery and eating-up of imbecile ²⁰ Dupedom by successful Quackhood; the battle, with various weapons, of vulturous Quack and Tyrant against vulturous Tyrant and Quack? No God was in the Past Time; nothing but Mechanisms and Chaotic ²⁵ Brute-Gods: — how shall the poor "Philosophic Historian," to whom his own century is all godless, see any God in other centuries?

Men believe in Bibles, and disbelieve in them: but of all Bibles the frightfullest to disbelieve in is this "Bible of Universal History." This is the Eternal Bible and God's-Book, "which every born man," till once the soul and eyesight are extinguished in him, "can and must, with his own eyes, see the ³⁵ God's-Finger writing!" To discredit this, is an *infidelity* like no other. Such infidelity you would punish, if not by fire and faggot, which are difficult to manage in our times, yet by the most peremptory order, To hold ⁴⁰ its peace till it got something wiser to say. Why should the blessed Silence be broken into noises, to communicate only the like of this? If the Past have no God's-Reason in it, nothing but Devil's-Unreason, let the Past be eternally forgotten: mention *it* no more; — we whose ancestors were all hanged, why should we talk of ropes!

It is, in brief, not true that men ever lived by Delirium, Hypocrisy, Injustice, or any form of Unreason, since they came to inhabit this Planet. It is not true that they ever did, or ever will, live except by the reverse of these. Men will again be taught this. Their acted History will then again be a Heroism; their written History, what it once was, an Epic. Nay, forever it is either such, or else it virtually is — Nothing. Were it written in a thousand volumes, the Unheroic of such

volumens hastens incessantly to be forgotten: the net content of an Alexandrian Library of Unheroics is; and will ultimately show itself to be, *zero*. What man is interested to remember *it*; have not all men, at all times; the liveliest interest to forget it? — "Revelations," if not celestial, then infernal, will teach us that God is; we shall then, if needful, discern without difficulty that He has always been! The Dryasdust Philosophisms and enlightened Scepticisms of the Eighteenth Century, historical and other, will have to survive for a while with the Physiologists, as a memorable *Nightmare-Dream*. All this haggard epoch, with its ghastly Doctrines, and death's-head Philosophies "teaching by example" or otherwise, will one day have become, what to our Moslem friends their godless ages are, "the Period of Ignorance."

If the convulsive struggles of the last Half-Century have taught poor struggling convulsed Europe any truth, it may perhaps be this as the essence of innumerable others: That Europe requires a real Aristocracy; a real Priesthood, or it cannot continue to exist. Huge French Revolutions, Napoleonisms, then Bourbonisms with their corollary of Three Days, finishing in very unfinal Louis-Philippisms: all this ought to be didactic! All this may have taught us, That False Aristocracies are insupportable; that No-Aristocracies, Liberty-and-Equalities are impossible; that true Aristocracies are at once indispensable and not easily attained.

Aristocracy and Priesthood, a Governing Class and a Teaching Class: these two, sometimes separate, and endeavoring to harmonize themselves, sometimes conjoined as one, and the King a Pontiff-King: — there did no Society exist without these two vital elements, there will none exist. It lies in the very nature of man: you will visit no remotest village in the most republican country of the world, where virtually or actually you do not find these two powers at work. Man, little as he may suppose it, is necessitated to obey superiors. He is a social being in virtue of this necessity; nay he could not be gregarious otherwise. He obeys those whom he esteems better than himself, wiser, braver; and will forever obey such; and even be ready and delighted to do it.

The Wiser, Braver: these, a Virtual Aristocracy everywhere and everywhen, do in all Societies that reach any articulate shape, develop themselves into a ruling class, an Actual Aristocracy, with settled modes of

operating, what are called laws and even *private-laws* or privileges, and so forth; very notable to look upon in this world. — Aristocracy and Priesthood, we say, are sometimes united. For indeed the Wiser and the Braver are properly but one class; no wise man but needed first of all to be a brave man, or he never had been wise. The noble Priest was always a noble *Aristos* to begin with, and something more to end with. Your Luther, your Knox, your Anselm, Becket, Abbot Samson, Samuel Johnson, if they had not been brave enough, by what possibility could they ever have been wise? — If, from accident or forethought, this your Actual Aristocracy have got discriminated into Two Classes, there can be no doubt but the Priest Class is the more dignified; supreme over the other, as governing head is over active hand. And yet in practice again, it is likeliest the reverse will be found arranged; — a sign that the arrangement is already vitiated; that a split is introduced into it, which will widen and widen till the whole be rent asunder.

In England, in Europe generally, we may say that these two Virtualities have unfolded themselves into Actualities, in by far the noblest and richest manner any region of the world ever saw. A spiritual Guideship, a practical Governorship, fruit of the grand conscious endeavors, say rather of the immeasurable unconscious instincts and necessities of men, have established themselves; very strange to behold. Everywhere, while so much has been forgotten, you find the King's Palace, and the Viceking's Castle, Mansion, Manorhouse; till there is not an inch of ground from sea to sea but has both its King and Viceking, long due series of Vicekings, its Squire, Earl, Duke or whatever the title of him, — to whom you have given the land, that he may govern you in it.

More touching still, there is not a hamlet where poor peasants congregate, but, by one means and another, a Church-Apparatus has been got together, — roofed edifice, with revenues and belfries; pulpit, reading-desk, with Books and Methods: possibility, in short, and strict prescription, That a man stand there and speak of spiritual things to men. It is beautiful; — even in its great obscuration and decadence, it is among the beautifullest, most touching objects one sees on the Earth. This Speaking Man has indeed, in these times, wandered terribly from the point; has, alas, as it were, totally lost sight of the point: yet, at bottom, whom have we to compare with him? Of all public func-

tionaries boarded and lodged on the Industry of Modern Europe, is there one worthier of the board he has? A man even professing, and never so languidly making still some endeavor, to save the souls of men: contrast him with a man professing to do little but shoot the partridges of men! I wish he could find the point again, this Speaking One; and stick to it with tenacity, with deadly energy; for there is need of him yet! 10 The Speaking Function, this of Truth coming to us with a living voice, nay in a living shape, and as a concrete practical exemplar: this, with all our Writing and Printing Functions, has a perennial place. Could he but find the point again, — take the old spectacles off his nose, and looking up discover, almost in contact with him, what the *real* Satanas, and soul-devouring, world-devouring *Devil*, now is! Original Sin and such- 20 like are bad enough, I doubt not: but distilled Gin, dark Ignorance, Stupidity, dark Corn-Law, Bastille and Company, what are they! Will he discover our new real Satan, whom he has to fight; or go on droning through his old nose-spectacles about old extinct Satans; and never see the real one, till he *feel* him at his own throat and ours? That is a question, for the world! Let us not intermeddle with it here.

Sorrowful, phantasmal as this same Double Aristocracy of Teachers and Governors now looks, it is worth all men's while to know that the purport of it is and remains noble and most real. Dryasdust, looking merely at 35 the surface, is greatly in error as to those ancient Kings. William Conqueror, William Rufus or Redbeard, Stephen Curthose himself, much more Henry Beauclerc and our brave Plantagenet Henry: the life of these men was not a vulturous Fighting; it was a valorous Governing, — to which occasionally Fighting did, and alas must yet, though far seldomer now, superadd itself as an accident, a distressing impedimental adjunct. 40 The fighting too was indispensable, for ascertaining who had the might over whom, the right over whom. By much hard fighting, as we once said, "the unrealities, beaten into dust, flew gradually off;" 50 and left the plain reality and fact, "Thou stronger than I; thou wiser than I; thou king, and subject I," in a somewhat clearer condition.

Truly we cannot enough admire, in those 55 Abbot-Samson and William-Conqueror times, the arrangement they had made of their Governing Classes. Highly interesting

to observe how the sincere insight, on their part, into what did, of primary necessity, behove to be accomplished, had led them to the way of accomplishing it, and in the course of time to get it accomplished! No imaginary Aristocracy would serve their turn; and accordingly they attained a real one. The Bravest men, who, it is ever to be repeated and remembered, are also on the whole the Wisest, Strongest, everyway Best, had here, with a respectable degree of accuracy, been got selected; seated each on his piece of territory, which was lent him, then gradually given him, that he might govern it. These Vicekings, each on his portion of the common soil of England, with a Head King over all, were a "Virtuality perfected into an Actuality" really to an astonishing extent.

For those were rugged stalwart ages; full of earnestness, of a rude God's-truth: — nay, at any rate, their *quilting* was so unspeakably thinner than ours; Fact came swiftly on them, if at any time they had yielded to Phantasm! "The Knaves and Dastards" had to be "arrested" in some measure; or the world, almost within year and day, found that it could not live. The Knaves and Dastards accordingly were got arrested. Dastards 30 upon the very throne had to be got arrested, and taken off the throne, — by such methods as there were; by the roughest method, if there chanced to be no smoother one! Doubtless there was much harshness of operation, much severity; as indeed government and surgery are often somewhat severe. Gurth, born thrall of Cedric, it is like, got cuffs as often as pork-parings, if he misdeigned himself; but Gurth did belong to Cedric: no human creature then went about connected with nobody; left to go his way into Bastilles or worse, under *Laissez-faire*; reduced to prove his relationship by dying of typhus-fever! — Days come when there is no King 45 in Israel, but every man is his own king, doing that which is right in his own eyes; — and tarbarrels are burnt to "Liberty," "Ten-pound Franchise" and the like, with considerable effect in various ways! —

That Feudal Aristocracy, I say, was no imaginary one. To a respectable degree, its *Jarls*, what we now call Earls, were *Strong-Ones* in fact as well as etymology; its *Dukes Leaders*; its *Lords Law-wards*. They did all the Soldiering and Police of the country, all the Judging, Law-making, even the Church-Extension; whatsoever in the way of Governing, of Guiding and Protecting

could be done. It was a Land Aristocracy; it managed the Governing of this English People, and had the reaping of the Soil of England in return. It is, in many senses, the Law of Nature, this same Law of Feudalism; — no right Aristocracy but a Land one! The curious are invited to meditate upon it in these days. Soldiering, Police and Judging, Church-Extension, nay real Government and Guidance, all this was actually *done* by the Holders of the Land in return for their Land. How much of it is now done by them; done by anybody? Good Heavens, "Laissez-faire, Do ye nothing, eat your wages and sleep," is everywhere the passionate half-wise cry of this time; and they will not so much as do nothing, but must do mere Corn-Laws! We raise Fifty-two millions, from the general mass of us, to get our Governing done — or, alas, to get ourselves persuaded that it is done: and the "peculiar burden of the Land" is to pay, not all this, but to pay, as I learn, one twenty-fourth part of all this. Our first Chartist Parliament, or Oliver *Redivivus*, you would say, will know where to lay the new taxes of England! — Or, alas, taxes? If we made the Holders of the Land pay every shilling still of the expense of Governing the Land, what were all that? The Land, by mere hired Governors, cannot be got governed. You cannot hire men to govern the Land; it is by mission not contracted for in the Stock-Exchange, but felt in their own hearts as coming out of Heaven, that men can govern a Land. The mission of a Land Aristocracy is a *sacred* one, in both the senses of that old word. The footing it stands on, at present, might give rise to thoughts other than of Corn-Laws! —

But truly a "Splendor of God," as in William Conqueror's rough oath, did dwell in those old rude veracious ages; did inform, more and more, with a heavenly nobleness, all departments of their work and life. Phantasms could not yet walk abroad in mere Cloth Tailorage; they were at least Phantasms "on the rim of the horizon," pencilled there by an eternal Lightbeam from within. A most "practical" Hero-worship went on, unconsciously or half-consciously, everywhere. A Monk Samson, with a maximum of two shillings in his pocket, could, without ballot-box, be made a Viceking of, being seen to be worthy. The difference between a good man and a bad man was as yet felt to be, what it forever is, an immeasurable one. Who *durst* have elected a Pan-

darus Dogdraught, in those days, to any office, Carlton Club, Senatorship, or place whatsoever? It was felt that the arch Satanas and no other had a clear right of property in Pandarus; that it were better for you to have no hand in Pandarus, to keep out of Pandarus his neighborhood! Which is, to this hour, the mere fact; though for the present, alas, the forgotten fact. I think they were comparatively blessed times those, in their way! "Violence," "war," "disorder:" well, what is war, and death itself, to such a perpetual life-in-death, and "peace, peace, where there is no peace"! Unless some Hero-worship, in its new appropriate form, can return, this world does not promise to be very habitable long.

Old Anselm, exiled Archbishop of Canterbury, one of the purest-minded "men of genius," was travelling to make his appeal to Rome against King Rufus, — a man of rough ways, in whom the "inner Lightbeam" shone very fitfully. It is beautiful to read, in Monk Eadmer,¹ how the Continental populations welcomed and venerated this Anselm, as no French population now venerates Jean-Jacques² or giant-killing Voltaire; as not even an American population now venerates a Schnüspel the distinguished Novelist! They had, by phantasy and true insight, the intensest conviction that a God's-Blessing dwelt in this Anselm, — as is my conviction too. They crowded round, with bent knees and enkindled hearts, to receive his blessing, to hear his voice, to see the light of his face. My blessings on them and on him! — But the notablest was a certain necessitous or covetous Duke of Burgundy, in straitened circumstances we shall hope, — who reflected that in all likelihood this English Archbishop, going towards Rome to appeal, must have taken store of cash with him to bribe the Cardinals. Wherefore he of Burgundy, for his part, decided to lie in wait and rob him. "In an open space of a wood," some "wood" then green and growing, eight centuries ago, in Burgundian Land, — this fierce Duke, with fierce steel followers, shaggy, savage, as the Russian bear, dashes out on the weak old Anselm; who is riding along there, on his small quiet-going pony; escorted only by Eadmer and another poor Monk on ponies; and, except small modicum of roadmoney, not a gold coin in his possession. The steelclad Rus-

¹ A twelfth-century monk of Canterbury who wrote the lives of Anselm and other ecclesiastics.

² Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712-78).

sian bear emerges, glaring: the old white-bearded man starts not, — paces on unmoved, looking into him with those clear old earnest eyes, with that venerable sorrowful time-worn face; of whom no man or thing need be afraid, and who also is afraid of no created man or thing. The fire-eyes of his Burgundian Grace meet these clear eye-glances, convey them swift to his heart: he bethinks him that probably this feeble, fearless, hoary Figure has in it something of the Most High God; that probably he shall be damned if he meddle with it, — that, on the whole, he had better not. He plunges, the rough savage, from his war-horse, down to his knees; embraces the feet of old Anselm: he too begs his blessing; orders men to escort him, guard him from being robbed, and under dread penalties see him safe on his way. *Per os Dei*,¹ as his Majesty was wont to ejaculate!

Neither is this quarrel of Rufus and Anselm, of Henry and Becket un instructive to us. It was, at bottom, a great quarrel. For, admitting that Anselm was full of divine blessing, he by no means included in him all forms of divine blessing: — there were far other forms withal, which he little dreamed of; and William Redbeard was unconsciously the representative and spokesman of these. In truth, could your divine Anselm, your divine Pope Gregory have had their way, the results had been very notable. Our Western World had all become a European Thibet, with one Grand Lama sitting at Rome; our one honorable business that of singing mass, all day and all night. Which would not in the least have suited us. The Supreme Powers willed it not so.

It was as if King Redbeard unconsciously, addressing Anselm, Becket and the others, had said: "Right Reverend, your Theory of the Universe is indisputable by man or devil. To the core of our heart we feel that this divine thing, which you call Mother Church, does fill the whole world hitherto known, and is and shall be all our salvation and all our desire. And yet — and yet — Behold, though it is an unspoken secret, the world is *wider* than any of us think, Right Reverend! Behold, there are yet other immeasurable Sacrednesses in this that you call Heathenism, Secularity! On the whole, I, in an obscure but most rooted manner, feel that I cannot comply with you. Western Thibet and perpetual mass-chanting, — No. I am, so to speak, in the family-way; with child, of I

¹ by the bones of God.

know not what, — certainly of something far different from this! I have — *Per os Dei*, I have Manchester Cotton-trades, Bromwicham Iron-trades, American Commonwealths, Indian Empires, Steam Mechanisms, and Shakespeare Dramas, in my belly: and cannot do it, Right Reverend!" — So accordingly it was decided: and Saxon Becket spilt his life in Canterbury Cathedral, as Scottish Wallace did on Tower-hill, and as generally a noble man and martyr has to do, — not for nothing; no, but for a divine something other than *he* had altogether calculated. We will now quit this of the hard, organic, but limited Feudal Ages; and glance timidly into the immense Industrial Ages, as yet all inorganic, and in a quite pulpy condition, requiring desperately to harden themselves into some organism!

Our Epic having now become *Tools and the Man*, it is more than usually impossible to prophesy the Future. The boundless Future does lie there, predestined, nay already extant though unseen; hiding, in its Continents of Darkness, "gladness and sorrow:" but the supremest intelligence of man cannot prefigure much of it: — the united intelligence and effort of All Men in all coming generations, this alone will gradually prefigure it, and figure and form it into a seen fact! Straining our eyes hitherto, the utmost effort of intelligence sheds but some most glimmering dawn, a little way into its dark enormous Deeps: only huge outlines loom uncertain on the sight; and the ray of prophecy, at a short distance, expires. But may we not say, here as always, Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof! To shape the whole Future is not our problem; but only to shape faithfully a small part of it, according to rules already known. It is perhaps possible for each of us, who will with due earnestness inquire, to ascertain clearly what he, for his own part, ought to do: this let him, with true heart, do, and continue doing. The general issue will, as it has always done, rest well with a Higher Intelligence than ours.

One grand "outline," or even two, many earnest readers may perhaps, at this stage of the business, be able to prefigure for themselves, — and draw some guidance from. One prediction, or even two, are already possible. For the Life-Tree Igdrasil, in all its new developments, is the selfsame world-old Life-tree: having found an element or elements there, running from the very roots of it in Hela's Realms, in the Well of Mimer and of the Three Nornas or TIMES, up to this

present hour of it in our own hearts, we conclude that such will have to continue. A man has, in his own soul, an Eternal; can read something of the Eternal there, if he will look! He already knows what will continue; what cannot, by any means or appliance whatsoever, be made to continue!

One wide and widest "outline" ought really, in all ways, to be becoming clear to us; this namely: That a "Splendor of God," in one form or other, will have to unfold itself from the heart of these our Industrial Ages too; or they will never get themselves "organized;" but continue chaotic, distressed, distracted evermore, and have to perish in frantic suicidal dissolution. A second "outline" or prophecy, narrower, but also wide enough, seems not less certain: That there will again *be* a King in Israel; a system of Order and Government; and every man shall, in some measure, see himself constrained to do that which is right in the King's eyes. This too we may call a sure element of the Future; for this too is of the Eternal; — this too is of the Present, though hidden from most; and without it no fibre of the Past ever was. An actual new Sovereignty, Industrial Aristocracy, real not imaginary Aristocracy, is indispensable and indubitable for us.

But what an Aristocracy; on what new, far more complex and cunningly devised conditions than that old Feudal fighting one! For we are to bethink us that the Epic verily is not *Arms and the Man*, but *Tools and the Man*, — an infinitely wider kind of Epic. And again we are to bethink us that men cannot now be bound to men by *brass-collars*, — not at all: that this brass-collar method, in all figures of it, has vanished out of Europe forevermore! Huge Democracy, walking the streets everywhere in its Sack Coat, has asserted so much; irrevocably, brooking no reply! True enough, man *is* forever the "born thrall" of certain men, born master of certain other men, born equal of certain others, let him acknowledge the fact or not. It is unblest for him when he cannot acknowledge this fact; he is in the chaotic state, ready to perish, till he do get the fact ac-

knowledged. But no man is, or can henceforth be, the brass-collar thrall of any man; you will have to bind him by other, far nobler and cunninger methods. Once for all, he is to be loose of the brass-collar, to have a scope as wide as his faculties now are: — will he not be all the usefulest to you in that new state? Let him go abroad as a trusted one, as a free one; and return home to you with rich earnings at night! Gurth could only tend pigs; this one will build cities, conquer waste worlds. — How, in conjunction with inevitable Democracy, indispensable Sovereignty is to exist: certainly it is the hugest question ever heretofore propounded to Mankind! The solution of which is work for long years and centuries. Years and centuries, of one knows not what complexion; — blessed or unblest, according as they shall, with earnest valiant effort, make progress therein, or, in slothful unveracity and diletantism, only talk of making progress. For either progress therein, or swift and ever swifter progress towards dissolution, is henceforth a necessity.

It is of importance that this grand reformation were begun; that Corn-Law Debatings and other jargon, little less than delirious in such a time, had fled far away, and left us room to begin! For the evil has grown practical, extremely conspicuous; if it be not seen and provided for, the blindest fool will have to feel it ere long. There is much that can wait; but there is something also that cannot wait. With millions of eager Working Men imprisoned in "Impossibility" and Poor-Law Bastilles, it is time that some means of dealing with them were trying to become "possible"! Of the Government of England, of all articulate-speaking functionaries, real and imaginary Aristocracies, of me and of thee, it is imperatively demanded, "How do you mean to manage these men? Where are they to find a supportable existence? What is to become of them, — and of you!"

¹ The *Return of the Paupers for England and Wales at Ladyday, 1842*, is "Indoor, 221, 687, Out-door 1,207,402." Official Report. (Carlyle's note.)

JOHN STUART MILL (1806-1873)

John Stuart Mill was born in London, May 20, 1806. He was brought up by his father with strict regard to his intellectual training and the devotion of his powers to the service of humanity. When about twenty he passed through a spiritual crisis somewhat similar to that which Carlyle relates in *Sartor Resartus*. "Suppose," he asked himself, "that all your objects in life were realized; that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to could be completely effected at this very instant, would this be a great joy and happiness to you?" He found himself obliged to answer, No. He realized that his life had been too exclusively intellectual, with little attention to those things which appeal directly to the emotions, and prove themselves æsthetically valuable for their own sake. He tried to correct this deficiency by interest in music and poetry, especially the poetry of Wordsworth. In 1833 he met Carlyle, and for some years the two were intimate friends. They remained, however, far apart in philosophy. Mill was for most of his life an employee of the East India Company. His position gave him leisure to write and take part in public affairs. He was a member of Parliament, 1867-68. Thereafter he retired to Avignon, where he died in 1873.

Mill never outgrew the effects of his early severe intellectual training. He was always somewhat cold, austere, aloof, scrupulous in his relations with his fellow-men. His father was a leader among the Utilitarians, and the close friend of Jeremy Bentham, the modern founder of the school. The Utilitarians believed in the reform of society according to the principle of utility, which declares that individual and social conduct should be regulated to produce the greatest happiness for the greatest number. They developed much of the political philosophy characteristic of the liberal movement in the nineteenth century — individual freedom, democracy through representation, limitation of governmental interference which is often called the *laissez faire* doctrine, universal education, and free trade. All this treatment of human affairs in accordance with theory and reason was violently opposed by Carlyle and his followers, who believed rather in the working of laws of which man remains unconscious, or which are revealed only in flashes of insight or intuition. Mill succeeded his father, James Mill, as leader of the Utilitarian School. His writings cover the main lines of intellectual endeavor in the century, with the exception of natural science. His *System of Logic* was published in 1843, *Principles of Political Economy*, 1848, *On Liberty*, 1859, *Utilitarianism*, 1863, *Autobiography*, 1873.

ON LIBERTY

1859

Mill regarded *On Liberty* as the most individual of his works. It is in effect the textbook of the movement in the nineteenth century known as Liberalism. It shows the belief in the human intellect and its development by education, respect for the individual and distrust of government, which were the creed of the Liberals. Above all, it emphasizes freedom of discussion as indispensable to the working of democracy through a representative government. In this it follows closely in many points the arguments which Milton had urged in the *Areopagitica* two centuries before.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

The subject of this Essay is not the so-called Liberty of the Will, so unfortunately opposed to the misnamed doctrine of Philosophical Necessity; but Civil, or Social Liberty; the nature and limits of the power which can be legitimately exercised by society over the individual. A question seldom stated, and hardly ever discussed, in general terms, but which profoundly influences the practical controversies of the age by its latent

presence, and is likely soon to make itself recognized as the vital question of the future.

It is so far from being new, that, in a certain sense, it has divided mankind, almost from the remotest ages; but in the stage of progress into which the more civilized portions of the species have now entered, it presents itself under new conditions, and requires a different and more fundamental treatment.

The struggle between Liberty and Authority is the most conspicuous feature in the portions of history with which we are earliest familiar, particularly in that of Greece, Rome, and England. But in old times this contest was between subjects, or some classes of subjects, and the Government. By liberty, was meant protection against the tyranny of the political rulers. The rulers were conceived (except in some of the popular governments of Greece) as in a necessarily antagonistic position to the people whom they ruled. They consisted of a governing One, or a governing tribe or caste, who derived their authority from inheritance or conquest, who, at all events, did not hold it at the pleasure of the governed, and whose supremacy men did not venture, perhaps did not desire, to contest, whatever precautions

might be taken against its oppressive exercise. Their power was regarded as necessary, but also as highly dangerous; as a weapon which they would attempt to use against their subjects, no less than against external enemies. To prevent the weaker members of the community from being preyed upon by innumerable vultures, it was needful that there should be an animal of prey stronger than the rest, commissioned to keep them down. But as the king of the vultures would be no less bent upon preying on the flock than any of the minor harpies, it was indispensable to be in a perpetual attitude of defence against his beak and claws. The aim, therefore, of patriots was to set limits to the power which the ruler should be suffered to exercise over the community; and this limitation was what they meant by liberty. It was attempted in two ways. First, by obtaining a recognition of certain immunities, called political liberties or rights, which it was to be regarded as a breach of duty in the ruler to infringe, and which if he did infringe, specific resistance, or general rebellion, was held to be justifiable. A second, and generally a later expedient, was the establishment of constitutional checks, by which the consent of the community, or of a body of some sort, supposed to represent its interests, was made a necessary condition to some of the more important acts of the governing power. To the first of these modes of limitation, the ruling power, in most European countries, was compelled, more or less, to submit. It was not so with the second; and, to attain this, or when already in some degree possessed, to attain it more completely, became everywhere the principal object of the lovers of liberty. And so long as mankind were content to combat one enemy by another, and to be ruled by a master, on condition of being guaranteed more or less efficaciously against his tyranny, they did not carry their aspirations beyond this point.

A time, however, came, in the progress of human affairs, when men ceased to think it a necessity of nature that their governors should be an independent power, opposed in interest to themselves. It appeared to them much better that the various magistrates of the State should be their tenants or delegates, revocable at their pleasure. In that way alone, it seemed, could they have complete security that the powers of government would never be abused to their disadvantage. By degrees this new demand for elective and

temporary rulers became the prominent object of the exertions of the popular party, wherever any such party existed; and superseded, to a considerable extent, the previous efforts to limit the power of rulers. As the struggle proceeded for making the ruling power emanate from the periodical choice of the ruled, some persons began to think that too much importance had been attached to the limitation of the power itself. *That* (it might seem) was a resource against rulers whose interests were habitually opposed to those of the people. What was now wanted was, that the rulers should be identified with the people; that their interest and will should be the interest and will of the nation. The nation did not need to be protected against its own will. There was no fear of its tyrannizing over itself. Let the rulers be effectually responsible to it, promptly removable by it, and it could afford to trust them with power of which it could itself dictate the use to be made. The power was but the nation's own power, concentrated, and in a form convenient for exercise. This mode of thought, or rather perhaps of feeling, was common among the last generation of European liberalism, in the Continental section of which it still apparently predominates. Those who admit any limit to what a government may do, except in the case of such governments as they think ought not to exist, stand out as brilliant exceptions among the political thinkers of the Continent. A similar tone of sentiment might by this time have been prevalent in our own country, if the circumstances which for a time encouraged it, had continued unaltered.

But, in political and philosophical theories, as well as in persons, success discloses faults and infirmities which failure might have concealed from observation. The notion, that the people have no need to limit their power over themselves, might seem axiomatic, when popular government was a thing only dreamed about, or read of as having existed at some distant period of the past. Neither was that notion necessarily disturbed by such temporary aberrations as those of the French Revolution, the worst of which were the work of a usurping few, and which, in any case, belonged, not to the permanent working of popular institutions, but to a sudden and convulsive outbreak against monarchical and aristocratic despotism. In time, however, a democratic republic came to occupy a large portion of the earth's surface, and made itself felt as one of the most

powerful members of the community of nations; and elective and responsible government became subject to the observations and criticisms which wait upon a great existing fact. It was now perceived that such phrases as "self-government," and "the power of the people over themselves," do not express the true state of the case. The "people" who exercise the power are not always the same people with those over whom it is exercised; and the "self-government" spoken of is not the government of each by himself, but of each by all the rest. The will of the people, moreover, practically means the will of the most numerous or the most active *part* of the people; the majority, or those who succeed in making themselves accepted as the majority; the people, consequently *may* desire to oppress a part of their number; and precautions are as much needed against this as against any other abuse of power. The limitation, therefore, of the power of government over individuals loses none of its importance when the holders of power are regularly accountable to the community, that is, to the strongest party therein. This view of things, recommending itself equally to the intelligence of thinkers and to the inclination of those important classes in European society to whose real or supposed interests democracy is adverse, has had no difficulty in establishing itself; and in political speculations "the tyranny of the majority" is now generally included among the evils against which society requires to be on its guard.

Like other tyrannies, the tyranny of the majority was at first, and is still vulgarly, held in dread, chiefly as operating through the acts of the public authorities. But reflecting persons perceived that when society is itself the tyrant—society collectively over the separate individuals who compose it—its means of tyrannizing are not restricted to the acts which it may do by the hands of its political functionaries. Society can and does execute its own mandates: and if it issues wrong mandates instead of right, or any mandates at all in things with which it ought not to meddle, it practises a social tyranny more formidable than many kinds of political oppression, since, though not usually upheld by such extreme penalties, it leaves fewer means of escape, penetrating much more deeply into the details of life, and enslaving the soul itself. Protection, therefore, against the tyranny of the magistrate is not enough: there needs protection

also against the tyranny of the prevailing opinion and feeling; against the tendency of society to impose, by other means than civil penalties, its own ideas and practices as rules of conduct on those who dissent from them; to fetter the development, and, if possible, prevent the formation, of any individuality not in harmony with its ways, and compel all characters to fashion themselves upon the model of its own. There is a limit to the legitimate interference of collective opinion with individual independence: and to find that limit, and maintain it against encroachment, is as indispensable to a good condition of human affairs, as protection against political despotism.

The object of this Essay is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties, or the moral coercion of public opinion. That principle is, that the sole end for which mankind was warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinions of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or reasoning with him, or persuading him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him must be calculated to produce evil to some one else. The only part of the conduct of any one, for which he is amenable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.

CHAPTER II

OF THE LIBERTY OF THOUGHT AND DISCUSSION

The time, it is to be hoped, is gone by,

when any defence would be necessary of the "liberty of the press" as one of the securities against corrupt or tyrannical government. No argument, we may suppose, can now be needed, against permitting a legislature or an executive, not identified in interest with the people, to prescribe opinions to them, and determine what doctrines or what arguments they shall be allowed to hear. This aspect of the question, besides, has been so often and so triumphantly enforced by preceding writers, that it needs not be specially insisted on in this place. Though the law of England, on the subject of the press, is as servile to this day as it was in the time of the Tudors, there is little danger of its being actually put in force against political discussion, except during some temporary panic, when fear of insurrection drives ministers and judges from their propriety; and, speaking generally, it is not, in constitutional countries, to be apprehended, that the government, whether completely responsible to the people or not, will often attempt to control the expression of opinion, except when in doing so it makes itself the organ of the general intolerance of the public. Let us suppose, therefore, that the government is entirely at one with the people, and never thinks of exerting any power of coercion unless in agreement with what it conceives to be their voice. But I deny the right of the people to exercise such coercion,

1 These words had scarcely been written, when, as if to give them an emphatic contradiction, occurred the Government Press Prosecutions of 1858. That ill-judged interference with the liberty of public discussion has not, however, induced me to alter a single word in the text, nor has it at all weakened my conviction that, moments of panic excepted, the era of pains and penalties for political discussion has, in our own country, passed away. For, in the first place, the prosecutions were not persisted in; and, in the second, they were never, properly speaking, political prosecutions. The offence charged was not that of criticizing institutions, or the acts or persons of rulers, but of circulating what was deemed an immoral doctrine, the lawfulness of Tyrannicide.

If the arguments of the present chapter are of any validity, there ought to exist the fullest liberty of professing and discussing, as a matter of ethical conviction, any doctrine, however immoral it may be considered. It would, therefore, be irrelevant and out of place to examine here, whether the doctrine of Tyrannicide deserves that title. I shall content myself with saying that the subject has been at all times one of the open questions of morals; that the act of a private citizen in striking down a criminal, who, by raising himself above the law, has placed himself beyond the reach of legal punishment or control, has been accounted by whole nations, and by some of the best and wisest of men, not a crime, but an act of exalted virtue; and that, right or wrong, it is not of the nature of assassination, but of civil war. As such, I hold that the instigation to it, in a specific case, may be a proper subject of punishment, but only if an overt act has followed, and at least a probable connection can be established between the act and the instigation. Even then, it is not a foreign government, but the very government assailed, which alone, in the exercise of self-defence, can legitimately punish attacks directed against its own existence. (Mill's note.)

either by themselves or by their government. The power itself is illegitimate. The best government has no more title to it than the worst. It is as noxious, or more noxious, when exerted in accordance with public opinion, than when in opposition to it. If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind. Were an opinion a personal possession of no value except to the owner; if to be obstructed in the enjoyment of it were simply a private injury, it would make some difference whether the injury was inflicted only on a few persons or on many. But the peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is, that it is robbing the human race; posterity as well as the existing generation; those who dissent from the opinion, still more than those who hold it. If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth: if wrong, they lose, what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth, produced by its collision with error.

It is necessary to consider separately these two hypotheses, each of which has a distinct branch of the argument corresponding to it. We can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavoring to stifle is a false opinion; and if we were sure, stifling it would be an evil still.

First: the opinion which it is attempted to suppress by authority may possibly be true. Those who desire to suppress it, of course deny its truth; but they are not infallible. They have no authority to decide the question for all mankind, and exclude every other person from the means of judging. To refuse a hearing to an opinion, because they are sure that it is false, is to assume that *their* certainty is the same thing as *absolute* certainty. All silencing of discussion is an assumption of infallibility. Its condemnation may be allowed to rest on this common argument, not the worse for being common.

Unfortunately for the good sense of mankind, the fact of their fallibility is far from carrying the weight in their practical judgment which is always allowed to it in theory; for while every one well knows himself to be fallible, few think it necessary to take any precautions against their own fallibility, or admit the supposition that any opinion, of which they feel very certain, may be one of

the examples of the error to which they acknowledge themselves to be liable. Absolute princes, or others who are accustomed to unlimited deference, usually feel this complete confidence in their own opinions on nearly all subjects. People more happily situated, who sometimes hear their opinions disputed, and are not wholly unused to be set right when they are wrong, place the same unbounded reliance only on such of their opinions as are shared by all who surround them, or to whom they habitually defer; for in proportion to a man's want of confidence in his own solitary judgment, does he usually repose, with implicit trust, on the infallibility of "the world" in general. And the world, to each individual, means the part of it with which he comes in contact; his party, his sect, his church, his class of society; the man may be called, by comparison, almost liberal and large-minded to whom it means anything so comprehensive as his own country or his own age. Nor is his faith in this collective authority at all shaken by his being aware that other ages, countries, sects, churches, classes, and parties have thought, and even now think, the exact reverse. He devolves upon his own world the responsibility of being in the right against the dissentient worlds of other people; and it never troubles him that mere accident has decided which of these numerous worlds is the object of his reliance, and that the same causes which make him a Churchman in London, would have made him a Buddhist or a Confucian in Pekin. Yet it is as evident in itself, as any amount of argument can make it, that ages are no more infallible than individuals; every age having held many opinions which subsequent ages have deemed not only false but absurd; and it is as certain that many opinions now general will be rejected by future ages, as it is that many, once general, are rejected by the present.

The objection likely to be made to this argument would probably take some such form as the following. There is no greater assumption of infallibility in forbidding the propagation of error, than in any other thing which is done by public authority on its own judgment and responsibility. Judgment is given to men that they may use it. Because it may be used erroneously, are men to be told that they ought not to use it at all? To prohibit what they think pernicious, is not claiming exemption from error, but fulfilling the duty incumbent on them, although fallible, of acting on their conscientious con-

viction. If we were never to act on our opinions, because those opinions may be wrong, we should leave all our interests uncared for, and all our duties unperformed. An objection which applies to all conduct can be no valid objection to any conduct in particular. It is the duty of governments, and of individuals, to form the truest opinions they can; to form them carefully, and never impose them upon others unless they are quite sure of being right. But when they are sure (such reasoners may say), it is not conscientiousness but cowardice to shrink from acting on their opinions, and allow doctrines which they honestly think dangerous to the welfare of mankind, either in this life or in another, to be scattered abroad without restraint, because other people, in less enlightened times, have persecuted opinions now believed to be true. Let us take care, it may be said, not to make the same mistake: but governments and nations have made mistakes in other things, which are not denied to be fit subjects for the exercise of authority: they have laid on bad taxes, made unjust wars. Ought we therefore to lay on no taxes, and, under whatever provocation, make no wars? Men, and governments, must act to the best of their ability. There is no such thing as absolute certainty, but there is assurance sufficient for the purposes of human life. We may, and must, assume our opinion to be true for the guidance of our own conduct: and it is assuming no more when we forbid bad men to pervert society by the propagation of opinions which we regard as false and pernicious.

I answer, that it is assuming very much more. There is the greatest difference between presuming an opinion to be true, because, with every opportunity for contesting it, it has not been refuted, and assuming its truth for the purpose of not permitting its refutation. Complete liberty of contradicting and disproving our opinion is the very condition which justifies us in assuming its truth for purposes of action; and on no other terms can a being with human faculties have any rational assurance of being right.

Let us now pass to the second division of the argument, and dismissing the supposition that any of the received opinions may be false, let us assume them to be true, and examine into the worth of the manner in which they are likely to be held, when their truth is not freely and openly canvassed. However unwillingly a person who has a strong opinion

may admit the possibility that his opinion may be false, he ought to be moved by the consideration that, however true it may be, if it is not fully, frequently, and fearlessly discussed, it will be held as a dead dogma, not a living truth.

There is a class of persons (happily not quite so numerous as formerly) who think it enough if a person assents undoubtingly to what they think true, though he has no knowledge whatever of the grounds of the opinion, and could not make a tenable defence of it against the most superficial objections. Such persons, if they can once get their creed taught from authority, naturally think that no good, and some harm, comes of its being allowed to be questioned. Where their influence prevails, they make it nearly impossible for the received opinion to be rejected wisely and considerately, though it may still be rejected rashly and ignorantly; for to shut out discussion entirely is seldom possible, and when it once gets in, beliefs not grounded on conviction are apt to give way before the slightest semblance of an argument. Waiving, however, this possibility — assuming that the true opinion abides in the mind, but abides as a prejudice, a belief independent of, and proof against, argument — this is not the way in which truth ought to be held by a rational being. This is not knowing the truth. Truth, thus held, is but one superstition the more, accidentally clinging to the words which enunciate a truth.

If the intellect and judgment of mankind ought to be cultivated, a thing which Protestants at least do not deny, on what can these faculties be more appropriately exercised by any one, than on the things which concern him so much that it is considered necessary for him to hold opinions on them? If the cultivation of the understanding consists in one thing more than in another, it is surely in learning the grounds of one's own opinions. Whatever people believe, on subjects on which it is of the first importance to believe rightly, they ought to be able to defend against at least the common objections. But, some one may say, "Let them be taught the grounds of their opinions. It does not follow that opinions must be merely parroted because they are never heard controverted. Persons who learn geometry do not simply commit the theorems to memory, but understand and learn likewise the demonstrations; and it would be absurd to say that they remain ignorant of the grounds of geometrical truths, because they never hear any one

deny, and attempt to disprove them." Undoubtedly: and such teaching suffices on a subject like mathematics, where there is nothing at all to be said on the wrong side of the question. The peculiarity of the evidence of mathematical truths is that all the argument is on one side. There are no objections, and no answers to objections. But on every subject on which difference of opinion is possible, the truth depends on a balance to be struck between two sets of conflicting reasons. Even in natural philosophy, there is always some other explanation possible of the same facts; some geocentric theory instead of heliocentric, some phlogiston instead of oxygen; and it has to be shown why that other theory cannot be the true one: and until this is shown, and until we know how it is shown, we do not understand the grounds of our opinion. But when we turn to subjects infinitely more complicated, to morals, religion, politics, social relations, and the business of life, three-fourths of the arguments for every disputed opinion consist in dispelling the appearances which favor some opinion different from it. The greatest orator, save one, of antiquity, has left it on record that he always studied his adversary's case with as great, if not still greater, intensity than even his own. What Cicero practised as the means of forensic success requires to be imitated by all who study any subject in order to arrive at the truth. He who knows only his own side of the case, knows little of that. His reasons may be good, and no one may have been able to refute them. But if he is equally unable to refute the reasons on the opposite side; if he does not so much as know what they are, he has no ground for preferring either opinion. The rational position for him would be suspension of judgment, and unless he contents himself with that, he is either led by authority, or adopts, like the generality of the world, the side to which he feels most inclination. Nor is it enough that he should hear the arguments of adversaries from his own teachers, presented as they state them, and accompanied by what they offer as refutations. That is not the way to do justice to the arguments, or bring them into real contact with his own mind. He must be able to hear them from persons who actually believe them; who defend them in earnest, and do their very utmost for them. He must know them in their most plausible and persuasive form; he must feel the whole force of the difficulty which the true view of the subject has to encounter and dispose of;

else he will never really possess himself of the portion of truth which meets and removes that difficulty. Ninety-nine in a hundred of what are called educated men are in this condition; even of those who can argue fluently for their opinions. Their conclusion may be true, but it might be false for anything they know: they have never thrown themselves into the mental position of those who think differently from them, and considered what such persons may have to say; and consequently they do not, in any proper sense of the word, know the doctrine which they themselves profess. They do not know those parts of it which explain and justify the remainder; the considerations which show that a fact which seemingly conflicts with another is reconcilable with it, or that, of two apparently strong reasons, one and not the other ought to be preferred. All that part of the truth which turns the scale, and decides the judgment of a completely informed mind, they are strangers to; nor is it ever really known, but to those who have attended equally and impartially to both sides, and endeavored to see the reasons of both in the strongest light. So essential is this discipline to a real understanding of moral and human subjects, that if opponents of all important truths do not exist, it is indispensable to imagine them, and supply them with the strongest arguments which the most skilful devil's advocate can conjure up.

If, however, the mischievous operation of the absence of free discussion, when the received opinions are true, were confined to leaving men ignorant of the grounds of those opinions, it might be thought that this, if an intellectual, is no moral evil, and does not affect the worth of the opinions, regarded in their influence on the character. The fact, however, is, that not only the grounds of the opinion are forgotten in the absence of discussion, but too often the meaning of the opinion itself. The words which convey it cease to suggest ideas, or suggest only a small portion of those they were originally employed to communicate. Instead of a vivid conception and a living belief, there remain only a few phrases retained by rote; or, if any part, the shell and husk only of the meaning is retained, the finer essence being lost. The great chapter in human history which this fact occupies and fills, cannot be too earnestly studied and meditated on.

It is illustrated in the experience of almost all ethical doctrines and religious creeds.

They are all full of meaning and vitality to those who originate them, and to the direct disciples of the originators. Their meaning continues to be felt in undiminished strength, and is perhaps brought out into even fuller consciousness, so long as the struggle lasts to give the doctrine or creed an ascendancy over other creeds. At last it either prevails, and becomes the general opinion, or its progress stops; it keeps possession of the ground it has gained, but ceases to spread further. When either of these results has become apparent, controversy on the subject flags, and gradually dies away. The doctrine has taken its place, if not as a received opinion, as one of the admitted sects or divisions of opinion: those who hold it have generally inherited, not adopted it; and conversion from one of these doctrines to another, being now an exceptional fact, occupies little place in the thoughts of their professors. Instead of being, as at first, constantly on the alert either to defend themselves against the world, or to bring the world over to them, they have subsided into acquiescence, and neither listen, when they can help it, to arguments against their creed, nor trouble dissentients (if there be such) with arguments in its favor. From this time may usually be dated the decline in the living power of the doctrine. We often hear the teachers of all creeds lamenting the difficulty of keeping up in the minds of believers a lively apprehension of the truth which they nominally recognize, so that it may penetrate the feelings, and acquire a real mastery over the conduct. No such difficulty is complained of while the creed is still fighting for its existence: even the weaker combatants then know and feel what they are fighting for, and the difference between it and other doctrines; and in that period of every creed's existence, not a few persons may be found, who have realized its fundamental principles in all the forms of thought, have weighed and considered them in all their important bearings, and have experienced the full effect on the character which belief in that creed ought to produce in a mind thoroughly imbued with it. But when it has come to be an hereditary creed, and to be received passively, not actively — when the mind is no longer compelled, in the same degree as at first, to exercise its vital powers on the questions which its belief presents to it, there is a progressive tendency to forget all of the belief except the formularies, or to give it a dull and torpid assent, as if accepting it on trust dispensed

with the necessity of realizing it in consciousness, or testing it by personal experience, until it almost ceases to connect itself at all with the inner life of the human being. Then are seen the cases, so frequent in this age of the world as almost to form the majority, in which the creed remains as it were outside the mind, incrusting and petrifying it against all other influences addressed to the higher parts of our nature; manifesting its power by not suffering any fresh and living conviction to get in, but itself doing nothing for the mind or heart, except standing sentinel over them to keep them vacant.

It still remains to speak of one of the principal causes which make diversity of opinion advantageous, and will continue to do so until mankind shall have entered a stage of intellectual advancement which at present seems at an incalculable distance. We have hitherto considered only two possibilities: that the received opinion may be false, and some other opinion, consequently, true; or that, the received opinion being true, a conflict with the opposite error is essential to a clear apprehension and deep feeling of its truth. But there is a commoner case than either of these; when the conflicting doctrines, instead of being one true and the other false, share the truth between them; and the nonconforming opinion is needed to supply the remainder of the truth, of which the received doctrine embodies only a part. Popular opinions, on subjects not palpable to sense, are often true, but seldom or never the whole truth. They are a part of the truth; sometimes a greater, sometimes a smaller part, but exaggerated, distorted, and disjointed from the truths by which they ought to be accompanied and limited. Heretical opinions, on the other hand, are generally some of these suppressed and neglected truths, bursting the bonds which kept them down, and either seeking reconciliation with the truth contained in the common opinion, or fronting it as enemies, and setting themselves up, with similar exclusiveness, as the whole truth. The latter case is hitherto the most frequent, as, in the human mind, one-sidedness has always been the rule, and many-sidedness the exception. Hence, even in revolutions of opinion, one part of the truth usually sets while another rises. Even progress, which ought to superadd, for the most part only substitutes, one partial and incomplete truth for another; improvement consisting chiefly in this, that the

new fragment of truth is more wanted, more adapted to the needs of the time, than that which it displaces. Such being the partial character of prevailing opinions, even when resting on a true foundation, every opinion which embodies somewhat of the portion of truth which the common opinion omits, ought to be considered precious, with whatever amount of error and confusion that truth may be blended. No sober judge of human affairs will feel bound to be indignant because those who force on our notice truths which we should otherwise have overlooked, overlook some of those which we see. Rather, he will think that so long as popular truth is one-sided, it is more desirable than otherwise that unpopular truth should have one-sided assertors too; such being usually the most energetic, and the most likely to compel reluctant attention to the fragment of wisdom which they proclaim as if it were the whole.

Thus, in the eighteenth century, when nearly all the instructed, and all those of the uninstructed who were led by them, were lost in admiration of what is called civilization, and of the marvels of modern science, literature, and philosophy, and while greatly overrating the amount of unlikeness between the men of modern and those of ancient times, indulged the belief that the whole of the difference was in their own favor; with what a salutary shock did the paradoxes of Rousseau explode like bombshells in the midst, dislocating the compact mass of one-sided opinion, and forcing its elements to recombine in a better form and with additional ingredients. Not that the current opinions were on the whole farther from the truth than Rousseau's were; on the contrary, they were nearer to it; they contained more of positive truth, and very much less of error. Nevertheless there lay in Rousseau's doctrine, and has floated down the stream of opinion along with it, a considerable amount of exactly those truths which the popular opinion wanted; and these are the deposit which was left behind when the flood subsided. The superior worth of simplicity of life, the enervating and demoralizing effect of the trammels and hypocrisies of artificial society, are ideas which have never been entirely absent from cultivated minds since Rousseau wrote; and they will in time produce their due effect, though at present needing to be asserted as much as ever, and to be asserted by deeds, for words, on this subject, have nearly exhausted their power.

In politics, again, it is almost a commonplace, that a party of order or stability, and a party of progress or reform, are both necessary elements of a healthy state of political life; until the one or the other shall have so enlarged its mental grasp as to be a party equally of order and of progress, knowing and distinguishing what is fit to be preserved from what ought to be swept away. Each of these modes of thinking derives its utility from the deficiencies of the other; but it is in a great measure the opposition of the other that keeps each within the limits of reason and sanity. Unless opinions favorable to democracy and to aristocracy, to property and to equality, to co-operation and to competition, to luxury and to abstinence, to sociality and individuality, to liberty and discipline, and all the other standing antagonisms of practical life, are expressed with equal freedom, and enforced and defended with equal talent and energy, there is no chance of both elements obtaining their due; one scale is sure to go up, and the other down. Truth, in the great practical concerns of life, is so much a question of the reconciling and combining of opposites, that very few have minds sufficiently capacious and impartial to make the adjustment with an approach to correctness, and it has to be made by the rough process of a struggle between combatants fighting under hostile banners. On any of the great open questions just enumerated, if either of the two opinions has a better claim than the other, not merely to be tolerated, but to be encouraged and countenanced, it is the one which happens at the particular time and place to be in a minority. That is the opinion which, for the time being, represents the neglected interests, the side of human well-being which is in danger of obtaining less than its share. I am aware that there is not, in this country, any intolerance of differences of opinion on most of these topics. They are adduced to show, by admitted and multiplied examples, the universality of the fact, that only through diversity of opinion is there, in the existing state of human intellect, a chance of fair play to all sides of the truth. When there are persons to be found who form an exception to the apparent unanimity of the world on any subject, even if the world is in the right, it is always probable that dissentients have something worth hearing to say for themselves, and that truth would lose something by their silence.

Before quitting the subject of freedom of opinion, it is fit to take some notice of those who say that the free expression of all opinions should be permitted, on condition that the manner be temperate, and do not pass the bounds of fair discussion. Much might be said on the impossibility of fixing where these supposed bounds are to be placed; for if the test be offence to those whose opinions are attacked, I think experience testifies that this offence is given whenever the attack is telling and powerful, and that every opponent who pushes them hard, and whom they find it difficult to answer, appears to them, if he shows any strong feeling on the subject, an intemperate opponent. But this, though an important consideration in a practical point of view, merges in a more fundamental objection. Undoubtedly the manner of asserting an opinion, even though it be a true one, may be very objectionable, and may justly incur severe censure. But the principal offences of the kind are such as it is mostly impossible, unless by accidental self-betrayal, to bring home to conviction. The gravest of them is, to argue sophistically, to suppress facts or arguments, to misstate the elements of the case, or misrepresent the opposite opinion. But all this, even to the most aggravated degree, is so continually done in perfect good faith, by persons who are not considered, and in many other respects may not deserve to be considered, ignorant or incompetent, that it is rarely possible, on adequate grounds, conscientiously to stamp the misrepresentation as morally culpable; and still less could law presume to interfere with this kind of controversial misconduct. With regard to what is commonly meant by intemperate discussion, namely invective, sarcasm, personality, and the like, the denunciation of these weapons would deserve more sympathy if it were ever proposed to interdict them equally to both sides; but it is only desired to restrain the employment of them against the prevailing opinion: against the unprevailing they may not only be used without general disapproval, but will be likely to obtain for him who uses them the praise of honest zeal and righteous indignation. Yet whatever mischief arises from their use is greatest when they are employed against the comparatively defenceless; and whatever unfair advantage can be derived by any opinion from this mode of asserting it, accrues almost exclusively to received opinions. The worst offence of this kind which can be committed by a polemic is to stig-

matize those who hold the contrary opinion as bad and immoral men. To calumny of this sort, those who hold any unpopular opinion are peculiarly exposed, because they are in general few and uninfluential, and nobody but themselves feels much interested in seeing justice done them; but this weapon is, from the nature of the case, denied to those who attack a prevailing opinion: they can neither use it with safety to themselves, nor, if they could, would it do anything but recoil on their own cause. In general, opinions contrary to those commonly received can only obtain a hearing by studied moderation of language, and the most cautious avoidance of unnecessary offense, from which they hardly ever deviate even in a slight degree without losing ground: while unmeasured vituperation employed on the side of the prevailing opinion really does deter people from professing contrary opinions, and from listening to those who profess them. For the interest, therefore, of truth and justice, it is far more important to restrain this employment of vituperative language than the other; and, for example, if it were necessary to choose, there would be much more need to discourage offensive attacks on infidelity than on religion. It is, however, obvious that law and authority have no business with restraining either, while opinion ought, in every instance, to determine its verdict by the circumstances of the individual case; condemning every one, on whichever side of the argument he places himself, in whose mode of advocacy either want of candor, or malignity, bigotry, or intolerance of feeling manifest themselves; but not inferring these vices from the side which a person takes, though it be the contrary side of the question to our own; and giving merited honor to every one, whatever opinion he may hold, who has calmness to see and honesty to state what his opponents and their opinions really are, exaggerating nothing to their discredit, keeping nothing back which tells, or can be supposed to tell, in their favor. This is the real morality of public discussion: and if often violated, I am happy to think that there are many controversialists who to a great extent observe it, and a still greater number who conscientiously strive towards it.

CHAPTER III

OF INDIVIDUALITY, AS ONE OF THE ELEMENTS OF WELL-BEING

Such being the reasons which make it imperative that human beings should be free to form opinions, and to express their opinions without reserve; and such the baneful consequences to the intellectual, and through that to the moral nature of man, unless this liberty is either conceded, or asserted in spite of prohibition; let us next examine whether the same reasons do not require that men should be free to act upon their opinions — to carry these out in their lives, without hindrance, either physical or moral, from their fellow-men, so long as it is at their own risk and peril. This last proviso is of course indispensable. No one pretends that actions should be as free as opinions. On the contrary, even opinions lose their immunity when the circumstances in which they are expressed are such as to constitute their expression a positive instigation to some mischievous act. An opinion that corn-dealers are starvers of the poor, or that private property is robbery, ought to be unmolested when simply circulated through the press, but may justly incur punishment when delivered orally to an excited mob assembled before the house of a corn-dealer, or when handed about among the same mob in the form of a placard. Acts, of whatever kind, which, without justifiable cause, do harm to others, may be, and in the more important cases absolutely require to be, controlled by the unfavorable sentiments, and, when needful, by the active interference of mankind. The liberty of the individual must be thus far limited; he must not make himself a nuisance to other people. But if he refrains from molesting others in what concerns them, and merely acts according to his own inclination and judgment in things which concern himself, the same reasons which show that opinion should be free, prove also that he should be allowed, without molestation, to carry his opinions into practice at his own cost. That mankind are not infallible; that their truths, for the most part, are only half-truths; that unity of opinion, unless resulting from the fullest and freest comparison of opposite opinions, is not desirable, and diversity not an evil, but a good, until mankind are much more capable than at present of recognizing all sides of the truth, are principles applicable to men's modes of action, not less than to their opin-

ions. As it is useful that while mankind are imperfect there should be different opinions, so it is that there should be different experiments of living; that free scope should be given to varieties of character, short of injury to others; and that the worth of different modes of life should be proved practically, when any one thinks fit to try them. It is desirable, in short, that in things which do not primarily concern others, individuality should assert itself. Where, not the person's own character, but the traditions or customs of other people are the rule of conduct, there is wanting one of the principal ingredients of human happiness, and quite the chief ingredient of individual and social progress.

In maintaining this principle, the greatest difficulty to be encountered does not lie in the appreciation of means towards an acknowledged end, but in the indifference of persons in general to the end itself. If it were felt that the free development of individuality is one of the leading essentials of well-being; that it is not only a co-ordinate element with all that is designated by the terms civilization, instruction, education, culture, but is itself a necessary part and condition of all those things; there would be no danger that liberty should be undervalued and the adjustment of the boundaries between it and social control would present no extraordinary difficulty. But the evil is, that individual spontaneity is hardly recognized by the common modes of thinking as having any intrinsic worth, or deserving any regard on its own account. The majority, being satisfied with the ways of mankind as they now are (for it is they who make them what they are), cannot comprehend why those ways should not be good enough for everybody; and what is more, spontaneity forms no part of the ideal of the majority of moral and social reformers, but is rather looked on with jealousy, as a troublesome and perhaps rebellious obstruction to the general acceptance of what these reformers, in their own judgment, think would be best for mankind. Few persons, out of Germany, even comprehend the meaning of the doctrine which Wilhelm von Humboldt, so eminent both as a *savant* and as a politician, made the text of a treatise—that “the end of man, or that which is prescribed by the eternal or immutable dictates of reason, and not suggested by vague and transient desires, is the highest and most harmonious development of his powers to a complete and

consistent whole;” that, therefore, the object “towards which every human being must ceaselessly direct his efforts, and on which especially those who design to influence their fellow-men must ever keep their eyes, is the individuality of power and development;” that for this there are two requisites, “freedom, and variety of situations;” and that from the union of these arise “individual vigor and manifold diversity” which combine themselves in “originality.”¹

Little, however, as people are accustomed to a doctrine like that of Von Humboldt, and surprising as it may be to them to find so high a value attached to individuality, the question, one must nevertheless think, can only be one of degree. No one's idea of excellence in conduct is that people should do absolutely nothing but copy one another. No one would assert that people ought not to put into their mode of life, and into the conduct of their concerns, any impress whatever of their own judgment, or of their own individual character. On the other hand, it would be absurd to pretend that people ought to live as if nothing whatever had been known in the world before they came into it; as if experience had as yet done nothing towards showing that one mode of existence, or of conduct, is preferable to another. Nobody denies that people should be so taught and trained in youth as to know and benefit by the ascertained results of human experience. But it is the privilege and proper condition of a human being, arrived at the maturity of his faculties, to use and interpret experience in his own way. It is for him to find out what part of recorded experience is properly applicable to his own circumstances and character. The traditions and customs of other people are, to a certain extent, evidence of what their experience has taught *them*; presumptive evidence, and as such, have a claim to his deference: but, in the first place, their experience may be too narrow; or they may not have interpreted it rightly. Secondly, their interpretation of experience may be correct, but unsuitable to him. Customs are made for customary circumstances and customary characters; and his circumstances or his character may be uncusomary. Thirdly, though the customs be both good as customs, and suitable to him, yet to conform to custom, merely *as* custom, does not educate or

¹ *The Sphere and Duties of Government*, from the German of Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, pp. 11–13. (Mill's note.)

develop in him any of the qualities which are the distinctive endowment of a human being. The human faculties of perception, judgment, discriminative feeling, mental activity, and even moral preference, are exercised only in making a choice. He who does anything because it is the custom makes no choice. He gains no practice either in discerning or in desiring what is best. The mental and moral, like the muscular powers, are improved only by being used. The faculties are called into no exercise by doing a thing merely because others do it, no more than by believing a thing only because others believe it. If the grounds of an opinion are not conclusive to the person's own reason, his reason cannot be strengthened, but is likely to be weakened, by his adopting it: and if the inducements to an act are not such as are consentaneous to his own feelings and character (where affection, or the rights of others, are not concerned) it is so much done towards rendering his feelings and character inert and torpid, instead of active and energetic.

He who lets the world, or his own portion of it, choose his plan of life for him, has no need of any other faculty than the ape-like one of imitation. He who chooses his plan for himself, employs all his faculties. He must use observation to see, reasoning and judgment to foresee, activity to gather materials for decision, discrimination to decide, and when he has decided, firmness of self-control to hold to his deliberate decision. And these qualities he requires and exercises exactly in proportion as the part of his conduct which he determines according to his own judgment and feelings is a large one. It is possible that he might be guided in some good path, and kept out of harm's way, without any of these things. But what will be his comparative worth as a human being? It really is of importance, not only what men do, but also what manner of men they are that do it. Among the works of man, which human life is rightly employed in perfecting and beautifying, the first in importance surely is man himself. Supposing it were possible to get houses built, corn grown, battles fought, causes tried, and even churches erected and prayers said, by machinery — by automatons in human form — it would be a considerable loss to exchange for these automatons even the men and women who at present inhabit the more civilized parts of the world, and who assuredly are but starved specimens of what nature

can and will produce. Human nature is not a machine to be built after a model, and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it, but a tree, which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides, according to the tendency of the inward forces which make it a living thing.

It will probably be conceded that it is desirable people should exercise their understandings, and that an intelligent following of custom, or even occasionally an intelligent deviation from custom, is better than a blind and simply mechanical adhesion to it. To a certain extent it is admitted that our understanding should be our own: but there is not the same willingness to admit that our desires and impulses should be our own likewise; or that to possess impulses of our own, and of any strength, is anything but a peril and a snare. Yet desires and impulses are as much a part of a perfect human being as beliefs and restraints: and strong impulses are only perilous when not properly balanced; when one set of aims and inclinations is developed into strength, while others, which ought to co-exist with them, remain weak and inactive. It is not because men's desires are strong that they act ill; it is because their consciences are weak. There is no natural connection between strong impulses and a weak conscience. The natural connection is the other way. To say that one person's desires and feelings are stronger and more various than those of another, is merely to say that he has more of the raw material of human nature, and is therefore capable, perhaps of more evil, but certainly of more good. Strong impulses are but another name for energy. Energy may be turned to bad uses; but more good may always be made of an energetic nature, than of an indolent and impassive one. Those who have most natural feeling are always those whose cultivated feelings may be made the strongest. The same strong susceptibilities which make the personal impulses vivid and powerful, are also the source from whence are generated the most passionate love of virtue, and the sternest self-control. It is through the cultivation of these that society both does its duty and protects its interests: not by rejecting the stuff of which heroes are made, because it knows not how to make them. A person whose desires and impulses are his own — are the expression of his own nature, as it has been developed and modified by his own culture — is said to have a character. One whose desires and im-

pulses are not his own, has no character, no more than a steam-engine has a character. If, in addition to being his own, his impulses are strong, and are under the government of a strong will, he has an energetic character. Whoever thinks that individuality of desires and impulses should not be encouraged to unfold itself, must maintain that society has no need of strong natures — is not the better for containing many persons who have much character — and that a high general average of energy is not desirable.

In some early states of society, these forces might be, and were, too much ahead of the power which society then possessed of disciplining and controlling them. There has been a time when the element of spontaneity and individuality was in excess, and the social principle had a hard struggle with it. The difficulty then was to induce men of strong bodies or minds to pay obedience to any rules which required them to control their impulses. To overcome this difficulty, law and discipline, like the Popes struggling against the Emperors, asserted a power over the whole man, claiming to control all his life in order to control his character — which society had not found any other sufficient means of binding. But society has now fairly got the better of individuality; and the danger which threatens human nature is not the excess, but the deficiency, of personal impulses and preferences. Things are vastly changed since the passions of those who were strong by station or by personal endowment were in a state of habitual rebellion against laws and ordinances, and required to be rigorously chained up to enable the persons within their reach to enjoy any particle of security. In our times, from the highest class of society down to the lowest, every one lives as under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship. Not only in what concerns others, but in what concerns only themselves, the individual or the family do not ask themselves — what do I prefer? or, what would suit my character and disposition? or, what would allow the best and highest in me to have fair play, and enable it to grow and thrive? They ask themselves, what is suitable to my position? what is usually done by persons of my station and pecuniary circumstances? or (worse still) what is usually done by persons of a station and circumstances superior to mine? I do not mean that they choose what is customary in preference to what suits their own inclination. It does not occur to them to have any inclination, except

for what is customary. Thus the mind itself is bowed to the yoke: even in what people do for pleasure, conformity is the first thing thought of; they like in crowds; they exercise choice only among things commonly done: peculiarity of taste, eccentricity of conduct, are shunned equally with crimes: until by dint of not following their own nature they have no nature to follow: their human capacities are withered and starved: they become incapable of any strong wishes or native pleasures, and are generally without either opinions or feelings of home growth, or properly their own. Now is this, or is it not, the desirable condition of human nature?

It is so, on the Calvinistic theory. According to that, the one great offence of man is self-will. All the good of which humanity is capable is comprised in obedience. You have no choice; thus you must do, and no otherwise: "whatever is not a duty, is a sin." Human nature being radically corrupt, there is no redemption for any one until human nature is killed within him. To one holding this theory of life, crushing out any of the human faculties, capacities, and susceptibilities, is no evil: man needs no capacity, but that of surrendering himself to the will of God: and if he uses any of his faculties for any other purpose but to do that supposed will more effectually, he is better without them. This is the theory of Calvinism; and it is held, in a mitigated form, by many who do not consider themselves Calvinists; the mitigation consisting in giving a less ascetic interpretation to the alleged will of God; asserting it to be his will that mankind should gratify some of their inclinations; of course not in the manner they themselves prefer, but in the way of obedience, that is, in a way prescribed to them by authority; and, therefore, by the necessary condition of the case, the same for all.

In some such insidious form there is at present a strong tendency to this narrow theory of life, and to the pinched and hidebound type of human character which it patronizes. Many persons, no doubt, sincerely think that human beings thus cramped and dwarfed are as their Maker designed them to be; just as many have thought that trees are a much finer thing when clipped into pollards, or cut out into figures of animals, than as nature made them. But if it be any part of religion to believe that man was made by a good Being, it is more consistent with that faith to believe that this Being gave all human faculties that they might be culti-

vated and unfolded, not rooted out and consumed, and that he takes delight in every nearer approach made by his creatures to the ideal conception embodied in them, every increase in any of their capabilities of comprehension, of action, or of enjoyment. There is a different type of human excellence from the Calvinistic: a conception of humanity as having its nature bestowed on it for other purposes than merely to be abnegated. "Pagan self-assertion" is one of the elements of human worth, as well as "Christian self-denial."¹ There is a Greek ideal of self-development, which the Platonic and Christian ideal of self-government blends with, but does not supersede. It may be better to be a John Knox than an Alcibiades, but it is better to be a Pericles than either; nor would a Pericles, if we had one in these days, be without anything good which belonged to John Knox.

It is not by wearing down into uniformity all that is individual in themselves, but by cultivating it, and calling it forth, within the limits imposed by the rights and interests of others, that human beings become a noble and beautiful object of contemplation; and as the works partake the character of those who do them, by the same process human life also becomes rich, diversified, and animating, furnishing more abundant aliment to high thoughts and elevating feelings, and strengthening the tie which binds every individual to the race, by making the race infinitely better worth belonging to. In proportion to the development of his individuality, each person becomes more valuable to himself, and is therefore capable of being more valuable to others. There is a greater fulness of life about his own existence, and when there is more life in the units there is more in the mass which is composed of them. As much compression as is necessary to prevent the stronger specimens of human nature from encroaching on the rights of others cannot be dispensed with; but for this there is ample compensation even in the point of view of human development. The means of development which the individual loses by being prevented from gratifying his inclinations to the injury of others, are chiefly obtained at the expense of the development of other people. And even to himself there is a full equivalent in the better development of the social part of his nature, rendered possible by the restraint put upon the selfish part. To be held to rigid rules of justice for

¹ Sterling's *Essays*. (Mill's note.)

the sake of others, develops the feelings and capacities which have the good of others for their object. But to be restrained in things not affecting their good, by their mere displeasure, develops nothing valuable, except such force of character as may unfold itself in resisting the restraint. If acquiesced in, it dulls and blunts the whole nature. To give any fair play to the nature of each, it is essential that different persons should be allowed to lead different lives. In proportion as this latitude has been exercised in any age, has that age been noteworthy to posterity. Even despotism does not produce its worst effects, so long as individuality exists under it; and whatever crushes individuality is despotism, by whatever name it may be called, and whether it professes to be enforcing the will of God or the injunctions of men.

Having said that the individuality is the same thing with development, and that it is only the cultivation of individuality which produces, or can produce, well-developed human beings, I might here close the argument: for what more or better can be said of any condition of human affairs than that it brings human beings themselves nearer to the best thing they can be? or what worse can be said of any obstruction to good than that it prevents this? Doubtless, however, these considerations will not suffice to convince those who most need convincing; and it is necessary further to show, that these developed human beings are of some use to the undeveloped — to point out to those who do not desire liberty, and would not avail themselves of it, that they may be in some intelligible manner rewarded for allowing other people to make use of it without hindrance.

In the first place, then, I would suggest that they might possibly learn something from them. It will not be denied by anybody, that originality is a valuable element in human affairs. There is always need of persons not only to discover new truths, and point out when what were once truths are true no longer, but also to commence new practices, and set the example of more enlightened conduct, and better taste and sense in human life. This cannot well be gainsaid by anybody who does not believe that the world has already attained perfection in all its ways and practices. It is true that this benefit is not capable of being rendered by everybody alike: there are but few persons, in comparison with the whole of mankind, whose experiments, if adopted by others,

would be likely to be any improvement on established practice. But these few are the salt of the earth; without them, human life would become a stagnant pool. Not only is it they who introduce good things which did not before exist; it is they who keep the life in those which already exist. If there were nothing new to be done, would human intellect cease to be necessary? Would it be a reason why those who do the old things should forget why they are done, and do them like cattle, not like human beings? There is only too great a tendency in the best beliefs and practices to degenerate into the mechanical; and unless there were a succession of persons whose ever-recurring originality prevents the grounds of those beliefs and practices from becoming merely traditional, such dead matter would not resist the smallest shock from anything really alive, and there would be no reason why civilization should not die out, as in the Byzantine Empire. Persons of genius, it is true, are, and are always likely to be, a small minority; but in order to have them, it is necessary to preserve the soil in which they grow. Genius can only breathe freely in an *atmosphere* of freedom. Persons of genius are, *ex vi termini*,¹ more individual than any other people — less capable, consequently, of fitting themselves, without hurtful compression, into any of the small number of molds which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own character. If from timidity they consent to be forced into one of these molds, and to let all that part of themselves which cannot expand under the pressure remain unexpanded, society will be little the better for their genius. If they are of a strong character, and break their fetters, they become a mark for the society which has not succeeded in reducing them to commonplace, to point out with solemn warning as “wild,” “erratic,” and the like; much as if one should complain of the Niagara river for not flowing smoothly between its banks like a Dutch canal.

I insist thus emphatically on the importance of genius, and the necessity of allowing it to unfold itself freely both in thought and in practice, being well aware that no one will deny the position in theory, but knowing also that almost every one, in reality, is totally indifferent to it. People think genius a fine thing if it enables a man to write an exciting poem, or paint a picture. But in its true sense, that of originality in thought

¹ by definition.

and action, though no one says that it is not a thing to be admired, nearly all, at heart, think that they can do very well without it. Unhappily this is too natural to be wondered at. Originality is the one thing which unoriginal minds cannot feel the use of. They cannot see what it is to do for them: how should they? If they could see what it would do for them, it would not be originality. The first service which originality has to render them, is that of opening their eyes: which being once fully done, they would have a chance of being themselves original. Meanwhile, recollecting that nothing was ever yet done which some one was not the first to do, and that all good things which exist are the fruits of originality, let them be modest enough to believe that there is something still left for it to accomplish, and assure themselves that they are more in need of originality, the less they are conscious of the want.

In sober truth, whatever homage may be professed, or even paid, to real or supposed mental superiority, the general tendency of things throughout the world is to render mediocrity the ascendant power among mankind. In ancient history, in the Middle Ages, and in a diminishing degree through the long transition from feudality to the present time, the individual was a power in himself; and if he had either great talents or a high social position, he was a considerable power. At present individuals are lost in the crowd. In politics it is almost a triviality to say that public opinion now rules the world. The only power deserving the name is that of masses, and of governments while they make themselves the organ of the tendencies and instincts of masses. This is as true in the moral and social relations of private life as in public transactions. Those whose opinions go by the name of public opinion are not always the same sort of public: in America they are the whole white population; in England, chiefly the middle class. But they are always a mass, that is to say, collective mediocrity. And what is a still greater novelty, the mass do not now take their opinions from dignitaries in Church or State, from ostensible leaders, or from books. Their thinking is done for them by men much like themselves, addressing them or speaking in their name, on the spur of the moment, through the newspapers. I am not complaining of all this. I do not assert that anything better is compatible, as a general rule, with the present low state of the human

mind. But that does not hinder the government of mediocrity from being mediocre government. No government by a democracy or a numerous aristocracy, either in its political acts or in the opinions, qualities, and tone of mind which it fosters, ever did or could rise above mediocrity, except in so far as the sovereign. Many have let themselves be guided (which in their best times they always have done) by the counsels and influence of a more highly gifted and instructed One or Few. The initiation of all wise or noble things comes and must come from individuals; generally at first from some one individual. The honor and glory of the average man is that he is capable of following that initiative; that he can respond internally to wise and noble things, and be led to them with his eyes open. I am not countenancing the sort of "hero-worship" which applauds the strong man of genius for forcibly seizing on the government of the world and making it do his bidding in spite of itself. All he can claim is, freedom to point out the way. The power of compelling others into it is not only inconsistent with the freedom and development of all the rest, but corrupting to the strong man himself. It does seem, however, that when the opinions of masses of merely average men are everywhere become or becoming the dominant power, the counterpoise and corrective to that tendency would be the more and more pronounced individuality of those who stand on the higher eminences of thought. It is in these circumstances most especially, that exceptional individuals, instead of being deterred, should be encouraged in acting differently from the mass. In other times there was no advantage in their doing so, unless they acted not only differently but better. In this age, the mere example of non-conformity, the mere refusal to bend the knee to custom, is itself a service. Precisely because the tyranny of opinion is such as to make eccentricity a reproach, it is desirable, in order to break through that tyranny, that people should be eccentric. Eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded; and the amount of eccentricity in a society has generally been proportional to the amount of genius, mental vigor, and moral courage it contained. That so few now dare to be eccentric marks the chief danger of the time.

CHAPTER IV

OF THE LIMITS TO THE AUTHORITY OF SOCIETY
OVER THE INDIVIDUAL

5. What, then, is the rightful limit to the sovereignty of the individual over himself? Where does the authority of society begin? How much of human life should be assigned to individuality, and how much to society?
10. Each will receive its proper share, if each has that which more particularly concerns it. To individuality should belong the part of life in which it is chiefly the individual that is interested; to society, the part which chiefly interests society.

Though society is not founded on a contract, and though no good purpose is answered by inventing a contract in order to deduce social obligations from it, every one who receives the protection of society owes a return for the benefit, and the fact of living in society renders it indispensable that each should be bound to observe a certain line of conduct towards the rest. This conduct consists, first, in not injuring the interests of one another; or rather certain interests, which, either by express legal provision or by tacit understanding, ought to be considered as rights; and secondly, in each person's bearing his share (to be fixed on some equitable principle) of the labors and sacrifices incurred for defending the society or its members from injury and molestation. These conditions society is justified in enforcing, at all costs to those who endeavor to withhold fulfillment. Nor is this all that society may do. The acts of an individual may be hurtful to others, or wanting in due consideration for their welfare, without going to the length of violating any of their constituted rights. The offender may then be justly punished by opinion, though not by law. As soon as any part of a person's conduct affects prejudicially the interests of others, society has jurisdiction over it, and the question whether the general welfare will or will not be promoted by interfering with it, becomes open to discussion. But there is no room for entertaining any such question when a person's conduct affects the interests of no persons besides himself, or needs not affect them unless they like (all the persons concerned being of full age, and the ordinary amount of understanding). In all such cases, there should be perfect freedom, legal and social, to do the action and stand the consequences.

The distinction between the loss of con-

sideration which a person may rightly incur by defect of prudence or of personal dignity, and the reprobation which is due to him for an offence against the rights of others, is not a merely nominal distinction. It makes a vast difference both in our feelings and in our conduct towards him whether he displeases us in things in which we think we have a right to control him, or in things in which we know that we have not. If he displeases us, we may express our distaste, and we may stand aloof from a person as well as from a thing that displeases us; but we shall not therefore feel called on to make his life uncomfortable. We shall reflect that he already bears, or will bear, the whole penalty of his error; if he spoils his life by mismanagement, we shall not, for that reason, desire to spoil it still further: instead of wishing to punish him, we shall rather endeavor to alleviate his punishment, by showing him how he may avoid or cure the evils his conduct tends to bring upon him. He may be to us an object of pity, perhaps of dislike, but not of anger or resentment; we shall not treat him like an enemy of society: the worst we shall think ourselves justified in doing is leaving him to himself, if we do not interfere benevolently by showing interest or concern for him. It is far otherwise if he has infringed the rules necessary for the protection of his fellow-creatures, individually or collectively. The evil consequences of his acts do not then fall on himself, but on others; and society, as the protector of all its members, must retaliate on him; must inflict pain on him for the express purpose of punishment, and must take care that it be sufficiently severe. In the one case, he is an offender at our bar, and we are called on not only to sit in judgment on him, but, in one shape or another, to execute our own sentence: in the other case, it is not our part to inflict any suffering on him, except what may incidentally follow from our using the same liberty in the regulation of our own affairs, which we allow to him in his.

The distinction here pointed out between the part of a person's life which concerns only himself, and that which concerns others, many persons will refuse to admit. How (it may be asked) can any part of the conduct of a member of society be a matter of indifference to the other members? No person is an entirely isolated being; it is impossible for a person to do anything seriously or permanently hurtful to himself, without mischief reaching at least to his near connections, and often far beyond them. If he injures his

property, he does harm to those who directly or indirectly derived support from it, and usually diminishes, by a greater or less amount, the general resources of the community. If he deteriorates his bodily or mental faculties, he not only brings evil upon all who depended on him for any portion of their happiness, but disqualifies himself for rendering the services which he owes to his fellow-creatures generally; perhaps becomes a burden on their affection or benevolence; and if such conduct were very frequent, hardly any offence that is committed would detract more from the general sum of good. Finally, if by his vices or follies a person does no direct harm to others, he is nevertheless (it may be said) injurious by his example; and ought to be compelled to control himself, for the sake of those whom the sight or knowledge of his conduct might corrupt or mislead.

And even (it will be added) if the consequences of misconduct could be confined to the vicious or thoughtless individual, ought society to abandon to their own guidance those who are manifestly unfit for it? If protection against themselves is confessedly due to children and persons under age, is not society equally bound to afford it to persons of mature years who are equally incapable of self-government? If gambling, or drunkenness, or incontinence, or idleness, or uncleanness, are as injurious to happiness, and as great a hindrance to improvement, as many or most of the acts prohibited by law, why (it may be asked) should not law, so far as is consistent with practicability and social convenience, endeavor to repress these also? And as a supplement to the unavoidable imperfections of law, ought not opinion at least to organize a powerful police against these vices, and visit rigidly with social penalties those who are known to practice them? There is no question here (it may be said) about restricting individuality, or impeding the trial of new and original experiments in living. The only things it is sought to prevent are things which have been tried and condemned from the beginning of the world until now; things which experience has shown not to be useful or suitable to any person's individuality. There must be some length of time and amount of experience after which a moral or prudential truth may be regarded as established: and it is merely desired to prevent generation after generation from falling over the same precipice which has been fatal to their predecessors.

I fully admit that the mischief which a person does to himself may seriously affect, both through their sympathies and their interests, those nearly connected with him and, in a minor degree, society at large. When, by conduct of this sort, a person is led to violate a distinct and assignable obligation to any other person or persons, the case is taken out of the self-regarding class, and becomes amenable to moral disapprobation in the proper sense of the term. If, for example, a man, through intemperance or extravagance, becomes unable to pay his debts, or, having undertaken the moral responsibility of a family, becomes from the same cause incapable of supporting or educating them, he is deservedly reprobated, and might be justly punished; but it is for the breach of duty to his family or creditors, not for the extravagance. If the resources which ought to have been devoted to them, had been diverted from them for the most prudent investment, the moral culpability would have been the same. George Barnwell¹ murdered his uncle to get money for his mistress, but if he had done it to set himself up in business, he would equally have been hanged. Again, in the frequent case of a man who causes grief to his family by addiction to bad habits, he deserves reproach for his unkindness or ingratitude; but so he may for cultivating habits not in themselves vicious, if they are painful to those with whom he passes his life, or who from personal ties are dependent on him for their comfort. Whoever fails in the consideration generally due to the interests and feelings of others, not being compelled by some more imperative duty, or justified by allowable self-preference, is a subject of moral disapprobation for that failure, but not for the cause of it, nor for the errors, merely personal to himself, which may have remotely led to it. In like manner, when a person disables himself, by conduct purely self-regarding, from the performance of some definite duty incumbent on him to the public, he is guilty of a social offence. No person ought to be punished simply for being drunk; but a soldier or a policeman should be punished for being drunk on duty. Whenever, in short, there is a definite damage, or a definite risk of damage, either to an individual or to the public, the case is taken out of the province of liberty, and placed in that of morality or law.

CHAPTER V APPLICATIONS

I have already observed that, owing to the absence of any recognized general principles, liberty is often granted where it should be withheld, as well as withheld where it should be granted; and one of the cases in which, in the modern European world, the sentiment of liberty is the strongest, is a case where, in my view, it is altogether misplaced. A person should be free to do as he likes in his own concerns; but he ought not to be free to do as he likes in acting for another, under the pretext that the affairs of the other are his own affairs. The State, while it respects the liberty of each in what specially regards himself, is bound to maintain a vigilant control over his exercise of any power which it allows him to possess over others. This obligation is almost entirely disregarded in the case of the family relations, a case, in its direct influence on human happiness, more important than all others taken together. The almost despotic power of husbands over wives needs not be enlarged upon here, because nothing more is needed for the complete removal of the evil than that wives should have the same rights, and should receive the protection of law in the same manner, as all other persons; and because, on this subject, the defenders of established injustice do not avail themselves of the plea of liberty, but stand forth openly as the champions of power. It is in the case of children that misapplied notions of liberty are a real obstacle to the fulfilment by the State of its duties. One would almost think that a man's children were supposed to be literally, and not metaphorically, a part of himself, so jealous is opinion of the smallest interference of law with his absolute and exclusive control over them; more jealous than of almost any interference with his own freedom of action: so much less do the generality of mankind value liberty than power. Consider, for example, the case of education. Is it not almost a self-evident axiom, that the State should require and compel the education, up to a certain standard, of every human being who is born its citizen? Yet who is there that is not afraid to recognize and assert this truth? Hardly any one indeed will deny that it is one of the most sacred duties of the parents (or, as law and usage now stand, the father), after summoning a human being into the world, to give to that being an education fitting him to perform his part well in life

¹ George Barnwell was the hero of a play by that name, by George Lillo, produced in 1731.

towards others and towards himself. But while this is unanimously declared to be the father's duty, scarcely anybody, in this country, will bear to hear of obliging him to perform it. Instead of his being required to make any exertion or sacrifice for securing education to his child, it is left to his choice to accept it or not when it is provided gratis! It still remains unrecognized, that to bring a child into existence without a fair prospect of being able, not only to provide food for its body, but instruction and training for its mind, is a moral crime, both against the unfortunate offspring and against society; and that if the parent does not fulfil this obligation, the State ought to see it fulfilled, at the charge, as far as possible, of the parent.

Were the duty of enforcing universal education once admitted there would be an end to the difficulties about what the State should teach, and how it should teach, which now convert the subject into a mere battlefield for sects and parties, causing the time and labor which should have been spent in educating to be wasted in quarrelling about education. If the government would make up its mind to require for every child a good education, it might save itself the trouble of providing one. It might leave to parents to obtain the education where and how they pleased, and content itself with helping to pay the school fees of the poorer classes of children, and defraying the entire school expenses of those who have no one else to pay for them. The objections which are urged with reason against State education do not apply to the enforcement of education by the State, but to the State's taking upon itself to direct that education; which is a totally different thing. That the whole or any large part of the education of the people should be in State hands, I go as far as any one in deprecating. All that has been said of the importance of individuality of character, and diversity in opinions and modes of conduct, involves, as of the same unspeakable importance, diversity of education. A general State education is a mere contrivance for molding people to be exactly like one another; and as the mold in which it casts them is that which pleases the predominant power in the government, whether this be a monarch, a priesthood, an aristocracy, or the majority of the existing generation; in proportion as it is efficient and successful, it establishes a despotism over the mind, leading by natural tendency to one over the body. An education established and controlled by

the State should only exist, if it exist at all, as one among many competing experiments, carried on for the purpose of example and stimulus, to keep the others up to a certain standard of excellence. Unless, indeed, when society in general is in so backward a state that it could not or would not provide for itself any proper institutions of education unless the government undertook the task: then, indeed, the government may, as the less of two great evils, take upon itself the business of schools and universities, as it may that of joint stock companies, when private enterprise, in a shape fitted for undertaking great works of industry, does not exist in the country. But in general, if the country contains a sufficient number of persons qualified to provide education under government auspices, the same persons would be able and willing to give an equally good education on the voluntary principle, under the assurance of remuneration afforded by a law rendering education compulsory, combined with State aid to those unable to defray the expense.

I have reserved for the last place a large class of questions respecting the limits of government interference, which, though closely connected with the subject of this Essay, do not, in strictness, belong to it. These are cases in which the reasons against interference do not turn upon the principle of liberty: the question is not about restraining the actions of individuals, but about helping them; it is asked whether the government should do, or cause to be done, something for their benefit, instead of leaving it to be done by themselves, individually or in voluntary combination.

The objections to government interference, when it is not such as to involve infringement of liberty, may be of three kinds.

The first is, when the thing to be done is likely to be better done by individuals than by the government. Speaking generally, there is no one so fit to conduct any business, or to determine how or by whom it shall be conducted, as those who are personally interested in it. This principle condemns the interferences, once so common, of the legislature, or the officers of government, with the ordinary processes of industry. But this part of the subject has been sufficiently enlarged upon by political economists, and is not particularly related to the principles of this Essay.

The second objection is more nearly allied to our subject. In many cases, though indi-

viduals may not do the particular thing so well, on the average, as the officers of government, it is nevertheless desirable that it should be done by them, rather than by the government, as a means to their own mental education — a mode of strengthening their active faculties, exercising their judgment, and giving them a familiar knowledge of the subjects with which they are thus left to deal. This is a principal, though not the sole, recommendation of jury trial (in cases not political); of free and popular local and municipal institutions; of the conduct of industrial and philanthropic enterprises by voluntary associations. These are not questions of liberty, and are connected with that subject only by remote tendencies; but they are questions of development. It belongs to a different occasion from the present to dwell on these things as parts of national education; as being, in truth, the peculiar training of a citizen, the practical part of the political education of a free people, taking them out of the narrow circle of personal and family selfishness, and accustoming them to the comprehension of joint interests, the management of joint concerns — habituating them to act from public or semi-public motives, and guide their conduct by aims which unite instead of isolating them from one another. Without these habits and powers, a free constitution can neither be worked nor preserved; as is exemplified by the too-often transitory nature of political freedom in countries where it does not rest upon a sufficient basis of local liberties. The management of purely local business by the localities, and of the great enterprises of industry by the union of those who voluntarily supply the pecuniary means, is further recommended by all the advantages which have been set forth in this Essay as belonging to individuality of development, and diversity of modes of action. Government operations tend to be everywhere alike. With individuals and voluntary associations, on the contrary, there are varied experiments, and endless diversity of experience. What the State can usefully do is to make itself a central depository, and active circulator and diffuser, of the experience resulting from many trials. Its business is to enable each experimentalist to benefit by the experiments of others; instead of tolerating no experiments but its own.

The third and most cogent reason for restricting the interference of government is the great evil of adding unnecessarily to its

power. Every function superadded to those already exercised by the government causes its influence over hopes and fears to be more widely diffused, and converts, more and more, the active and ambitious part of the public into hangers-on of the government, or of some party which aims at becoming the government. If the roads, the railways, the banks, the insurance offices, the great joint-stock companies, the universities, and the public charities, were all of them branches of the government; if, in addition, the municipal corporations and local boards, with all that now devolves on them, became departments of the central administration; if the employes of all these different enterprises were appointed and paid by the government, and looked to the government for every rise in life; not all the freedom of the press and popular constitution of the legislature would make this or any other country free otherwise than in name. And the evil would be greater, the more efficiently and scientifically the administrative machinery was constructed — the more skilful the arrangements for obtaining the best qualified hands and heads with which to work it. In England it has of late been proposed that all the members of the civil service of government should be selected by competitive examination, to obtain for these employments the most intelligent and instructed persons procurable; and much has been said and written for and against this proposal. One of the arguments most insisted on by its opponents is that the occupation of a permanent official servant of the State does not hold out sufficient prospects of emolument and importance to attract the highest talents, which will always be able to find a more inviting career in the professions, or in the service of companies and other public bodies. One would not have been surprised if this argument had been used by the friends of the proposition, as an answer to its principal difficulty. Coming from the opponents it is strange enough. What is urged as an objection is the safety-valve of the proposed system. If indeed all the high talent of the country *could* be drawn into the service of the government, a proposal tending to bring about that result might well inspire uneasiness. If every part of the business of society which required organized concert, or large and comprehensive views, were in the hands of the government, and if government offices were universally filled by the ablest men, all the enlarged culture and practised intelligence in the country,

except the purely speculative, would be concentrated in a numerous bureaucracy, to whom alone the rest of the community would look for all things: the multitude for direction and dictation in all they had to do; the able and aspiring for personal advancement. To be admitted into the ranks of this bureaucracy, and when admitted, to rise therein, would be the sole objects of ambition. Under this *régime*, not only is the outside public ill-qualified, for want of practical experience, to criticize or check the mode of operation of the bureaucracy, but even if the accidents of despotic or the natural working of popular institutions occasionally raise to the summit a ruler or rulers of reforming inclinations, no reform can be effected which is contrary to the interest of the bureaucracy. Such is the melancholy condition of the Russian empire, as shown in the accounts of those who have had sufficient opportunity of observation. The Czar himself is powerless against the bureaucratic body; he can send any one of them to Siberia, but he cannot govern without them, or against their will. On every decree of his they have a tacit veto, by merely refraining from carrying it into effect. In countries of more advanced civilization and of a more insurrectionary spirit, the public, accustomed to expect everything to be done for them by the State, or at least to do nothing for themselves without asking from the State not only leave to do it, but even how it is to be done, naturally hold the State responsible for all evil which befalls them, and when the evil exceeds their amount of patience, they rise against the government, and make what is called a revolution; whereupon somebody else, with or without legitimate authority from the nation, vaults into the seat, issues his orders to the bureaucracy, and everything goes on much as it did before; the bureaucracy being unchanged, and nobody else being capable of taking their place.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859)

Thomas Babington Macaulay was a happy and precocious child. His mother for whom he had a passionate devotion was of Quaker lineage; his father, an ex-governor of Sierra Leone, was a Presbyterian who devoted most of his life, after the birth of his eldest son, to anti-slavery agitation, and edited in that cause the *Christian Observer*. Before he was nine, the child had made for himself a "Compendium of Universal History," an accounting for dates from the creation to the year 1800, the date of his own birth.

At eighteen, he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he chiefly distinguished himself for his friendliness and his eloquent and witty conversation. It was at Cambridge under the influence of his friend, Charles Austin, that he made the one notable change of opinion in his whole life. He came to the University a Tory, and became a Whig, a cause of unnecessary alarm at first to his pious father, who could not foresee that his son would maintain moderation as a fetish throughout a life lived in stormy semi-revolutionary times.

Knight's *Quarterly Magazine* from time to time published short historical and classical essays by Macaulay, but his serious entry into the field of English literature was his essay on Milton, published in August, 1825, in the *Edinburgh Review*. The essay excited applause both from the public and from his fellow writers. The following year he was called to the bar, but he wrote more than he practised, and two years later was made a Commissioner in Bankruptcy by Lord Lyndhurst. His father's firm, Babington and Macaulay, having dwindled almost to nothing, the small security of the commissionership was fortunate both for Macaulay and his family, for whom he always felt constant affection and responsibility.

Macaulay entered Parliament in the midst of the battle over the Reform Bill, and his first speech on the subject swept England as his essay on Milton had. Sir Robert Peel said of it, "Portions were as beautiful as anything I have ever heard or read." His parliamentary career was soon halted by the necessity of accepting a place on the Supreme Council of India, at a salary of ten thousand pounds a year, by which he hoped to reinstate the family fortunes which were growing acutely distressful. His five years in India were largely spent as president of a commission to study Indian jurisprudence, in drafting a new Indian penal code. In his leisure he formed a plan for writing a history of England. Upon his return to England in 1838, he entered Parliament again as member for Edinburgh and in the following year became Secretary at War in Lord Melbourne's cabinet. *The Lays of Ancient Rome* were published in 1842, and after a year he collected and published his *Essays*. He began to work on his *History* in earnest, and from that time gradually relinquished interest in active political life. The first two volumes of the *History of England* appeared in December, 1848, and, before the publication of Volumes III and IV, seven years later, had been translated into twelve European tongues. Macaulay died in 1859.

Macaulay was distinctly a man of his own time, which he was never weary of contrasting to its advantage with earlier periods. He shared its admiration of material prosperity, and its trust in political progress. Although he had something of the romantic feeling for the past, inherited from Sir Walter Scott, he was rather of the realistic mind which we associate with the early eighteenth century. The most famous chapter of his *History* is the third, in which he writes in great detail of the social and material life of all classes in England at the time of the Restoration. He wrote many biographical essays for the *Edinburgh Review* on Englishmen (Bacon, Johnson, Hastings, Clive, Temple), and on European subjects (Machiavelli, Ranke's *History of the Popes*). His prose style was clear and epigrammatic. He enjoyed paradox, such as the contrast between Bacon's squalid private character and his splendid public service. He also gave popular form in his verse to stories from classical history, in his *Lays of Ancient Rome* and *Lays of Ancient Greece*. Altogether it is not too much to say that the current ideas of historical events and characters are largely those of Macaulay. Doubtless his absorption in his own time is a reason for the decline in his reputation. Men who cared for spiritual rather than material things, such as Carlyle, Ruskin, and Arnold, reprobated Macaulay's complacency and trust in machinery, mechanical or political. Carlyle passed the severest verdict on him in saying: "He had no vision."

The standard edition of Macaulay's works is edited by his nephew, G. O. Trevelyan, who has also written the chief biography. A brief life by J. Cotter Morrison is included in the English Men of Letters series.

MILTON

The *Essay on Milton*, published in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1825, marked the beginning of Macaulay's literary career. The essay shows Macaulay's opinions and style fully formed. As a Whig in politics he believed in the supremacy of Parliament over the Crown. As a Liberal he defended freedom of opinion and speech. Born himself into the middle class, he admired the moral virtues of the Puritans. He was thus prepared to sympathize with Milton in his life, and to defend his views. He had already achieved that mastery of antithesis and epigram, best seen in his contrast of Roundhead and Cavalier, and in his arraignment of Charles I; and his reading had furnished him with a multitude of allusions—both of which remained marked qualities of his style.

1825

Towards the close of the year 1823, Mr. Lemon, deputy keeper of the state papers, in the course of his researches among the presses of his office met with a large Latin manuscript. With it were found corrected copies of the foreign dispatches written by Milton while he filled the office of secretary, and several papers relating to the Popish Trials¹ and the Rye House Plot.² The whole was wrapped up in an envelope, superscribed, "To Mr. Skinner, Merchant." On examination the large manuscript proved to be the long-lost essay on the *Doctrines of Christianity*, which, according to Wood and Toland,³ Milton finished after the Restoration, and deposited with Cyriac Skinner. Skinner, it

is well known, held the same political opinions with his illustrious friend. It is therefore probable, as Mr. Lemon conjectures, that he may have fallen under the suspicions of the government during that persecution of the Whigs which followed the dissolution of the Oxford Parliament; and that, in consequence of a general seizure of his papers, this work may have been brought to the office in which it has been found. But whatever the adventures of the manuscript may have been, no doubt can exist that it is a genuine relic of the great poet.

Mr. Sumner,¹ who was commanded by his Majesty to edit and translate the treatise, has acquitted himself of his task in a manner honorable to his talents and to his character. His version is not, indeed, very easy or elegant; but it is entitled to the praise of clearness and fidelity. His notes abound with interesting quotations, and have the rare merit of really elucidating the text. The preface is evidently the work of a sensible and candid man, firm in his own religious opinions, and tolerant towards those of others.

The book itself will not add much to the fame of Milton. It is, like all his Latin works, well written, though not exactly in the style of the prize essays of Oxford and Cambridge. There is no elaborate imitation of classical antiquity, no scrupulous purity, none of the ceremonial cleanness which characterizes the diction of our academical Pharisees. The author does not attempt to polish and brighten his composition into the Ciceronian gloss and brilliancy. He does not, in short, sacrifice sense and spirit to pedantic refinements. The nature of this subject compelled him to use many words

¹ A chaplain of George IV, later Bishop of Winchester.

¹ These followed the unfounded charges of Titus Oates that there was a plot to overthrow Protestantism and establish the Roman Catholic Church in 1678.

² A conspiracy to murder Charles II and his brother James in 1683.

³ Early editors of Milton.

"That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp."¹

But he writes with as much ease and freedom as if Latin were his mother tongue; and, where he is least happy, his failure seems to arise from the carelessness of a native, not from the ignorance of a foreigner. We may apply to him what Denham with great felicity says of Cowley. He wears the garb, but not the clothes, of the ancients.

Throughout the volume are discernible the traces of a powerful and independent mind, emancipated from the influence of authority, and devoted to the search of truth. Milton professes to form his system from the Bible alone; and his digest of scriptural texts is certainly among the best that have appeared. But he is not always so happy in his inferences as in his citations.

Some of the heterodox doctrines which he avows seem to have excited considerable amazement, particularly his Arianism, and his theory on the subject of polygamy. Yet we can scarcely conceive that any person could have read the *Paradise Lost* without suspecting him of the former; nor do we think that any reader, acquainted with the history of his life, ought to be much startled at the latter. The opinions which he has expressed respecting the nature of the Deity, the eternity of matter, and the observation of the Sabbath, might, we think, have caused more just surprise.

But we will not go into the discussion of these points. The book, were it far more orthodox or far more heretical than it is, would not much edify or corrupt the present generation. The men of our time are not to be converted or perverted by quartos. A few more days and this essay will follow the *Defensio Populi*² to the dust and silence of the upper shelf. The name of its author, and the remarkable circumstances attending its publication, will secure to it a certain degree of attention. For a month or two it will occupy a few minutes of chat in every drawing-room, and a few columns in every magazine; and it will then, to borrow the elegant language of the play-bills, be withdrawn to make room for the forthcoming novelties.

We wish, however, to avail ourselves of the interest, transient as it may be, which this work has excited. The dexterous Capuchins never choose to preach on the life and miracles of a saint till they have awakened

the devotional feelings of their auditors by exhibiting some relic of him, — a thread of his garment, a lock of his hair, or a drop of his blood. On the same principle, we intend to take advantage of the late interesting discovery, and, while this memorial of a great and good man is still in the hands of all, to say something of his moral and intellectual qualities. Nor, we are convinced, will the severest of our readers blame us if, on an occasion like the present, we turn for a short time from the topics of the day to commemorate, in all love and reverence, the genius and virtues of John Milton, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and the martyr of English liberty.

It is by his poetry that Milton is best known, and it is of his poetry that we wish first to speak. By the general suffrage of the civilized world, his place has been assigned among the greatest masters of the art. His detractors, however, though outvoted, have not been silenced. There are many critics, and some of great name, who contrive in the same breath to extol the poems and to decry the poet. The works they acknowledge, considered in themselves, may be classed among the noblest productions of the human mind. But they will not allow the author to rank with those great men who, born in the infancy of civilization, supplied by their own powers the want of instruction; and, though destitute of models themselves, bequeathed to posterity models which defy imitation. Milton, it is said, inherited what his predecessors created: he lived in an enlightened age; he received a finished education; and we must, therefore, if we would form a just estimate of his powers, make large deductions in consideration of these advantages.

We venture to say, on the contrary, paradoxical as the remark may appear, that no poet has ever had to struggle with more unfavorable circumstances than Milton. He doubted, as he has himself owned, whether he had not been born "an age too late." For this notion Johnson has thought fit to make him the butt of much clumsy ridicule.³ The poet, we believe, understood the nature of his art better than the critic. He knew that his poetical genius derived no advantage from the civilization which surrounded him, or from the learning which he had acquired; and he looked back with something like regret to the ruder age of simple words and vivid impressions.

¹ From Milton's eleventh sonnet.

² Milton's *Defence of the English People*.

³ In the *Life of Milton*, by Samuel Johnson.

We think that, as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. Therefore, though we fervently admire those great works of imagination which have appeared in dark ages, we do not admire them the more because they have appeared in dark ages. On the contrary, we hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age. We cannot understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of literary faith, that the earliest poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception. Surely, the uniformity of the phenomenon indicates a corresponding uniformity in the cause.

The fact is, that common observers reason from the progress of the experimental sciences to that of the imitative arts. The improvement of the former is gradual and slow. Ages are spent in collecting materials, ages more in separating and combining them. Even when a system has been formed, there is still something to add, to alter, or to reject. Every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits that hoard, augmented by fresh acquisitions, to future ages. In these pursuits, therefore, the first speculators lie under great disadvantages, and, even when they fail, are entitled to praise. Their pupils, with far inferior intellectual powers, speedily surpass them in actual attainments. Every girl who has read Mrs. Marcet's¹ little dialogues on political economy could teach Montague² or Walpole many lessons in finance. Any intelligent man may now, by resolutely applying himself for a few years to mathematics, learn more than the great Newton knew after half a century of study and meditation.

But it is not thus with music, with painting, or with sculpture. Still less is it thus with poetry. The progress of refinement rarely supplies these arts with better objects of imitation. It may indeed improve the instruments which are necessary to the mechanical operations of the musician, the sculptor, and the painter. But language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state. Nations, like individuals, first perceive and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence the vocabulary of an

enlightened society is philosophical; that of a half-civilized people is poetical.

This change in the language of men is partly the cause and partly the effect of a corresponding change in the nature of their intellectual operations — of a change by which science gains and poetry loses. Generalization is necessary to the advancement of knowledge, but particularity is indispensable to the creations of the imagination. In proportion as men know more and think more, they look less at individuals and more at classes. They therefore make better theories and worse poems. They give us vague phrases instead of images, and personified qualities instead of men. They may be better able to analyze human nature than their predecessors. But analysis is not the business of the poet. His office is to portray, not to dissect. He may believe in a moral sense, like Shaftesbury;³ he may refer all human actions to self-interest, like Helvetius;² or he may never think about the matter at all. His creed on such subjects will no more influence his poetry, properly so called, than the notions which a painter may have conceived respecting the lachrymal glands, or the circulation of the blood, will affect the tears of his Niobe or the blushes of his Aurora. If Shakespeare had written a book on the motives of human actions, it is by no means certain that it would have been a good one. It is extremely improbable that it would have contained half so much able reasoning on the subject as is to be found in *The Fable of the Bees*. But could Mandeville³ have created an Iago? Well as he knew how to resolve characters into their elements, would he have been able to combine those elements in such a manner as to make up a man — a real, living, individual man?

Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain soundness of mind, if anything which gives so much pleasure ought to be called unsoundness. By poetry we mean not all writing in verse, nor even all good writing in verse. Our definition excludes many metrical compositions which, on other grounds, deserve the highest praise. By poetry we mean the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination, the

¹ Mrs. Jane Marcet (1769-1858).

² Charles Montague (1661-1712), afterwards Lord Halifax, Chancellor of the Exchequer under William III

¹ Anthony Ashley Cooper (1671-1713), third Earl of Shaftesbury, one of the most noted forerunners of the Utilitarian school of thought.

² Claude Helvetius (1715-71), a French philosopher.

³ Bernard Mandeville (1670-1733), whose chief work, *The Fable of the Bees*, is a satire on political society.

art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colors. Thus the greatest of poets has described it, in lines universally admired for the vigor and felicity of their diction, and still more valuable on account of the just notion which they convey of the art in which he excelled:

"As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

These are the fruits of the "fine frenzy" which he ascribes to the poet,—a fine frenzy, doubtless, but still a frenzy. Truth, indeed, is essential to poetry; but it is the truth of madness. The reasonings are just, but the premises are false. After the first suppositions have been made, everything ought to be consistent; but those first suppositions require a degree of credulity which almost amounts to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect. Hence, of all people, children are the most imaginative. They abandon themselves without reserve to every illusion. Every image which is strongly presented to their mental eye produces on them the effect of reality. No man, whatever his sensibility may be, is ever affected by Hamlet or Lear as a little girl is affected by the story of poor Red Riding Hood. She knows that it is all false, that wolves cannot speak, that there are no wolves in England. Yet in spite of her knowledge she believes; she weeps; she trembles; she dares not go into a dark room lest she should feel the teeth of the monster at her throat. Such is the despotism of the imagination over uncultivated minds.

In a rude state of society, men are children with a greater variety of ideas. It is therefore in such a state of society that we may expect to find the poetical temperament in its highest perfection. In an enlightened age there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of just classification and subtle analysis, abundance of wit and eloquence, abundance of verses, and even of good ones; but little poetry. Men will judge and compare, but they will not create. They will talk about the old poets, and comment on them, and to a certain degree enjoy them. But they will scarcely be able to conceive the effect which poetry produced on their ruder ancestors,—the agony, the ecstasy, the plenitude of belief. The Greek Rhapsodists,¹ according

¹ professional reciters of verse.

to Plato, could scarce recite Homer without falling into convulsions. The Mohawk hardly feels the scalping-knife while he shouts his death song. The power which the ancient bards of Wales and Germany exercised over their auditors seems to modern readers almost miraculous. Such feelings are very rare in a civilized community, and most rare among those who participate most in its improvements. They linger longest among the peasantry.

Poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind, as a magic lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body. And, as the magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age. As the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions, as the outlines of certainty become more and more definite, and the shades of probability more and more distinct, the hues and lineaments of the phantoms which the poet calls up grow fainter and fainter. We cannot unite the incompatible advantages of reality and deception, the clear discernment of truth, and the exquisite enjoyment of fiction.

He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title to superiority. His very talents will be a hindrance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his contemporaries; and that proficiency will in general be proportioned to the vigor and activity of his mind. And it is well if, after all his sacrifices and exertions, his works do not resemble a lisping man or a modern ruin. We have seen in our own time great talents, intense labor, and long meditation employed in this struggle against the spirit of the age, and employed, we will not say absolutely in vain, but with dubious success and feeble applause.

If these reasonings be just, no poet has ever triumphed over greater difficulties than Milton. He received a learned education; he was a profound and elegant classical scholar; he had studied all the mysteries of Rabbinical literature; he was intimately acquainted with every language of modern Europe from which either pleasure or information was then to be derived. He was perhaps the only great poet of later times who has been distinguished by the excellence of

his Latin verse. The genius of Petrarch was scarcely of the first order; and his poems in the ancient language, though much praised by those who have never read them, are wretched compositions. Cowley, with all his admirable wit and ingenuity, had little imagination; nor indeed do we think his classical diction comparable to that of Milton. The authority of Johnson is against us on this point. But Johnson had studied the bad writers of the Middle Ages till he had become utterly insensible to the Augustan elegance, and was as ill qualified to judge between two Latin styles as a habitual drunkard to set up for a wine-taster.

Versification in a dead language is an exotic, a far-fetched, costly, sickly imitation of that which elsewhere may be found in healthful and spontaneous perfection. The soils on which this rarity flourishes are in general as ill suited to the production of vigorous native poetry as the flower-pots of a hot-house to the growth of oaks. That the author of the *Paradise Lost* should have written the *Epistle to Manso* was truly wonderful. Never before were such marked originality and such exquisite mimicry found together. Indeed, in all the Latin poems of Milton, the artificial manner indispensable to such works is admirably preserved, while, at the same time, his genius gives to them a peculiar charm, an air of nobleness and freedom, which distinguishes them from all other writings of the same class. They remind us of the amusements of those angelic warriors who composed the cohort of Gabriel:

"About him exercised heroic games
The unarmed youth of heaven; but nigh at hand
Celestial armory, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high, with diamond flaming and with gold."¹

We cannot look upon the sportive exercises for which the genius of Milton ungirds itself, without catching a glimpse of the gorgeous and terrible panoply which it is accustomed to wear. The strength of his imagination triumphed over every obstacle. So intense and ardent was the fire of his mind that it not only was not suffocated beneath the weight of fuel, but penetrated the whole superincumbent mass with its own heat and radiance.

It is not our intention to attempt anything like a complete examination of the poetry of Milton. The public has long been agreed

as to the merit of the most remarkable passages, the incomparable harmony of the numbers, and the excellence of that style which no rival has been able to equal and no parodist to degrade, which displays in their highest perfection the idiomatic powers of the English tongue, and to which every ancient and every modern language has contributed something of grace, of energy, or of music. In the vast field of criticism on which we are entering, innumerable reapers have already put their sickles. Yet the harvest is so abundant that the negligent search of a straggling gleaner may be rewarded with a sheaf.

The most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton is the extreme remoteness of the associations by means of which it acts on the reader. Its effect is produced, not so much by what it expresses, as by what it suggests; not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them. He electrifies the mind through conductors. The most unimaginative man must understand the *Iliad*. Homer gives him no choice, and requires from him no exertion, but takes the whole upon himself, and sets the images in so clear a light that it is impossible to be blind to them. The works of Milton cannot be comprehended or enjoyed unless the mind of the reader coöperate with that of the writer. He does not paint a finished picture, or play for a mere passive listener. He sketches, and leaves others to fill up the outline. He strikes the keynote, and expects his hearer to make out the melody.

We often hear of the magical influence of poetry. The expression in general means nothing; but, applied to the writings of Milton, it is most appropriate. His poetry acts like an incantation. Its merit lies less in its obvious meaning than in its occult power. There would seem, at first sight, to be no more in his words than in other words. But they are words of enchantment. No sooner are they pronounced than the past is present and the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence, and all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead. Change the structure of the sentence, substitute one synonym for another, and the whole effect is destroyed. The spell loses its power; and he who should then hope to conjure with it would find himself as much mistaken as Cassim in the Arabian tale,² when he stood crying, "Open Wheat,"

¹ *Paradise Lost*, IV, 551-54.

² Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.

"Open Barley," to the door which obeyed no sound but "Open Sesame." The miserable failure of Dryden¹ in his attempt to translate into his own diction some parts of the *Paradise Lost* is a remarkable instance of this.

In support of these observations we may remark, that scarcely any passages in the poems of Milton are more generally known, or more frequently repeated, than those which are little more than muster-rolls of names. They are not always more appropriate or more melodious than other names. But they are charmed names. Every one of them is the first link in a long chain of associated ideas. Like the dwelling-place of our infancy revisited in manhood, like the song of our country heard in a strange land, they produce upon us an effect wholly independent of their intrinsic value. One transports us back to a remote period of history. Another places us among the novel scenes and manners of a distant region. A third evokes all the dear classical recollections of childhood — the schoolroom, the dog-eared Virgil, the holiday, and the prize. A fourth brings before us the splendid phantoms of chivalrous romance, the trophied lists, the embroidered housings, the quaint devices, the haunted forests, the enchanted gardens, the achievements of enamored knights, and the smiles of rescued princesses.

In none of the works of Milton is his peculiar manner more happily displayed than in the *Allegro* and the *Penseroso*. It is impossible to conceive that the mechanism of language can be brought to a more exquisite degree of perfection. These poems differ from others as attar of roses differs from ordinary rosewater, the close-packed essence from the thin, diluted mixture. They are, indeed, not so much poems as collections of hints, from each of which the reader is to make out a poem for himself. Every epithet is a text for a stanza.

The *Comus* and the *Samson Agonistes* are works which, though of very different merit, offer some marked points of resemblance. Both are lyric poems in the form of plays. There are, perhaps, no two kinds of composition so essentially dissimilar as the drama and the ode. The business of the dramatist is to keep himself out of sight, and to let nothing appear but his characters. As soon as he attracts notice to his personal feelings, the illusion is broken. The effect is as un-

pleasant as that which is produced on the stage by the voice of a prompter or the entrance of a scene-shifter. Hence it was that the tragedies of Byron were his least successful performances. They resemble those pasteboard pictures invented by the friend of children, Mr. Newbery, in which a single movable head goes round twenty different bodies, so that the same face looks out upon us, successively, from the uniform of a husar, the furs of a judge, and the rags of a beggar. In all the characters — patriots and tyrants, haters and lovers — the frown and sneer of Harold were discernible in an instant. But this species of egotism, though fatal to the drama, is the inspiration of the ode. It is the part of the lyric poet to abandon himself without reserve to his own devotions.

Between these hostile elements many great men have endeavored to effect an amalgamation, but never with complete success. The Greek drama, on the model of which the *Samson* was written, sprang from the ode. The dialogue was ingrafted on the chorus, and naturally partook of its character. The genius of the greatest of the Athenian dramatists coöperated with the circumstances under which tragedy made its first appearance. Æschylus was, head and heart, a lyric poet. In his time the Greeks had far more intercourse with the East than in the days of Homer; and they had not yet acquired that immense superiority in war, in science, and in the arts, which, in the following generation, led them to treat the Asiatics with contempt. From the narrative of Herodotus it should seem that they still looked up, with the veneration of disciples, to Egypt and Assyria. At this period, accordingly, it was natural that the literature of Greece should be tingured with the Oriental style. And that style, we think, is discernible in the works of Pindar and Æschylus. The latter often reminds us of the Hebrew writers. The Book of Job, indeed, in conduct and diction, bears a considerable resemblance to some of his dramas. Considered as plays, his works are absurd; considered as choruses, they are above all praise. If, for instance, we examine the address of Clytemnestra to Agamemnon on his return, or the description of the seven Argive chiefs, by the principles of dramatic writing, we shall instantly condemn them as monstrous. But if we forget the characters, and think only of the poetry, we shall admit that it has never been surpassed in energy and magnifi-

¹ In *The State of Innocence*, an opera by Dryden, based on *Paradise Lost*.

cence. Sophocles made the Greek drama as dramatic as was consistent with its original form. His portraits of men have a sort of similarity; but it is the similarity, not of a painting, but of a bas-relief. It suggests a resemblance, but it does not produce an illusion. Euripides attempted to carry the reform further. But it was a task far beyond his powers, perhaps beyond any powers. Instead of correcting what was bad, he destroyed what was excellent. He substituted crutches for stilts, bad sermons for good odes.

Milton, it is well known, admired Euripides highly — much more highly than, in our opinion, Euripides deserved. Indeed, the caresses which this partiality leads our countryman to bestow on "sad Electra's poet" sometimes remind us of the beautiful Queen of Fairyland kissing the long ears of Bottom. At all events, there can be no doubt that this veneration for the Athenian, whether just or not, was injurious to the *Samson Agonistes*. Had Milton taken Æschylus for his model, he would have given himself up to the lyric inspiration, and poured out profusely all the treasures of his mind, without bestowing a thought on those dramatic proprieties which the nature of the work rendered it impossible to preserve. In the attempt to reconcile things in their own nature inconsistent, he has failed, as every one else must have failed. We cannot identify ourselves with the characters, as in a good play. We cannot identify ourselves with the poet, as in a good ode. The conflicting ingredients, like an acid and an alkali mixed, neutralize each other. We are by no means insensible to the merits of this celebrated piece, to the severe dignity of the style, the graceful and pathetic solemnity of the opening speech, or the wild and barbaric melody which gives so striking an effect to the choral passages. But we think it, we confess, the least successful effort of the genius of Milton.

The *Comus* is framed on the model of the Italian masque, as the *Samson* is framed on the model of the Greek tragedy. It is certainly the noblest performance of the kind which exists in any language. It is as far superior to the *Faithful Shepherdess*² as the *Faithful Shepherdess* is to the *Aminta*³ or the *Aminta* to the *Pastor Fido*.⁴ It was well

for Milton that he had here no Euripides to mislead him. He understood and loved the literature of modern Italy. But he did not feel for it the same veneration which he entertained for the remains of Athenian and Roman poetry, consecrated by so many lofty and endearing recollections. The faults, moreover, of his Italian predecessors were of a kind to which his mind had a deadly antipathy. He could stoop to a plain style, sometimes even to a bald style; but false brilliancy was his utter aversion. His Muse had no objection to a russet attire; but she turned with disgust from the finery of Guarini, as tawdry and as paltry as the rags of a chimney-sweeper on May Day.¹ Whatever ornaments she wears are of massive gold, not only dazzling to the sight, but capable of standing the severest test of the crucible.

Milton attended in the *Comus* to the distinction which he afterwards neglected in the *Samson*. He made his masque what it ought to be, essentially lyrical, and dramatic only in semblance. He has not attempted a fruitless struggle against a defect inherent in the nature of that species of composition; and he has therefore succeeded, wherever success was not impossible. The speeches must be read as majestic soliloquies; and he who so reads them will be enraptured with their eloquence, their sublimity, and their music. The interruptions of the dialogue, however, impose a constraint upon the writer, and break the illusion of the reader. The finest passages are those which are lyric in form as well as in spirit. "I should much commend," said the excellent Sir Henry Wotton in a letter to Milton, "the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique² delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto, I must plainly confess to you, I have seen yet nothing parallel in our language." The criticism was just. It is when Milton escapes from the shackles of the dialogue, when he is discharged from the labor of uniting two incongruous styles, when he is at liberty to indulge his choral raptures without reserve, that he rises even above himself. Then, like his own Good Genius bursting from the earthly form and weeds of Thyrsis,³ he stands forth in celestial freedom and beauty; he seems to cry exultingly,

¹ So called in Milton's eighth sonnet.

² A pastoral drama by John Fletcher (1579-1625).

³ By the Italian poet Tasso (1544-95), more famous for his *Jerusalem Delivered*.

⁴ By Guarini (1537-1612).

¹ The first of May was a holiday for chimney sweeps.

² The Doric mood, in which the *Pastorals* of Theocritus were written, has come to typify the pastoral genre.

³ Thyrsis, a traditional character name in pastoral drama, used by Milton in *Comus*.

"Now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,"¹

to skim the earth, to soar above the clouds, to bathe in the elysian dew of the rainbow, and to inhale the balmy smells of nard and cassia, which the musky wings of the zephyr scatter through the cedared alleys of the Hesperides.

There are several of the minor poems of Milton on which we would willingly make a few remarks. Still more willingly would we enter into a detailed examination of that admirable poem, the *Paradise Regained*, which, strangely enough, is scarcely ever mentioned except as an instance of the blindness of the parental affection which men of letters bear towards the offspring of their intellects. That Milton was mistaken in preferring this work, excellent as it is, to the *Paradise Lost*, we readily admit. But we are sure that the superiority of the *Paradise Lost* to the *Paradise Regained* is not more decided than the superiority of the *Paradise Regained* to every poem which has since made its appearance. Our limits, however, prevent us from discussing the point at length. We hasten on to that extraordinary production which the general suffrage of critics has placed in the highest class of human compositions.

The only poem of modern times which can be compared with the *Paradise Lost* is the *Divine Comedy*. The subject of Milton, in some points, resembled that of Dante; but he has treated it in a widely different manner. We cannot, we think, better illustrate our opinion respecting our own great poet, than by contrasting him with the father of Tuscan literature.

The poetry of Milton differs from that of Dante as the hieroglyphics of Egypt differed from the picture-writing of Mexico. The images which Dante employs speak for themselves; they stand simply for what they are. Those of Milton have a signification which is often discernible only to the initiated. Their value depends less on what they directly represent than on what they remotely suggest. However strange, however grotesque, may be the appearance which Dante undertakes to describe, he never shrinks from describing it. He gives us the shape, the color, the sound, the smell, the taste; he counts the numbers; he measures the size. His similes are the illustrations of a traveler. Unlike those of other poets, and

¹ *Comus*, 1012, 1013.

especially of Milton, they are introduced in a plain, business-like manner; not for the sake of any beauty in the objects from which they are drawn, not for the sake of any ornament which they may impart to the poem, but simply in order to make the meaning of the writer as clear to the reader as it is to himself. The ruins of the precipice which led from the sixth to the seventh circle of hell were like those of the rock which fell into the Adige on the south of Trent. The cataract of Phlegethon¹ was like that of Aqua Cheta at the monastery of St. Benedict. The place where the heretics were confined in burning tombs resembled the vast cemetery of Arles.

Now let us compare with the exact details of Dante the dim intimations of Milton. We will cite a few examples. The English poet has never thought of taking the measure of Satan. He gives us merely a vague idea of vast bulk. In one passage the fiend lies stretched out, huge in length, floating many a rood, equal in size to the earth-born enemies of Jove, or to the sea monster which the mariner mistakes for an island.² When he addresses himself to battle against the guardian angels, he stands like Teneriffe or Atlas; his stature reaches the sky. Contrast with these descriptions the lines in which Dante has described the gigantic spectre of Nimrod: "His face seemed to me as long and as broad as the ball of St. Peter's at Rome, and his other limbs were in proportion; so that the bank, which concealed him from the waist downwards, nevertheless showed so much of him that three tall Germans would in vain have attempted to reach to his hair." We are sensible that we do no justice to the admirable style of the Florentine poet. But Mr. Cary's translation is not at hand; and our version, however rude, is sufficient to illustrate our meaning.

Once more, compare the lazar house in the eleventh book of the *Paradise Lost*³ with the last ward of Malebolge⁴ in Dante. Milton avoids the loathsome details, and takes refuge in indistinct but solemn and tremendous imagery: Despair hurrying from couch to couch to mock the wretches with his attendance; Death shaking his dart over them, but, in spite of supplications, delaying to strike. What says Dante? "There was

¹ Phlegethon, the burning river, one of the streams in the Greek Hades and in Dante's *Inferno*. Aqua Cheta is a river of Romagna.

² *Paradise Lost*, I, 194; IV, 985.

³ Book XI, 477 *seq.*

⁴ Malebolge; the eighth circle of Hell. The word means, approximately, "horrible place."

such a moan there as there would be if all the sick who, between July and September, are in the hospitals of Valdichiana, and of the Tuscan swamps, and of Sardinia, were in one pit together; and such a stench was issuing forth as is wont to issue from decayed limbs."¹

We will not take upon ourselves the invidious office of settling precedence between two such writers. Each in his own department is incomparable; and each, we may remark, has wisely, or fortunately, taken a subject adapted to exhibit his peculiar talent to the greatest advantage. The *Divine Comedy* is a personal narrative. Dante is the eye-witness and ear-witness of that which he relates. He is the very man who has heard the tormented spirits crying out for the second death;² who has read the dusky characters³ on the portal within which there is no hope; who has hidden his face from the terrors of the Gorgon;⁴ who has fled from the hooks and the seething pitch of Barbariccia and Draghignazzo.⁵ His own hands have grasped the shaggy sides of Lucifer.⁶ His own feet have climbed the mountain of expiation. His own brow has been marked by the purifying angel.⁷ The reader would throw aside such a tale in incredulous disgust unless it were told with the strongest air of veracity; with a sobriety even in its horrors; with the greatest precision and multiplicity in its details. The narrative of Milton in this respect differs from that of Dante, as the adventures of Amadis⁸ differ from those of Gulliver. The author of *Amadis* would have made his book ridiculous if he had introduced those minute particulars which give such a charm to the work of Swift—the nautical observations, the affected delicacy about names, the official documents transcribed at full length, and all the unmeaning gossip and scandal of the court, springing out of nothing, and tending to nothing. We are not shocked at being told that a man who lived, nobody knows when, saw many very strange sights, and we can easily abandon ourselves to the illusion of the romance. But when Lemuel Gulliver, surgeon, resident at Rotherhithe, tells us of pygmies and giants, flying islands, and

philosophizing horses, nothing but such circumstantial touches could produce for a single moment a deception on the imagination.

Of all the poets who have introduced into their works the agency of supernatural beings, Milton has succeeded best. Here Dante decidedly yields to him; and, as this is a point on which many rash and ill-considered judgments have been pronounced, we feel inclined to dwell on it a little longer. The most fatal error which a poet can possibly commit in the management of his machinery is that of attempting to philosophize too much. Milton has been often censured for ascribing to spirits many functions of which spirits must be incapable. But these objections, though sanctioned by eminent names, originate, we venture to say, in profound ignorance of the art of poetry.

What is spirit? What are our own minds, the portion of spirit with which we are best acquainted? We observe certain phenomena. We cannot explain them into material causes. We therefore infer that there exists something which is not material. But of this something we have no idea. We can define it only by negatives. We can reason about it only by symbols. We use the word, but we have no image of the thing; and the business of poetry is with images, and not with words. The poet uses words indeed; but they are merely the instruments of his art, not its objects. They are the materials which he is to dispose in such a manner as to present a picture to the mental eye. And if they are not so disposed, they are no more entitled to be called poetry than a bale of canvas and a box of colors to be called a painting.

Logicians may reason about abstractions but the great mass of men must have images. The strong tendency of the multitude in all ages and nations to idolatry can be explained on no other principle. The first inhabitants of Greece, there is reason to believe, worshipped one invisible Deity. But the necessity of having something more definite to adore produced, in a few centuries, the innumerable crowd of gods and goddesses. In like manner the ancient Persians thought it impious to exhibit the Creator under a human form. Yet even these transferred to the sun the worship which, in speculation, they considered due only to the Supreme Mind. The history of the Jews is the record of a continued struggle between pure Theism, supported by the most terrible sanctions,

¹ *Inferno*, XXIX, 46–51.

² i.e., for the death of the soul. *Inferno*, I, 117.

³ "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." *Inferno*, III, 9.

⁴ *Inferno*, IX, 56.

⁵ The names of fiends. *Inferno*, XXI, 120, 121.

⁶ *Inferno*, final canto. ⁷ *Purgatorio*, IX, 112.

⁸ The hero of *Amadis of Gaul*, an early Spanish romance of chivalry.

and the strangely fascinating desire of having some visible and tangible object of adoration. Perhaps none of the secondary causes which Gibbon has assigned for the rapidity with which Christianity spread over the world, while Judaism scarcely ever acquired a proselyte, operated more powerfully than this feeling. God, the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshippers. A philosopher might admire so noble a conception, but the crowd turned away in disgust from words which presented no image to their minds. It was before Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the Synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy, and the pride of the Portico, and the fasces of the Lictor,¹ and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust. Soon after Christianity had achieved its triumph, the principle which had assisted it began to corrupt it. It became a new paganism. Patron saints assumed the offices of household gods. St. George² took the place of Mars. St. Elmo³ consoled the mariner for the loss of Castor and Pollux. The Virgin Mother and Cecilia succeeded to Venus and the Muses. The fascination of sex and loveliness was again joined to that of celestial dignity, and the homage of chivalry was blended with that of religion. Reformers have often made a stand against these feelings, but never with more than apparent and partial success. The men who demolished the images in cathedrals have not always been able to demolish those which were enshrined in their minds. It would not be difficult to show that in politics the same rule holds good. Doctrines, we are afraid, must generally be embodied before they can excite a strong public feeling. The multitude is more easily interested for the most unmeaning badge, or the most insignificant name, than for the most important principle.

From these considerations we infer that no poet, who should affect that metaphysical accuracy for the want of which Milton has been blamed, would escape a disgraceful failure. Still, however, there was another extreme which, though far less dangerous,

¹ The attendant of Roman executives, who carried as his badge of authority the *fasces*, an axe in a bundle of rods.

² St. George of Cappadocia, the patron saint of England.

³ St. Elmo replaced Castor and Pollux and became the patron of Italian sailors.

was also to be avoided. The imaginations of men are in a great measure under the control of their opinions. The most exquisite art of poetical coloring can produce no illusion when it is employed to represent that which is at once perceived to be incongruous and absurd. Milton wrote in an age of philosophers and theologians. It was necessary, therefore, for him to abstain from giving such a shock to their understandings as might break the charm which it was his object to throw over their imaginations. This is the real explanation of the indistinctness and inconsistency with which he has often been reproached. Dr. Johnson acknowledges that it was absolutely necessary that the spirits should be clothed with material forms. "But," says he, "the poet should have secured the consistency of his system by keeping immateriality out of sight, and seducing the reader to drop it from his thoughts." This is easily said; but what if Milton could not seduce his readers to drop immateriality from their thoughts? What if the contrary opinion had taken so full a possession of the minds of men as to leave no room even for the half belief which poetry requires? Such we suspect to have been the case. It was impossible for the poet to adopt altogether the material or the immaterial system. He therefore took his stand on the debatable ground. He left the whole in ambiguity. He has doubtless, by so doing, laid himself open to the charge of inconsistency. But, though philosophically in the wrong, we cannot but believe that he was poetically in the right. This task, which almost any other writer would have found impracticable, was easy to him. The peculiar art which he possessed of communicating his meaning circuitously through a long succession of associated ideas, and of intimating more than he expressed, enabled him to disguise those incongruities which he could not avoid.

Poetry which relates to the beings of another world ought to be at once mysterious and picturesque. That of Milton is so. That of Dante is picturesque, indeed, beyond any that ever was written. Its effect approaches to that produced by the pencil or the chisel. But it is picturesque to the exclusion of all mystery. This is a fault on the right side, a fault inseparable from the plan of Dante's poem, which, as we have already observed, rendered the utmost accuracy of description necessary. Still it is a fault. The supernatural agents excite an interest, but it is not the interest which is

proper to supernatural agents. We feel that we could talk to the ghosts and demons without any emotion of unearthly awe. We could, like Don Juan, ask them to supper, and eat heartily in their company. Dante's angels are good men with wings. His devils are spiteful, ugly executioners. His dead men are merely living men in strange situations. The scene which passes between the poet and Farinata is justly celebrated. Still, Farinata¹ in the burning tomb is exactly what Farinata would have been at an *auto da fé*. Nothing can be more touching than the first interview of Dante and Beatrice. Yet what is it but a lovely woman chiding, with sweet, austere composure, the lover for whose affection she is grateful, but whose vices she reprobates? The feelings which give the passage its charm would suit the streets of Florence as well as the summit of the Mount of Purgatory.

The spirits of Milton are unlike those of almost all other writers. His fiends, in particular, are wonderful creations. They are not metaphysical abstractions. They are not wicked men. They are not ugly beasts. They have no horns, no tails, none of the fee-faw-fum of Tasso and Klopstock. They have just enough in common with human nature to be intelligible to human beings. Their characters are, like their forms, marked by a certain dim resemblance to those of men, but exaggerated to gigantic dimensions, and veiled in mysterious gloom.

Perhaps the gods and dæmons of Æschylus may best bear a comparison with the angels and devils of Milton. The style of the Athenian had, as we have remarked, something of the Oriental character; and the same peculiarity may be traced in his mythology. It has nothing of the amenity and elegance which we generally find in the superstitions of Greece. All is rugged, barbaric, and colossal. The legends of Æschylus seem to harmonize less with the fragrant groves and graceful porticos, in which his countrymen paid their vows to the God of Light and Goddess of Desire, than with those huge and grotesque labyrinths of eternal granite in which Egypt enshrined her mystic Osiris, or in which Hindostan still bows down to her seven-headed idols. His favorite gods are those of the elder generation, the sons of heaven and earth, compared with whom Jupiter himself was a stripling and an upstart—the gigantic Titans and the inexorable Furies. Foremost among his crea-

tions of this class stands Prometheus, half fiend, half redeemer, the friend of man, the sullen and implacable enemy of Heaven. Prometheus bears undoubtedly a considerable resemblance to the Satan of Milton. In both we find the same impatience of control, the same ferocity, the same unconquerable pride. In both characters, also, are mingled, though in very different proportions, some kind and generous feelings. Prometheus, however, is hardly superhuman enough. He talks too much of his chains and his uneasy posture; he is rather too much depressed and agitated. His resolution seems to depend on the knowledge which he possesses that he holds the fate of his torturer in his hands, and that the hour of his release will surely come. But Satan is a creature of another sphere. The might of his intellectual nature is victorious over the extremity of pain. Amidst agonies which cannot be conceived without horror, he deliberates, resolves, and even exults. Against the sword of Michael, against the thunder of Jehovah, against the flaming lake and the marl burning with solid fire, against the prospect of an eternity of unintermitted misery, his spirit bears up unbroken, resting on its own innate energies, requiring no support from anything external, nor even from hope itself.

To return for a moment to the parallel which we have been attempting to draw between Milton and Dante, we would add that the poetry of these great men has in a considerable degree taken its character from their moral qualities. They are not egotists. They rarely obtrude their idiosyncrasies on their readers. They have nothing in common with those modern beggars for fame who extort a pittance from the compassion of the inexperienced by exposing the nakedness and sores of their minds. Yet it would be difficult to name two writers whose works have been more completely, though undesignedly, colored by their personal feelings.

The character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of spirit, that of Dante by intensity of feeling. In every line of the *Divine Comedy* we discern the asperity which is produced by pride struggling with misery. There is perhaps no work in the world so deeply and uniformly sorrowful. The melancholy of Dante was no fantastic caprice. It was not, as far as at this distance of time can be judged, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within.

¹ *Inferno*, x, 32.

Neither love nor glory, neither the conflicts of earth nor the hope of heaven, could dispel it. It turned every consolation and every pleasure into its own nature. It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey. His mind was, in the noble language of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and where the light was as darkness."¹ The gloom of his character discolours all the passions of men and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the eternal throne. All the portraits of him are singularly characteristic. No person can look on the features, noble even to ruggedness, the dark furrows of the cheek, the haggard and woeful stare of the eye, the sullen and contemptuous curve of the lip, and doubt that they belong to a man too proud and too sensitive to be happy.

Milton was, like Dante, a statesman and a lover; and, like Dante, he had been unfortunate in ambition and in love. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home, and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished at his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds. Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pandar in the style of a bellman, were now the favorite writers of the sovereign and of the public. It was a loathsome herd, which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of *Comus* — grotesque monsters, half bestial, half human, dropping with wine, bloated with gluttony, and reeling in obscene dances. Amidst these that fair Muse was placed, like the chaste lady of the masque, lofty, spotless, and serene, to be chattered at, and pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole rout of satyrs and goblins. If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, they might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper

¹ Job, x, 22.

was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions and glowing with patriotic hopes — such it continued to be when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die.

Hence it was that, though he wrote the *Paradise Lost* at a time of life when images of beauty and tenderness are in general beginning to fade, even from those minds in which they have not been effaced by anxiety and disappointment, he adorned it with all that is most lovely and delightful in the physical and in the moral world. Neither Theocritus nor Ariosto had a finer or a more healthful sense of the pleasantness of external objects, or loved better to luxuriate amidst sunbeams and flowers, the songs of nightingales, the juice of summer fruits, and the coolness of shady fountains. His conception of love unites all the voluptuousness of the Oriental harem, and all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament, with all the pure and quiet affection of an English fireside. His poetry reminds us of the miracles of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells beautiful as fairyland are embosomed in its most rugged and gigantic elevations. The roses and myrtles bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche.

Traces, indeed, of the peculiar character of Milton may be found in all his works, but it is most strongly displayed in the Sonnets. Those remarkable poems have been undervalued by critics who have not understood their nature. They have no epigrammatic point. There is none of the ingenuity of Filicaja² in the thought, none of the hard and brilliant enamel of Petrarch in the style. They are simple but majestic records of the feelings of the poet, as little tricked out for the public eye as his diary would have been. A victory, an expected attack upon the city, a momentary fit of depression or exultation, a jest thrown out against one of his books, a dream which for a short time restored to him that beautiful face over which the grave had closed forever, led him to musings which, without effort, shaped themselves into verse. The unity of sentiment and severity of style which characterize these little pieces remind us of the Greek Anthol-

² Vincenzo da Filicaja (1642-1707), Florentine poet and scholar.

ogy,¹ or perhaps still more of the Collects of the English Liturgy. The noble poem on the Massacres of Piedmont is strictly a collect in verse.

The Sonnets are more or less striking, according as the occasions which gave birth to them are more or less interesting. But they are, almost without exception, dignified by a sobriety and greatness of mind to which we know not where to look for a parallel. It would, indeed, be scarcely safe to draw any decided inferences as to the character of a writer from passages directly egotistical. But the qualities which we have ascribed to Milton, though perhaps most strongly marked in those parts of his works which treat of his personal feelings, are distinguishable in every page, and impart to all his writings, prose and poetry, English, Latin, and Italian, a strong family likeness.

His public conduct was such as was to be expected from a man of a spirit so high and of an intellect so powerful. He lived at one of the most memorable eras in the history of mankind — at the very crisis of the great conflict between Oromasdes and Arimanes,² liberty and despotism, reason and prejudice. That great battle was fought for no single generation, for no single land. The destinies of the human race were staked on the same cast with the freedom of the English people. Then were first proclaimed those mighty principles which have since worked their way into the depths of the American forests, which have roused Greece from the slavery and degradation of two thousand years, and which, from one end of Europe to the other, have kindled an unquenchable fire in the hearts of the oppressed, and loosed the knees of the oppressors with an unwonted fear.

Of those principles, then struggling for their infant existence, Milton was the most devoted and eloquent literary champion. We need not say how much we admire his public conduct. But we cannot disguise from ourselves that a large portion of his countrymen still think it unjustifiable. The Civil War, indeed, has been more discussed, and is less understood, than any event in English history. The friends of liberty labored under the disadvantage of which the lion in the fable complained so bitterly.³ Though they were the conquerors, their enemies were the painters. As a body, the

Roundheads had done their utmost to decry and ruin literature; and literature was even with them, as, in the long run, it always is with its enemies. The best book on their side of the question is the charming narrative of Mrs. Hutchinson.¹ May's ² *History of the Parliament* is good, but it breaks off at the most interesting crisis of the struggle. The performance of Ludlow³ is foolish and violent; and most of the later writers who have espoused the same cause — Oldmixon,⁴ for instance, and Catherine Macaulay⁵ — have, to say the least, been more distinguished by zeal than either by candor or by skill. On the other side are the most authoritative and the most popular historical works in our language — that of Clarendon and that of Hume. The former is not only ably written and full of valuable information, but has also an air of dignity and sincerity which makes even the prejudices and errors with which it abounds respectable. Hume, from whose fascinating narrative the great mass of the reading public are still contented to take their opinions, hated religion so much that he hated liberty for having been allied with religion, and has pleaded the cause of tyranny with the dexterity of an advocate, while affecting the impartiality of a judge.

The public conduct of Milton must be approved or condemned, according as the resistance of the people to Charles I shall appear to be justifiable or criminal. We shall therefore make no apology for dedicating a few pages to the discussion of that interesting and most important question. We shall not argue it on general grounds. We shall not recur to those primary principles from which the claim of any government to the obedience of its subjects is to be deduced. We are entitled to that vantage-ground, but we will relinquish it. We are, on this point, so confident of superiority that we are not unwilling to imitate the ostentatious generosity of those ancient knights who vowed to joust without helmet or shield against all enemies, and to give their antagonists the advantage of sun and wind. We will take the naked constitutional question. We confidently affirm that every reason which can be urged in favor of the Revolution of 1688 may be urged with at least equal force in favor of what is called the Great Rebellion.

¹ Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson (1620–59), whose life of her husband was published in 1806.

² Thomas May (1594–1650).

³ General Edmund Ludlow (1620–93), whose *Memoirs* are referred to.

⁴ John Oldmixon (1673–1742).

⁵ Mrs. Catherine Macaulay (1733–91).

¹ The collection of Greek lyric verse from 400 B.C. to 600 A.D.

² Persian deities, Oromasdes representing the principle of good, Arimanes, the principle of evil.

³ *Spectator* No. 11.

In one respect only, we think, can the warmest admirers of Charles venture to say that he was a better sovereign than his son. He was not, in name and profession, a Papist; we say in name and profession, because both Charles himself and his creature Laud, while they abjured the innocent badges of Popery, retained all its worst vices — a complete subjection of reason to authority, a weak preference of form to substance, a childish passion for mummeries, an idolatrous veneration for the priestly character, and, above all, a merciless intolerance. This, however, we waive. We will concede that Charles was a good Protestant, but we say that his Protestantism does not make the slightest distinction between his case and that of James.

The principles of the Revolution have often been grossly misrepresented, and never more than in the course of the present year. There is a certain class of men who, while they profess to hold in reverence the great names and great actions of former times, never look at them for any other purpose than in order to find in them some excuse for existing abuses. In every venerable precedent they pass by what is essential and take only what is accidental; they keep out of sight what is beneficial, and hold up to public imitation all that is defective. If, in any part of any great example, there be anything unsound, these flesh flies detect it with an unerring instinct, and dart upon it with a ravenous delight. If some good end has been attained in spite of them, they feel, with their prototype, that their

“Labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil.”¹

To the blessings which England has derived from the Revolution these people are utterly insensible. The expulsion of a tyrant, the solemn recognition of popular rights — liberty, security, toleration — all go for nothing with them. One sect² there was which, from unfortunate temporary causes, it was thought necessary to keep under close restraint. One part of the empire³ there was so unhappily circumstanced that at that time its misery was necessary to our happiness, and its slavery to our freedom. These are the parts of the Revolution which the politicians of whom we speak love to contemplate, and which seem to them, not indeed to vindicate, but in some degree to palliate, the good which it has produced.

Talk to them of Naples, of Spain, or of South America: they stand forth zealots for the doctrine of Divine Right, which has now come back to us, like a thief from transportation, under the *alias* of Legitimacy. But mention the miseries of Ireland. Then William is a hero. Then Somers and Shrewsbury¹ are great men. Then the Revolution is a glorious era! The very same persons who, in this country, never omit an opportunity of reviving every wretched Jacobite slander respecting the Whigs of that period, have no sooner crossed St. George's Channel than they begin to fill their bumpers to the glorious and immortal memory.² They may truly boast that they look not at men, but at measures. So that evil be done, they care not who does it; the arbitrary Charles or the liberal William, Ferdinand the Catholic or Frederick the Protestant.³ On such occasions their deadliest opponents may reckon upon their candid construction. The bold assertions of these people have of late impressed a large portion of the public with an opinion that James II was expelled simply because he was a Catholic, and that the Revolution was essentially a Protestant revolution.

But this certainly was not the case, nor can any person who has acquired more knowledge of the history of those times than is to be found in Goldsmith's *Abridgment* believe that, if James had held his own religious opinions without wishing to make proselytes, or if, wishing even to make proselytes, he had contented himself with exerting only his constitutional influence for that purpose, the Prince of Orange would ever have been invited over. Our ancestors, we suppose, knew their own meaning; and, if we may believe them, their hostility was primarily, not to Popery, but to tyranny. They did not drive out a tyrant because he was a Catholic, but they excluded Catholics from the Crown because they thought them likely to be tyrants. The ground on which they, in their famous resolution,⁴ declared the throne vacant, was this: “that James had broken the fundamental laws of the kingdom.” Every man, therefore, who approves of the Revolution of 1688 must hold that the breach of fundamental laws on the part of the sovereign justifies resistance. The question,

¹ John, Lord Somers (1652–1716), Charles Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury (1660–1718), respectively Lord Chancellor and Secretary of State under William III.

² The Whig toast to the memory of William III.

³ Frederick the Great, King of Prussia; Ferdinand V., King of Spain.

⁴ The Declaration of Right, 1689.

¹ *Paradise Lost*, I, 164, 165.

² Roman Catholics.

³ Ireland.

then, is this: Had Charles I broken the fundamental laws of England?

No person can answer in the negative unless he refuses credit, not merely to all the accusations brought against Charles by his opponents, but to the narratives of the warmest Royalists, and to the confessions of the king himself. If there be any truth in any historian of any party who has related the events of that reign, the conduct of Charles, from his accession to the meeting of the Long Parliament had been a continued course of oppression and treachery. Let those who applaud the Revolution and condemn the Rebellion mention one act of James II to which a parallel is not to be found in the history of his father. Let them lay their fingers on a single article in the Declaration of Right, presented by the two houses to William and Mary, which Charles is not acknowledged to have violated. He had, according to the testimony of his own friends, usurped the functions of the legislature, raised taxes without the consent of Parliament, and quartered troops on the people in the most illegal and vexatious manner. Not a single session of Parliament had passed without some unconstitutional attack on the freedom of debate. The right of petition was grossly violated. Arbitrary judgments, exorbitant fines, and unwarranted imprisonments were grievances of daily occurrence. If these things do not justify resistance, the Revolution was treason; if they do, the great Rebellion was laudable.

But, it is said, why not adopt milder measures? Why, after the king had consented to so many reforms and renounced so many oppressive prerogatives, did the Parliament continue to rise in their demands at the risk of provoking a civil war? The ship money¹ had been given up, the Star Chamber² had been abolished, provision had been made for the frequent convocation and secure deliberation of Parliaments. Why not pursue an end confessedly good by peaceable and regular means? We recur again to the analogy of the Revolution. Why was James driven from the throne? Why was he not retained upon conditions? He, too, had offered to call a free Parliament, and to submit to its decision all the matters in dispute. Yet we are in the habit of praising our forefathers, who preferred a revolution, a disputed succession, a dynasty of strangers, twenty years

of foreign and intestine war, a standing army, and a national debt, to the rule, however restricted, of a tried and proved tyrant. The Long Parliament acted on the same principle, and is entitled to the same praise. They could not trust the king. He had, no doubt, passed salutary laws; but what assurance was there that he would not break them? He had renounced oppressive prerogatives, but where was the security that he would not resume them? The nation had to deal with a man whom no tie could bind; a man who made and broke promises with equal facility; a man whose honor had been a hundred times pawned and never redeemed.

Here, indeed, the Long Parliament stands on still stronger ground than the Convention of 1688. No action of James can be compared to the conduct of Charles with respect to the Petition of Right.¹ The Lords and Commons present him with a bill in which the constitutional limits of his power are marked out. He hesitates; he evades; at last he bargains to give his assent for five subsidies. The bill receives his solemn assent; the subsidies are voted; but no sooner is the tyrant relieved than he returns at once to all the arbitrary measures which he had bound himself to abandon, and violates all the clauses of the very act which he had been paid to pass.

For more than ten years² the people had seen the rights which were theirs by a double claim — by immemorial inheritance and by recent purchase — infringed by the perfidious king who had recognized them. At length circumstances compelled Charles to summon another Parliament. Another chance was given to our fathers; were they to throw it away as they had thrown away the former? Were they again to be cozened by *le Roi le veut*?² Were they again to advance their money on pledges which had been forfeited over and over again? Were they to lay a second Petition of Right at the foot of the throne, to grant another lavish aid in exchange for another unmeaning ceremony, and then to take their departure, till, after ten years more of fraud and oppression, their prince should again require a supply; and again repay it with a perjury? They were compelled to choose whether they would trust a tyrant or conquer him. We think that they chose wisely and nobly.

¹ The Petition of Right, presented to Charles I in 1628 declared against taxation without the consent of Parliament, unlawful imprisonment, quartering of troops, etc.

² "The King so wills," the formula of royal consent to a Parliamentary Act.

¹ A method of taxation employed by Charles I.

² The Court of the Star Chamber was an unconstitutional device of Charles I.

The advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! And had James II no private virtues? Was Oliver Cromwell, his bitterest enemies themselves being judges, destitute of private virtues? And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood!

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath, and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates,¹ and the defense is that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, "a good man, but a bad king." We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table and all his regularity at chapel.

We cannot refrain from adding a few words respecting a topic on which the defenders of Charles are fond of dwelling. If, they say, he governed his people ill; he at least governed them after the example of his predecessors. If he violated their privileges, it was because those privileges had not been accurately defined. No act of oppression has

ever been imputed to him which has not a parallel in the annals of the Tudors. This point Hume has labored, with an art which is as discreditable in a historical work as it would be admirable in a forensic address. The answer is short, clear, and decisive. Charles had assented to the Petition of Right. He had renounced the oppressive powers said to have been exercised by his predecessors, and he had renounced them for money. He was not entitled to set up his antiquated claims against his own recent release.

These arguments are so obvious that it may seem superfluous to dwell upon them, but those who have observed how much the events of that time are misrepresented and misunderstood will not blame us for stating the case simply. It is a case of which the simplest statement is the strongest.

The enemies of the Parliament, indeed, rarely choose to take issue on the great points of the question. They content themselves with exposing some of the crimes and follies to which public commotions necessarily give birth. They bewail the unmerited fate of Strafford. They execrate the lawless violence of the army. They laugh at the scriptural names of the preachers. Major-generals fleecing their districts; soldiers reveling on the spoils of a ruined peasantry; upstarts, enriched by the public plunder, taking possession of the hospitable firesides and hereditary trees of the old gentry; boys smashing the beautiful windows of cathedrals; Quakers riding naked through the market-place; Fifth-monarchy men shouting for King Jesus; agitators lecturing from the tops of tubs on the fate of Agag—all these, they tell us, were the offspring of the Great Rebellion.

Be it so. We are not careful to answer in this matter. These charges, were they infinitely more important, would not alter our opinion of an event which alone has made us to differ from the slaves who crouch beneath despotic sceptres. Many evils, no doubt, were produced by the Civil War. They were the price of our liberty. Has the acquisition been worth the sacrifice? It is the nature of the devil of tyranny to tear and rend the body which he leaves. Are the miseries of continued possession less horrible than the struggles of the tremendous exorcism?

If it were possible that a people brought up

¹ Believers in establishing by force a Kingdom of Christ, a fifth monarchy in succession to those of Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome.

¹ Archbishop Laud (1573-1645).

under an intolerant and arbitrary system could subvert that system without acts of cruelty and folly, half the objections to despotic power would be removed. We should, in that case, be compelled to acknowledge that it at least produces no pernicious effects on the intellectual and moral character of a nation. We deplore the outrages which accompany revolutions. But the more violent the outrages, the more assured we feel that a revolution was necessary. The violence of those outrages will always be proportioned to the ferocity and ignorance of the people, and the ferocity and ignorance of the people will be proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which they have been accustomed to live. Thus it was in our Civil War. The heads of the Church and State reaped only that which they had sown. The government had prohibited free discussion; it had done its best to keep the people unacquainted with their duties and their rights. The retribution was just and natural. If our rulers suffered from popular ignorance, it was because they had themselves taken away the key of knowledge. If they were assailed with blind fury, it was because they had exacted an equally blind submission.

It is the character of such revolutions that we always see the worst of them at first. Till men have been some time free, they know not how to use their freedom. The natives of wine countries are generally sober. In climates where wine is a rarity intemperance abounds. A newly liberated people may be compared to a northern army encamped on the Rhine or the Xeres.¹ It is said that, when soldiers in such a situation first find themselves able to indulge without restraint in such a rare and expensive luxury, nothing is to be seen but intoxication. Soon, however, plenty teaches discretion, and, after wine has been for a few months their daily fare, they become more temperate than they had ever been in their own country. In the same manner, the final and permanent fruits of liberty are wisdom, moderation, and mercy. Its immediate effects are often atrocious crimes, conflicting errors, skepticism on points the most clear, dogmatism on points the most mysterious. It is just at this crisis that its enemies love to exhibit it. They pull down the scaffolding from the half-finished edifice; they point to the flying dust, the falling bricks, the comfortless rooms, the frightful irregularity of the whole appear-

ance, and then ask in scorn where the promised splendor and comfort is to be found. If such miserable sophisms were to prevail, there would never be a good house or a good government in the world.

Ariosto tells a pretty story² of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her; accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war. Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory!

There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors or recognize faces. But the remedy is, not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.

Therefore it is that we decidedly approve of the conduct of Milton and the other wise

¹ Xeres: a Spanish town near Cadiz.

² *Orlando Furioso*, XLIII, 72.

and good men who, in spite of much that was ridiculous and hateful in the conduct of their associates, stood firmly by the cause of public liberty. We are not aware that the poet has been charged with personal participation in any of the blamable excesses of that time. The favorite topic of his enemies is the line of conduct which he pursued with regard to the execution of the king. Of that celebrated proceeding we by no means approve. Still we must say, in justice to the many eminent persons who concurred in it, and in justice more particularly to the eminent person who defended it, that nothing can be more absurd than the imputations which, for the last hundred and sixty years, it has been the fashion to cast upon the Regicides.¹ We have, throughout, abstained from appealing to first principles. We will not appeal to them now. We recur again to the parallel case of the Revolution. What essential distinction can be drawn between the execution of the father and the deposition of the son? What constitutional maxim is there which applies to the former and not to the latter? The king can do no wrong. If so, James was as innocent as Charles could have been. The minister, only, ought to be responsible for the acts of the sovereign. If so, why not impeach Jeffreys and retain James? The person of a king is sacred. Was the person of James considered sacred at the Boyne? To discharge cannon against an army in which a king is known to be posted is to approach pretty near to regicide. Charles, too, it should always be remembered, was put to death by men who had been exasperated by the hostilities of several years, and who had never been bound to him by any other tie than that which was common to them with all their fellow-citizens. Those who drove James from his throne, who seduced his army, who alienated his friends, who first imprisoned him in his palace and then turned him out of it, who broke in upon his very slumbers by imperious messages, who pursued him with fire and sword from one part of the empire to another, who hanged, drew, and quartered his adherents, and attainted his innocent heir, were his nephew and his two daughters. When we reflect on all these things, we are at a loss to conceive how the same persons who, on the 5th of November,² thank God for wonderfully conducting his servant William, and for making all opposi-

tion fall before him until he became our king and governor, can, on the 30th of January,¹ contrive to be afraid that the blood of the Royal Martyr may be visited on themselves and their children.

We disapprove, we repeat, of the execution of Charles; not because the constitution exempts the king from responsibility, for we know that all such maxims, however excellent, have their exceptions; nor because we feel any peculiar interest in his character, for we think that his sentence describes him with perfect justice as "a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy"; but because we are convinced that the measure was most injurious to the cause of freedom. He whom it removed was a captive and a hostage; his heir, to whom the allegiance of every Royalist was instantly transferred, was at large. The Presbyterians could never have been perfectly reconciled to the father; they had no such rooted enmity to the son. The great body of the people, also, contemplated that proceeding with feelings which, however unreasonable, no government could safely venture to outrage.

But though we think the conduct of the Regicides blamable, that of Milton appears to us in a very different light. The deed was done. It could not be undone. The evil was incurred, and the object was to render it as small as possible. We censure the chiefs of the army for not yielding to the popular opinion, but we cannot censure Milton for wishing to change that opinion. The very feeling which would have restrained us from committing the act would have led us, after it had been committed, to defend it against the ravings of servility and superstition. For the sake of public liberty, we wish that the thing had not been done while the people disapproved of it. But, for the sake of public liberty, we should also have wished the people to approve of it when it was done. If anything more were wanting to the justification of Milton, the book of Salmasius² would furnish it. That miserable performance is now with justice considered only as a beacon to word-catchers who wish to become statesmen. The celebrity of the man who refuted it, the "*Æneæ magni dextra*,"³ gives it all its fame with the present generation. In that age the state of things was different. It was not then fully understood how vast an interval separates the mere classical scholar

¹ Members of the High Court of Justice which tried Charles I.

² The anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, and of the landing of William, 111 in England.

¹ The anniversary of the execution of Charles I.

² Claude Salmasius (1588-1683), French professor of Leyden who wrote a *Defense of Charles I.*

³ "The right hand of great Æneas."

from the political philosopher. Nor can it be doubted that a treatise which, bearing the name of so eminent a critic, attacked the fundamental principles of all free governments, must, if suffered to remain unanswered, have produced a most pernicious effect on the public mind.

We wish to add a few words relative to another subject, on which the enemies of Milton delight to dwell — his conduct during the administration of the Protector. That an enthusiastic votary of liberty should accept office under a military usurper seems, no doubt, at first sight, extraordinary. But all the circumstances in which the country was then placed were extraordinary. The ambition of Oliver was of no vulgar kind. He never seems to have coveted despotic power. He at first fought sincerely and manfully for the Parliament, and never deserted it till it had deserted its duty. If he dissolved it by force, it was not till he found that the few members who remained after so many deaths, secessions, and expulsions were desirous to appropriate to themselves a power which they held only in trust, and to inflict upon England the curse of a Venetian oligarchy. But, even when thus placed by violence at the head of affairs, he did not assume unlimited power. He gave the country a constitution far more perfect than any which had at that time been known in the world. He reformed the representative system in a manner which has extorted praise even from Lord Clarendon. For himself he demanded, indeed, the first place in the Commonwealth, but with powers scarcely so great as those of a Dutch stadtholder or an American president. He gave the Parliament a voice in the appointment of ministers, and left to it the whole legislative authority, not even reserving to himself a veto on its enactments; and he did not require that the chief magistracy should be hereditary in his family. Thus far, we think, if the circumstances of the time and the opportunities which he had of aggrandizing himself be fairly considered, he will not lose by comparison with Washington or Bolivar. Had his moderation been met by corresponding moderation, there is no reason to think that he would have overstepped the line which he had traced for himself. But when he found that his Parliaments questioned the authority under which they met, and that he was in danger of being deprived of the restricted power which was absolutely necessary to his personal safety, then it must

be acknowledged he adopted a more arbitrary policy.

Yet, though we believe that the intentions of Cromwell were at first honest, though we believe that he was driven from the noble course which he had marked out for himself by the almost irresistible force of circumstances, though we admire, in common with all men of all parties, the ability and energy of his splendid administration, we are not pleading for arbitrary and lawless power, even in his hands. We know that a good constitution is infinitely better than the best despot. But we suspect that, at the time of which we speak, the violence of religious and political enmities rendered a stable and happy settlement next to impossible. The choice lay, not between Cromwell and liberty, but between Cromwell and the Stuarts. That Milton chose well no man can doubt who fairly compares the events of the Protectorate with those of the thirty years which succeeded it, the darkest and most disgraceful in the English annals. Cromwell was evidently laying, though in an irregular manner, the foundations of an admirable system. Never before had religious liberty and the freedom of discussion been enjoyed in a greater degree. Never had the national honor been better upheld abroad, or the seat of justice better filled at home. And it was rarely that any opposition which stopped short of open rebellion provoked the resentment of the liberal and magnanimous usurper. The institutions which he had established, as set down in the Instrument of Government and the Humble Petition and Advice,¹ were excellent. His practice, it is true, too often departed from the theory of these institutions. But had he lived a few years longer, it is probable that his institutions would have survived him, and that his arbitrary practice would have died with him. His power had not been consecrated by ancient prejudices. It was upheld only by his great personal qualities. Little, therefore, was to be dreaded from a second Protector, unless he were also a second Oliver Cromwell. The events which followed his decease are the most complete vindication of those who exerted themselves to uphold his authority. His death dissolved the whole frame of society. The army rose against the Parliament, the different corps of the army against each other. Sect raved against sect. Party plotted against party. The Presby-

¹ The petition that Cromwell accept the title of King and govern with the advice of Parliament.

terians, in their eagerness to be revenged on the Independents,¹ sacrificed their own liberty, and deserted all their old principles. Without casting one glance on the past, or requiring one stipulation for the future, they threw down their freedom at the feet of the most frivolous and heartless of tyrants.

Then came those days, never to be recalled without a blush, the days of servitude without loyalty and sensuality without love; of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices; the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds; the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave. The king cringed to his rival² that he might trample on his people; sank into a viceroy of France, and pocketed with complacent infamy her degrading insults and her more degrading gold. The caresses of harlots and the jests of buffoons regulated the policy of the State. The government had just ability enough to deceive, and just religion enough to persecute. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier, and the Anathema Maranatha³ of every fawning dean. In every high place, worship was paid to Charles and James, Belial and Moloch;⁴ and England propitiated those obscene and cruel idols with the blood of her best and bravest children. Crime succeeded to crime, and disgrace to disgrace, till the race, accursed of God and man, was a second time driven forth to wander on the face of the earth, and to be a byword and a shaking of the head to the nations.

Most of the remarks which we have hitherto made on the public character of Milton apply to him only as one of a large body. We shall proceed to notice some of the peculiarities which distinguished him from his contemporaries. And for that purpose it is necessary to take a short survey of the parties into which the political world was at that time divided. We must premise that our observations are intended to apply only to those who adhered, from a sincere preference, to one or to the other side. In days of public commotion every faction, like an Oriental army, is attended by a crowd of campfollowers, a useless and heartless rabble, who prowl round its line of march in the hope of picking up something under its protection, but desert it in the day of battle, and often join to exterminate it after a defeat. England, at the time of which we are treating,

abounded with fickle and selfish politicians, who transferred their support to every government as it rose; who kissed the hand of the king in 1640, and spat in his face in 1649; who shouted with equal glee when Cromwell was inaugurated in Westminster Hall, and when he was dug up to be hanged at Tyburn; who dined on calves' heads or on broiled rumps, and cut down oak branches or stuck them up, as circumstances altered, without the slightest shame or repugnance. These we leave out of the account. We take our estimate of parties from those who really deserve to be called partisans.

We would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were, as a body, unpopular; they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learned. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

*"Ecco il fonte del riso, ed ecco il rio
Che mortali perigli in se contiene:
Hor qui tener a fren nostro desio,
Ed esser cauti molto a noi conviene."*¹

Those who roused the people to resistance; who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years; who formed, out of

¹ The Independents, of whom Milton was one, desired no general church government.

² Louis XIV of France. ³ 1 Corinthians, XVI, 22.

⁴ *Paradise Lost*, II, 43-225.

¹ "See here the fount of laughter! see the stream
To which such fatal qualities belong!
'Now,' they exclaimed, 'let us avoid the dream
Of warm desire, and in resolve be strong.'
Tasso, *Jerusalem Delivered*, XV, 57, Fairfax's translation.

the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen; who trampled down king, church, and aristocracy; who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, — were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations, had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles I, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles II was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play,¹ turn from the specious caskets which contain only the death's-head and the fool's-head, and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging in general terms an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with Him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but His favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their

palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest; who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed His will by the pen of the Evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men: the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker, but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane,² he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood,² he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid His face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at

¹ Sir Henry Vane the Younger (1612-62).

² Charles Fleetwood (1620-70), Cromwell's son-in-law.

them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their mind from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus¹ with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach; and we know that, in spite of their hatred of Popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system — intolerance and extravagant austerity; that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstons and their De Montforts, their Dominics and their Escobars. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and a useful body.

The Puritans espoused the cause of civil liberty mainly because it was the cause of religion. There was another party, by no means numerous, but distinguished by learning and ability, which acted with them on very different principles. We speak of those whom Cromwell was accustomed to call the Heathens, men who were, in the phraseology of that time, doubting Thomases or careless Gallios² with regard to religious subjects, but

passionate worshipers of freedom. Heated by the study of ancient literature, they set up their country as their idol, and proposed to themselves the heroes of Plutarch as their examples. They seem to have borne some resemblance to the Brissotines¹ of the French Revolution. But it is not very easy to draw the line of distinction between them and their devout associates, whose tone and manner they sometimes found it convenient to affect, and sometimes, it is probable, imperceptibly adopted.

We now come to the Royalists. We shall attempt to speak of them, as we have spoken of their antagonists, with perfect candor. We shall not charge upon a whole party the profligacy and baseness of the horse boys, gamblers, and bravoës, whom the hope of license and plunder attracted from all the dens of Whitefriars to the standard of Charles, and who disgraced their associates by excesses which, under the stricter discipline of the parliamentary armies, were never tolerated. We will select a more favorable specimen. Thinking as we do that the cause of the king was the cause of bigotry and tyranny, we yet cannot refrain from looking with complacency on the character of the honest old Cavaliers. We feel a national pride in comparing them with the instruments which the despots of other countries are compelled to employ — with the mutes who throng their ante-chambers, and the Janissaries who mount guard at their gates. Our Royalist countrymen were not heartless, dangling courtiers, bowing at every step, and simpering at every word. They were not mere machines for destruction, dressed up in uniforms, caned into skill, intoxicated into valor, defending without love, destroying without hatred. There was a freedom in their subserviency, a nobleness in their very degradation. The sentiment of individual independence was strong within them. They were indeed misled, but by no base or selfish motive. Compassion and romantic honor, the prejudices of childhood and the venerable names of history, threw over them a spell potent as that of Duessa; and, like the Red Cross Knight,² they thought that they were doing battle for an injured beauty while they defended a false and loathsome sorceress. In truth, they scarcely entered at all into the merits of the political question. It was not for a treacherous king or an intolerant church

¹ *Faërie Queene*, v. Artegal personifies Justice.

² See Acts, xviii, 17.

¹ Or Girondists, the moderate party of the French Revolutionists.

² In the *Faërie Queene*, i.

that they fought, but for the old banner which had waved in so many battles over the heads of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received the hands of their brides. Though nothing could be more erroneous than their political opinions they possessed, in a far greater degree than their adversaries, those qualities which are the grace of private life. With many of the vices of the Round Table, they had also many of its virtues — courtesy, generosity, veracity, tenderness, and respect for women. They had far more both of profound and of polite learning than the Puritans. Their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful.

Milton did not strictly belong to any of the classes which we have described. He was not a Puritan. He was not a freethinker. He was not a Royalist. In his character the noblest qualities of every party were combined in harmonious union. From the Parliament and from the court, from the conventicle and from the Gothic cloister, from the gloomy and sepulchral circles of the Roundheads, and from the Christmas revel of the hospitable Cavalier, his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those finer elements were defiled. Like the Puritans, he lived

"As ever in his great Taskmaster's eye."¹

Like them, he kept his mind continually fixed on an Almighty Judge and an eternal reward. And hence he acquired their contempt of external circumstances, their fortitude, their tranquillity, their inflexible resolution. But not the coolest skeptic or the most profane scoffer was more perfectly free from the contagion of their frantic delusions, their savage manners, their ludicrous jargon, their scorn of science, and their aversion to pleasure. Hating tyranny with a perfect hatred, he had nevertheless all the estimable and ornamental qualities which were almost entirely monopolized by the party of the tyrant. There was none who had a stronger sense of the value of literature, a finer relish for every elegant amusement, or a more chivalrous delicacy of honor and love. Though his opinions were democratic, his tastes and his associations were such as harmonize best with monarchy and aristocracy. He was under the influence of all the feelings by which the

gallant Cavaliers were misled. But of those feelings he was the master and not the slave. Like the hero² of Homer, he enjoyed all the pleasures of fascination; but he was not fascinated. He listened to the song of the Sirens, yet he glided by without being seduced to their fatal shore. He tasted the cup of Circe, but he bore about him a sure antidote against the effects of its bewitching sweetness. The illusions which captivated his imagination never impaired his reasoning powers. The statesman was proof against the splendor, the solemnity, and the romance which enchanted the poet. Any person who will contrast the sentiments expressed in his treatises on Prelacy³ with the exquisite lines on ecclesiastical architecture and music in the "Penseroso," which was published about the same time, will understand our meaning. This is an inconsistency which, more than anything else, raises his character in our estimation, because it shows how many private tastes and feelings he sacrificed in order to do what he considered his duty to mankind. It is the very struggle of the noble Othello. His heart relents, but his hand is firm. He does naught⁴ in hate, but all in honor. He kisses the beautiful deceiver before he destroys her.

That from which the public character of Milton derives its great and peculiar splendor still remains to be mentioned. If he exerted himself to overthrow a foresworn king and a persecuting hierarchy, he exerted himself in conjunction with others. But the glory of the battle which he fought for the species of freedom which is the most valuable, and which was then the least understood, the freedom of the human mind, is all his own. Thousands and tens of thousands among his contemporaries raised their voices against ship money and the Star Chamber. But there were few indeed who discerned the more fearful evils of moral and intellectual slavery, and the benefits which would result from the liberty of the press⁵ and the unfettered exercise of private judgment. These were the objects which Milton justly conceived to be the most important. He was desirous that the people should think for themselves as well as tax themselves, and should be emancipated from the dominion of prejudice as well as from that of Charles. He knew that those who, with the best intentions, overlooked these schemes of reform, and contented themselves with pulling down the king and

¹ From Milton's seventh sonnet.

² Ulysses. ³ pamphlets on church government.

⁴ Milton's *Areopagitica*.

imprisoning the malignants, acted like the heedless brothers in his own poem,¹ who, in their eagerness to disperse the train of the sorcerer, neglected the means of liberating the captive. They thought only of conquering when they should have thought of disenchanting.

"Oh, ye mistook, ye should have snatched his wand,
And bound him fast; without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixed, and motionless."²

To reverse the rod, to spell the charm backward, to break the ties which bound a stupefied people to the seat of enchantment, was the noble aim of Milton. To this all his public conduct was directed. For this he joined the Presbyterians; for this he forsook them. He fought their perilous battle, but he turned away with disdain from their insolent triumph. He saw that they, like those whom they had vanquished, were hostile to the liberty of thought. He therefore joined the Independents, and called upon Cromwell to break the secular chain, and to save free conscience from the paw of the Presbyterian wolf. With a view to the same great object, he attacked the licensing system,³ in that sublime treatise which every statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand and as frontlets between his eyes. His attacks were, in general, directed less against particular abuses than against those deeply seated errors on which almost all abuses are founded — the servile worship of eminent men and the irrational dread of innovation.

That he might shake the foundations of these debasing sentiments more effectually, he always selected for himself the boldest literary services. He never came up in the rear when the outworks had been carried and the breach entered. He pressed into the forlorn hope. At the beginning of the changes, he wrote with incomparable energy and eloquence against the bishops. But, when his opinion seemed likely to prevail, he passed on to other subjects, and abandoned prelacy to the crowd of writers who now hastened to insult a falling party. There is no more hazardous enterprise than that of bearing the torch of truth into those dark and infected recesses in which no light has ever shone. But it was the choice and the pleasure of Milton to penetrate the noisome

vapors, and to brave the terrible explosion. Those who most disapprove of his opinions must respect the hardihood with which he maintained them. He, in general, left to others the credit of expounding and defending the popular parts of his religious and political creed. He took his own stand upon those which the great body of his countrymen reprobated as criminal, or derided as paradoxical. He stood up for divorce and regicide.⁴ He attacked the prevailing systems of education.⁵ His radiant and beneficent career resembled that of the god of light and fertility:

*"Nitox in adversum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus, et rapido contrarius evehor orbi."*⁶

It is to be regretted that the prose writings of Milton should in our time be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the *Paradise Lost* has the great poet ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, "a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

We had intended to look more closely at these performances, to analyze the peculiarities of the diction, to dwell at some length on the sublime wisdom of the *Areopagitica* and the nervous rhetoric of the *Iconoclast*, and to point out some of those magnificent passages which occur in the treatise *Of Reformation* and the *Animadversions on the Remonstrant*. But the length to which our remarks have already extended renders this impossible.

We must conclude. And yet we can scarcely tear ourselves away from the subject. The days immediately following the publication of this relic of Milton appear to be peculiarly set apart and consecrated to his memory. And we shall scarcely be censured if, on this his festival, we be found lingering near his shrine, how worthless soever may be

¹ In the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* (1643); and *Eikonoklastes* (1649).

² In *Of Education* (1644).

³ A reference to the sun, in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, II, 72, 73; "I contend against opposition; nor does that force which conquers all else subdue me, and I ride on in a contrary way to the rapid heavens."

¹ *Comus*.
² *Comus*, lines 815-19.

³ In *Areopagitica*.

the offering which we bring to it. While this book lies on our table, we seem to be contemporaries of the writer. We are transported a hundred and fifty years back. We can almost fancy that we are visiting him in his small lodging; that we see him sitting at the old organ beneath the faded green hangings; that we can catch the quick twinkle of his eyes, rolling in vain to find the day; that we are reading in the lines of his noble countenance the proud and mournful history of his glory and his affliction. We image to ourselves the breathless silence in which we should listen to his slightest word; the passionate veneration with which we should kneel to kiss his hand and weep upon it; the earnestness with which we should endeavor to console him, if indeed such a spirit could need consolation, for the neglect of an age unworthy of his talents and his virtues; the eagerness with which we should contest with his daughters, or with his Quaker friend Ellwood,¹ the privilege of reading Homer to him, or of taking down the immortal accents which flowed from his lips.

These are perhaps foolish feelings. Yet we cannot be ashamed of them; nor shall we be sorry if what we have written shall in any degree excite them in other minds. We are not much in the habit of idolizing either the living or the dead. And we think that there is no more certain indication of a weak and ill-regulated intellect than that propensity which, for want of a better name, we will venture to christen Boswellism. But there are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. These great men we trust that we know how to prize, and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are pleasant to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr² of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, and which were distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by superior bloom and sweetness, but by miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to de-

light, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great poet and patriot without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he labored for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptations and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame.

FRANCIS BACON

1837

The essay on Bacon, written in review of *The Works of Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England*. A New Edition. By Basil Montagu, Esq., 16 vols., London, 1825-1834, appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1837. It is one of the longest and most characteristic of Macaulay's essays. Beginning with an account of Bacon's life and character, it continues with an appreciation of his philosophy with which Macaulay was in entire sympathy. The extracts here given bear witness to Macaulay's own practical habit of mind, his reliance on applied science as a means of promoting welfare, and his belief in the machinery of well-being as a test of civilization — an attitude to which such prophets as Carlyle, Ruskin, and Matthew Arnold were sternly opposed.

Two words form the key of the Baconian doctrine, Utility and Progress. The ancient philosophy disdained to be useful, and was content to be stationary. It dealt largely in theories of moral perfection, which were so sublime that they never could be more than theories; in attempts to solve insoluble enigmas; in exhortations to the attainment of unattainable frames of mind. It could not condescend to the humble office of ministering to the comfort of human beings. All the schools condemned that office as degrading; some censured it as immoral. Once indeed Posidonius, a distinguished writer of the age of Cicero and Cæsar, so far forgot himself as to enumerate, among the humbler blessings which mankind owed to philosophy, the discovery of the principle of the arch, and the introduction of the use of metals. This eulogy was considered as an affront, and was taken up with proper spirit. Seneca vehemently disclaims these insulting compliments. Philosophy, according to him, has nothing to do with teaching men to rear arched roofs over their heads. The true

¹ Thomas Ellwood (1629-1713), in whose *Autobiography* there is an account of Milton.

² In Massinger's play of that name.

philosopher does not care whether he has an arched roof or any roof. Philosophy has nothing to do with teaching men the uses of metals. She teaches us to be independent of all material substances, of all mechanical contrivances. The wise man lives according to nature. Instead of attempting to add to the physical comforts of his species, he regrets that his lot was not cast in that golden age when the human race had no protection against the cold but the skins of wild beasts, no screen from the sun but a cavern. To impute to such a man any share in the invention or improvement of a plough, a ship, or a mill is an insult. "In my own time," says Seneca, "there have been inventions of this sort, transparent windows, tubes for diffusing warmth equally through all parts of a building, shorthand, which has been carried to such a perfection that a writer can keep pace with the most rapid speaker. But the inventing of such things is drudgery for the lowest slaves; philosophy lies deeper. It is not her office to teach men how to use their hands. The object of her lessons is to form the soul. *Non est, inquam, instrumentorum ad usus necessarios opifex.*"¹ If the *non* were left out, this last sentence would be no bad description of the Baconian philosophy, and would, indeed, very much resemble several expressions in the *Novum Organum*. "We shall next be told," exclaims Seneca, "that the first shoemaker was a philosopher." For our own part, if we are forced to make our choice between the first shoemaker and the author of the three books "On Anger," we pronounce for the shoemaker. It may be worse to be angry than to be wet. But shoes have kept millions from being wet; and we doubt whether Seneca ever kept anybody from being angry.

It is very reluctantly that Seneca can be brought to confess that any philosopher had ever paid the smallest attention to anything that could possibly promote what vulgar people would consider as the well-being of mankind. He labors to clear Democritus from the disgraceful imputation of having made the first arch, and Anacharsis from the charge of having contrived the potter's wheel. He is forced to own that such a thing might happen; and it may also happen, he tells us, that a philosopher may be swift of foot. But it is not in his character of philosopher that he either wins a race or invents a machine. No, to be sure. The business of a philosopher was to declaim in praise of

poverty with two millions sterling out at usury, to meditate epigrammatic conceits about the evils of luxury, in gardens which moved the envy of sovereigns, to rant about liberty, while fawning on the insolent and pampered freedmen of a tyrant, to celebrate the divine beauty of virtue with the same pen which had just before written a defence of the murder of a mother by a son.

From the cant of this philosophy, a philosophy meanly proud of its own unprofitableness, it is delightful to turn to the lessons of the great English teacher. We can almost forgive all the faults of Bacon's life when we read that singularly graceful and dignified passage: "*Ego certe, ut de me ipso, quod res est, loquar, et in iis quæ nunc edo, et in iis quæ in posterum meditor, dignitatem ingenii et nominis mei, si qua sit, sæpius sciens et volens projicio, dum commodis humanis inserviam; quique architectus fortasse in philosophia et scientiis esse debeam, etiam operarius, et bajulus, et quidvis demum fio, cum haud pauca quæ omnino fieri necesse sit, alii autem ob innatam superbiam subterfugiant, ipsi sustineam et exsequar.*"¹ This philanthropia, which, as he said in one of the most remarkable of his early letters, "was so fixed in his mind, as it could not be removed," this majestic humility, this persuasion that nothing can be too insignificant for the attention of the wisest, which is not too insignificant to give pleasure or pain to the meanest, is the great characteristic distinction, the essential spirit of the Baconian philosophy. We trace it in all that Bacon has written on Physics, on Laws, on Morals. And we conceive that from this peculiarity all the other peculiarities of his system directly and almost necessarily sprang.

The spirit which appears in the passage of Seneca to which we have referred tainted the whole body of the ancient philosophy from the time of Socrates downwards, and took possession of intellects with which that of Seneca cannot for a moment be compared. It pervades the dialogues of Plato. It may be distinctly traced in many parts of the works of Aristotle. Bacon has dropped hints from which it may be inferred that, in his

¹ It is not, I say, a maker of instruments for necessary use. Seneca, *Epist.* 90.

¹ "As for myself, to speak the truth, I have frequently neglected the glory of my order, name, and learning, both in the works I now publish and those which I have already designed to execute, in following out my direct purpose of advancing the happiness of mankind; so that I may fairly say, though marked out by nature to be the architect of philosophy and the sciences I have submitted to become a common workman and laborer, there being many mean things necessary to the erection of the structure, which others, out of a natural disdain, refused to attend to." *De Augmentis*, lib. vii, cap. i.

opinion, the prevalence of this feeling was in a great measure to be attributed to the influence of Socrates. Our great countryman evidently did not consider the revolution which Socrates effected in philosophy as a happy event, and constantly maintained that the earlier Greek speculators, Democritus in particular, were, on the whole, superior to their more celebrated successors.¹

Assuredly if the tree which Socrates planted and Plato watered is to be judged of by its flowers and leaves, it is the noblest of trees. But if we take the homely test of Bacon, if we judge of the tree by its fruits, our opinion of it may perhaps be less favorable. When we sum up all the useful truths which we owe to that philosophy, to what do they amount? We find, indeed, abundant proofs that some of those who cultivated it were men of the first order of intellect. We find among their writings incomparable specimens both of dialectical and rhetorical art. We have no doubt that the ancient controversies were of use, in so far as they served to exercise the faculties of the disputants; for there is no controversy so idle that it may not be of use in this way. But, when we look for something more, for something which adds to the comforts or alleviates the calamities of the human race, we are forced to own ourselves disappointed. We are forced to say with Bacon that this celebrated philosophy ended in nothing but disputation, that it was neither a vineyard nor an olive-ground, but an intricate wood of briars and thistles, from which those who lost themselves in it brought back many scratches and no food.² . . .

The difference between the philosophy of Bacon and that of his predecessors cannot, we think, be better illustrated than by comparing his views on some important subjects with those of Plato. We select Plato, because we conceive that he did more than any other person towards giving to the minds of speculative men that bent which they retained till they received from Bacon a new impulse in a diametrically opposite direction.

It is curious to observe how differently these great men estimated the value of every kind of knowledge. Take Arithmetic for example. Plato, after speaking slightly of the convenience of being able to reckon and compute in the ordinary transactions of life, passes to what he considers as a far more important

advantage. The study of the properties of numbers, he tells us, habituates the mind to the contemplation of pure truth, and raises us above the material universe. He would have his disciples apply themselves to this study, not that they may be able to buy or sell, not that they may qualify themselves to be shopkeepers or travelling merchants, but that they may learn to withdraw their minds from the ever-shifting spectacle of this visible and tangible world, and to fix them on the immutable essences of things.³

Bacon, on the other hand, valued this branch of knowledge, only on account of its uses with reference to that visible and tangible world which Plato so much despised. He speaks with scorn of the mystical arithmetic of the later Platonists, and laments the propensity of mankind to employ, on mere matters of curiosity, powers the whole exertion of which is required for purposes of solid advantage. He advises arithmeticians to leave these trifles, and to employ themselves in framing convenient expressions, which may be of use in physical researches.⁴

The same reasons which led Plato to recommend the study of arithmetic led him to recommend also the study of mathematics. The vulgar crowd of geometricians, he says, will not understand him. They have practice always in view. They do not know that the real use of the science is to lead men to the knowledge of abstract, essential, eternal truth.⁵ Indeed, if we are to believe Plutarch, Plato carried this feeling so far that he considered geometry as degraded by being applied to any purpose of vulgar utility. Archytas, it seems, had framed machines of extraordinary power on mathematical principles.⁶ Plato remonstrated with his friend, and declared that this was to degrade a noble intellectual exercise into a low craft, fit only for carpenters and wheelwrights. The office of geometry, he said, was to discipline the mind, not to minister to the base wants of the body. His interference was successful; and from that time, according to Plutarch, the science of mechanics was considered as unworthy of the attention of a philosopher.

Archimedes in a later age imitated and surpassed Archytas. But even Archimedes was not free from the prevailing notion that geometry was degraded by being employed

¹ Plato's *Republic*, book VII. (Macaulay's note.)

² *De Augmentis*, lib. III, cap. 6. (Macaulay's note.)

³ Plato's *Republic*, book VII. (Macaulay's note.)

⁴ Plutarch, *Sympos.*, VIII, and *Life of Marcellus*. The machines of Archytas are also mentioned by Aulus Gellius and Diogenes Laertius. (Macaulay's note.)

¹ *Novum Organum*, lib. I, aph. 71, 79. *De Augmentis*, lib. III, cap. IV. *De principiis, atque originibus. Cogitata et visa. Redargutio philosophiarum.* (Macaulay's note.)

² *Novum Organum*, lib. I, aph. 73. (Macaulay's note.)

to produce anything useful. It was with difficulty that he was induced to stoop from speculation to practice. He was half ashamed of those inventions which were the wonder of hostile nations, and always spoke of them slightly as mere amusements, as trifles in which a mathematician might be suffered to relax his mind after intense application to the higher parts of his science.

The opinion of Bacon on this subject was diametrically opposed to that of the ancient philosophers. He valued geometry chiefly, if not solely, on account of those uses, which to Plato appeared so base. And it is remarkable that the longer Bacon lived the stronger this feeling became. When in 1605 he wrote the two books on the *Advancement of Learning*, he dwelt on the advantages which mankind derived from mixed mathematics; but he at the same time admitted that the beneficial effect produced by mathematical study on the intellect, though a collateral advantage, was "no less worthy than that which was principal and intended." But it is evident that his views underwent a change. When, near twenty years later, he published the *De Augmentis*, which is the *Treatise on the Advancement of Learning*, greatly expanded and carefully corrected, he made important alterations in the part which related to mathematics. He condemned with severity the high pretensions of the mathematicians; "delicias et fastum mathematicorum."¹ Assuming the well-being of the human race to be the end of knowledge, he pronounced that mathematical science could claim no higher rank than that of an appendage or auxiliary to other sciences. Mathematical science, he says, is the handmaid of natural philosophy; she ought to demean herself as such; and he declares that he cannot conceive by what ill chance it has happened that she presumes to claim precedence over her mistress. He predicts — a prediction which would have made Plato shudder — that as more and more discoveries are made in physics, there will be more and more branches of mixed mathematics. Of that collateral advantage the value of which, twenty years before, he rated so highly, he says not one word. This omission cannot have been the effect of mere inadvertence. His own treatise was before him. From that treatise he deliberately expunged whatever was favorable to the study of pure mathematics, and inserted several keen reflections on the ardent votaries of that study. This fact, in our opinion, admits of

¹ pretensions and pride of the mathematicians.

only one explanation. Bacon's love of those pursuits which directly tend to improve the condition of mankind, and his jealousy of all pursuits merely curious, had grown upon him, and had, it may be, become immoderate. He was afraid of using any expression which might have the effect of inducing any man of talents to employ in speculations, useful only to the mind of the speculator, a single hour which might be employed in extending the empire of man over matter.² If Bacon erred here, we must acknowledge that we greatly prefer his error to the opposite error of Plato. We have no patience with a philosophy which, like those Roman matrons who swallowed abortives in order to preserve their shapes, takes pains to be barren for fear of being homely. . . .

On the greatest and most useful of all human inventions, the invention of alphabetical writing, Plato did not look with much complacency. He seems to have thought that the use of letters had operated on the human mind as the use of the go-cart in learning to walk, or of corks in learning to swim, is said to operate on the human body. It was a support which, in his opinion, soon became indispensable to those who used it, which made vigorous exertion first unnecessary and then impossible. The powers of the intellect would, he conceived, have been more fully developed without this delusive aid. Men would have been compelled to exercise the understanding and the memory, and, by deep and assiduous meditation, to make truth thoroughly their own. Now, on the contrary, much knowledge is traced on paper, but little is engraved in the soul. A man is certain that he can find information at a moment's notice when he wants it. He therefore suffers it to fade from his mind. Such a man cannot in strictness be said to know anything. He has the show without the reality of wisdom. These opinions Plato has put into the mouth of an ancient king of Egypt.³ But it is evident from the context that they were his own; and so they were understood to be by Quintilian.⁴ Indeed they are in perfect accordance with the whole Platonic system.

Bacon's views, as may easily be supposed, were widely different.⁴ The powers of the memory, he observes, without the help of

¹ Compare the passage relating to mathematics in the Second Book of the *Advancement of Learning*, with the *De Augmentis*, lib. III, cap. 6. (Macauley's note.)

² Plato's *Phædrus*. (Macauley's note.)

³ Quintilian, xi. (Macauley's note.)

⁴ *De Augmentis*, lib. v, cap. 5. (Macauley's note.)

writing, can do little towards the advancement of any useful science. He acknowledges that the memory may be disciplined to such a point as to be able to perform very extraordinary feats. But on such feats he sets little value. The habits of his mind, he tells us, are such that he is not disposed to rate highly any accomplishment, however rare, which is of no practical use to mankind. As to these prodigious achievements of the memory, he ranks them with the exhibitions of rope-dancers and tumblers. "These two performances," he says, "are much of the same sort. The one is an abuse of the powers of the body; the other is an abuse of the powers of the mind. Both may perhaps excite our wonder; but neither is entitled to our respect."

To Plato, the science of medicine appeared to be of very disputable advantages.¹ He did not indeed object to quick cures for acute disorders, or for injuries produced by accidents. But the art which resists the slow sap of a chronic disease, which repairs frames enervated by lust, swollen by gluttony, or inflamed by wine, which encourages sensuality by mitigating the natural punishment of the sensualist, and prolongs existence when the intellect has ceased to retain its entire energy, had no share of his esteem. A life protracted by medical skill he pronounced to be a long death. The exercise of the art of medicine ought, he said, to be tolerated, so far as that art may serve to cure the occasional distempers of men whose constitutions are good. As to those who have bad constitutions, let them die; and the sooner the better. Such men are unfit for war, for magistracy, for the management of their domestic affairs, for severe study and speculation. If they engage in any vigorous mental exercise, they are troubled with giddiness and fulness of the head, all which they lay to the account of philosophy. The best thing that can happen to such wretches is to have done with life at once. He quotes mythical authority in support of this doctrine; and reminds his disciples that the practice of the sons of Æsculapius, as described by Homer, extended only to the cure of external injuries.

Far different was the philosophy of Bacon. Of all the sciences, that which he seems to have regarded with the greatest interest was the science which, in Plato's opinion, would not be tolerated in a well-regulated community. To make men perfect was no part of Bacon's plan. His humble aim was to make

imperfect men comfortable. The beneficence of his philosophy resembled the beneficence of the common Father, whose sun rises on the evil and good, whose rain descends for the just and the unjust. In Plato's opinion man was made for philosophy; in Bacon's opinion philosophy was made for man; it was a means to an end; and that end was to increase the pleasures and to mitigate the pains of millions who are not and cannot be philosophers. That a valetudinarian who took great pleasure in being wheeled along his terrace, who relished his boiled chicken and his weak wine and water, and who enjoyed a hearty laugh over the Queen of Navarre's tales, should be treated as a *caput lupinum*² because he could not read the *Timæus* without a headache, was a notion which the humane spirit of the English school of wisdom altogether rejected. Bacon would not have thought it beneath the dignity of a philosopher to contrive an improved garden chair for such a valetudinarian, to devise some way of rendering his medicines more palatable, to invent repasts which he might enjoy, and pillows on which he might sleep soundly; and this though there might not be the smallest hope that the mind of the poor invalid would ever rise to the contemplation of the ideal beautiful and the ideal good. As Plato had cited the religious legends of Greece to justify his contempt for the more recondite parts of the art of healing, Bacon vindicated the dignity of that art by appealing to the example of Christ, and reminded men that the great Physician of the soul did not disdain to be also the physician of the body. . . .

The boast of the ancient philosophers was that their doctrine formed the minds of men to a high degree of wisdom and virtue. This was indeed the only practical good which the most celebrated of those teachers even pretended to effect; and undoubtedly, if they had effected this, they would have deserved far higher praise than if they had discovered the most salutary medicines or constructed the most powerful machines. But the truth is that, in those very matters in which alone they professed to do any good to mankind, in those very matters for the sake of which they neglected all the vulgar interests of mankind, they did nothing, or worse than nothing. They promised what was impracticable; they despised what was practicable; they filled the world with long words and long beads; and they left it as wicked and as ignorant as they found it.

¹ Plato's *Republic*, book III. (Macaulay's note.)

² A wolf's head, i.e., a dunce.

An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia. The smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities. The wise man of the Stoics would, no doubt, be a grander object than a steam-engine. But there are steam-engines. And the wise man of the Stoics is yet to be born. A philosophy which should enable a man to feel perfectly happy while in agonies of pain would be better than a philosophy which assuages pain. But we know that there are remedies which will assuage pain; and we know that the ancient sages liked the toothache just as little as their neighbors. A philosophy which should extinguish cupidity would be better than a philosophy which should devise laws for the security of property. But it is possible to make laws which shall, to a very great extent, secure property. And we do not understand how any motives which the ancient philosophy furnished could extinguish cupidity. We know indeed that the philosophers were no better than other men. From the testimony of friends as well as of foes, from the confessions of Epictetus and Seneca, as well as from the sneers of Lucian and the fierce invectives of Juvenal, it is plain that these teachers of virtue had all the vices of their neighbors, with the additional vice of hypocrisy. Some people may think the object of the Baconian philosophy a low object, but they cannot deny that, high or low, it has been attained. They cannot deny that every year makes an addition to what Bacon called "fruit." They cannot deny that mankind have made, and are making, great and constant progress in the road which he pointed out to them. Was there any such progressive movement among the ancient philosophers? After they had been declaiming eight hundred years, had they made the world better than when they began? Our belief is that, among the philosophers themselves, instead of a progressive improvement there was a progressive degeneracy. An abject superstition which Democritus or Anaxagoras would have rejected with scorn, added the last disgrace to the long dotage of the Stoic and Platonic schools. Those unsuccessful attempts to articulate which are so delightful and interesting in a child, shock and disgust in an aged paralytic; and in the same way, those wild and mythological fictions which charm us, when we hear them lisp-
ed by Greek poetry in its infancy, excite a mixed sensation of pity and loathing, when mumbled by Greek philosophy in its old age. We

know that guns, cutlery, spy-glasses, clocks, are better in our time than they were in the time of our fathers, and were better in the time of our fathers than they were in the time of our grandfathers. We might, therefore, be inclined to think that, when a philosophy which boasted that its object was the elevation and purification of the mind, and which for this object neglected the sordid office of ministering to the comforts of the body, had flourished in the highest honor during many hundreds of years, a vast moral amelioration must have taken place. Was it so? Look at the schools of this wisdom four centuries before the Christian era and four centuries after that era. Compare the men whom those schools formed at those two periods. Compare Plato and Libanius. Compare Pericles and Julian. This philosophy confessed, nay boasted, that for every end but one it was useless. Had it attained that one end?

Suppose that Justinian, when he closed the schools of Athens, had called on the last few sages who still haunted the Portico,¹ and lingered round the ancient plane-trees, to show their title to public veneration: suppose that he had said: "A thousand years have elapsed since, in this famous city, Socrates posed Protagoras and Hippias;² during those thousand years a large proportion of the ablest men of every generation has been employed in constant efforts to bring to perfection the philosophy which you teach; that philosophy has been munificently patronized by the powerful; its professors have been held in the highest esteem by the public; it has drawn to itself almost all the sap and vigor of the human intellect: and what has it effected? What profitable truth has it taught us which we should not equally have known without it? What has it enabled us to do which we should not have been equally able to do without it?" Such questions, we suspect, would have puzzled Simplicius and Isidore. Ask a follower of Bacon what the new philosophy, as it was called in the time of Charles the Second, has effected for mankind, and his answer is ready; "It has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it

¹ The Portico, in Athens, was the teaching place of Zeno the Stoic, as the Academy was of Plato.

² In Plato's dialogue *Protagoras*.

has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendor of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all despatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which run ten knots an hour against the wind. These are but a part of its fruits, and of its first fruits. For it is a philosophy which never rests, which has never attained, which is never perfect. Its law is progress. A point which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting-post to-morrow."

Great and various as the powers of Bacon were, he owes his wide and durable fame chiefly to this, that all those powers received their direction from common sense. His love of the vulgar useful, his strong sympathy with the popular notions of good and evil, and the openness with which he avowed that sympathy, are the secret of his influence. There was in his system no cant, no illusion. He had no anointing for broken bones, no fine theories *de finibus*, no arguments to persuade men out of their senses. He knew that men, and philosophers as well as other men, do actually love life, health, comfort, honor, security, the society of friends, and do actually dislike death, sickness, pain, poverty, disgrace, danger, separation from those to whom they are attached. He knew that religion, though it often regulates and moderates these feelings, seldom eradicates them; nor did he think it desirable for mankind that they should be eradicated. The plan of eradicating them by conceits like those of Seneca, or syllogisms like those of Chrysippus, was too preposterous to be for a moment entertained by a mind like his. He did not understand what wisdom there could be in changing names where it was impossible to change things; in denying that blindness, hunger, the gout, the rack, were evils, and calling them *ἀποπροηγμένα*;¹ in refusing to acknowledge that health, safety, plenty, were good things, and dubbing them by the name of *ἀδιάφορα*.² In his opinions on all these subjects, he was not a Stoic, nor

an Epicurean, nor an Academic, but what would have been called by Stoics, Epicureans, and Academics, a mere *ιδιώτης*, a mere common man. And it was precisely because he was so that his name makes so great an era in the history of the world. It was because he dug deep that he was able to pile high. It was because, in order to lay his foundations, he went down into those parts of human nature which lie low, but which are not liable to change, that the fabric which he reared has risen to so stately an elevation, and stands with such immovable strength. . . .

By stimulating men to the discovery of new truth, Bacon stimulated them to employ the inductive method, the only method, even the ancient philosophers and the schoolmen themselves being judges, by which new truth can be discovered. By stimulating men to the discovery of useful truth, he furnished them with a motive to perform the inductive process well and carefully. His predecessors had been, in his phrase, not interpreters, but anticipators of nature. They had been content with the first principles at which they had arrived by the most scanty and slovenly induction. And why was this? It was, we conceive, because their philosophy proposed to itself no practical end, because it was merely an exercise of the mind. A man who wants to contrive a new machine or a new medicine has a strong motive to observe accurately and patiently, and to try experiment after experiment. But a man who merely wants a theme for disputation or declamation has no such motive. He is therefore content with premises grounded on assumption, or on the most scanty and hasty induction. Thus, we conceive, the schoolmen acted. On their foolish premises they often argued with great ability; and as their object was "assensum subjugare, non res,"¹ to be victorious in controversy not to be victorious over nature, they were consistent. For just as much logical skill could be shown in reasoning on false as on true premises. But the followers of the new philosophy, proposing to themselves the discovery of useful truth as their object, must have altogether failed of attaining that object if they had been content to build theories on superficial induction.

Bacon has remarked² that, in ages when philosophy was stationary, the mechanical arts went on improving. Why was this?

¹ A term in Stoic philosophy for the lesser goods.

² indifferent.

¹ *Novum Organum*, lib. I, aph. 29. (Macaulay's note.)
"To conquer assent, not facts."

² *De Augmentis*, lib. I. (Macaulay's note.)

Evidently because the mechanic was not content with so careless a mode of induction as served the purpose of the philosopher. And why was the philosopher more easily satisfied than the mechanic? Evidently because the object of the mechanic was to mold things, whilst the object of the philosopher was only to mold words. Careful induction is not at all necessary to the making of a good syllogism. But it is indispensable to the making of a good shoe. Mechanics, therefore, have always been, as far as the range of their humble but useful callings extended, not anticipators but interpreters of nature. And when a philosophy arose, the object of which was to do on a large scale what the mechanic does on a small scale, to extend the power and to supply the wants of man, the truth of the premises, which logically is a matter altogether unimportant, became a matter of the highest importance; and the careless induction with which men of learning had previously been satisfied gave place, of necessity, to an induction far more accurate and satisfactory.

What Bacon did for inductive philosophy may, we think, be fairly stated thus. The objects of preceding speculators were objects which could be attained without careful induction. Those speculators, therefore, did not perform the inductive process carefully. Bacon stirred up men to pursue an object which could be attained only by induction, and by induction carefully performed; and consequently induction was more carefully performed. We do not think that the importance of what Bacon did for inductive philosophy has ever been overrated. But we think that the nature of his services is often mistaken, and was not fully understood even by himself. It was not by furnishing philosophers with rules for performing the inductive process well, but by furnishing them with a motive for performing it well, that he conferred so vast a benefit on society.

To give to the human mind a direction which it shall retain for ages is the rare prerogative of a few imperial spirits. It cannot, therefore, be uninteresting to inquire what was the moral and intellectual constitution which enabled Bacon to exercise so vast an influence on the world.

In the temper of Bacon — we speak of Bacon the philosopher, not of Bacon the lawyer and politician — there was a singular union of audacity and sobriety. The promises which he made to mankind might, to a

superficial reader, seem to resemble the rants which a great dramatist has put into the mouth of an Oriental conqueror half-crazed by good fortune and by violent passions:

5 "He shall have chariots easier than air,
Which I will have invented; and thyself
That art the messenger shall ride before him,
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,
That shall be made to go with golden wheels,
10 I know not how yet."¹

But Bacon performed what he promised. In truth, Fletcher would not have dared to make Arbaces promise, in his wildest fits of excitement, the tithe of what the Baconian philosophy has performed.

The true philosophical temperament may, we think, be described in four words, much hope, little faith; a disposition to believe that anything, however extraordinary, may be done; an indisposition to believe that anything extraordinary has been done. In these points the constitution of Bacon's mind seems to us to have been absolutely perfect. 25 He was at once the Mammon and the Surly² of his friend Ben. Sir Epicure did not indulge in visions more magnificent and gigantic. Surly did not sift evidence with keener and more sagacious incredulity.

Closely connected with this peculiarity of Bacon's temper was a striking peculiarity of his understanding. With great minuteness of observation, he had an amplitude of comprehension such as has never yet been vouchsafed to any other human being. The small fine mind of Labruyère had not a more delicate tact than the large intellect of Bacon. The *Essays* contain abundant proofs that no nice feature of character, no peculiarity in the ordering of a house, a garden, or a court-masque, would escape the notice of one whose mind was capable of taking in the whole world of knowledge. His understanding resembled the tent which the fairy Pari-banou gave to Prince Ahmed. Fold it; and it seemed a toy for the hand of a lady. Spread it; and the armies of powerful Sultans might repose beneath its shade.

In keenness of observation he has been equalled, though perhaps never surpassed. But the largeness of his mind was all his own. The glance with which he surveyed the intellectual universe resembled that which the Archangel, from the golden threshold of heaven, darted down into the new creation:

¹ From *A King and No King*, by John Fletcher.

² Sir Epicure Mammon and Surly are characters in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*.

"Round he surveyed, — and well might, where
 he stood
 So high above the circling canopy
 Of night's extended shade, — from eastern
 point
 Of Libra, to the fleecy star which bears
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
 Beyond the horizon." ¹

His knowledge differed from that of other men, as a terrestrial globe differs from an Atlas which contains a different country on every leaf. The towns and roads of England, France, and Germany are better laid down in the Atlas than on the globe. But while we are looking at England we see nothing of France; and while we are looking at France we see nothing of Germany. We may go to the Atlas to learn the bearings and distances of York and Bristol, or of Dresden and Prague. But it is useless if we want to know the bearings and distances of France and Martinique, or of England and Canada. On the globe we shall not find all the market towns in our own neighborhood; but we shall learn from it the comparative extent and the relative position of all the kingdoms of the earth. "I have taken," said Bacon, in a letter written when he was only thirty-one, to his uncle Lord Burleigh, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province." In any other young man, indeed in any other man, this would have been a ridiculous flight of presumption. There have been thousands of better mathematicians, astronomers, chemists, physicians, botanists, mineralogists, than Bacon. No man would go to Bacon's works to learn any particular science or art, any more than he would go to a twelve-inch globe in order to find his way from Kennington turnpike to Clapham Common. The art which Bacon taught was the art of inventing arts. The knowledge in which Bacon excelled all men was a knowledge of the mutual relations of all departments of knowledge.

The mode in which he communicated his thoughts was peculiar to him. He had no touch of that disputatious temper which he often censured in his predecessors. He effected a vast intellectual revolution in opposition to a vast mass of prejudices; yet he never engaged in any controversy: nay, we cannot at present recollect, in all his philosophical works, a single passage of a controversial character. All those works might with propriety have been put into the form which he adopted in the work entitled *Cogi-*

tata et visa.¹ "Franciscus Baconus sic cogitavit." These are thoughts which have occurred to me: weigh them well: and take them or leave them.

Borgia said of the famous expedition of Charles the Eighth, that the French had conquered Italy, not with steel, but with chalk; for that the only exploit which they had found necessary for the purpose of taking military occupation of any place had been to mark the doors of the houses where they meant to quarter. Bacon often quoted this saying, and loved to apply it to the victories of his own intellect.² His philosophy, he said, came as a guest, not as an enemy. She found no difficulty in gaining admittance, without a contest, into every understanding fitted, by its structure and by its capacity, to receive her. In all this we think that he acted most judiciously; first, because, as he has himself remarked, the difference between his school and other schools was a difference so fundamental that there was hardly any common ground on which a controversial battle could be fought; and, secondly, because his mind, eminently observant, pre-eminently discursive and capacious, was, we conceive, neither formed by nature nor disciplined by habit for dialectical combat.

Though Bacon did not arm his philosophy with the weapons of logic, he adorned her profusely with all the decorations of rhetoric. His eloquence, though not untainted with the vicious taste of his age, would alone have entitled him to a high rank in literature. He had a wonderful talent for packing thought close, and rendering it portable. In wit, if by wit be meant the power of perceiving analogies between things which appear to have nothing in common, he never had an equal, not even Cowley, not even the author of *Hudibras*. Indeed, he possessed this faculty, or rather this faculty possessed him, to a morbid degree. When he abandoned himself to it without reserve, as he did in the *Sapientia Veterum*,³ and at the end of the second book of the *De Augmentis*, the feats which he performed were not merely admirable, but portentous, and almost shocking. On those occasions we marvel at him as clowns on a fair-day marvel at a juggler, and can hardly help thinking that the devil must be in him.

These, however, were freaks in which his ingenuity now and then wanted, with

¹ *Things thought and seen.*

² *Novum Organum*, lib. I, aph. 35 and elsewhere (Macaulay's note.)

³ *Wisdom of the Ancients.*

⁴ *Paradise Lost*, book III, ll. 555-60.

scarcely any other object than to astonish and amuse. But it occasionally happened that, when he was engaged in grave and profound investigations, his wit obtained the mastery over all his other faculties, and led him into absurdities into which no dull man could possibly have fallen. We will give the most striking instance which at present occurs to us. In the third book of the *De Augmentis* he tells us that there are some principles which are not peculiar to one science, but are common to several. That part of philosophy which concerns itself with these principles is, in his nomenclature, designated as *philosophia prima*. He then proceeds to mention some of the principles with which this *philosophia prima* is conversant. One of them is this. An infectious disease is more likely to be communicated while it is in progress than when it has reached its height. This, says he, is true in medicine. It is also true in morals; for we see that the example of very abandoned men injures public morality less than the example of men in whom vice has not yet extinguished all good qualities. Again, he tells us that in music a discord ending in a concord is agreeable, and that the same thing may be noted in the affections. Once more, he tells us, that in physics the energy with which a principle acts is often increased by the antiperistasis of its opposite; and that it is the same in the contests of factions. If the making of ingenious and sparkling similitudes like these be indeed the *philosophia prima*, we are quite sure that the greatest philosophical work of the nineteenth century is Mr. Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. The similitudes which we have cited are very happy similitudes. But that a man like Bacon should have taken them for more, that he should have thought the discovery of such resemblances as these an important part of philosophy, has always appeared to us one of the most singular facts in the history of letters.

The truth is that his mind was wonderfully quick in perceiving analogies of all sorts. But, like several eminent men whom we could name, both living and dead, he sometimes appeared strangely deficient in the power of distinguishing rational from fanciful analogies, analogies which are arguments from analogies which are mere illustrations, analogies like that which Bishop Butler so ably pointed out, between natural and revealed religion, from analogies like that which Addison discovered, between the series of Grecian gods carved by Phidias and

the series of English kings painted by Kneller. This want of discrimination has led to many strange political speculations. Sir William Temple deduced a theory of government from the properties of the pyramid. Mr. Southey's whole system of finance is grounded on the phenomena of evaporation and rain. In theology, this perverted ingenuity has made still wilder work. From the time of Irenæus and Origen down to the present day, there has not been a single generation in which great divines have not been led into the most absurd expositions of Scripture, by mere incapacity to distinguish analogies proper, to use the scholastic phrase, from analogies metaphorical.¹ It is curious that Bacon has himself mentioned this very kind of delusion among the *idola specus*;² and has mentioned it in language which, we are inclined to think, shows that he knew himself to be subject to it. It is the vice, he tells us, of subtle minds to attach too much importance to slight distinctions; it is the vice, on the other hand, of high and discursive intellects to attach too much importance to slight resemblances; and he adds that, when this last propensity is indulged to excess, it leads men to catch at shadows instead of substances.³

Yet we cannot wish that Bacon's wit had been less luxuriant. For, to say nothing of the pleasure which it affords, it was in the vast majority of cases employed for the purpose of making obscure truth plain, of making repulsive truth attractive, of fixing in the mind for ever truth which might otherwise have left but a transient impression.

The poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind, but not, like his wit, so powerful as occasionally to usurp the place of his reason, and to tyrannize over the whole man. No imagination was ever at once so strong and so thoroughly subjugated. It never stirred but at a signal from good sense. It stopped at the first check from good sense. Yet, though disciplined to such obedience, it gave noble proofs of its vigor. In truth, much of Bacon's life was passed in a visionary world, amidst things as strange as any that are described in the Arabian Tales, or in those romances on which the curate and barber of Don Quixote's village performed so cruel an *auto-da-fé*, amidst buildings more sumptuous than the palace of Aladdin, fountains more wonderful than the golden

¹ See some interesting remarks on this subject in Bishop Berkeley's *Minute Philosopher*, dialogue IV. (Macaulay's note.)

² *idols of the cave*.

³ *Novum Organum*, lib. I, aph. 55. (Macaulay's note.)

water of Parizade,¹ conveyances more rapid than the hippogryph of Ruggiero, arms more formidable than the lance of Astolfo, remedies more efficacious than the balsam of Fierabras.² Yet in his magnificent day-dreams there was nothing wild, nothing but what sober reason sanctioned. He knew that all the secrets feigned by poets to have been written in the books of enchanters are worthless when compared with the mighty secrets which are really written in the book of nature, and which, with time and patience, will be read there. He knew that all the wonders wrought by all the talismans in fable were trifles when compared to the wonders which might reasonably be expected from the philosophy of fruit, and that, if his words sank deep into the minds of men, they would produce effects such as superstition had never ascribed to the incantations of Merlin and Michael Scott. It was here that he loved to let his imagination loose. He loved to picture to himself the world as it would be when his philosophy should, in his own noble phrase, "have enlarged the bounds of human empire."³ We might refer to many instances: But we will content ourselves with the strongest, the description of the House of Solomon in the *New Atlantis*. By most of Bacon's contemporaries, and by some people of our time, this remarkable passage would, we doubt not, be considered as an ingenious rodomontade, a counterpart to the adventures of Sinbad or Baron Munchausen. The truth is, that there is not to be found in any human composition a passage more eminently distinguished by profound and serene wisdom. The boldness and originality of the fiction is far less wonderful than the nice discernment which carefully excluded from that long list of prodigies everything that can be pronounced impossible, everything that can be proved to lie beyond the mighty magic of induction and time. Already some parts, and not the least startling parts, of this glorious prophecy have been accomplished, even according to the letter; and the whole, construed according to the spirit, is daily accomplishing all around us.

One of the most remarkable circumstances in the history of Bacon's mind is the order in which its powers expanded themselves. With him the fruit came first and remained till the last; the blossoms did not appear till late.

In general, the development of the fancy is to the development of the judgment what the growth of a girl is to the growth of a boy. The fancy attains at an earlier period to the perfection of its beauty, its power, and its fruitfulness; and, as it is first to ripen, it is also first to fade. It has generally lost something of its bloom and freshness before the sterner faculties have reached maturity; and is commonly withered and barren while those faculties still retain all their energy. It rarely happens that the fancy and the judgment grow together. It happens still more rarely that the judgment grows faster than the fancy. This seems, however, to have been the case with Bacon. His boyhood and youth appear to have been singularly sedate. His gigantic scheme of philosophical reform is said by some writers to have been planned before he was fifteen, and was undoubtedly planned while he was still young. He observed as vigilantly, meditated as deeply, and judged as temperately when he gave his first work to the world as at the close of his long career. But in eloquence, in sweetness and variety of expression, and in richness of illustration, his later writings are far superior to those of his youth. In this respect the history of his mind bears some resemblance to the history of the mind of Burke. The treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, though written on a subject which the coldest metaphysician could hardly treat without being occasionally betrayed into florid writing, is the most unadorned of all Burke's works. It appeared when he was twenty-five or twenty-six. When, at forty, he wrote the *Thoughts on the Causes of the existing Discontents*, his reason and his judgment had reached their full maturity; but his eloquence was still in its splendid dawn. At fifty, his rhetoric was quite as rich as good taste would permit; and when he died, at almost seventy, it had become ungracefully gorgeous. In his youth he wrote on the emotions produced by mountains and cascades, by the masterpieces of painting and sculpture, by the faces and necks of beautiful women, in the style of a Parliamentary report. In his old age he discussed treaties and tariffs in the most fervid and brilliant language of romance. It is strange that the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, and the *Letter to a Noble Lord*, should be the productions of one man. But it is far more strange that the *Essay* should have been a production of his youth, and the *Letter* of his old age.

We will give very short specimens of

¹ A reference to the "Story of the Sisters who envied their Younger Sister," from the *Arabian Nights*.

² Ruggiero, Astolfo and Fierabras are all characters in the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto.

³ *New Atlantis*. (Macaulay's note.)

Bacon's two styles. In 1597, he wrote thus: "Crafty men condemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use: that is a wisdom without them, and won by observation. 5 Read not to contradict, nor to believe, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, have a present wit; and if he read little, have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories 15 make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, morals grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend." It will hardly be disputed that this is a passage to be "chewed and digested." We do 20 not believe that Thucydides himself has anywhere compressed so much thought into so small a space.

In the additions which Bacon afterwards made to the *Essays*, there is nothing superior 25 in truth or weight to what we have quoted. But his style was constantly becoming richer and softer. The following passage, first published in 1625, will show the extent of the change: "Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer evidence of God's favor. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp you shall hear as many 35 hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-works and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. 45 Judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth 50 best discover virtue."

It is by the *Essays* that Bacon is best known to the multitude. The *Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis* are much talked of, but little read. They have produced 55 indeed a vast effect on the opinions of mankind; but they have produced it through the operation of intermediate agents. They

have moved the intellects which have moved the world. It is in the *Essays* alone that the mind of Bacon is brought into immediate contact with the minds of ordinary readers. There he opens an exoteric school, and talks to plain men, in language which everybody understands, about things in which everybody is interested. He has thus enabled those who must otherwise have taken his merits on trust to judge for themselves; and the great body of readers have, during several generations, acknowledged that the man who has treated with such consummate ability questions with which they are familiar may well be supposed to deserve all the praise bestowed on him by those who have sat in his inner-school.

Without any disparagement to the admirable treatise *De Augmentis*, we must say that, in our judgment, Bacon's greatest performance is the first book of the *Novum Organum*. All the peculiarities of his extraordinary mind are found there in the highest perfection. Many of the aphorisms, but particularly those in which he gives examples of the influence of the *idola*, show a nicety of observation that has never been surpassed. Every part of the book blazes with wit, but with wit which is employed 30 only to illustrate and decorate truth. No book ever made so great a revolution in the mode of thinking, overthrew so many prejudices, introduced so many new opinions. Yet no book was ever written in a less contentious spirit. It truly conquers with chalk and not with steel. Proposition after proposition enters into the mind, is received not as an invader, but as a welcome friend, and, though previously unknown, becomes 40 at once domesticated. But what we most admire is the vast capacity of that intellect which, without effort, takes in at once all the domains of science, all the past, the present, and the future, all the errors of two thousand years, all the encouraging signs of the passing times, all the bright hopes of the coming age. Cowley, who was among the most ardent, and not among the least discerning followers of the new philosophy, has, in one of his finest poems, compared Bacon to Moses standing on Mount Pisgah. It is to Bacon, we think, as he appears in the first book of the *Novum Organum*, that the comparison applies with peculiar felicity. There we see the great Lawgiver looking round from his lonely elevation on an infinite expanse; behind him a wilderness of dreary sands and bitter waters in which successive generations

have sojourned, always moving, yet never advancing, reaping no harvest, and building no abiding city; before him a goodly land, a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey. While the multitude below saw only the flat sterile desert in which they had so long wandered, bounded on every side by a near horizon, or diversified only by some deceitful mirage, he was gazing from a far higher stand on a far lovelier country, following with his eye the long course of fertilizing rivers, through ample pastures, and under the bridges of great capitals, measuring the distances of marts and havens, and portioning out all those wealthy regions from Dan to Beersheba.

It is painful to turn back from contemplating Bacon's philosophy to contemplate his life. Yet without so turning back it is impossible fairly to estimate his powers. He left the University at an earlier age than that at which most people repair thither. While yet a boy he was plunged into the midst of diplomatic business. Thence he passed to the study of a vast technical system of law, and worked his way up through a succession of laborious offices to the highest post in his profession. In the meantime he took an active part in every Parliament; he was an adviser of the Crown: he paid court with the greatest assiduity and address to all whose favor was likely to be of use to him; he lived much in society; he noted the slightest peculiarities of character and the slightest changes of fashion. Scarcely any man has led a more stirring life than that which Bacon led from sixteen to sixty. Scarcely any man has been better entitled to be called a thorough man of the world. The founding of a new philosophy, the imparting of a new direction to the minds of speculators, this was the amusement of his leisure, the work of hours occasionally stolen from the Woolsack and the Council Board. This consideration, while it increases the admiration with which we regard his intellect, increases also our regret that such an intellect should so often have been unworthily em-

ployed. He well knew the better course and had, at one time, resolved to pursue it. "I confess," said he in a letter written when he was still young, "that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends." Had his civil ends continued to be moderate, he would have been, not only the Moses, but the Joshua of philosophy. He would have fulfilled a large part of his own magnificent predictions. He would have led his followers, not only to the verge, but into the heart of the promised land. He would not merely have pointed out, but would have divided the spoil. Above all, he would have left, not only a great, but a spotless name. Mankind would then have been able to esteem their illustrious benefactor. We should not then be compelled to regard his character with mingled contempt and admiration, with mingled aversion and gratitude. We should not then regret that there should be so many proofs of the narrowness and selfishness of a heart, the benevolence of which was large enough to take in all races and all ages. We should not then have to blush for the disingenuousness of the most devoted worshipper of speculative truth, for the servility of the boldest champion of intellectual freedom. We should not then have seen the same man at one time far in the van, and at another time far in the rear of his generation. We should not then be forced to own that he who first treated legislation as a science was among the last Englishmen who used the rack, that he who first summoned philosophers to the great work of interpreting nature was among the last Englishmen who sold justice. And we should conclude our survey of a life placidly, honorably, beneficently passed, "in industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions and discoveries," with feelings very different from those with which we now turn away from the checkered spectacle of so much glory and so much shame.

1 From a Letter of Bacon to Lord Burleigh. (Macauley's note.)

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890)

John Henry Newman was born in London, February 21, 1801. He entered Trinity College, Oxford, in 1816, and six years later was elected to a fellowship at Oriel College. He was also vicar of Saint Mary's, Oxford, whither his sermons drew the more earnest and ardent undergraduates. In 1832 he made a trip to the Mediterranean, and saw something of the order and discipline of the Roman Catholic Church. While becalmed near Palermo on his return, he wrote the best known of his hymns, *Lead, Kindly Light*. He returned to England resolved to revive in the Church of England something of the splendor and power which had characterized the Church in the Middle Age. This was the object of the Oxford Movement which Newman and his friends launched in 1833, often called the "Tractarian Movement" because its arguments were put forth in the series of *Tracts for the Times*. With his views of the divine and authoritative character of the Church, Newman found it difficult to account for the claims both of the Anglican and the Roman churches, and in 1845 he joined the latter body. He was for four years rector of the Catholic University of Dublin, but the remainder of his long life he spent at the Oratory of Saint Philip Neri at Edgbaston. He was made a Cardinal by Pope Leo XIII in 1879. He died in 1890.

In 1864, the Reverend Charles Kingsley published a statement invoking Newman's authority for a statement that truth is not a virtue of the Roman clergy. Newman replied, and to close the controversy published his *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, an autobiography giving a candid account of his religious life and conversion to the Roman Church. This work did much to gain for Newman the position among his countrymen which he held until his death and to strengthen the position of his Church. While rector of the University at Dublin he delivered the lectures which were later collected in *The Idea of a University*. His *Grammar of Assent* (1880) is an explanation of religious faith as the operation of a special sense for truth, the illative sense, which is above all human reason. He published also many volumes of sermons and lectures, and one of poetry which contains *The Dream of Gerontius*, a description of the hours of death and after death of a Christian with a definiteness and naïveté which remind one of the original pre-Raphaelite painters.

Newman's English prose style is the most classically perfect of the nineteenth century. He writes with precise choice of word and delicate rhythm of sentence, an intimate sense of humor or of tenderness, and at times a sustained and sonorous eloquence. His style is in fact a mirror of his character in its high seriousness and grave beauty, which before his death made him a saint of the English people.

Newman's works are published by Longmans, Green & Co. The *Apologia* and *Essays on University Subjects* are included in Everyman's Library. A volume of selections with an admirable introductory essay by Lewis E. Gates is published by Henry Holt & Co.

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA

1864

The following selection is from Chapter V, which gives a general account of Newman's religious views. It is a statement of the intellectual position of a believer in the authority of the Church as opposed to the scientific faith in conclusions drawn from observation and experiment.

Starting then with the being of a God (which, as I have said, is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence, though when I try to put the grounds of that certainty into logical shape I find a difficulty in doing so in mood and figure to my satisfaction), I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth, of which my whole being is so full; and the effect upon me is, in consequence, as a matter of necessity, as confusing as if it denied that I am in existence myself. If I looked into a

mirror, and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me, when I look into this living busy world, and see no reflexion of its Creator. This is, to me, one of the great difficulties of this absolute primary truth, to which I referred just now. Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist when I looked into the world. I am speaking for myself only; and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God, drawn from the general facts of human society, but these do not warm me or enlighten me; they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of "lamentations, and mourning and woe."

To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their

mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken, of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truth, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, "having no hope and without God in the world" — all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.

What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? I can only answer, that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence. Did I see a boy of good make and mind, with the tokens on him of a refined nature, cast upon the world without provision, unable to say whence he came, his birth-place or his family connections, I should conclude that there was some mystery connected with his history, and that he was one, of whom, from one cause or other, his parents were ashamed. Thus only should I be able to account for the contrast between the promise and condition of his being. And so I argue about the world; *if* there be a God, *since* there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. This is a fact, a fact as true as the fact of its existence; and thus the doctrine of what is theologically called original sin becomes to me almost as certain as that the world exists, and as the existence of God.

And now, supposing it were the blessed and loving will of the Creator to interfere in this anarchical condition of things, what are we to suppose would be the methods which might be necessarily or naturally involved in His object of mercy? Since the world is in so abnormal a state, surely it would be no surprise to me, if the interposition were of necessity equally extraordinary — or what is called miraculous. But that subject does

not directly come into the scope of my present remarks. Miracles as evidence, involve an argument; and of course I am thinking of some means which does not immediately run into argument. I am rather asking what must be the face-to-face antagonist, by which to withstand and baffle the fierce energy of passion, and the all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect in religious inquiries? I have no intention at all to deny, that truth is the real object of our reason, and that, if it does not attain to truth, either the premiss or the process is in fault; but I am not speaking of right reason, but of reason as it acts in fact and concretely in fallen man. I know that even the unaided reason, when correctly exercised, leads to a belief in God, in the immortality of the soul, and in a future retribution; but I am considering it actually and historically; and in this point of view, I do not think I am wrong in saying that its tendency is towards a simple unbelief in matters of religion. No truth, however sacred, can stand against it, in the long run; and hence it is that in the pagan world, when our Lord came, the last traces of the religious knowledge of former times were all but disappearing from those portions of the world in which the intellect had been active and had had a career.

And in these latter days, in like manner, outside the Catholic Church things are tending, with far greater rapidity than in that old time from the circumstance of the age, to atheism in one shape or other. What a scene, what a prospect, does the whole of Europe present at this day! and not only Europe, but every government and every civilization through the world, which is under the influence of the European mind! Especially, for it most concerns us, how sorrowful, in the view of religion, even taken in its most elementary, most attenuated form, is the spectacle presented to us by the educated intellect of England, France, and Germany! Lovers of their country and of their race, religious men, external to the Catholic Church, have attempted various expedients to arrest fierce wilful human nature in its onward course, and to bring it into subjection. The necessity of some form of religion for the interests of humanity, has been generally acknowledged: but where was the concrete representative of things invisible, which would have the force and the toughness necessary to be a breakwater against the deluge? Three centuries ago the establishment of religion, material, legal, and social, was gener-

ally adopted as the best expedient for the purpose, in those countries which separated from the Catholic Church; and for a long time it was successful; but now the crevices of those establishments are admitting the enemy. Thirty years ago, education was relied upon: ten years ago there was a hope that wars would cease for ever, under the influence of commercial enterprise and the reign of the useful and fine arts; but will any one venture to say that there is anything anywhere on this earth, which will afford a fulcrum for us, whereby to keep the earth from moving onwards?

The judgment, which experience passes on establishments or education, as a means of maintaining religious truth in this anarchical world, must be extended even to Scripture, though Scripture be divine. Experience proves surely that the Bible does not answer a purpose for which it was never intended. It may be accidentally the means of the conversion of individuals; but a book, after all, cannot make a stand against the wild living intellect of man, and in this day it begins to testify, as regards its own structure and contents, to the power of that universal solvent, which is so successfully acting upon religious establishments.

Supposing then it to be the Will of the Creator to interfere in human affairs; and to make provisions for retaining in the world a knowledge of Himself, so definite and distinct as to be proof against the energy of human scepticism, in such a case — I am far from saying that there was no other way — but there is nothing to surprise the mind, if He should think fit to introduce a power into the world, invested with the prerogative of infallibility in religious matters. Such a provision would be a direct, immediate, active, and prompt means of withstanding the difficulty; it would be an instrument suited to the need; and, when I find that this is the very claim of the Catholic Church, not only do I feel no difficulty in admitting the idea, but there is a fitness in it, which recommends it to my mind. And thus I am brought to speak of the Church's infallibility, as a provision adapted by the mercy of the Creator, to preserve religion in the world, and to restrain that freedom of thought, which of course in itself is one of the greatest of our natural gifts, and to rescue it from its own suicidal excesses. And let it be observed that, neither here nor in what follows, shall I have occasion to speak directly of the revealed body of truths, but only as they bear

upon the defence of natural religion. I say, that a power, possessed of infallibility in religious teaching, is happily adapted to be a working instrument, in the course of human affairs, for smiting hard and throwing back the immense energy of the aggressive intellect: — and in saying this, as in the other things that I have to say, it must still be recollected that I am all along bearing in mind my main purpose, which is a defence of myself.

I am defending myself here from a plausible charge brought against Catholics, as will be seen better as I proceed. The charge is this: — that I, as a Catholic, not only make profession to hold doctrines which I cannot possibly believe in my heart, but that I also believe in the existence of a power on earth, which at its own will imposes upon men any new set of *credenda*, when it pleases, by a claim to infallibility; in consequence, that my own thoughts are not my own property; that I cannot tell that to-morrow I may not have to give up what I hold to-day, and that the necessary effect of such a condition of mind must be a degrading bondage, or a bitter inward rebellion relieving itself in secret infidelity, or the necessity of ignoring the whole subject of religion in a sort of disgust, and of mechanically saying everything that the Church says, and leaving to others the defence of it. As then I have above spoken of the relation of my mind towards the Catholic Creed, so now I shall speak of the attitude which it takes up in the view of the Church's infallibility.

And first, the initial doctrine of the infallible teacher must be an emphatic protest against the existing state of mankind. Man had rebelled against his Maker. It was this that caused the divine interposition: and the first act of the divinely accredited messenger must be to proclaim it. The Church must denounce rebellion as of all possible evils the greatest. She must have no terms with it; if she would be true to her Master, she must ban and anathematize it. This is the meaning of a statement which has furnished matter for one of those special accusations to which I am at present replying: I have, however, no fault at all to confess in regard to it; I have nothing to withdraw, and in consequence I here deliberately repeat it. I said, "The Catholic Church holds it better for the sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions on it to die of starvation in extremest agony, as far as temporal affliction goes, than that one

soul, I will not say, should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, or should steal one poor farthing without excuse." I think the principle here enunciated to be the mere preamble in the formal credentials of the Catholic Church, as an Act of Parliament might begin with a "Whereas." It is because of the intensity of the evil which has possession of mankind, that a suitable antagonist has been provided against it; and the initial act of that divinely-commissioned power is of course to deliver her challenge and to defy the enemy. Such a preamble then gives a meaning to her position in the world, and an interpretation to her whole course of teaching and action.

In like manner she has ever put forth, with most energetic distinctness, those other great elementary truths, which either are an explanation of her mission or give a character to her work. She does not teach that human nature is irreclaimable, else wherefore should she be sent? not that it is to be shattered and reversed, but to be extricated, purified, and restored; not that it is a mere mass of evil, but that it has the promise of great things, and even now has a virtue and a praise proper to itself. But in the next place she knows and she preaches that such a restoration, as she aims at effecting in it, must be brought about, not simply through any outward provision of preaching and teaching, even though it be her own, but from a certain inward spiritual power or grace imparted directly from above, and which is in her keeping. She has it in charge to rescue human nature from its misery, but not simply by raising it upon its own level, but by lifting it up to a higher level than its own. She recognizes in it real moral excellence though degraded, but she cannot set it free from earth except by exalting it towards heaven. It was for this end that a renovating grace was put into her hands, and therefore from the nature of the gift, as well as from the reasonableness of the case, she goes on, as a further point, to insist, that all true conversion must begin with the first springs of thought, and to teach that each individual man must be in his own person one whole and perfect temple of God, while he is also one of the living stones which build up a visible religious community. And thus the distinctions between nature and grace, and between outward and inward religion, become two further articles in what I have called the preamble of her divine commission.

Such truths as these she vigorously reiter-

ates, and pertinaciously inflicts upon mankind; as to such she observes no half-measures, no economical reserve, no delicacy or prudence. "Ye must be born again," is the simple, direct form of words which she uses after her Divine Master; "your whole nature must be re-born, your passions, and your affections, and your aims, and your conscience, and your will, must all be bathed in a new element, and reconsecrated to your Maker, and, the last not the least, your intellect." It was for repeating these points of her teaching in my own way, that certain passages of one of my volumes have been brought into the general accusation which has been made against my religious opinions. The writer has said that I was demented if I believed, and unprincipled if I did not believe in my statement that a lazy, ragged, filthy, story-telling beggar-woman, if chaste, sober, cheerful, and religious, had a prospect of heaven, which was absolutely closed to an accomplished statesman, or lawyer, or noble, be he ever so just, upright, generous, honorable, and conscientious, unless he had also some portion of the divine Christian grace; yet I should have thought myself defended from criticism by the words which our Lord used to the chief priests, "The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." And I was subjected again to the same alternative of imputations, for having ventured to say that consent to an unchaste wish was indefinitely more heinous than any lie viewed apart from its causes, its motives, and its consequences; though a lie, viewed under the limitation of these conditions, is a random utterance, an almost outward act, not directly from the heart, however disgraceful it may be, whereas we have the express words of our Lord to the doctrine that "whoso looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." On the strength of these texts I have surely as much right to believe in these doctrines as to believe in the doctrine of original sin, or that there is a supernatural revelation, or that a Divine Person suffered, or that punishment is eternal.

Passing now from what I have called the preamble of that grant of power, with which the Church is invested, to that power itself, Infallibility, I make two brief remarks: on the one hand, I am not here determining anything about the essential seat of that power, because that is a question doctrinal, not historical and practical; nor, on the other hand, am I extending the direct subject-

matter, over which that power has jurisdiction, beyond religious opinion:— and now as to the power itself.

This power, viewed in its fullness, is as tremendous as the giant evil which has called for it. It claims, when brought into exercise in the legitimate manner, for otherwise of course it is but dormant, to have for itself a sure guidance into the very meaning of every portion of the divine message in detail, which was committed by our Lord to His apostles. It claims to know its own limits, and to decide what it can determine absolutely and what it cannot. It claims, moreover, to have a hold upon statements not directly religious, so far as this, to determine whether they indirectly relate to religion, and, according to its own definitive judgment, to pronounce whether or not, in a particular case, they are consistent with revealed truth. It claims to decide magisterially, whether infallibly or not, that such and such statements are or are not prejudicial to the apostolic *depositum* of faith, in their spirit or in their consequences, and to allow them, or condemn and forbid them, accordingly. It claims to impose silence at will on any matters, or controversies, of doctrine, which on its own *ipse dixit* it pronounces to be dangerous, or inexpedient, or inopportune. It claims that whatever may be the judgment of Catholics upon such acts, these acts should be received by them with those outward marks of reverence, submission, and loyalty, which Englishmen, for instance, pay to the presence of their sovereign, without public criticism on them, as being in their matter inexpedient, or in their manner violent or harsh. And lastly, it claims to have the right of inflicting spiritual punishment, of cutting off from the ordinary channels of the divine life, and of simply excommunicating, those who refuse to submit themselves to its formal declarations. Such is the infallibility lodged in the Catholic Church, viewed in the concrete, as clothed and surrounded by the appendages of its high sovereignty: it is, to repeat what I said above, a supereminent prodigious power sent upon earth to encounter and master a giant evil.

And now, having thus described it, I profess my own absolute submission to its claim. I believe the whole revealed dogma as taught by the apostles, as committed by the apostles to the Church, and as declared by the Church to me. I receive it, as it is infallibly interpreted by the authority to whom it is thus committed, and (implicitly) as it

shall be, in like manner, further interpreted by that same authority till the end of time. I submit, moreover, to the universally received traditions of the Church, in which lies the matter of those new dogmatic definitions which are from time to time made, and which in all times are the clothing and the illustration of the Catholic dogma as already defined. And I submit myself to those other decisions of the Holy See, theological or not, through the organs which it has itself appointed, which, waiving the question of their infallibility, on the lowest ground, come to me with a claim to be accepted and obeyed. Also, I consider that, gradually and in the course of ages, Catholic inquiry has taken certain definite shapes, and has thrown itself into the form of a science, with a method and a phraseology of its own, under the intellectual handling of great minds, such as St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas;¹ and I feel no temptation at all to break in pieces the great legacy of thought thus committed to us for these latter days.

All this being considered to be a profession *ex animo*, as on my own part, so also on the part of the Catholic body, as far as I know it, it will at first sight be said that the restless intellect of our common humanity is utterly weighed down to the repression of all independent effort and action whatever, so that, if this is to be the mode of bringing it into order, it is brought into order only to be destroyed. But this is far from the result, far from what I conceive to be the intention of that high Providence who has provided a great remedy for a great evil—far from borne out by the history of the conflict between infallibility and reason in the past, and the prospect of it in the future. The energy of the human intellect “does from opposition grow;” it thrives and is joyous, with a tough elastic strength, under the terrible blows of the divinely-fashioned weapon, and is never so much itself as when it has lately been overthrown. It is the custom with Protestant writers to consider that, whereas there are two great principles in action in the history of religion, authority and private judgment, they have all the private judgment to themselves, and we have the full inheritance and the superincumbent oppression of authority. But this is not so; it is the vast Catholic body itself, and it only, which affords an arena for both combatants in that awful, never-dying duel. It is necessary for the very life of re-

¹ St. Thomas Aquinas (1227–1274).

ligion, viewed in its large operations and its history, that the warfare should be incessantly carried on. Every exercise of infallibility is brought out into act by an intense and varied operation of the reason, from within and without; and provokes again a reaction of reason against it; and, as in a civil polity the state exists and endures by means of the rivalry and collision, the encroachments and defeats of its constituent parts, so in like manner Catholic Christendom is no simple exhibition of religious absolutism, but it presents a continuous picture of authority and private judgment alternately advancing and retreating as the ebb and flow of the tide; — it is a vast assemblage of human beings with wilful intellects and wild passions, brought together into one by the beauty and the majesty of a superhuman power — into what may be called a large reformatory or training-school, not to be sent to bed, not to be buried alive, but for the melting, refining, and moulding, as in some moral factory, by an incessant noisy process (if I may proceed to another metaphor), of the raw material of human nature, so excellent, so dangerous, so capable of divine purposes.

St. Paul says in one place that this apostolical power is given him to edification, and not to destruction. There can be no better account of the infallibility of the Church. It is a supply for a need, and it does not go beyond that need. Its object is, and its effect also, not to enfeeble the freedom or vigor of human thought in religious speculation, but to resist and control its extravagance. What have been its great works? All of them in the distinct province of theology: — to put down Arianism, Eutychianism, Pelagianism, Manichæism, Lutheranism, Jansenism. Such is the broad result of its action in the past; — and now as to the securities which are given us that so it ever will act in time to come.

First, infallibility cannot act outside of a definite circle of thought, and it must in all its decisions, or *definitions*, as they are called, profess to be keeping within it. The great truths of the moral law, of natural religion, and of apostolical faith, are both its boundary and its foundation. It must not go beyond them, and it must ever appeal to them. Both its subject-matter, and its articles in that subject-matter, are fixed. Thus, in illustration, it does not extend to statements, however sound and evident, which are mere logical conclusions from the articles of the

apostolic *depositum*; again, it can pronounce nothing about the persons of heretics, whose works fall within its legitimate province. It must ever profess to be guided by Scripture and by tradition. It must refer to the particular apostolic truth which it is enforcing, or (what is called) *defining*. Nothing, then, can be presented to me, in time to come, as part of the faith, but what I ought already to have received, and have not actually received, (if not) merely because it has not been told me. Nothing can be imposed upon me different in kind from what I hold already — much less contrary to it. The new truth which is promulgated, if it is to be called new, must be at least homogeneous, cognate, implicit, viewed relatively to the old truth. It must be what I may even have guessed, or wished, to be included in the apostolic revelation; and at least it will be of such a character, that my thoughts readily concur in it or coalesce with it, as soon as I hear it. Perhaps I and others actually have always believed it, and the only question which is now decided in my behalf, is that I am henceforth to believe that I have only been holding what the apostles held before me. . . .

THE IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY

(1852)

In 1852 Newman delivered a series of lectures, as rector of the Catholic University at Dublin, on *The Scope and Nature of University Education*, which, with other lectures on university subjects, later constituted the volume called *The Idea of a University*. The following lecture was the fourth of the original series, later numbered five. It is an excellent example of Newman's easy and persuasive style combined with logical exactness of thought. His view of the value of knowledge, and the justification of philosophy may be compared with Macaulay's in his *Essay on Bacon*.

DISCOURSE V

LIBERAL KNOWLEDGE ITS OWN END

A University may be considered with reference either to its Students or to its Studies; and the principle, that all Knowledge is a whole and the separate Sciences parts of one, which I have hitherto been using in behalf of its studies, is equally important when we direct our attention to its students. Now then I turn to the students, and shall consider the education which, by virtue of this principle, a University will give them; and thus I shall be introduced, Gentlemen, to the

second question, which I proposed to discuss, viz., whether and in what sense its teaching, viewed relatively to the taught, carries the attribute of Utility along with it.

I have said that all branches of knowledge are connected together, because the subject-matter of knowledge is intimately united in itself, as being the acts and the work of the Creator. Hence it is that the Sciences, into which our knowledge may be said to be cast, have multiplied bearings one on another, and an internal sympathy, and admit, or rather demand, comparison and adjustment. They complete, correct, balance, each other. This consideration, if well-founded, must be taken into account, not only as regards the attainment of truth, which is their common end, but as regards the influence which they exercise upon those whose education consists in the study of them. I have said already, that to give undue prominence to one is to be unjust to another; to neglect or supersede these is to divert those from their proper object. It is to unsettle the boundary lines between science and science, to disturb their action, to destroy the harmony which binds them together. Such a proceeding will have a corresponding effect when introduced into a place of education. There is no science but tells a different tale, when viewed as a portion of a whole, from what it is likely to suggest when taken by itself, without the safeguard, as I may call it, of others.

Let me make use of an illustration. In the combination of colors, very different effects are produced by a difference in their selection and juxtaposition; red, green, and white change their shades, according to the contrast to which they are submitted. And, in like manner, the drift and meaning of a branch of knowledge varies with the company in which it is introduced to the student. If his reading is confined simply to one subject, however such division of labor may favor the advancement of a particular pursuit, a point into which I do not here enter, certainly it has a tendency to contract his mind. If it is incorporated with others, it depends on those others as to the kind of influence which it exerts upon him. Thus the Classics, which in England are the means of refining the taste, have in France subserved the spread of revolutionary and deistical doctrines. In Metaphysics, again, Butler's *Analogy of Religion* which has had so much to do with the conversion of members of the University of

Oxford, appeared to Pitt and others, who had received a different training, to operate only in the direction of infidelity. And so again, Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, as I think he tells us in the narrative of his life, felt the science of Mathematics to indispose the mind to religious belief, while others see in its investigations the best defence of the Christian Mysteries. In like manner, I suppose, Arcesilas would not have handled logic as Aristotle, nor Aristotle have criticized poets as Plato; yet reasoning and poetry are subject to scientific rules.

It is a great point then to enlarge the range of studies which a University professes, even for the sake of the students; and, though they cannot pursue every subject which is open to them, they will be the gainers by living among those and under those who represent the whole circle. This I conceive to be the advantage of a seat of universal learning, considered as a place of education. An assemblage of learned men, zealous for their own sciences, and rivals of each other, are brought, by familiar intercourse and for the sake of intellectual peace, to adjust together the claims and relations of their respective subjects of investigation. They learn to respect, to consult, to aid each other. Thus is created a pure and clear atmosphere of thought, which the student also breathes, though in his own case he only pursues a few sciences out of the multitude. He profits by an intellectual tradition, which is independent of particular teachers, which guides him in his choice of subjects, and duly interprets for him those which he chooses. He apprehends the great outlines of knowledge, the principles on which it rests, the scale of its parts, its lights and its shades, its great points and its little, as he otherwise cannot apprehend them. Hence it is that his education is called "Liberal." A habit of mind is formed which lasts through life, of which the attributes are, freedom, equitableness, calmness, moderation, and wisdom; or what in a former Discourse I have ventured to call a philosophical habit. This then I would assign as the special fruit of the education furnished at a University, as contrasted with other places of teaching or modes of teaching. This is the main purpose of a University in its treatment of its students.

And now the question is asked me, What is the use of it? And my answer will constitute the main subject of the Discourses which are to follow.

2

Cautious and practical thinkers, I say, will ask of me, what, after all, is the gain of this Philosophy, of which I make such account, and from which I promise so much. Even supposing it to enable us to give the degree of confidence exactly due to every science respectively, and to estimate precisely the value of every truth which is anywhere to be found, how are we better for this master view of things, which I have been extolling? Does it not reverse the principle of the division of labor? will practical objects be obtained better or worse by its cultivation? to what then does it lead? where does it end? what does it do? how does it profit? what does it promise? Particular sciences are respectively the basis of definite arts, which carry on to results tangible and beneficial the truths which are the subjects of the knowledge attained; what is the Art of this science of sciences? what is the fruit of such a Philosophy? what are we proposing to effect, what inducements do we hold out to the Catholic community, when we set about the enterprise of founding a University?

I am asked what is the end of University Education, and of the Liberal or Philosophical Knowledge which I conceive it to impart: I answer, that what I have already said has been sufficient to show that it has a very tangible, real, and sufficient end, though the end cannot be divided from that knowledge itself. Knowledge is capable of being its own end. Such is the constitution of the human mind, that any kind of knowledge, if it be really such, is its own reward. And if this is true of all knowledge, it is true also of that special Philosophy, which I have made to consist in a comprehensive view of truth in all its branches, of the relations of science to science, of their mutual bearings, and their respective values. What the worth of such an acquirement is, compared with other objects which we seek — wealth or power or honor or the conveniences and comforts of life, I do not profess here to discuss; but I would maintain, and mean to show, that it is an object, in its own nature so really and undeniably good, as to be the compensation of a great deal of thought in the compassing, and a great deal of trouble in the attaining.

Now, when I say that Knowledge is, not merely a means to something beyond it, or the preliminary of certain arts into which it naturally resolves, but an end sufficient to rest in and to pursue for its own sake, surely

I am uttering no paradox, for I am stating what is both intelligible in itself, and has ever been the common judgment of philosophers and the ordinary feeling of mankind. I am saying what at least the public opinion of this day ought to be slow to deny, considering how much we have heard of late years, in opposition to Religion, of entertaining, curious, and various knowledge. I am but saying what whole volumes have been written to illustrate, by a "selection from the records of Philosophy, Literature, and Art, in all ages and countries, of a body of examples, to show how the most unpropitious circumstances have been unable to conquer an ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge." That further advantage accrue to us and redound to others by its possession, over and above what it is in itself, I am very far indeed from denying; but, independent of these, we are satisfying a direct need of our nature in its very acquisition; and, whereas our nature, unlike that of the inferior creation, does not at once reach its perfection, but depends, in order to it, on a number of external aids and appliances, Knowledge, as one of the principal gifts or accessories by which it is completed, is valuable for what its very presence in us does for us after the manner of a habit, even though it be turned to no further account, nor subserve any direct end.

3

Hence it is that Cicero, in enumerating the various heads of mental excellence, lays down the pursuit of Knowledge for its own sake, as the first of them. "This pertains most of all to human nature," he says, "for we are all of us drawn to the pursuit of Knowledge; in which to excel we consider excellent, whereas to mistake, to err, to be ignorant, to be deceived, is both an evil and a disgrace." And he considers Knowledge the very first object to which we are attracted, after the supply of our physical wants. After the calls and duties of our animal existence, as they may be termed, as regards ourselves, our family, and our neighbors, follows, he tells us, "the search after truth. Accordingly, as soon as we escape from the pressure of necessary cares, forthwith we desire to see, to hear, to learn; and consider the knowledge of what is hidden or is wonderful a condition of our happiness."

This passage, though it is but one of many

¹ *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties.* Introd. (Newman's note.)

² Cicero. *Offic. init.* (Newman's note.)

similar passages in a multitude of authors, I take for the very reason that it is so familiarly known to us; and I wish you to observe, Gentlemen, how distinctly it separates the pursuit of Knowledge from those ulterior objects to which certainly it can be made to conduce, and which are, I suppose, solely contemplated by the persons who would ask of me the use of a University or Liberal Education. So far from dreaming of the cultivation of Knowledge directly and mainly in order to our physical comfort and enjoyment, for the sake of life and person, of health, of the conjugal and family union, of the social tie and civil security, the great Orator implies, that it is only after our physical and political needs are supplied, and when we are "free from necessary duties and cares," that we are in a condition for "desiring to see, to hear, and to learn." Nor does he contemplate in the least degree the reflex or subsequent action of Knowledge, when acquired, upon those material goods which we set out by securing before we seek it; on the contrary, he expressly denies its bearing upon social life altogether, strange as such a procedure is to those who live after the rise of the Baconian philosophy, and he cautions us against such a cultivation of it as will interfere with our duties to our fellow-creatures. "All these methods," he says, "are engaged in the investigation of truth; by the pursuit of which to be carried off from public occupations is a transgression of duty. For the praise of virtue lies altogether in action; yet intermissions often occur, and then we recur to such pursuits; not to say that the incessant activity of the mind is vigorous enough to carry us on in the pursuit of knowledge, even without any exertion of our own." The idea of benefiting society by means of "the pursuit of science and knowledge" did not enter at all into the motives which he would assign for their cultivation.

This was the ground of the opposition which the elder Cato made to the introduction of Greek Philosophy among his countrymen, when Carneades¹ and his companions, on occasion of their embassy, were charming the Roman youth with their eloquent expositions of it. The fit representative of a practical people, Cato estimated everything by what it produced; whereas the Pursuit of Knowledge promised nothing beyond Knowledge itself. He despised that refinement or

enlargement of mind of which he had no experience.

4

Things, which can bear to be cut off from everything else and yet persist in living, must have life in themselves; pursuits, which issue in nothing, and still maintain their ground for ages, which are regarded as admirable, though they have not as yet proved themselves to be useful, must have their sufficient end in themselves, whatever it turn out to be. And we are brought to the same conclusion by considering the force of the epithet, by which the knowledge under consideration is popularly designated. It is common to speak of "*liberal* knowledge," of the "*liberal* arts and studies," and of a "*liberal* education," as the especial characteristic or property of a University and of a gentleman; what is really meant by the word? Now, first, in its grammatical sense it is opposed to *servile*; and by "*servile* work" is understood, as our catechisms inform us, bodily labor, mechanical employment, and the like, in which the mind has little or no part. Parallel to such works are those arts, if they deserve the name, of which the poet speaks, which owe their origin and their method to hazard, not to skill; as, for instance, the practice and operations of an empiric. As far as this contrast may be considered as a guide into the meaning of the word, liberal knowledge and liberal pursuits are exercises of mind, of reason, of reflection.

But we want something more for its explanation, for there are bodily exercises which are liberal, and mental exercises which are not so. For instance, in ancient times the practitioners in medicine were commonly slaves; yet it was an art as intellectual in its nature, in spite of the pretence, fraud, and quackery with which it might then, as now, be debased, as it was heavenly in its aim. And so in like manner, we contrast a liberal education with a commercial education or a professional; yet no one can deny that commerce and the professions afford scope for the highest and most diversified powers of mind. There is then a great variety of intellectual exercises, which are not technically called "*liberal*"; on the other hand, I say, there are exercises of the body which do receive that appellation. Such, for instance, was the *palæstra*, in ancient times; such the Olympic games, in which strength and dexterity of body as well as of mind gained the prize. In Xenophon we read of the young

¹ Carneades, Critolaus and Diogenes, Athenian philosophers, visited Rome in 156 B.C. on a political embassy, and while there lectured on philosophy.

Persian nobility being taught to ride on horseback and to speak the truth; both being among the accomplishments of a gentleman. War, too, however rough a profession, has ever been accounted liberal, unless in cases when it becomes heroic, which would introduce us to another subject.

Now comparing these instances together, we shall have no difficulty in determining the principle of this apparent variation in the application of the term which I am examining. Manly games, or games of skill, or military prowess, though bodily, are, it seems, accounted liberal; on the other hand, what is merely professional, though highly intellectual, nay, though liberal in comparison of trade and manual labor, is not simply called liberal, and mercantile occupations are not liberal at all. Why this distinction? because that alone is liberal knowledge, which stands on its own pretensions, which is independent of sequel, expects no complement, refuses to be *informed* (as it is called) by any end, or absorbed into any art, in order duly to present itself to our contemplation. The most ordinary pursuits have this specific character, if they are self-sufficient and complete; the highest lose it, when they minister to something beyond them. It is absurd to balance, in point of worth and importance, a treatise on reducing fractures with a game of cricket or a fox-chase; yet of the two the bodily exercise has that quality which we call "liberal," and the intellectual has it not. And so of the learned professions altogether, considered merely as professions; although one of them be the most popularly beneficial, and another the most politically important, and the third the most intimately divine of all human pursuits, yet the very greatness of their end, the health of the body, or of the commonwealth, or of the soul, diminishes, not increases, their claim to the appellation "liberal," and that still more, if they are cut down to the strict exigencies of that end. If, for instance, Theology, instead of being cultivated as a contemplation, be limited to the purposes of the pulpit or be represented by the catechism, it loses — not its usefulness, not its divine character, not its meritoriousness (rather it increases these qualities by such charitable condescension) — but it does lose the particular attribute which I am illustrating; just as a face worn by tears and fasting loses its beauty, or a laborer's hand loses its delicateness; — for Theology thus exercised is not simple knowledge, but rather is an art or a business making use of Theol-

ogy. And thus it appears that even what is supernatural need not be liberal, nor need a hero be a gentleman, for the plain reason that one idea is not another idea. And in like manner the Baconian Philosophy, by using its physical sciences in the service of man, does thereby transfer them from the order of Liberal Pursuits to, I do not say the inferior, but the distinct class of the Useful. And, to take a different instance, hence again, as is evident, whenever personal gain is the motive, still more distinctive an effect has it upon the character of a given pursuit; thus racing, which was a liberal exercise in Greece, forfeits its rank in times like these, so far as it is made the occasion of gambling.

All that I have been now saying is summed up in a few characteristic words of the great Philosopher. "Of possessions," he says, "those rather are useful, which bear fruit; those *liberal*, which tend to enjoyment. By fruitful, I mean, which yield revenue; by enjoyable, where *nothing accrues of consequence beyond the use.*"¹

5

Do not suppose, Gentlemen, that in thus appealing to the ancients, I am throwing back the world two thousand years, and fettering Philosophy with the reasonings of paganism. While the world lasts, will Aristotle's doctrine on these matters last, for he is the oracle of nature and of truth. While we are men, we cannot help, to a great extent, being Aristotelians, for the great Master does but analyze the thoughts, feelings, views, and opinions of human kind. He has told us the meaning of our own words and ideas, before we were born. In many subject-matters, to think correctly, is to think like Aristotle; and we are his disciples whether we will or no, though we may not know it. Now, as to the particular instance before us, the word "liberal" as applied to Knowledge and Education, expresses a specific idea, which ever has been, and ever will be, while the nature of man is the same, just as the idea of the Beautiful is specific, or of the Sublime, or of the Ridiculous, or of the Sordid. It is in the world now, it was in the world then; and, as in the case of the dogmas of faith, it is illustrated by a continuous historical tradition, and never was out of the world, from the time it came into it. There have indeed been differences of opinion from time to time, as to what pursuits and what arts came under that idea, but such differences are but

¹ Aristot. *Rhet.* I, 5. (Newman's note.)

an additional evidence of its reality. That idea must have a substance in it, which has maintained its ground amid these conflicts and changes, which has ever served as a standard to measure things withal, which has passed from mind to mind unchanged, when there was so much to color, so much to influence any notion or thought whatever, which was not founded in our very nature. Were it a mere generalization, it would have varied with the subjects from which it was generalized; but though its subjects vary with the age, it varies not itself. The palæstra may seem a liberal exercise to Lycurgus, and illiberal to Seneca; coach-driving and prize-fighting may be recognized in Elis, and be condemned in England; music may be despicable in the eyes of certain moderns, and be in the highest place with Aristotle and Plato — (and the case is the same in the particular application of the idea of Beauty, or of Goodness, or of Moral Virtue, there is a difference of tastes, a difference of judgments) — still these variations imply, instead of discrediting, the archetypal idea, which is but a previous hypothesis or condition, by means of which issue is joined between contending opinions, and without which there would be nothing to dispute about.

I consider, then, that I am chargeable with no paradox, when I speak of a Knowledge which is its own end, when I call it liberal knowledge, or a gentleman's knowledge, when I educate for it, and make it the scope of a University. And still less am I incurring such a charge, when I make this acquisition consist, not in Knowledge in a vague and ordinary sense, but in that Knowledge which I have especially called Philosophy or; in an extended sense of the word, Science; for whatever claims Knowledge has to be considered as a good, these it has in a higher degree when it is viewed not vaguely, not popularly, but precisely and transcendently as Philosophy. Knowledge, I say, is then especially liberal, or sufficient for itself, apart from every external and ulterior object, when and so far as it is philosophical, and this I proceed to show.

6

Now bear with me, Gentlemen, if what I am about to say, has at first sight a fanciful appearance. Philosophy, then, or Science, is related to Knowledge in this way: — Knowledge is called by the name of Science or Philosophy, when it is acted upon, informed, or if I may use a strong figure, impregnated

by Reason. Reason is the principle of that intrinsic fecundity of Knowledge, which, to those who possess it, is its especial value, and which dispenses with the necessity of their looking abroad for any end to rest upon external to itself. Knowledge, indeed, when thus exalted into a scientific form, is also power; not only is it excellent in itself, but whatever such excellence may be, it is something more, it has a result beyond itself. Doubtless; but that is a further consideration, with which I am not concerned. I only say that, prior to its being a power, it is a good; that it is, not only an instrument, but an end. I know well it may resolve itself into an art, and terminate in a mechanical process, and in tangible fruit; but it also may fall back upon that Reason, which informs it, and resolve itself into Philosophy. In one case it is called Useful Knowledge, in the other Liberal. The same person may cultivate it in both ways at once; but this again is a matter foreign to my subject; here I do but say that there are two ways of using Knowledge, and in matter of fact those who use it in one way are not likely to use it in the other, or at least in a very limited measure. You see, then, here are two methods of Education; the end of the one is, to be philosophical, of the other to be mechanical; the one rises towards general ideas, the other is exhausted upon what is particular and external. Let me not be thought to deny the necessity, or to decry the benefit, of such attention to what is particular and practical, as belongs to the useful or mechanical arts; life could not go on without them; we owe our daily welfare to them; their exercise is the duty of the many, and we owe to the many a debt of gratitude for fulfilling that duty. I only say that Knowledge, in proportion as it tends more and more to be particular, ceases to be Knowledge. It is a question whether Knowledge can in any proper sense be predicated of the brute creation; without pretending to metaphysical exactness of phraseology, which would be unsuitable to an occasion like this, I say, it seems to me improper to call that passive sensation, or perception of things, which brutes seem to possess, by the name of Knowledge. When I speak of Knowledge, I mean something intellectual, something which grasps what it perceives through the senses; something which takes a view of things; which sees more than the senses convey; which reasons upon what it sees, and while it sees; which invests it with an idea. It expresses itself, not in a mere enunciation.

but by an enthymeme: it is of the nature of science from the first, and in this consists its dignity. The principle of real dignity in Knowledge, its worth, its desirableness, considered irrespectively of its results, is this germ within it of a scientific or a philosophical process. This is how it comes to be an end in itself; this is why it admits of being called Liberal. Not to know the relative disposition of things is the state of slaves or children; to have mapped out the Universe is the boast, or at least the ambition, of Philosophy.

Moreover, such knowledge is not a mere extrinsic or accidental advantage, which is ours to-day and another's to-morrow, which may be got up from a book, and easily forgotten again, which we can command or communicate at our pleasure, which we can borrow for the occasion, carry about in our hand, and take into the market; it is an acquired illumination, it is a habit, a personal possession, and an inward endowment. And this is the reason, why it is more correct, as well as more usual, to speak of a University as a place of education, than of instruction, though, when knowledge is concerned, instruction would at first sight have seemed the more appropriate word. We are instructed, for instance, in manual exercises, in the fine and useful arts, in trades, and in ways of business; for these are methods, which have little or no effect upon the mind itself, are contained in rules committed to memory, to tradition, or to use, and bear upon an end external to themselves. But education is a higher word; it implies an action upon our mental nature, and the formation of a character; it is something individual and permanent, and is commonly spoken of in connection with religion and virtue. When, then, we speak of the communication of Knowledge as being Education, we thereby really imply that that Knowledge is a state or condition of mind; and since cultivation of mind is surely worth seeking for its own sake, we are thus brought once more to the conclusion, which the word "Liberal" and the word "Philosophy" have already suggested, that there is a Knowledge, which is desirable, though nothing come of it, as being of itself a treasure, and a sufficient remuneration of years of labor.

7

This, then, is the answer which I am prepared to give to the question with which I opened this Discourse. Before going on to speak of the object of the Church in taking

up Philosophy, and the uses to which she puts it, I am prepared to maintain that Philosophy is its own end, and, as I conceive, I have now begun proving it. I am prepared to maintain that there is a knowledge worth possessing for what it is, and not merely for what it does; and what minutes remain to me to-day I shall devote to the removal of some portion of the indistinctness and confusion with which the subject may in some minds be surrounded.

It may be objected then, that, when we profess to seek Knowledge for some end or other beyond itself, whatever it be, we speak intelligibly; but that, whatever men may have said, however obstinately the idea may have kept its ground from age to age, still it is simply unmeaning to say that we seek Knowledge for its own sake, and for nothing else; for that it ever leads to something beyond itself, which therefore is its end, and the cause why it is desirable;—moreover, that this end is twofold, either of this world or of the next; that all knowledge is cultivated either for secular objects or for eternal; that if it is directed to secular objects, it is called Useful Knowledge, if to eternal, Religious or Christian Knowledge;—in consequence, that if, as I have allowed, this Liberal Knowledge does not benefit the body or estate, it ought to benefit the soul; but if the fact be really so, that it is neither a physical or a secular good on the one hand, nor a moral good on the other, it cannot be a good at all, and is not worth the trouble which is necessary for its acquisition.

And then I may be reminded that the professors of this Liberal or Philosophical Knowledge have themselves, in every age, recognized this exposition of the matter, and have submitted to the issue in which it terminates; for they have ever been attempting to make men virtuous; or, if not, at least have assumed that refinement of mind was virtue, and that they themselves were the virtuous portion of mankind. This they have professed on the one hand; and on the other, they have utterly failed in their professions, so as ever to make themselves a proverb among men, and a laughing-stock both to the grave and the dissipated portion of mankind, in consequence of them. Thus they have furnished against themselves both the ground and the means of their own exposure, without any trouble at all to any one else. In a word, from the time that Athens was the University of the world, what has Philosophy taught men, but to

promise without practising, and to aspire without attaining? What has the deep and lofty thought of its disciples ended in but eloquent words? Nay, what has its teaching ever meditated, when it was boldest in its remedies for human ill, beyond charming us to sleep by its lessons, that we might feel nothing at all? like some melodious air, or rather like those strong and transporting perfumes, which at first spread their sweetness over everything they touch, but in a little while do but offend in proportion as they once pleased us. Did Philosophy support Cicero under the disfavor of the fickle populace, or nerve Seneca to oppose an imperial tyrant? It abandoned Brutus, as he sorrowfully confessed, in his greatest need, and it forced Cato, as his panegyrist strangely boasts, into the false position of defying heaven. How few can be counted among its professors, who, like Polemo, were thereby converted from a profligate course, or like Anaxagoras, thought the world well lost in exchange for its possession? The philosopher in *Rasselas* taught a superhuman doctrine, and then succumbed without an effort to a trial of human affection.

"He discoursed," we are told, "with great energy on the government of the passions. His look was venerable, his action graceful, his pronunciation clear, and his diction elegant. He showed, with great strength of sentiment and variety of illustration, that human nature is degraded and debased, when the lower faculties predominate over the higher. He communicated the various precepts given, from time to time, for the conquest of passion, and displayed the happiness of those who had obtained the important victory, after which man is no longer the slave of fear, nor the fool of hope. . . . He enumerated many examples of heroes immovable by pain or pleasure, who looked with indifference on those modes or accidents to which the vulgar give the names of good and evil."

Rasselas in a few days found the philosopher in a room half darkened, with his eyes misty, and his face pale. "Sir," said he, "you have come at a time when all human friendship is useless; what I suffer cannot be remedied, what I have lost cannot be supplied. My daughter, my only daughter, from whose tenderness I expected all the comforts of my age, died last night of a fever." "Sir," said the prince, "mortality is an event by which a wise man can never be surprised; we know that death is always near, and it should therefore always be expected."

"Young man," answered the philosopher, "you speak like one who has never felt the pangs of separation." "Have you, then, forgot the precept," said Rasselas, "which you so powerfully enforced? . . . consider that external things are naturally variable, but truth and reason are always the same." "What comfort," said the mourner, "can truth and reason afford me? Of what effect are they now, but to tell me that my daughter will not be restored?"

8

Better, far better, to make no professions, you will say, than to cheat others with what we are not, and to scandalize them with what we are. The sensualist, or the man of the world, at any rate is not the victim of fine words, but pursues a reality and gains it. The Philosophy of Utility, you will say, Gentlemen, has at least done its work; and I grant it, — it aimed low, but it has fulfilled its aim. If that man of great intellect who has been its Prophet in the conduct of life played false to his own professions, he was not bound by his philosophy to be true to his friend or faithful in his trust. Moral virtue was not the line in which he undertook to instruct men; and though, as the poet calls him, he were the "meanest" of mankind, he was so in what may be called his private capacity, and without any prejudice to the theory of induction. He had a right to be so, if he chose, for anything that the Idols of the den or the theatre had to say to the contrary. His mission was the increase of physical enjoyment and social comfort; and most wonderfully, most awfully has he fulfilled his conception and his design. Almost day by day have we fresh and fresh shoots, and buds, and blossoms, which are to ripen into fruit, on that magical tree of Knowledge which he planted, and to which none of us perhaps, except the very poor, but owes, if not his present life, at least his daily food, his health, and general well-being. He was the divinely provided minister of temporal benefits to all of us so great, that, whatever I am forced to think of him as a man, I have not the heart, from mere gratitude, to speak of him severely. And, in spite of the tendencies of his philosophy, which are, as we see at this day, to depreciate, or to trample on Theology, he has himself, in his writings, gone out of his way, as if with a prophetic misgiving of those tend-

¹ It will be seen that on the whole I agree with Lord Macaulay in his Essay on Bacon's Philosophy. I do not know whether he would agree with me. (Newman's note.)

encies, to insist on it as the instrument of that beneficent Father,¹ who, when He came on earth in visible form, took on Him first and most prominently the office of assuaging the bodily wounds of human nature. And truly, like the old mediciner in the tale, "he sat diligently at his work, and hummed, with cheerful countenance, a pious song;" and then in turn "went out singing into the meadows so gaily, that those who had seen him from afar might well have thought it was a youth gathering flowers for his beloved, instead of an old physician gathering healing herbs in the morning dew."²

Alas, that men, in the action of life or in their heart of hearts, are not what they seem to be in their moments of excitement, or in their trances or intoxications of genius — so good, so noble, so serene! Alas, that Bacon too in his own way should after all be but the fellow of those heathen philosophers who in their disadvantages had some excuse for their inconsistency, and who surprise us rather in what they did say than in what they did not do! Alas, that he too, like Socrates or Seneca, must be stripped of his holy-day coat, which looks so fair, and should be but a mockery amid his most majestic gravity of phrase; and, for all his vast abilities, should, in the littleness of his own moral being, but typify the intellectual narrowness of his school! However, granting all this, heroism after all was not his philosophy: I cannot deny he has abundantly achieved what he proposed. His is simply a Method whereby bodily discomforts and temporal wants are to be most effectually removed from the greatest number; and already, before it has shown any signs of exhaustion, the gifts of nature, in their most artificial shapes and luxurious profusion and diversity, from all quarters of the earth, are, it is undeniable, by its means brought even to our doors, and we rejoice in them.

9

Useful Knowledge then, I grant, has done its work; and Liberal Knowledge as certainly has not done its work — supposing, that is, as the objectors assume, its direct end, like Religious Knowledge, is to make men better; but this I will not for an instant allow, and unless I allow it, those objectors have said nothing to the purpose. I admit, rather I maintain, what they have been urging, for I

consider Knowledge to have its end in itself. For all its friends, or its enemies, may say, I insist upon it, that it is as real a mistake to burden it with virtue or religion as with the mechanical arts. Its direct business is not to steel the soul against temptation, or to console it in affliction, any more than to set the loom in motion, or to direct the steam carriage; be it ever so much the means or the condition of both material and moral advancement, still, taken by and in itself, it as little mends our hearts as it improves our temporal circumstances. And if its eulogists claim for it such a power, they commit the very same kind of encroachment on a province not their own as the political economist who should maintain that his science educated him for casuistry or diplomacy. Knowledge is one thing, virtue is another; good sense is not conscience, refinement is not humility, nor is largeness and justness of view faith. Philosophy, however enlightened, however profound, gives no command over the passions, no influential motives, no vivifying principles. Liberal Education makes not the Christian, not the Catholic, but the gentleman. It is well to be a gentleman, it is well to have a cultivated intellect, a delicate taste, a candid, equitable, dispassionate mind, a noble and courteous bearing in the conduct of life; — these are the connatural qualities of a large knowledge; they are the objects of a University; I am advocating, I shall illustrate and insist upon them; but still, I repeat, they are no guarantee for sanctity or even for conscientiousness, they may attach to the man of the world, to the profligate, to the heartless — pleasant, alas, and attractive as he shows when decked out in them. Taken by themselves, they do but seem to be what they are not; they look like virtue at a distance, but they are detected by close observers, and on the long run; and hence it is that they are popularly accused of pretence and hypocrisy, not, I repeat, from their own fault, but because their professors and their admirers persist in taking them for what they are not, and are officious in arrogating for them a praise to which they have no claim. Quarry the granite rock with razors, or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then may you hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against these giants, the passion and the pride of man.

Surely we are not driven to theories of this kind in order to vindicate the value and

¹ *De Augment.* iv, 2. See Macaulay's Essay. (Newman's note.)

² Fouqué's *Unknown Patient*. (Newman's note.)

dignity of Liberal Knowledge. Surely the real grounds on which its pretensions rest are not so very subtle or abstruse, so very strange or improbable. Surely it is very intelligible to say, and that is what I say here, that Liberal Education, viewed in itself, is simply the cultivation of the intellect as such, and its object is nothing more or less than intellectual excellence. Every thing has its own perfection, be it higher or lower in the scale of things; and the perfection of one is not the perfection of another. Things animate, inanimate, visible, invisible, all are good in their kind, and have a *best* of themselves, which is an object of pursuit. Why do you take such pains with your garden or your park? You see to your walks and turf and shrubberies; to your trees and drives; not as if you meant to make an orchard of the one, or corn or pasture land of the other, but because there is a special beauty in all that is goodly in wood, water, plain, and slope, brought all together by art into one shape, and grouped into one whole. Your cities are beautiful, your palaces, your public buildings, your territorial mansions, your churches; and their beauty leads to nothing beyond itself. There is a physical beauty and a moral: there is a beauty of person, there is a beauty of our moral being, which is natural virtue; and in like manner there is a beauty, there is a perfection, of the intellect. There is an ideal perfection in these various subject-matters, towards which individual instances are seen to rise, and which are the standards for all instances whatever. The Greek divinities and demigods, as the statuary has molded them, with their symmetry of figure, and their high forehead and their regular features, are the perfection of physical beauty. The heroes, of whom history tells, Alexander, or Cæsar, or Scipio, or Saladin, are the representatives of that magnanimity or self-mastery which is the great-

ness of human nature. Christianity too has its heroes, and in the supernatural order, and we call them Saints. The artist puts before him beauty of feature and form; the poet, beauty of mind; the preacher, the beauty of grace: then intellect too, I repeat, has its beauty, and it has those who aim at it. To open the mind, to correct it, to refine it, to enable it to know, and to digest, master, rule, and use its knowledge, to give it power over its own faculties, application, flexibility, method, critical exactness, sagacity, resource, address, eloquent expression, is an object as intelligible (for here we are inquiring, not what the object of a Liberal Education is worth, nor what use the Church makes of it, but what it is in itself), I say, an object as intelligible as the cultivation of virtue, while, at the same time, it is absolutely distinct from it.

IO

This indeed is but a temporal object, and a transitory possession: but so are other things in themselves which we make much of and pursue. The moralist will tell us that man, in all his functions, is but a flower which blossoms and fades, except so far as a higher principle breathes upon him, and makes him and what he is immortal. Body and mind are carried on into an eternal state of being by the gifts of Divine Munificence; but at first they do but fail in a failing world; and if the powers of intellect decay, the powers of the body have decayed before them, and, as an Hospital or an Almshouse, though its end be ephemeral, may be sanctified to the service of religion, so surely may a University, even were it nothing more than I have as yet described it. We attain to heaven by using this world well, though it is to pass away; we perfect our nature, not by undoing it, but by adding to it what is more than nature, and directing it towards aims higher than its own.

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809-1892)

Alfred Tennyson was born August 6, 1809, in Somersby, in Lincolnshire, where his father was rector. He attended the village school at Louth, which he disliked, leaving to continue his studies under his father at home, and writing much verse, largely under the influence of Byron. In 1826 he and his brother Charles, with a few contributions from Frederick, published *Poems by Two Brothers*; and two years later together they entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Here Tennyson became a member of a group nicknamed, because of their moral earnestness, "The Apostles," among whom were his closest friend Arthur Hallam, son of the historian, Spedding, the Bacon scholar, and Milnes, later Lord Houghton, the biographer of Keats. Thackeray and Edward Fitzgerald, both in Cambridge at the time, were not members. In 1829 Tennyson won

the Chancellor's Medal with a poem on Timbuctoo; in 1830 he published *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*; and the next year, because of his father's illness, he left the university without a degree. In 1832 he produced a volume of *Poems*, which was attacked by most of the reviewers, especially Lockhart in the *Quarterly*. In the following year Tennyson was further depressed by the sudden death of Hallam, who was engaged to his sister. For ten years he published nothing. Whatever the causes, these were years of doubt, introspection, pain. In 1837 he moved the family — now in his charge after his two elder brothers left home — from Somersby to Epping, near London. In spite of the companionship of most of the prominent writers in town, Tennyson remained restless and sensitive. Gradually the call of the sea and the moors of Lincolnshire, the yearning for adventure and dangerous freedom, were stilled, and the desire for comfort, physical and moral, for peace and faith and certainty, became dominant in him.

The publication in 1842 of *Poems* brought Tennyson genuine recognition, and, four years later, a small pension. In 1847 appeared *The Princess*; and in 1850 occurred three events which determined largely the course of his future life: his marriage to Emily Sellwood, to whom he had been engaged for over a dozen years; the publication of *In Memoriam*; and his appointment as Poet Laureate to succeed Wordsworth. From now until his death, Tennyson is the spokesman and singer of Victorian England, voicing its ideals and feelings.

In 1853 he acquired a house at Farringford on the Isle of Wight, where he was a distant neighbor, and warm admirer, of Her Majesty the Queen at Osborne. In 1852 appeared the splendid *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, in 1854 *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, in 1855 *Maud*, in 1859 the first *Idylls of the King*, in 1864 *Enoch Arden*. In 1869 he built Aldworth, a Gothic structure, in Surrey, near the border of Sussex. This and Farringford were his two homes until his death. In 1875 he began a series of poetic plays, most striking of which were *Queen Mary*, 1875; *Harold*, 1876; and *Becket*, 1884 — the "trilogy of England." In the latter year Tennyson was made a baron. Although much hurt by the death, in 1886, of Lionel, his younger son, and by the passing, to use his own words, "of the old reverence and chivalrous feeling in the world," he continued working to the end. He died October 6, 1892, and was given a public funeral in Westminster Abbey.

Tennyson surpassed in popularity all other Victorian poets. To-day the inevitable reaction has set in, and he is called, by Chesterton, "the exquisitely ornamental extinguisher on the flame of the first revolutionary poets." In many of his poems he is cautious and complacently didactic, expressing commonplace formulæ sentimentally in verses that nearly always, however, exhibit skill and polish. As a lyric poet Tennyson is greatest, and as such, at his best, is second to no writer in English. His supreme lyrics, as those in *Maud*, *In Memoriam*, and *The Princess*, are a perfect blending of emotional impulse and exquisite form.

Tennyson's tragedy is that in the complex and bitter fight between theory and fact, the old and the new, which is at the bottom of Victorianism, he too often turned to compromise. He remains a monument of a great period, an era regarded by many as "the golden age of missed opportunities." But it cannot be forgotten that "to perplexed and anxious minds he brought complete intellectual and moral relief" (Nicolson), and still does.

The best one-volume editions are Macmillan's, and the Cambridge (Houghton Mifflin Company). The most recent study of Tennyson is Harold Nicolson's stimulating analysis and summary (Houghton Mifflin Company). There are good commentaries by Waugh, S. Brooke, and others. The official biography has been written by his son Hallam (Macmillan).

THE POET

This poem, written while Tennyson was still an undergraduate, shows how early he was conscious of his mission as a poet.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of
scorn,
The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and
ill,
He saw thro' his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,

Before him lay; with echoing feet he threaded
The secretest walks of fame:
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were
headed
And winged with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver
tongue,
And of so fierce a flight,
From Calpe¹ unto Caucasus they sung,
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which bore
Them earthward till they lit;
Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field flower,
The fruitful wit

¹ Gibraltar.

Cleaving took root, and springing forth anew
 Where'er they fell, behold,
 Like to the mother plant in semblance, grew
 A flower all gold,

And bravely furnished all abroad to fling 25
 The winged shafts of truth,
 To throng with stately blooms the breathing
 spring
 Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with
 beams,
 Tho' one did fling the fire; 30
 Heaven flowed upon the soul in many dreams
 Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the
 world
 Like one great garden showed,
 And thro' the wreaths of floating dark up-
 curled, 35
 Rare sunrise flowed.

And Freedom reared in that august sunrise
 Her beautiful bold brow,
 When rites and forms before his burning eyes
 Melted like snow. 40

There was no blood upon her maiden robes
 Sunned by those orient skies;
 But round about the circles of the globes
 Of her keen eyes

And in her raiment's hem was traced in
 flame 45
 WISDOM, a name to shake
 All evil dreams of power — a sacred name.
 And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they ran,
 And as the lightning to the thunder 50
 Which follows it, riving the spirit of man,
 Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words. No
 sword
 Of wrath her right arm whirled,
 But one poor poet's scroll, and with *his*
 word 55
 She shook the world.

Pub. 1830.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

Tennyson here tells the story of Launcelot and Elaine very simply,¹ but against a mystical background. The Lady of Shalott emerges

from her world of shadows into the world of reality through her interest in Launcelot. The form Shalott, for the English Astolat, is probably from the Italian Scalotta (French, Escalot).

PART I

On either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
 And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-towered Camelot;¹ 5
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver, 10
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Thro' the wave that runs for ever
 By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
 Four gray walls, and four gray towers, 15
 Overlook a space of flowers,
 And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
 Slide the heavy barges trailed 20
 By slow horses; and unhailed
 The shallop flitteth silken-sailed
 Skimming down to Camelot:
 But who hath seen her wave her hand?
 Or at the casement seen her stand? 25
 Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
 In among the bearded barley,
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly 30
 From the river winding clearly,
 Down to towered Camelot;
 And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy 35
 Lady of Shalott."

PART 2

There she weaves by night and day
 A magic web with colors gay.
 She has heard a whisper say,
 A curse is on her if she stay 40
 To look down to Camelot.
 She knows not what the curse may be,
 And so she weaveth steadily,
 And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott. 45

¹ King Arthur's city.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.

There she sees the highway near

Winding down to Camelot; 50

There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad, 55
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
Goes by to towered Camelot;

And sometimes thro' the mirror blue 60
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights, 65
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot;

Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed: 70
"I am half-sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART 3

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves, 75
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A redcross knight for ever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field, 80
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.-

The bridle bells rang merrily 85
As he rode down to Camelot;

And from his blazoned baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott. 90

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,

As he rode down to Camelot; 96
As often thro' the purple night,

Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed; 100
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,

As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river 105
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room, 110
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.

Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side; 115
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART 4

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining 121

Over towered Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote 125
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse —
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance —
With a glassy countenance 130
Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott. 135

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —
The leaves upon her falling light —
Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot; 140
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy, 145
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,

And her eyes were darkened wholly,
 Turned to towered Camelot;
 For ere she reached upon the tide 150
 The first house by the water-side,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
 By garden-wall and gallery, 155
 A gleaming shape she floated by,
 A corse between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
 Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame, 160
 And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer; 165
 And they crossed themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
 But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 God in his mercy lend her grace, 170
 The Lady of Shalott."

Pub. 1832.

ÆNONE

The theme of the poem is the tragic sorrow of Ænone after she was deserted by Paris, the son of King Priam of Troy.

There lies a vale in Ida,¹ lovelier
 Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
 The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
 Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to
 pine,
 And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
 The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
 Hang rich in flowers, and far below them
 roars
 The long brook falling thro' the cloven ravine
 In cataract after cataract to the sea.
 Behind the valley topmost Gargarus² 180
 Stands up and takes the morning; but in
 front
 The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
 Troas³ and Ilion's⁴ columned citadel,
 The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
 Mournful Ænone, wandering forlorn 185
 Of Paris, once her playmate⁵ on the hills.

¹ A mountain range near Troy.

² One of the peaks of Ida

³ The territory in Asia Minor where Troy is located.

⁴ Troy's.

⁵ When Paris was a shepherd, after he had been abandoned by his mother, who feared that he would cause the downfall of Troy.

Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her
 neck
 Floated her hair or seemed to float in rest.
 She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
 Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-
 shade 20
 Sloped downward to her seat from the upper
 cliff.

"O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 For now the noonday quiet holds the hill;
 The grasshopper is silent in the grass; 25
 The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
 Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead.
 The purple flowers droop, the golden bee
 Is lily-cradled; I alone awake, 29
 My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
 My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
 And I am all aweary of my life.

"O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills, O
 Caves 35
 That house the cold crowned snake! O
 mountain brooks,
 I am the daughter of a River-God,
 Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
 My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
 Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,¹ 40
 A cloud that gathered shape: for it may be
 That, while I speak of it, a little while
 My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

"O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. 45
 I waited underneath the dawning hills,
 Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
 And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine.
 Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
 Leading a jet-black goat white-horned,
 white-hooved, 50
 Came up from reedy Simois² all alone.

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Far-off the torrent called me from the cleft;
 Far up the solitary morning smote
 The streaks of virgin snow. With down-
 dropt eyes 55
 I sat alone; white-breasted like a star
 Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard skin
 Drooped from his shoulder, but his sunny
 hair
 Clustered about his temples like a God's;

¹ The walls of Troy, according to one legend, rose to Apollo's music.

² A brook on Mt. Ida.

And his cheek brightened as the foam-bow
 brightens 60
 When the wind blows the foam, and all my
 heart
 Went forth to embrace him coming ere he
 came.

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 He smiled, and opening out his milk-white
 palm
 Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold, 65
 That smelt ambrosially, and while I looked
 And listened, the full-flowing river of speech
 Came down upon my heart.

"My own C  none,
 Beautiful-browed C  none, my own soul,
 Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind in-
 graven 70
 "For the most fair," would seem to award it
 thine,
 As lovelier than whatever Oread   haunt
 The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
 Of movement, and the charm of married
 brows.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. 75
 He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
 And added 'This was cast upon the board,
 When all the full-faced presence of the Gods
 Ranged   in the halls of Peleus  ; whereupon
 Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere
 due; 80
 But light-foot Iris   brought it yester-eve,
 Delivering, that to me, by common voice
 Elected umpire, Her     comes to-day,
 Pallas   and Aphrodite,   claiming each
 This meed of fairest. Thou, within the
 cave 85
 Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
 Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
 Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 It was the deep midnight; one silvery cloud
 Had lost his way between the piney sides 91
 Of this long glen. Then to the bower they
 came,
 Naked they came to that smooth-swarded
 bower,
 And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
 Violet, amaracus, and asphodel, 95
 Lotos and lilies; and a wind arose,
 And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
 This way and that, in many a wild festoon

Ran riot, garland in the gnarled boughs
 With bunch and berry and flower thro' and
 thro'. 100

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 On the tree-tops, a crested peacock lit,
 And o'er him flowed a golden cloud, and
 leaned 103
 Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
 Then first I heard the voice of her   to whom
 Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows
 Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
 Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
 Proffer of royal power, ample rule
 Unquestioned, overflowing revenue 110
 Wherewith to embellish state, 'from many a
 vale
 And river-sundered champaign clothed with
 corn,
 Or labored mines undrainable of ore.
 Honor,' she said, 'and homage, tax and toll,
 From many an inland town and haven
 large, 115
 Mast-thronged beneath her shadowing cita-
 del
 In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

"O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 Still she spake on and still she spake of
 power,
 'Which in all action is the end of all; 120
 Power fitted to the season; wisdom-bred
 And throned of wisdom — from all neighbor
 crowns
 Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
 Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from
 me,
 From me, heaven's queen, Paris, to thee
 king-born, 125
 A shepherd all thy life but yet king-born,
 Should come most welcome, seeing men, in
 power
 Only, are likest gods, who have attained
 Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
 Above the thunder, with undying bliss 130
 In knowledge of their own supremacy.'

"Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
 She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
 Out at arm's-length, so much the thought of
 power
 Flattered his spirit; but Pallas where she
 stood 135
 Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
 O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
 Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
 The while, above, her full and earnest eye
   Juno.

1 mountain-nymph.

2 At the wedding feast of Peleus and Thetis.

3 The father of Achilles.

4 The Rainbow, messenger of the Gods.

5 Juno. 6 Minerva. 7 Venus.

Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek 140
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

“Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.¹
Yet not for power, (power of herself
Would come uncalled for), but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear; 146
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.’

“Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Again she said: ‘I woo thee not with gifts. 150
Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
So shalt thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,
If gazing on divinity disrobed 154
Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
Unbiassed by self-profit, oh! rest thee sure
That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
So that my vigor, wedded to thy blood,
Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God’s,
To push thee forward thro’ a life of shocks, 160
Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
Sinewed with action, and the full-grown will,
Circled thro’ all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom.’

“Here she ceased,
And Paris pondered, and I cried, ‘O Paris, 165
Give it to Pallas!’ but he heard me not,
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

“O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Idalian² Aphrodite beautiful, 170
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian²
wells,

With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder; from the violets her light
foot 175
Shone rosy-white, and o’er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

“Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes, 180
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh
Half-whispered in his ear, ‘I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.’³

¹ Much of Tennyson’s philosophy is incorporated in this speech of Pallas’s.

² Idalium and Paphos were towns in Cyprus famous for their worship of Venus.

³ Helen.

She spoke and laughed; I shut my sight for fear:

But when I looked, Paris had raised his arm, 185

And I beheld great Herè’s angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower;
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die. 190

“Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Fairest — why fairest wife? am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I past by a wild and wanton pard,¹
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
Crouched fawning in the weed. Most loving
is she? 197

Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips
prest

Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains 201
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

“O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My dark tall pines, that plumed the craggy
ledge 205

High over the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Fostered the callow eaglet — from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark
morn

The panther’s roar came muffled, while I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more 211
Shall lone Cœnone see the morning mist
Sweep thro’ them; never see them overlaid
With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling
stars. 215

“O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruined folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the
glens,

Of the dry thickets, I could meet with her,
The Abominable,² that uninvited came 220
Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change; that I might speak
my mind

And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

“O mother, hear me yet before I die. 226
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,

¹ leopard.

² Eris, the goddess of strife.

In this green valley, under this green hill,
 Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?
 Sealed it with kisses? watered it with tears?
 O happy tears, and how unlike to these! 231
 O happy heaven, how canst thou see my
 face?

O happy earth, how canst thou bear my
 weight?

O death, death, death, thou ever-floating
 cloud,

There are enough unhappy on this earth, 235
 Pass by the happy souls, that love to live;
 I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
 And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
 Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
 Weigh heavy on my eyelids; let me die. 240

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
 I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
 Do shape themselves within me, more and
 more,

Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
 Dead sounds at night come from the inmost
 hills, 245

Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
 My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
 Conjectures of the features of her child
 Ere it is born. Her child! — a shudder comes
 Across me: never child be born of me, 250
 Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes!

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
 Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
 Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
 Walking the cold and starless road of death
 Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love 256
 With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
 Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
 Talk with the wild Cassandra,¹ for she says
 A fire dances before her, and a sound 260
 Rings ever in her ears of armed men.²
 What this may be I know not, but I know
 That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
 All earth and air seem only burning fire."

Pub. 1832.

THE PALACE OF ART

In this poem, Tennyson presents symbolically, but with emotion, the torment of an artist as he meditates upon the question of art and life. The poem concludes with the hope of a nobler art devoted to the service of humanity.

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
 Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.

¹ The daughter of Priam, who could foretell events but who never was believed.

² Cassandra predicted the Trojan war and the fall of Troy.

I said, "O Soul, make merry and carouse,
 Dear soul, for all is well."

A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnished
 brass, 5

I chose. The ranged ramparts bright
 From level meadow-bases of deep grass
 Suddenly scaled the light.

Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf
 The rock rose clear, or winding stair. 10
 My soul would live alone unto herself
 In her high palace there.

And "while the world runs round and round,"
 I said,

"Reign thou apart, a quiet king,
 Still as, while Saturn whirls, his steadfast
 shade 15
 Sleeps on his luminous ring."

To which my soul made answer readily:
 "Trust me, in bliss I shall abide
 In this great mansion; that is built for me,
 So royal-rich and wide." 20

Four courts I made, East, West and South
 and North,

In each a squared lawn, wherefrom
 The golden gorge of dragons spouted forth
 A flood of fountain-foam.

And round the cool green courts there ran a
 row 25
 Of cloisters, branched like mighty woods,
 Echoing all night to that sonorous flow
 Of spouted fountain-floods;

And round the roofs a gilded gallery
 That lent broad verge¹ to distant lands,
 Far as the wild swan wings, to where the
 sky 30
 Dipt down to sea and sands.

From those four jets four currents in one
 swell

Across the mountain streamed below
 In misty folds, that floating as they fell 35
 Lit up a torrent-bow.

And high on every peak a statue seemed
 To hang on tiptoe, tossing up
 A cloud of incense of all odor steamed
 From out a golden cup. 40

So that she thought, "And who shall gaze upon
 My palace with unblinded eyes,

¹ horizon.

While this great bow will waver in the sun,
And that sweet incense rise?" 44

For that sweet incense rose and never failed,
And, while day sank or mounted higher,
The light ærial gallery, golden-railed,
Burnt like a fringe of fire.

Likewise the deep-set windows, stained and
traced,
Would seem slow-flaming crimson fires 50
From shadowed grotts of arches interlaced,
And tipt with frost-like spires.

Full of long-sounding corridors it was,
That over-vaulted grateful gloom,
Thro' which the livelong day my soul did
pass, 55
Well-pleased, from room to room.

Full of great rooms and small the palace
stood,
All various, each a perfect whole
From living Nature, fit for every mood
And change of my still soul. 60

For some were hung with arras green and blue,
Showing a gaudy summer-morn,
Where with puffed cheek the belted hunter
blew
His wreathed bugle-horn.

One seemed all dark and red — a tract of
sand, 65
And some one pacing there alone,
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
Lit with a low large moon.

One showed an iron coast and angry waves.
You seemed to hear them climb and fall 70
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing
caves,
Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full-fed river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low, 75
With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil.
In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,¹
And hoary² to the wind. 80

And one, a foreground black with stones and
slags;

Beyond; a line of heights; and higher
All barred with long white cloud the scornful
crag;
And highest, snow and fire.

And one, an English home — gray twilight
poured 85
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep — all things in order
stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace.

Nor these alone, but every landscape fair.
As fit for every mood of mind, 90
Or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern, was
there,
Not less than truth designed.

Or the maid-mother by a crucifix,
In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,
Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx 95
Sat smiling, babe in arm.

Or in a clear-walled city on the sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily;¹
An angel looked at her. 100

Or thronging all one porch of Paradise,
A group of Houris² bowed to see
The dying Islamite, with hands and eyes
That said, We wait for thee.

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son³ 105
In some fair space of sloping greens
Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,
And watched by weeping queens.

Or hollowing one hand against his ear,
To list a foot-fall, ere he saw 110
The wood-nymph,⁴ stayed the Ausonian
king⁵ to hear
Of wisdom and of law.

Or over hills with peaky tops engrailed,⁶
And many a tract of palm and rice,
The throne of Indian Cama⁷ slowly sailed
A summer fanned with spice. 116

Or sweet Europa's⁸ mantle blew unclasp'd,
From off her shoulder backward borne;

¹ The patron saint of music.

² Mohammed's beautiful attendants.

³ King Arthur.

⁴ Egeria.

⁵ Numa Pompilius, second king of Rome, taught by Egeria.

⁶ indented.

⁷ The Cupid of Hindu mythology.

⁸ Zeus, in the shape of a bull, carried Europa away on his back.

¹ olives.

² Because of the whitish underside of the leaves.

From one hand drooped a crocus; one hand
grasped
The mild bull's golden horn. 120

Or else flushed Ganymede,¹ his rosy thigh
Half-buried in the Eagle's down,
Sole as a flying star shot thro' the sky
Above the pillared town.

Nor these alone: but every legend fair 125
Which the supreme Caucasian mind
Carved out of Nature for itself, was there,
Not less than life, designed.

Then in the towers I placed great bells
that swung,
Moved of themselves, with silver sound;
And with choice paintings of wise men I
hung 131
The royal daïs round.

For there was Milton like a seraph strong,
Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild;
And there the world-worn Dante grasped his
song, 135
And somewhat grimly smiled.

And there the Ionian father² of the rest;
A million wrinkles carved his skin;
A hundred winters snowed upon his breast,
From cheek and throat and chin. 140

Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately-set
Many an arch high up did lift,
And angels rising and descending met
With interchange of gift.

Below was all mosaic choicely planned 145
With cycles of the human tale
Of this wide world, the times of every land
So wrought, they will not fail.

The people here, a beast of burden slow,
Toiled onward, pricked with goads and
stings; 150
Here played, a tiger, rolling to and fro
The heads and crowns of kings;

Here rose, an athlete, strong to break or bind
All force in bonds that might endure,
And here once more like some sick man
declined, 155
And trusted any cure.

But over these she trod; and those great bells
Began to chime. She took her throne;

¹ The cupbearer of the Gods, brought to Zeus by an eagle.

² Homer.

She sat betwixt the shining oriels,
To sing her songs alone. 160

And thro' the topmost oriels' colored flame
Two godlike faces gazed below;
Plato the wise, and large-browed Verulam,¹
The first of those who know.

And all those names that in their motion
were 165
Full-welling fountain-heads of change,
Betwixt the slender shafts were blazoned
fair
In diverse raiment strange;

Thro' which the lights, rose, amber, emerald,
blue,
Flushed in her temples and her eyes, 170
And from her lips, as morn from Memnon,²
drew
Rivers of melodies.

No nightingale delighteth to prolong
Her low preamble all alone,
More than my soul to hear her echoed song
Throb thro' the ribbed stone; 176

Singing and murmuring in her feastful
mirth,
Joying to feel herself alive,
Lord over Nature, Lord of the visible earth,
Lord of the senses five; 180

Communing with herself: "All these are
mine,
And let the world have peace or wars,
'Tis one to me." She — when young night
divine
Crowned dying day with stars,

Making sweet close of his delicious toils — 185
Lit light in wreaths and anadems,³
And pure quintessences of precious oils
In hollowed moons of gems,

To mimic heaven; and clapt her hands and
cried,
"I marvel if my still delight 190
In this great house so royal-rich and wide
Be flattered to the height.

"O all things fair to sate my various eyes!
O shapes and hues that please me well!
O silent faces of the Great and Wise, 195
My Gods, with whom I dwell!

¹ Bacon.

² The statue near Thebes from which, it was said, music issued at dawn.

³ garlands.

"O God-like isolation which art mine,
I can but count thee perfect gain,
What time I watch the darkening droves of
swine
That range on yonder plain. 200

"In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin,
They graze and wallow, breed and sleep;
And oft some brainless devil enters in,
And drives them to the deep."¹

Then of the moral instinct would she prate,
And of the rising from the dead, 206
As hers by right of full-accomplished Fate;
And at the last she said:

"I take possession of man's mind and deed.
I care not what the sects may brawl. 210
I sit as God holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all."

Full oft the riddle of the painful earth
Flashed thro' her as she sat alone,
Yet not the less held she her solemn mirth,
And intellectual throne. 216

And so she throve and prospered; so three years
She prospered; on the fourth she fell,
Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,
Struck thro' with pangs of hell.² 220

Lest she should fail and perish utterly,
God, before whom ever lie bare
The abysmal deeps of personality,
Plagued her with sore despair.

When she would think, where'er she turned
her sight 225
The airy hand confusion wrought,
Wrote "Mene, mene,"³ and divided quite
The kingdom of her thought.

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
Fell on her, from which mood was born 230
Scorn of herself; again, from out that mood
Laughter at her self-scorn.

"What! is not this my place of strength," she
said,
"My spacious mansion built for me,
Whereof the strong foundation-stones were
laid 235
Since my first memory?"

But in dark corners of her palace stood
Uncertain shapes; and unawares

On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears of
blood,
And horrible nightmares, 240

And hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame,
And, with dim fretted¹ foreheads all,
On corpses three-months-old at noon she
came,
That stood against the wall.

A spot of dull stagnation, without light 245
Or power of movement, seemed my soul,
'Mid onward-sloping motions infinite
Making for one sure goal;

A still salt pool, locked in with bars of sand,
Left on the shore, that hears all night 250
The plunging seas draw backward from the
land
Their moon-led waters white;

A star that with the choral starry dance
Joined not, but stood, and standing saw
The hollow orb of moving Circumstance 255
Rolled round by one fixed law.

Back on herself her serpent pride had curled.
"No voice," she shrieked in that lone hall,
"No voice breaks thro' the stillness of this
world;
One deep, deep silence all!" 260

She, mouldering with the dull earth's mould-
ering sod,
Inwraught tenfold in slothful shame,
Lay there exiled from eternal God,
Lost to her place and name;

And death and life she hated equally, 265
And nothing saw, for her despair,
But dreadful time, dreadful eternity,
No comfort anywhere;

Remaining utterly confused with fears,
And ever worse with growing time, 270
And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,
And all alone in crime.

Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round
With blackness as a solid wall,
Far off she seemed to hear the dully sound 275
Of human footsteps fall:

As in strange lands a traveller walking slow,
In doubt and great perplexity,
A little before moon-rise hears the low
Moan of an unknown sea; 280

¹ Mark v, 13.

² Acts XII, 21-23.

³ At Belshazzar's feast; see Daniel v, 25.

¹ worm-eaten.

And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound
Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry
Of great wild beasts; then thinketh, "I have
found
A new land, but I die."

She howled aloud, "I am on fire within. 285
There comes no murmur of reply.
What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me lest I die?"

So when four years were wholly finished,
She threw her royal robes away. 290
"Make me a cottage in the vale," she said,
"Where I may mourn and pray.

"Yet pull not down my palace towers, that
are
So lightly, beautifully built;
Perchance I may return with others there
When I have purged my guilt." 296

Pub. 1832.

THE LOTOS-EATERS

This poem has been widely praised for the manner in which the sound of the lines echoes the sense. Compare the opening stanzas with *The Faerie Queene* and with *The Castle of Indolence*.

The story of the poem is from the *Odyssey*.

"Courage!" he^x said, and pointed toward
the land,

"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward
soon."

In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.

All round the coast the languid air did
swoon, 305

Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.

Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender
stream

Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did
seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward
smoke, 10

Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did
go;

And some thro' wavering lights and shadows
broke,

Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.

They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land; far off, three mountain-

tops, 15
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,

1 Ulysses.

Stood sunset-flushed; and, dewed with
showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven
copse.

The charmed sunset lingered low adown
In the red West; thro' mountain clefts the
dale 20

Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Bordered with palm, and many a winding
vale

And meadow, set with slender galingale;^x
A land where all things always seemed the
same!

And round about the keel with faces pale, 25
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters
came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they
gave

To each, but whoso did receive of them! 30

And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave

On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;

And deep-asleep he seemed, yet all awake, 35
And music in his ears his beating heart did
make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;

And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but ever-

more 40

Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,

Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.

Then some one said, "We will return no
more;"

And all at once they sang, "Our island home

Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer
roam." 45

CHORIC SONG

I

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,

Or night-dews on still waters between walls

Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies, 50

Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;

Music that brings sweet sleep down from
the blissful skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,

And thro' the moss the ivies creep,

1 aromatic sedge.

And in the stream the long-leaved flowers
weep, 55
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs
in sleep.

2

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil
alone, 60
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown;
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings, 65
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"—
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown
of things?

3

Lo! in the middle of the wood, 70
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow 75
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days 80
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades; and falls, and hath no
toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

4

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea. 85
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labor be?
Let us alone: Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone: What is it that will last? 90
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
Let us alone: What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave? 95
All things have rest, and ripen toward the
grave
In silence—ripen, fall and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or
dreamful ease.

5

How sweet it were, hearing the downward
stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem 100
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber
light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the
height;
To hear each other's whispered speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day, 105
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in mem-
ory, 110
With those old faces of our infancy
Heaped over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn
of brass!

6

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives 115
And their warm tears; but all hath suffered
change;
For surely now our household hearths are
cold,
Our sons inherit us, our looks are strange,
And we should come like ghosts to trouble
joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold 120
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel
sings
Before them of the ten-years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain. 125
The Gods are hard to reconcile;
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There is confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath, 130
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-
stars.

7

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing
lowly)
With half-dropt eyelids still, 135
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing
slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling

From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined
vine — 140
To watch the emerald-colored water falling
Thro' many a woven acanthus-wreath di-
vine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling
brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out be-
neath the pine.

8

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak, 145
The Lotos blows by every winding creek;
All day the wind breathes low with mellower
tone;
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow
Lotos-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of mo-
tion we, 150
Rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard, when
the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his
foam-fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an
equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie re-
clined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of
mankind. 155
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts
are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the
clouds are lightly curled
Round their golden houses, girdled with the
gleaming world;
Where they smile in secret, looking over
wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake,
roaring deeps and fiery sands, 160
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and
sinking ships, and praying hands.
But they smile, they find a music centred in
a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient
tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words
are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that
cleave the soil, 165
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with en-
during toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine
and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer — some,
'tis whispered — down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian
valleys dwell,

Resting weary limbs at last on beds of aspho-
del. 170
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than
toil, the shore
Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and
wave and oar;
O, rest ye, brother mariners, we will not
wander more.

Pub. 1832.

THE EPIC

This poem is the introduction to the *Morte d'Arthur* which follows.

At Francis Allen's on the Christmas eve, —
The game of forfeits done — the girls all
kissed
Beneath the sacred bush and past away —
The parson Holmes, the poet Everard Hall,
The host, and I sat round the wassail-
bowl, 5
Then half-way ebb'd; and there we held a
talk,
How all the old honor from Christmas gone,
Or gone or dwindled down to some odd games
In some odd nooks like this; till I, tired out
With cutting eights that day upon the
pond, 10
Where, three times slipping from the outer
edge,
I bumped the ice into three several stars,
Fell in a doze; and half-awake I heard
The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,
Now harping on the church-commissioners,
Now hawking at geology and schism; 16
Until I woke, and found him settled down
Upon the general decay of faith
Right thro' the world: "at home was little
left,
And none abroad; there was no anchor, none,
To hold by." Francis, laughing, clapt his
hand 21
On Everard's shoulder, with "I hold by him."
"And I," quoth Everard, "by the wassail-
bowl."
"Why yes," I said, "we knew your gift that
way
At college; but another which you had — 25
I mean of verse (for so we held it then),
What came of that?" "You know," said
Frank, "he burnt
His epic, his King Arthur, some twelve
books" —
And then to me demanding why: "O, sir,
He thought that nothing new was said, or
else 30
Something so said 'twas nothing — that a
truth

Looks freshest in the fashion of the day;
God knows; he has a mint of reasons; ask.
It pleased *me* well enough." "Nay, nay,"
said Hall,

"Why take the style of those heroic times?
For nature brings not back the mastodon, ³⁶
Nor we those times; and why should any man
Remodel models? these twelve books of mine
Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing-worth,
Mere chaff and draff, much better burnt."

"But I," ⁴⁰

Said Francis, "picked the eleventh from this
hearth,

And have it; keep a thing, its use will come.
I hoard it as a sugar-plum for Holmes."

He laughed, and I, though sleepy, like a
horse

That hears the corn-bin open, pricked my
ears; ⁴⁵

For I remembered Everard's college fame
When we were Freshmen. Then at my re-
quest

He brought it; and the poet, little urged,
But with some prelude of disparagement,
Read, mouthing out his hollow oes and aes,
Deep-chested music, and to this result. ⁵¹

Pub. 1842.

MORTE D'ARTHUR

This account of Arthur's death, incorporated twenty-five years later, with the omission of one line, into "The Passing of Arthur" (lines 170-440) of the *Idylls of the King*, is based on Malory *xxi*, 5; but Tennyson, as usual when he treats a classical or medieval subject, tinges the poem with modern, Christian thought and emotion. For the chapter of Malory, see page 146.

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea,
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonness about their lord,
King Arthur; then, because his wound was
deep, ⁵

The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean and on one ¹¹
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all

The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a
sleep ¹⁶

They sleep — the men I loved. I think that
we

Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls ²⁰
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.

I perish by this people which I made, —
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come
again

To rule once more — but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm ²⁵
That without help I cannot last till morn.

Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride; for thou rememberest
how

In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake, ³⁰
Clothed in white samite,¹ mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword — and how I rowed across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told

In aftertime, this also shall be known. ³⁵
But now delay not; take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere;

Watch what thou seest, and lightly² bring me
word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:

"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee
thus, ⁴⁰

Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.

A little thing may harm a wounded man.

Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,

Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee
word."

So saying, from the ruined shrine he
stept ⁴⁵

And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind
sang

Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, step-
ping down

By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock, ⁵⁰
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran
forth

And sparkled keen with frost against the
hilt; ⁵⁵

For all the haft twinkled with diamond
sparks,

Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long

That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,

In act to throw; but at the last it seemed ⁶¹
Better to leave Excalibur concealed

There in the many-knotted waterflags,

¹ a heavy silk.

² quickly.

That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded
king. 65

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou performed my mission which I
gave?"

What is it thou hast seen? or what hast
heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds, 70
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and
pale:

"Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy
name,

Not rendering true answer, as beseemed
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight; 75

For surer sign had followed, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.

This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again

As thou art lief¹ and dear, and do the
thing 80

I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me
word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,

Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt, 85

How curiously and strangely chased, he
smote

His palms together, and he cried aloud:

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,

Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many

men. 91

What good should follow this, if this were
done?"

What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.

Were it well to obey then, if a king de-
mand 95

An act unprofitable, against himself?

The King is sick, and knows not what he
does.

What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath

And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty

kings, 101

Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,

Wrought by the lonely maiden of the lake;
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the

deeps 105

Upon the hidden bases of the hills."

¹ beloved.

So might some old man speak in the after-
time

To all the people, winning reverence;
But now much honor and much fame were
lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own con-
ceit, 110

And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing
heavily:

"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast
heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the water lapping on the crag, 116

And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in
wrath:

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me! 120

Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widowed of the power in his eye

That bowed the will. I see thee what thou
art,

For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all, 125

Thou wouldst betray me for the precious
hilt;

Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.

Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee

hence; 130

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly,

plunged

Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the
sword, 135

And strongly wheeled and threw it. The
great brand

Made lightnings in the splendor of the
moon,

And flashing round and round, and whirled
in an arch,

Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles² of winter shock

By night, with noises of the northern sea; 141

So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur;
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished

him 145

Three times, and drew him under in the
mere.

And lightly went the other to the King.

¹ imagining.

² i.e., icebergs.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker
breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out; what is it thou hast heard, or
seen?" 150
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the
gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men, 155
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling
him;
But when I looked again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandished
him 160
Three times, and drew him under in the
mere."
And answer made King Arthur, breathing
hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were
gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my
weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear 165
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."
So saying, from the pavement he half
rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere 170
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not
words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one
knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid
hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of
tombs. 175
But, as he walked, King Arthur panted
hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sighed the
King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick,
quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die." 180
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to
ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he
walked,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a
goad. 185

Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he
based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed
heels — 190
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky
barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were
ware 195
That all the decks were dense with stately
forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream —
by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold — and
from them rose
A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony 200
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one
comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the
world.
Then murmured Arthur, "Place me in the
barge,"
And to the barge they came. There those
three queens 205
Put forth their hands, and took the king,
and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed
his hands,
And called him by his name, complaining
loud, 210
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood; for all his face was
white
And colorless, and like the withered moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing
east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dashed with
drops 215
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls —
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne — were parched
with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed
his lips. 220
So like a shattered column lay the king;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged

Before the eyes of ladies and of kings. 225

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:

"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?

Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?

For now I see the true old times are dead,

When every morning brought a noble
chance, 230

And every chance brought out a noble
knight.

Such times have been not since the light
that led

The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.

But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dis-
solved

Which was an image of the mighty world;

And I, the last, go forth companionless, 236

And the days darken round me, and the
years,

Among new men, strange faces, other
minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the
barge:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to
new, 240

And God fulfils himself in many ways,

Lest one good custom should corrupt the
world.

Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?

I have lived my life, and that which I have
done

May He within himself make pure! but
thou, 245

If thou shouldst never see my face again,

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought
by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let
thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or
goats 250

That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of
prayer

Both for themselves and those who call
them friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of
God. 255

But now farewell. I am going a long way

With these thou seest — if indeed I go —

(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)

To the island-valley of Avilion;

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, 260

Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies

Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard
lawns

And bowery hollows crowned with summer
sea,

Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and
sail 265

Moved from the brink, like some full-
breasted swan

That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,

Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the
flood

With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedi-
vere

Revolving many memories, till the hull 270

Looked one black dot against the verge of
dawn,

And on the mere the wailing died away.

Here ended Hall, and our last light, that
long

Had winked and threatened darkness, flared
and fell;

At which the parson, sent to sleep with
sound, 275

And waked with silence, grunted "Good!"
but we

Sat rapt: it was the tone with which he
read —

Perhaps some modern touches here and
there

Redeemed it from the charge of nothing-
ness —

Or else we loved the man, and prized his
work; 280

I know not; but we sitting, as I said,

The cock crew loud, as at that time of year

The lusty bird takes every hour for dawn.

Then Francis, muttering, like a man ill-used,
"There now — that's nothing!" drew a little
back, 285

And drove his heel into the smoldered log,

That sent a blast of sparkles up the flue.

And so to bed, where yet in sleep I seemed

To sail with Arthur under looming shores,

Point after point; till on to dawn, when
dreams 290

Begin to feel the truth and stir of day,

To me, methought, who waited with a
crowd,

There came a bark that, blowing forward,
bore

King Arthur, like a modern gentleman

Of stateliest port; and all the people cried, 295

"Arthur is come again: he cannot die."

Then those that stood upon the hills behind
Repeated — "Come again, and thrice as
fair;"

And, further inland, voices echoed — "Come
With all good things, and war shall be no
more." 300

At this a hundred bells began to peal,

That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed
The clear church-bells ring in the Christmas morn.

Pub. 1842.

ULYSSES

This excellent poem, obviously a counterpiece to *The Lotos-Eaters*, is Ulysses' soliloquy after returning from his wanderings to his home and wife Penelope. According to the poet's statement, it represents Tennyson's own feelings after the death of Hallam, and his decision to keep on going forward.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren
crag,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know
not me. 5
I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with
those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and
when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades¹ 10
Vext the dim sea. I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known, — cities of
men
And manners, climates, councils, govern-
ments,
Myself not least, but honored of them
all, — 15
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravelled world, whose
margin fades 20
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on
life
Were all too little, and of one to me 25
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard my-
self,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

1 the constellation.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle, —
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil 35
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I
mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her
sail;
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My
mariners, 45
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and
thought with me, —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads, — you and I are
old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil. 50
Death closes all; but something ere the
end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs;
the deep 55
Moans round with many voices. Come,
my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho' 65
We are not now that strength which in old
days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are,
we are, —
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in
will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. 70

Pub. 1842.

LOCKSLEY HALL

Locksley Hall is a dramatic monologue. It was meant, said Tennyson, to represent youth, — its good side, its deficiencies, and its yearnings. The hero, who is high-minded and impulsive, is disillusioned in love and in the ideals of

the Victorian era. He looks forward to a new age which will bring back to him the eagerness of his youth.

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn;

Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,

Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,

And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,

Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,

Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime

With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;

When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;¹

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,

Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be. —

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;

In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,

And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

¹ inclosed.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,

Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,

As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turned — her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs —

All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes —

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"

Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,

And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fullness of the spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,

And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!

O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,

Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? — having known me — to decline¹

On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be; thou shalt lower to his level day by day,

What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

¹ lower thyself.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated
with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have
weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall
have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer
than his horse. 50

What is this? his eyes are heavy; think not
they are glazed with wine.
Go to him, it is thy duty; kiss him, take his
hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is
overwrought;
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him
with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to
understand 55
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew
thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the
heart's disgrace,
Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a
last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against
the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from
the living truth! 60

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from
honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened
forehead of the fool!

Well — 'tis well that I should bluster! —
Hadst thou less unworthy proved —
Would to God — for I had loved thee more
than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which
bears but bitter fruit? 65
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart
be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such
length of years should come
As the many-wintered crow that leads the
clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records
of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as
I knew her, kind? 70

I remember one that perished; sweetly did
she speak and move;
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at
was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for
the love she bore?
No — she never loved me truly; love is love
for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is
truth the poet sings, 75
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remember-
ing happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest
thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the
rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art
staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the
shadows rise and fall. 80

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing
to his drunken sleep,
To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the
tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whis-
pered by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ring-
ing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient
kindness on thy pain. 85
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee
to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a
tender voice will cry.
'Tis a purer life than thine, a lip to drain thy
trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest
rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from
the mother's breast. 90

O, the child too clothes the father with a
dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his; it will be worthy
of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy
petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down
a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings
— she herself was not exempt — 95
Truly, she herself had suffered" — Perish in
thy self-contempt!

Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! where-
fore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither
by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting
upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens
but to golden keys. 100

Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the
markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy; what is that
which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the
foeman's ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the
winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt
that Honor feels, 105
And the nations do but murmur, snarling
at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that
earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou won-
drous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt
before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the
tumult of my life; 110

Yearning for the large excitement that the
coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves
his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near
and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring
like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone
before him then, 115
Underneath the light he looks at, in among
the throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever
reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of
the things that they shall do.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye
could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the
wonder that would be; 120

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies
of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down
with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and
there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in
the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the
south-wind rushing warm, 125
With the standards of the peoples plunging
thro' the thunder storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and
the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of
the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold
a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in
universal law. 130

So I triumphed, ere my passion sweeping thro'
me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me
with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things
here are out of joint.
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping
on from point to point;

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion,
creeping nigher, 135
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a
slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with
the process of the suns.¹

What is that to him that reaps not harvest
of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever
like a boy's? 140

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I
linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is
more and more.

¹ with the passing of time.

- Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and
he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the
stillness of his rest.
- Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding
on the bugle-horn, 145
They to whom my foolish passion were a
target for their scorn.
- Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a
moldered string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have
loved so slight a thing.
- Weakness to be wroth with weakness!
woman's pleasure, woman's pain —
Nature made them blinder motions¹ bounded
in a shallower brain. 150
- Woman is the lesser man, and all thy pas-
sions, matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water
unto wine —
- Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing.
Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my
life began to beat,
- Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father
evil-starred; — 155
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish
uncle's ward.
- Or to burst all links of habit — there to
wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways
of the day.
- Larger constellations burning, mellow moons
and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster,
knots of Paradise. 160
- Never comes the trader, never floats an
European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings
the trailer from the crag;
- Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs
the heavy-fruited tree —
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple
spheres of sea.
- There methinks would be enjoyment more
than in this march of mind, 165
In the steamship, in the railway, in the
thoughts that shake mankind.
- There the passions cramped no longer shall
have scope and breathing-space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear
my dusky race.
- Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive,
and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl
their lances in the sun; 170
- Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the
rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miser-
able books —
- Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know*
my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than
the Christian child.
- I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of
our glorious gains, 175
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast
with lower pains!
- Mated with a squalid savage — what to me
were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files
of time —
- I that rather held it better men should perish
one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like
Joshua's moon in Ajalon!² 180
- Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward,
forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the
ringing grooves of change.
- Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into
the younger day;
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of
Cathay.²
- Mother-Age, — for mine I knew not, — help
me as when life begun; 185
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the
lightnings, weigh the sun.
- O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit
hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all
my fancy yet.
- Howsoever these things be, a long farewell
to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for
me the roof-tree fall. 190

¹ impulses.² Joshua, X, 12. 2 China.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening
over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast
a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail,
or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward,
and I go.

Pub. 1842.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

"It was made in a Lincolnshire lane at five
o'clock in the morning between blossoming
hedges." (Tennyson.)

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy, 5
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill; 10
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead 15
Will never come back to me.

Pub. 1842.

SONGS FROM *THE PRINCESS*

These songs, added in later editions of *The Princess*, stand out among the great lyrics in the English language. *The Princess* is Tennyson's long narrative poem dealing with the position of woman in society and, especially, with the holiness of the marriage relation.

I

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go, 5
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one,
sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon; 10

Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon; 15
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep.

2

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory. 20
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O, hark, O, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O, sweet and far from cliff and scar 25
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river; 30
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
dying.

3

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they
mean, 35
Tears from the depth of some divine de-
spair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more. 39

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-
world,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer
dawns 45
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering
square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no
more. 49

1 Note the absence of rhyme in this song.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

4

Home they brought her warrior dead; 55
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry.
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved, 60
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior step,
Took the face-cloth from the face; 65
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee —
Like summer tempest came her tears —
"Sweet my child, I live for thee." 70

5

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the
sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take
the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answered thee?
Ask me no more. 75

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee
die!

Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more. 80

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are
sealed;

I strove against the stream and all in vain;
Let the great river take me to the main.
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more. 85

6

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the
white;¹
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font.
The fire-fly wakens; waken thou with me.

¹ This and the next lyric are truly great, — inimitable works of art. Again, the absence of rhyme is remarkable.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a
ghost, 90
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë¹ to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me. 95

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake.
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

7

Come down, O maid, from yonder moun-
tain height: 100
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd
sang)

In height and cold, the splendor of the hills?
But cease to move so near the heavens, and
cease

To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire; 105
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirited purple of the vats, 110
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the Silver
Horns,

Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors. 116

But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and
spill 120

Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-
smoke,

That like a broken purpose waste in air.
So waste not thou, but come; for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I 125
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees. 130

Pub. 1847-50

¹ Zeus visited Danaë in a shower of Gold when Danaë (mother of Perseus by Zeus) was imprisoned in a tower by her father.

² The scenery in this poem is Swiss; the spirit of the piece, it has been pointed out, is Greek.

IN MEMORIAM A. H. H.

This poem is Tennyson's great elegy on the death of Arthur Henry Hallam, the poet's close friend at Cambridge. Hallam, who was the son of the well-known historian, was engaged to Tennyson's sister Emily at the time of his death in Vienna in 1833. Between that time and 1850, the year in which *In Memoriam* was published, Tennyson wrote verses expressing the phases of his great grief as this grief was recalled to him. These verses, written in sections, were woven together for publication.

I¹

I held it truth, with him² who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-
stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drowned,
Let darkness keep her raven gloss.
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with Death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
"Behold the man that loved and
lost,
But all he was is overworn."

2

Old yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the underlying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the firstling to the flock;
And in the dusk of thee, the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

O, not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changest not in any gale,
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom;

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood
And grow incorporate into thee.

¹ These stanzas follow the general introduction.

² This reference was not clear even to the poet.

3

O Sorrow, cruel fellowship,
O Priestess in the vaults of Death,
O sweet and bitter in a breath,
What whispers from thy lying lip?

"The stars," she whispers, "blindly run;
A web is woven across the sky;
From out waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from the dying sun;

"And all the phantom, Nature, stands —
With all her music in her tone,
A hollow echo of my own, —
A hollow form with empty hands."

And shall I take a thing so blind,
Embrace her as my natural good;
Or crush her, like a vice of blood,
Upon the threshold of the mind?

4

To Sleep I give my powers away;
My will is bondsman to the dark;
I sit within a helmless bark,
And with my heart I muse and say:

O heart, how fares it with thee now,
That thou shouldst fail from thy desire,
Who scarcely darest to inquire,
"What is it makes me beat so low?"

Something it is which thou hast lost,
Some pleasure from thine early years.
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost!

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross
All night below the darkened eyes;
With morning wakes the will, and
cries,
"Thou shalt not be the fool of loss."

5

I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

6

One writes, that "other friends remain,"
 That "loss is common to the race" —
 And common is the commonplace,
 And vacant chaff well meant for grain. 80

That loss is common would not make
 My own less bitter, rather more.
 Too common! Never morning wore
 To evening, but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be, 85
 That pledgest now thy gallant son,
 A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
 Hath stilled the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save 89
 Thy sailor, — while thy head is bowed,
 His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
 Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought
 At that last hour to please him well;
 Who mused on all I had to tell, 95
 And something written, something thought;

Expecting still his advent home;
 And ever met him on his way
 With wishes, thinking, "here to-day,"
 Or, "here to-morrow will he come." 100

O, somewhere, meek unconscious dove,
 That sittest ranging golden hair;
 And glad to find thyself so fair,
 Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows 105
 In expectation of a guest;
 And thinking "this will please him
 best,"
 She takes a riband or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night; 109
 And with the thought her color burns;
 And, having left the glass, she turns
 Once more to set a ringlet right;

And, even when she turned, the curse
 Had fallen, and her future lord
 Was drowned in passing thro' the
 ford, 115
 Or killed in falling from his horse.

O, what to her shall be the end?
 And what to me remains of good?
 To her, perpetual maidenhood,
 And unto me, no second friend. 120

7

Dark house,¹ by which once more I stand
 Here in the long unlovely street,
 Doors, where my heart was used to
 beat
 So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasped no more — 125
 Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
 And like a guilty thing I creep
 At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away
 The noise of life begins again, 130
 And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
 On the bald street breaks the blank day.

27

I envy not in any moods
 The captive void of noble rage,
 The linnet born within the cage,
 That never knew the summer woods;

I envy not the beast that takes 5
 His license in the field of time,
 Unfettered by the sense of crime,
 To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
 The heart that never plighted troth 10
 But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
 Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
 I feel it, when I sorrow most;
 'Tis better to have loved and lost 15
 Than never to have loved at all.

28

The time draws near the birth of Christ.²
 The moon is hid, the night is still;
 The Christmas bells from hill to hill
 Answer each other in the mist. 20

Four voices of four hamlets³ round,
 From far and near, on mead and moor,
 Swell out and fail, as if a door
 Were shut between me and the sound;

Each voice four changes on the wind, 25
 That now dilate, and now decrease,
 Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
 Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

¹ Hallam's home in London, 67 Wimpole Street.
² This is the first Christmas after Hallam's death.
³ Near Somersby.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
 I almost wished no more to wake, 30
 And that my hold on life would break
 Before I heard those bells again;

But they my troubled spirit rule,
 For they controlled me when a boy;
 They bring me sorrow touched with joy,
 The merry, merry bells of Yule. 36

29

With such compelling cause to grieve
 As daily vexes household peace,
 And chains regret to his decease,
 How dare we keep our Christmas-eve, 40

Which brings no more a welcome guest
 To enrich the threshold of the night
 With showered largess of delight
 In dance and song and game and jest?

Yet go, and while the holly boughs 45
 Entwine the cold baptismal font,
 Make one wreath more for Use and
 Wont,
 That guard the portals of the house;

Old sisters of a day gone by,
 Gray nurses, loving nothing new — 50
 Why should they miss their yearly due
 Before their time? They too will die.

30

With trembling fingers did we weave
 The holly round the Christmas hearth;
 A rainy cloud possessed the earth, 55
 And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
 We gamboled, making vain pretence
 Of gladness, with an awful sense
 Of one mute Shadow watching all. 66

We paused: the winds were in the beech;
 We heard them sweep the winter land;
 And in a circle hand-in-hand
 Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang; 65
 We sung, tho' every eye was dim,
 A merry song we sang with him
 Last year; impetuously we sang.

We ceased; a gentler feeling crept
 Upon us: surely rest is meet. 70
 "They rest," we said, "their sleep is
 sweet,"
 And silence followed, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range;
 Once more we sang: "They do not die
 Nor lose their mortal sympathy," 75
 Nor change to us, although they change;

"Rapt from the fickle and the frail
 With gathered power, yet the same,
 Pierces the keen seraphic flame
 From orb to orb, from veil to veil." 80

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
 Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
 O Father, touch the east, and light
 The light that shone when Hope was born.

50

Be near me when my light is low,
 When the blood creeps, and the nerves
 prick
 And tingle; and the heart is sick,
 And all the wheels of being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame 5
 Is racked with pangs that conquer trust;
 And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
 And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,
 And men the flies of latter spring, 10
 That lay their eggs, and sting and sing
 And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,
 To point the term of human strife,
 And on the low dark verge of life 15
 The twilight of eternal day.

51

Do we indeed desire the dead
 Should still be near us at our side?
 Is there no baseness we would hide?
 No inner vileness that we dread? 20

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
 I had such reverence for his blame,
 See with clear eye some hidden shame
 And I be lessened in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue. 25
 Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
 There must be wisdom with great Death;
 The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

Be near us when we climb or fall;
 Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours 30
 With larger other eyes than ours,
 To make allowance for us all.

52

I cannot love thee as I ought,
 For love reflects the thing beloved;
 My words are only words, and moved 35
 Upon the topmost froth of thought.

"Yet blame not thou thy plaintive song,"
 The Spirit of true love replied;
 "Thou canst not move me from thy side,
 Nor human frailty do me wrong. 40

"What keeps a spirit wholly true
 To that ideal which he bears?
 What record? not the sinless years
 That breathed beneath the Syrian blue;

"So fret not, like an idle girl, 45
 That life is dashed with flecks of sin.
 Abide; thy wealth is gathered in,
 When Time hath sundered shell from pearl."

53

How many a father have I seen,
 A sober man, among his boys, 50
 Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
 Who wears his manhood hale and green;

And dare we to this fancy give,
 That had the wild oat not been sown,
 The soil, left barren, scarce had grown 55
 The grain by which a man may live?

Oh, if we held the doctrine sound
 For life outliving heats of youth,
 Yet who would preach it as a truth
 To those that eddy round and round? 60

Hold thou the good, define it well;
 For fear divine Philosophy
 Should push beyond her mark, and be
 Procuress to the Lords of Hell.

54

O, yet we trust that somehow good 65
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
 That not one life shall be destroyed, 70
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shriveled in a fruitless fire, 75
 Or but subserves another's gain.

1 Christ's.

Behold, we know not anything;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last — far off — at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring. 80

So runs my dream; but what am I?
 An infant crying in the night;
 An infant crying for the light,
 And with no language but a cry.

55

The wish, that of the living whole 85
 No life may fail beyond the grave,
 Derives it not from what we have
 The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
 That Nature lends such evil dreams? 90
 So careful of the type she seems,
 So careless of the single life,

That I, considering everywhere
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,
 And finding that of fifty seeds 95
 She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
 And falling with my weight of cares
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs
 That slope thro' darkness up to God, 100

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

77

What hope is here for modern rhyme
 To him who turns a musing eye
 On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie
 Foreshortened in the tract of time?

These mortal lullabies of pain 5
 May bind a book, may line a box,
 May serve to curl a maiden's locks;
 Or when a thousand moons shall wane

A man upon a stall may find,
 And, passing, turn the page that tells 10
 A grief, then changed to something
 else,
 Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

But what of that? My darkened ways
 Shall ring with music all the same;
 To breathe my loss is more than fame, 15
 To utter love more sweet than praise.

78

Again at Christmas ¹ did we weave
 The holly round the Christmas hearth;
 The silent snow possessed the earth,
 And calmly ² fell our Christmas-eve. 20

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost,
 No wing of wind the region swept,
 But over all things brooding slept
 The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind, 25
 Again our ancient games had place,
 The mimic picture's breathing grace,
 And dance and song and hoodman-blind.

Who showed a token of distress?
 No single tear, no type of pain — 30
 O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?
 O grief, can grief be changed to less?

O last regret, regret can die!
 No — mixt with all this mystic frame,
 Her deep relations are the same, 35
 But with long use her tears are dry.

96

You ³ say, but with no touch of scorn,
 Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue
 eyes
 Are tender over drowning flies,
 You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew 5
 In many a subtle question versed,
 Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
 But ever strove to make it true;

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
 At last he beat his music out. 10
 There lives more faith in honest doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
 He would not make his judgement
 blind,
 He faced the spectres of the mind 15
 And laid them; thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own,
 And Power was with him in the night,
 Which makes the darkness and the
 light,
 And dwells not in the light alone, 20

But in the darkness and the cloud,
 As over Sinai's peaks of old,
 While Israel made their gods of gold,
 Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

104

The time draws near the birth of Christ; ¹
 The moon is hid, the night is still;
 A single ² church below the hill
 Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below, 5
 That wakens at this hour of rest
 A single murmur in the breast,
 That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound,
 In lands where not a memory strays, 10
 Nor landmark breathes of other days,
 But all is new unhallowed ground.

105

To-night ungathered let us leave
 This laurel, let this holly stand:
 We live within the stranger's land, 15
 And strangely falls our Christmas-eve.

Our father's dust ³ is left alone
 And silent under other snows:
 There in due time the woodbine blows,
 The violet comes, but we are gone. 20

No more shall wayward grief abuse
 The genial hour with mask and mime;
 For change of place, like growth of time,
 Has broke the bond of dying use.

Let cares that petty shadows cast, 25
 By which our lives are chiefly proved,
 A little spare the night I loved,
 And hold it solemn to the past.

But let no footstep beat the floor,
 Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm; 30
 For who would keep an ancient form
 Through which the spirit breathes no more?

Be neither song, nor game, nor feast;
 Nor harp be touched, nor flute be blown;
 No dance, no motion, save alone 35
 What lightens in the lucid East

Of rising worlds by yonder wood.
 Long sleeps the summer in the seed;
 Run out your measured arcs, and lead
 The closing cycle rich in good. 40

¹ The second Christmas after Hallam's death.

² The first Christmas fell "sadly."

³ This may be Emily Sellwood, to whom Tennyson was engaged. They were married in 1850.

¹ The third Christmas after Hallam's death.

² i.e., they are no longer at Somersby.

³ Tennyson's father died in March, 1833, at Somersby.

106

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, 45
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more; 50
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life, 55
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in. 60

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; 65
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand; 70
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

116

Is it, then, regret for buried time
 That keenlier in sweet April wakes,
 And meets the year, and gives and takes
 The colors of the crescent prime? ¹

Not all: the songs, the stirring air, 5
 The life re-orient out of dust,
 Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
 In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret: the face will shine
 Upon me, while I muse alone, 10
 And that dear voice, I once have known,
 Still speak to me of me and mine.

¹ springtime

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
 For days of happy commune dead,
 Less yearning for the friendship fled 15
 Than some strong bond which is to be.

117

O days and hours, your work is this,
 To hold me from my proper place,
 A little while from his embrace,
 For fuller gain of after bliss; 20

That out of distance might ensue
 Desire of nearness doubly sweet,
 And unto meeting, when we meet,
 Delight a hundredfold accrue,

For every grain of sand that runs, 25
 And every span of shade that steals,
 And every kiss of toothed wheels,¹
 And all the courses of the suns.

118²

Contemplate all this work of Time,
 The giant laboring in his youth; 30
 Nor dream of human love and truth,
 As dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead
 Are breathers of an ampler day
 For ever nobler ends. They say, 35
 The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
 And grew to seeming-random forms,
 The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
 Till at the last arose the man; 40

Who throve and branched from clime to
 clime,
 The herald of a higher race,
 And of himself in higher place,
 If so he type³ this work of time

Within himself, from more to more; 45
 Or, crowned with attributes of woe
 Like glories, move his course, and
 show

That life is not as idle ore,
 But iron dug from central gloom,
 And heated hot with burning fears, 50
 And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
 And battered with the shocks of doom

¹ The reference in these three lines is to the hour-glass, sun-dial, and clock.

² In this section Tennyson gives his view of cosmic evolution.

³ typify.

To shape and use. Arise and fly
 The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
 Move upward, working out the beast, 55
 And let the ape and tiger die.

126

Love is and was my lord and king,
 And in his presence I attend
 To hear the tidings of my friend,
 Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my king and lord, 5
 And will be, tho' as yet I keep
 Within his court on earth, and sleep
 Encompassed by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
 That moves about from place to place, 10
 And whispers to the worlds of space,
 In the deep night, that all is well.

127

And all is well, tho' faith and form
 Be sundered in the night of fear;
 Well roars the storm to those that hear 15
 A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,
 And justice, even tho' thrice again
 The red fool-fury of the Seine
 Should pile her barricades with dead. 20

But ill for him that wears a crown,
 And him, the lazar, in his rags!
 They tremble, the sustaining crags;
 The spires of ice are toppled down,

And molten up, and roar in flood; 25
 The fortress crashes from on high,
 The brute earth lightens to the sky,
 And the great Æon ² sinks in blood,

And compassed by the fires of hell;
 While thou, dear spirit, happy star, 30
 O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,
 And smilest, knowing all is well.

1833-50.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

This poem, in an earlier form, was first published as a pamphlet in September, 1852, on the day that Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo, was buried.

1 age.

1

Bury the Great Duke
 With an empire's lamentation;
 Let us bury the Great Duke
 To the noise of the mourning of a mighty
 nation;
 Mourning when their leaders fall, 5
 Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
 And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

2

Where shall we lay the man whom we de-
 plore?
 Here, in streaming London's central roar.¹
 Let the sound of those he wrought for, 10
 And the feet of those he fought for,
 Echo round his bones for evermore.

3

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
 As fits an universal woe,
 Let the long, long procession go, 15
 And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
 And let the mournful martial music blow;
 The last great Englishman is low.

4

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
 Remembering all his greatness in the past.
 No more in soldier fashion will he greet 21
 With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
 O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute!
 Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
 The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute, 25
 Whole in himself, a common good.
 Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
 Our greatest yet with least pretence,
 Great in council and great in war, 30
 Foremost captain of his time,
 Rich in saving common-sense,
 And, as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.
 O good gray head which all men knew, 35
 O voice from which their omens all men drew,
 O iron nerve to true occasion true,
 O fallen at length that tower of strength
 Which stood four-square to all the winds that
 blew!

Such was he whom we deplore. 40
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
 The great World-victor's ² victor will be seen
 no more.

5

All is over and done.
 Render thanks to the Giver,

1 St. Paul's Cathedral.

2 Napoleon.

England, for thy son. 45
 Let the bell be tolled.
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 And render him to the mould.
 Under the cross of gold¹
 That shines over city and river, 50
 There he shall rest for ever
 Among the wise and the bold.
 Let the bell be tolled,
 And a reverent people behold
 The towering car, the sable steeds. 55
 Bright let it be with its blazoned deeds,
 Dark in its funeral fold.
 Let the bell be tolled,
 And a deeper knell in the heart be knolled;
 And the sound of the sorrowing anthem
 rolled 60
 Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
 And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
 He knew their voices of old.
 For many a time in many a clime
 His captain's-ear has heard them boom 65
 Bellowing victory, bellowing doom.
 When he with those deep voices wrought,
 Guarding realms and kings from shame,
 With those deep voices our dead captain
 taught
 The tyrant, and asserts his claim 70
 In that dread sound to the great name
 Which he has worn so pure of blame,
 In praise and in dispraise the same,
 A man of well-tempered frame.
 O civic muse, to such a name, 75
 To such a name for ages long,
 To such a name,
 Preserve a broad approach of fame,
 And ever-echoing avenues of song!

6

"Who is he that cometh, like an honored
 guest, 80
 With banner and with music, with soldier and
 with priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my
 rest?" —
 Mighty Seaman,² this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous
 man, 85
 The greatest sailor since our world began.
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes;
 For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea. 90
 His foes were thine; he kept us free;
 O give him welcome, this is he

Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laid by thee;
 For this is England's greatest son, 95
 He that gained a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun;
 This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye¹
 Clashed with his fiery few and won; 100
 And underneath another sun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon² drew
 The treble works, the vast designs
 Of his labored rampart-lines, 105
 Where he greatly stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,
 And ever great and greater grew,
 Beating from the wasted vines
 Back to France her banded swarms, 110
 Back to France with countless blows,
 Till o'er the hills her eagles³ flew
 Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
 Followed up in valley and glen
 With blare of bugle, clamor of men, 115
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
 And England pouring on her foes.
 Such a war had such a close.
 Again their ravening eagle⁴ rose
 In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadowing
 wings, 120
 And barking for the thrones of kings;
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown⁵
 On that loud sabbath⁶ shook the spoiler
 down;
 A day of onsets of despair!
 Dashed on every rocky square, 125
 Their surging charges foamed themselves
 away;
 Last, the Prussian⁷ trumpet blew;
 Thro' the long-tormented air
 Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept and charged and over-
 threw, 130
 So great a soldier taught us there
 What long-enduring hearts could do
 In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
 Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile, 135
 O savior of the silver-coasted isle,
 O shaker of the Baltic⁸ and the Nile,⁹
 If aught of things that here befall
 Touch a spirit among things divine,

¹ In India.² In the Peninsular campaign.³ The French standards.⁴ Napoleon, after his escape from Elba.⁵ Wellington was known as the "Iron Duke."⁶ Waterloo was fought on Sunday.⁷ The arrival of the Prussians under Blücher decided the outcome of the battle.⁸ Where Nelson defeated the Danes in 1801.⁹ At the battle of the Nile in 1798 Nelson defeated the French.¹ Surmounting the dome of St. Paul's.² Lord Nelson, near whom Wellington was buried.

If love of country move thee there at all, 140
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
 And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
 In full acclaim,
 A people's voice,
 The proof and echo of all human fame, 145
 A people's voice, when they rejoice
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
 Eternal honor to his name. 150

7

A people's voice! we are a people yet.
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless
 Powers,¹

Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly
 set

His Briton in blown seas and storming show-
 ers, 155

We have a voice with which to pay the debt
 Of boundless love and reverence and regret
 To those great men who fought, and kept it
 ours.

And keep it ours, O God, from brute control!
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the
 soul 160

Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there
 springs

Our loyal passion for our temperate kings! 165
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
 And drill the raw world for the march of
 mind,

Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be
 just.

But wink² no more in slothful overtrust. 170
 Remember him who led your hosts;
 He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;
 His voice is silent in your council-hall
 For ever; and whatever tempests lour 175

For ever silent; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent; yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man who
 spoke;

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
 Nor paltered with Eternal God for power; 180
 Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
 Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
 Whose life was work, whose language rife

With rugged maxims hewn from life;
 Who never spoke against a foe; 185
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
 All great self-seekers trampling on the right.
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke;
 Whatever record leap to light 190
 He never shall be shamed.

8

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
 Followed by the brave of other lands,
 He, on whom from both her open hands 195
 Lavish Honor showered all her stars,
 And affluent Fortune¹ emptied all her horn.
 Yea, let all good things await

Him who cares not to be great
 But as he saves or serves the state. 200

Not once or twice in our rough island-story
 The path of duty was the way to glory.

He that walks it, only thirsting
 For the right, and learns to deaden

Love of self, before his journey closes, 205
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
 Into glossy purples, which outredden

All voluptuous garden-roses.
 Not once or twice in our fair island-story

The path of duty was the way to glory. 210
 He, that ever following her commands,
 On with toil of heart and knees and hands,

Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
 His path upward, and prevailed,

Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
 Are close upon the shining table-lands 216

To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
 Such was he: his work is done.

But while the races of mankind endure,
 Let his great example stand 220

Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman

pure;

Till in all lands and thro' all human story
 The path of duty be the way to glory.

And let the land whose hearths he saved from
 shame 225

For many and many an age proclaim
 At civic revel and pomp and game,

And when the long-illuminated cities flame,
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,

With honor, honor, honor, honor to him, 230
 Eternal honor to his name.

9

Peace, his triumph will be sung
 By some yet un moulded tongue

¹ The European revolutions of 1848 had taken place only four years before.

² doze.

¹ In England a victorious commander is honored not only with orders and titles, but with large grants of money.

Far on in summers that we shall not see.
 Peace, it is a day of pain 235
 For one about whose patriarchal knee
 Late the little children clung.
 O peace, it is a day of pain
 For one upon whose hand and heart and brain
 Once the weight and fate of Europe hung. 240
 Ours the pain, be his the gain!
 More than is of man's degree
 Must be with us, watching here
 At this, our great solemnity.
 Whom we see not we revere; 245
 We revere, and we refrain
 From talk of battles loud and vain,
 And brawling memories all too free
 For such a wise humility
 As befits a solemn fane: 250
 We revere, and while we hear
 The tides of Music's golden sea
 Setting toward eternity,
 Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
 Until we doubt not that for one so true 255
 There must be other nobler work to do
 Than when he fought at Waterloo,
 And Victor he must ever be.
 For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
 And break the shore, and evermore 260
 Make and break, and work their will,
 Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
 Round us, each with different powers,
 And other forms of life than ours,
 What know we greater than the soul? 265
 On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
 Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's
 ears;
 The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs
 and tears;
 The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears;
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; 270
 He is gone who seemed so great. —
 Gone, but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in State, 275
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 Speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him, 282
 God accept him, Christ receive him!

1852.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Written to commemorate the famous cavalry
 charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava in the
 Crimea in 1854.

I
 Half a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said. 5
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

2
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismayed? 10
 Not tho' the soldier knew
 Some one had blundered.
 Their's not to make reply,
 Their's not to reason why,
 Their's but to do and die, 15
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

3
 Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them 20
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of hell 25
 Rode the six hundred.

4
 Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while 30
 All the world wondered.
 Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right thro' the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the sabre-stroke 35
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

5
 Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them, 40
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well 45
 Came thro' the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

6
 When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

December, 1854.

LYRICS FROM *MAUD*

Tennyson called *Maud* a monodrama. It is a lyrical narrative in which the hero of the story tells the tale in a roundabout, emotional manner. The hero is a selfish, morbid man who is weighed down by dark thoughts concerning existence until he goes completely mad. He overcomes his hyper-sensitiveness and is restored to sanity through love. The poem is unequal in execution; but it contains some of the ablest lyrics that Tennyson wrote.

I

Come into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad, 5
 And the musk of the rose is blown.

2

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky, 10
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light, and to die.

3

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon;
 All night has the casement jessamine stirred
 To the dancers dancing in tune; 16
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon.

4

I said to the lily, "There is but one,
 With whom she has heart to be gay. 20
 When will the dancers leave her alone?
 She is weary of dance and play."
 Now half to the setting moon are gone,
 And half to the rising day;
 Low on the sand and loud on the stone 25
 The last wheel echoes away.

5

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
 In babble and revel and wine.

O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
 50 For one that will never be thine? 30
 But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
 "For ever and ever, mine."

6

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
 As the music clashed in the hall;
 And long by the garden lake I stood, 35
 For I heard your rivulet fall
 From the lake to the meadow and on to the
 wood,
 Our wood, that is dearer than all;

7

From the meadow your walks have left so
 sweet
 That whenever a March-wind sighs 40
 He sets the jewel-print of your feet
 In violets blue as your eyes,
 To the woody hollows in which we meet
 And the valleys of Paradise.

8

The slender acacia would not shake 45
 One long milk-bloom on the tree;
 The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
 But the rose was awake all night for your
 sake,
 Knowing your promise to me; 50
 The lilies and roses were all awake,
 They sighed for the dawn and thee.

9

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
 Come hither, the dances are done,
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, 53
 Queen lily and rose in one;
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with
 curls,
 To the flowers, and be their sun.

10

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate. 61
 She is coming, my dove, my dear;
 She is coming, my life, my fate.
 The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
 And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
 The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;" 65
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."

11

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed; 70

My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead,
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.

The following lyric is the germ of the poem.
 The rest of *Maud* was written later to explain
 these lines.

I

O that 'twere possible
 After long grief and pain
 To find the arms of my true love
 Round me once again!

2

When I was wont to meet her
 In the silent woody places
 By the home that gave me birth,
 We stood tranced in long embraces
 Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter
 Than any thing on earth.

3

A shadow flits before me,
 Not thou, but like to thee.
 Ah, Christ, that it were possible
 For one short hour to see
 The souls we loved, that they might tell us
 What and where they be!

4

It leads me forth at evening,
 It lightly winds and steals
 In a cold white robe before me,
 When all my spirit reels
 At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
 And the roaring of the wheels.

5

Half the night I waste in sighs,
 Half in dreams I sorrow after
 The delight of early skies;
 In a wakeful doze I sorrow
 For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
 For the meeting of the morrow,
 The delight of happy laughter,
 The delight of low replies.

6

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
 And a dewy splendor falls
 On the little flower that clings
 To the turrets and the walls;
 'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
 And the light and shadow fleet.
 She is walking in the meadow,
 And the woodland echo rings;

In a moment we shall meet.
 She is singing in the meadow,
 And the rivulet at her feet
 Ripples on in light and shadow
 To the ballad that she sings.

7

Do I hear her sing as of old,
 My bird with the shining head,
 My own dove with the tender eye?
 But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,
 There is some one dying or dead,
 And a sullen thunder is rolled;
 For a tumult shakes the city,
 And I wake, my dream is fled.
 In the shuddering dawn, behold,
 Without knowledge, without pity,
 By the curtains of my bed
 That abiding phantom cold!

8

Get thee hence, nor come again,
 Mix not memory with doubt,
 Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
 Pass and cease to move about!
 'Tis the blot upon the brain
 That will show itself without.

9

Then I rise, the eavedrops fall,
 And the yellow vapors choke
 The great city sounding wide;
 The day comes, a dull red ball
 Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
 On the misty river-tide.

10

Thro' the hubbub of the market
 I steal, a wasted frame;
 It crosses here, it crosses there,
 Thro' all that crowd confused and loud,
 The shadow still the same;
 And on my heavy eyelids
 My anguish hangs like shame.

11

Alas for her that met me,
 That heard me softly call,
 Came glimmering thro' the laurels
 At the quiet evenfall,
 In the garden by the turrets
 Of the old manorial hall!

12

Would the happy spirit descend
 From the realms of light and song,
 In the chamber or the street,
 As she looks among the blest,

Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say "Forgive the wrong,"
Or to ask her, "Take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest"?

13

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets 90
And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me.
Always I long to creep 95
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

Pub. 1855.

MILTON

(ALCAICS)

Here Tennyson attempts to reproduce the effect of classical quantitative verse. The poem is composed of four Alcaic strophes. This strophe or stanza was developed by the Greek poet Alcaeus (sixth century B.C.). Many later poets, especially Horace, used it.

O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,
O skilled to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages;
Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel, 5
Starred from Jehovah's gorgeous armor-

ies,

Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean
Rings to the roar of an angel onset!
Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring, 10
And bloom profuse and cedar arches
Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
Where some refulgent sunset of India
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
And crimson-hued the stately palm-
woods 15
Whisper in odorous heights of even.

Pub. 1863.

NORTHERN FARMER, OLD
STYLE

I

Wheer 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 1
'ere aloän?
Noorse? 2 thoort nowt o' a noorse; whoy,
Doctor's abeän an' agoän;

1 lying.

2 nurse.

85 Says that I moänt 'a naw moor aäle, but I
beänt a fool;
Git ma my aäle, fur I beänt a-gawin' to breäk
my rule.

2

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur a 1 says what's
nawways true; 5
Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things
that a do.
I've 'ed my point o' aäle ivry noight sin' I
beän 'ere.
An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for
foorty year.

3

Parson's a beän loikewise, an' a sittin' ere
o' my bed.
"The Amoighty's a taäkin o' you to 'issén,²
my friend," a said, 10
An' a towd ma my sins, an' 's toithe³ were
due, an' I gied it in hond;
I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done boy
the lond.

4

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa
mooch to larn.
But a cast oop,⁴ thot a did, 'bout Bessy
Marris's barne.⁵
Thaw a knaws I hallus voäted wi' Squoire
an' choorch an' staäte, 15
An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin
the raäte.⁶

5

An' I hallus coom'd to 's choorch afoor moy
Sally wur deäd,
An' 'eärd 'um a bummin' awaäy loike a
buzzard-clock⁷ ower my 'eä,
An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd but I
thowt a 'ad summut to saäy,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said, an'
I coom'd awaäy. 20

6

Bessy Marris's barne! tha⁸ knaws she laäid
it to meä.
Mowt a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un,
sheä.
'Siver, I kep 'um,⁹ I kep 'um, my lass, tha
mun understond;
I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done boy
the lond.

1 he.

2 himself.

3 tithe.

4 he cast up against me.

5 child.

6 poor-tax.

7 June-bug.

8 thou.

9 him.

7

But Parson a cooms an' a goäs, an' a says it
eäsy an' freeä: ²⁵
"The Amoighty's a taäkin o' you to 'issén,
my friend," says 'eä.

I weänt saäy men be loiars, thaw summun
said it in 'aäste;

But 'e reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I 'a
stubb'd ¹ Thurnaby waäste.

8

D' ya moind ² the waäste, my lass? naw, naw,
tha was not born then;

Theer wur a boggle ³ in it, I often 'eärd 'um,
mysén; ³⁰

Moäst loike a butter-bump, ⁴ fur I 'eärd 'um
about an' about,

But I stubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an' raäved ⁵
an' rembled ⁶ 'um out.

9

Keäper's ⁷ it wur; fo' they fun 'um theer
a-laäid of 'is faäce

Down i' the woild 'enemies ⁸ afoor I coom'd
to the plaäce.

Noäks or Thimbleby — toäner ⁹ 'ed shot 'um
as deäd as a naäil. ³⁵

Noäks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize ¹⁰ — but
git ma my aäle.

10

Dubbut ¹¹ looök at the waäste; theer warn't
not feeäd for a cow;

Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looök
at it now —

Warn't worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer's
lots o' feeäd,

Fourscoor yows ¹² upon it, an' some on it
down i' seeäd. ⁴⁰

11

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meän'd to 'a
stubb'd it at fall,

Done it ta-year ¹⁴ I meän'd, an' runn'd plow
thruff it an' all,

If Godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let
ma aloän, —

Meä, wi' haäte ¹⁵ hoonderd haäcre o' Squoire's,
an' lond o' my oän.

12

Do Godamoighty know what a 's doing
a-taäkin' o' meä? ⁴⁵

I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder
a peä;

1 broken up for planting.

2 remember.

3 spirit. 4 bitter.

5 tore up.

6 threw.

7 the game-keeper's.

8 anemones.

9 one or the other.

10 the assizes.

11 do but.

12 ewes.

13 clover.

14 this year.

15 eight.

An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all — a' dear,
a' dear!

And I 'a managed for Squoire coom Michael-
mas thutty year.

13

A mowt 'a taäen owd Joänes, as 'ant not a
'aäpoth o' sense,

Or a mowt 'a taäen young Robins — a niver
mended a fence; ⁵⁰

But Godamoighty a moost taäke meä an'
taäke ma now,

Wi' aäf the cows to cauve ¹ an' Thurnaby
hoälms ² to plow!

14

Looök 'ow quoloty ³ smoiles when they seeäs
ma a passin' boy,

Says to thessén, ⁴ naw doubt, "What a man
a beä sewer-loy!" ⁵

Fur they knaws what I beän to Squoire sin'
fust a coom'd to the 'All; ⁵⁵

I done moy duty by Squoire an' I done moy
duty boy hall.

15

Squoire's i' Lunnon, an' summun I reckons
'ull 'a to wroite,

For whoä's to howd ⁶ the lond ater meä thot
muddles ma quoit;

Sartin-sewer I beä thot a weänt niver give it
to Joänes,

Naw, nor a moänt to Robins — a niver rem-
bles the stoäns. ⁶⁰

16

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi'
'is kittle o' steäm

Huzzin' ⁷ an' maäzin ⁸ the blessed feälds wi'
the devil's oän teäm.

Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw loife they
says is sweet,

But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn
abeär to see it.

17

What atta stannin' theer fur, an' doesn bring
ma the aäle? ⁶⁵

Doctor's a 'toättler, ⁹ lass, an a's hallus i' the
owd taäle; ¹⁰

I weänt bräk rules fur Doctor, a knaws naw
moor nor a floy;

Git ma my aäle, I tell tha, an' if I mun doy
I mun doy.

Pub. 1864.

1 calve.

2 holms.

3 the gentry.

4 themselves.

5 surely.

6 hold.

7 hissing.

8 amazing.

9 teetotaler.

10 always telling the same story.

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains, —
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

Is not the Vision He, though He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?

Dark is the world to thee; thyself art the reason why,
For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel "I am I"?

Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest thy doom,
Making Him broken gleams and a stifled splendor and gloom. 10

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet —
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.

Law is God, say some; no God at all, says the fool,
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool; 15

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this Vision — were it not He?

Pub. 1869.

THE REVENGE

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

Tennyson took the story from Sir Walter Raleigh's contemporaneous account.

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away:

"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

2

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore. 10
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

3

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land. 15
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blessed him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain, 20
To the thumb-screw and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

4

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather¹ bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly? 25
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil, 30
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."

1 windward.

5

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we
 roared a hurrah, and so
 The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart
 of the foe,
 With her hundred fighters on deck, and her
 ninety sick below;
 For half of their fleet to the right and half to
 the left were seen, 35
 And the little *Revenge* ran on through the
 long sea-lane between.

6

Thousands of their soldiers looked down
 from their decks and laughed,
 Thousands of their seamen made mock at the
 mad little craft
 Running on and on, till delayed
 By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of
 fifteen hundred tons, 40
 And up-shadowing high above us with her
 yawning tiers of guns,
 Took the breath from our sails, and we
 stayed.

7

And while now the great *San Philip* hung
 above us like a cloud
 Whence the thunderbolt will fall
 Long and loud, 45
 Four galleons drew away
 From the Spanish fleet that day,
 And two upon the larboard and two upon the
 starboard lay,
 And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

8

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought
 herself and went, 50
 Having that within her womb that had left
 her ill content;
 And the rest they came aboard us, and they
 fought us hand to hand,
 For a dozen times they came with their pikes
 and musketeers,
 And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog
 that shakes his ears
 When he leaps from the water to the land. 55

9

And the sun went down, and the stars came
 out far over the summer sea,
 But never a moment ceased the fight of the
 one and the fifty-three.
 Ship after ship, the whole night long, their
 high-built galleons came,
 Ship after ship, the whole night long, with
 her battle-thunder and flame;

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew
 back with her dead and her shame. 60
 For some were sunk and many were shat-
 tered, and so could fight us no more —
 God of battles, was ever a battle like this in
 the world before?

10

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
 Though his vessel was all but a wreck;
 And it chanced that, when half of the short
 summer night was gone, 65
 With a grisly wound to be dressed he had left
 the deck,
 But a bullet struck him that was dressing it
 suddenly dead,
 And himself he was wounded again in the side
 and the head,
 And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

11

And the night went down, and the sun smiled
 out far over the summer sea, 70
 And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay
 round us all in a ring;
 But they dared not touch us again, for they
 feared that we still could sting,
 So they watched what the end would be.
 And we had not fought them in vain,
 But in perilous plight were we; 75
 Seeing forty of our poor hundred were
 slain,
 And half of the rest of us maimed for life
 In the crash of the cannonades and the
 desperate strife;
 And the sick men down in the hold were most
 of them stark and cold,
 And the pikes were all broken or bent, and
 the powder was all of it spent; 80
 And the masts and the rigging were lying
 over the side;
 But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
 "We have fought such a fight for a day and
 a night
 As may never be fought again!
 We have won great glory, my men! 85
 And a day less or more
 At sea or ashore,
 We die — does it matter when?
 Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink
 her, split her in twain!
 Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands
 of Spain!" 90

12

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the sea-
 men made reply:
 "We have children. we have wives,

And the Lord hath spared our lives.
 We will make the Spaniard promise, if we
 yield, to let us go;
 We shall live to fight again and to strike
 another blow."⁹⁵
 And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded
 to the foe.

13

And the stately Spanish men to their flag-
 ship bore him then,
 Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir
 Richard caught at last,
 And they praised him to his face with their
 courtly foreign grace;
 But he rose upon their decks, and he
 cried:¹⁰⁰
 "I have fought for Queen and Faith like a
 valiant man and true;
 I have only done my duty as a man is bound
 to do.
 With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville
 die!"
 And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

14

And they stared at the dead that had been
 so valiant and true,¹⁰⁵
 And had holden the power and glory of Spain
 so cheap
 That he dared her with one little ship and
 his English few;
 Was he devil or man? He was devil for
 aught they knew,
 But they sank his body with honor down
 into the deep,
 And they manned the *Revenge* with a
 swarthier alien crew,¹¹⁰
 And away she sailed with her loss and longed
 for her own;
 When a wind from the lands they had ruined
 awoke from sleep,
 And the water began to heave and the
 weather to moan,
 And or ever that evening ended a great gale
 blew,
 And a wave like the wave that is raised by
 an earthquake grew,¹¹⁵
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and
 their masts and their flags,
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on the
 shot-shattered navy of Spain,
 And the little *Revenge* herself went down by
 the island crags
 To be lost evermore in the main.

Pub. 1878.

RIZPAH

This is a dramatic monologue, based upon a story that Tennyson found in a penny magazine. For the Biblical story of Rizpah, whose son was hanged, see 2 Samuel, xxi, 1-14.

17—

I

Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land
 and sea —
 And Willy's voice in the wind, "O mother,
 come out to me!"
 Why should he call me to-night, when he
 knows that I cannot go?
 For the downs are as bright as day, and the
 full moon stares at the snow.

2

We should be seen, my dear; they would spy
 us out of the town.⁵
 The loud black nights for us, and the storm
 rushing over the down,
 When I cannot see my own hand, but am led
 by the creak of the chain,
 And grovel and grope for my son till I find
 myself drenched with the rain.

3

Anything fallen again? nay — what was
 there left to fall?
 I have taken them home, I have numbered
 the bones, I have hidden them all.¹⁰
 What am I saying? and what are *you*? do
 you come as a spy?
 Falls? what falls? who knows? As the tree
 falls so must it lie.

4

Who let her in? how long has she been? you
 — what have you heard?
 Why did you sit so quiet? you never have
 spoken a word.
 O — to pray with me — yes — a lady —
 none of their spies —¹⁵
 But the night has crept into my heart, and
 begun to darken my eyes.

5

Ah — you, that have lived so soft, what
 should *you* know of the night,
 The blast and the burning shame and the
 bitter frost and the fright?
 I have done it, while you were asleep — you
 were only made for the day.
 I have gathered my baby together — and
 now you may go your way.²⁰

6

Nay — for it's kind of you, madam, to sit
by an old dying wife.

But say nothing hard of my boy, I have only
an hour of life.

I kissed my boy in the prison, before he went
out to die.

"They dared me to do it," he said, and he
never has told me a lie.

I whipped him for robbing an orchard once
when he was but a child — 25

"The farmer dared me to do it," he said; he
was always so wild —

And idle — and couldn't be idle — my Willy
— he never could rest.

The King should have made him a soldier,
he would have been one of his
best.

7

But he lived with a lot of wild mates,
and they never would let him be
good;

They swore that he dare not rob the mail,
and he swore that he would; 30

And he took no life, but he took one purse,
and when all was done

He flung it among his fellows — "I'll none
of it," said my son.

8

I came into court to the judge and the
lawyers. I told them my tale,

God's own truth — but they killed him, they
killed him for robbing the mail.

They hanged him in chains for a show — we
had always borne a good name — 35

To be hanged for a thief — and then put
away — isn't that enough shame?

Dust to dust — low down — let us hide! but
they set him so high

That all the ships of the world could stare
at him, passing by.

God 'ill pardon the hell-black raven and
horrible fowls of the air,

But not the black heart of the lawyer who
killed him and hanged him there. 40

9

And the jailer forced me away. I had bid
him my last good-bye;

They had fastened the door of his cell. "O
mother!" I heard him cry.

I couldn't get back though I tried, he had
something further to say,

And now I never shall know it. The jailer
forced me away.

10

Then since I couldn't but hear that cry of
my boy that was dead, 45

They seized me and shut me up: they
fastened me down on my bed.

"Mother, O mother!" — he called in the
dark to me year after year —

They beat me for that, they beat me — you
know that I couldn't but hear;

And then at the last they found I had grown
so stupid and still

They let me abroad again — but the crea-
tures had worked their will. 50

11

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my
bone was left —

I stole them all from the lawyers — and you,
will you call it a theft? —

My baby, the bones that had sucked me, the
bones that had laughed and had
cried —

Theirs? O, no! they are mine — not theirs
— they had moved in my side.

12

Do you think I was scared by the bones?
I kissed 'em, I buried 'em all — 55

I can't dig deep, I am old — in the night by
the churchyard wall.

My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the trumpet
of judgment 'ill sound,

But I charge you never to say that I laid
him in holy ground.

13

They would scratch him up — they would
hang him again on the cursed tree.

Sin? O, yes, we are sinners, I know — let all
that be, 60

And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's
goodwill toward men —

"Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord"
— let me hear it again;

"Full of compassion and mercy — long-
suffering." Yes, O, yes!

For the lawyer is born but to murder — the
Savior lives but to bless.

He'll never put on the black cap¹ except for
the worst of the worst, 65

And the first may be last — I have heard it
in church — and the last may be first.

Suffering — O, long-suffering — yes, as the
Lord must know,

Year after year in the mist and the wind and
the shower and the snow.

¹ Worn by an English judge when pronouncing a death-sentence.

14

Heard, have you? what? they have told you
 he never repented his sin.
 How do they know it? are *they* his mother?
 are *you* of his kin? 70
 Heard! have you ever heard, when the storm
 on the downs began,
 The wind that 'ill wail like a child and the
 sea that 'ill moan like a man?

15

Election, Election, and Reprobation¹ — it's
 all very well.
 But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall not
 find him in hell.
 For I cared so much for my boy that the
 Lord has looked into my care, 75
 And He means me I'm sure to be happy with
 Willy, I know not where.

16

And if *he* be lost — but to save *my* soul, that
 is all your desire —
 Do you think I care for *my* soul if my boy be
 gone to the fire?
 I have been with God in the dark — go, go,
 you may leave me alone —
 You have never borne a child — you are
 just as hard as a stone. 80

17

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that
 you mean to be kind,
 But I cannot hear what you say for my
 Willy's voice in the wind —

¹ In Calvinistic theology, election was foreordained salvation, and reprobation, foreordained damnation, of certain souls.

The snow and the sky so bright — he used
 but to call in the dark,
 And he calls to me now from the church and
 not from the gibbet — for hark!
 Nay — you can hear it yourself — it is com-
 ing — shaking the walls — 85
 Willy — the moon's in a cloud — Good-
 night. I am going. He calls.

Pub. 1880.

CROSSING THE BAR

This lyric, written towards the end of Ten-
 nyson's life, is always placed, at the poet's re-
 quest, at the end of every edition of his poems.

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep, 5
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the bound-
 less deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark! 10
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and
 Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face 15
 When I have crost the bar.

Pub. 1889.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812–1889)

Robert Browning, essentially a city poet, was born in Camberwell, then a suburb, now a part of London, May 7, 1812. His education was informal, but thorough, largely through tutors, concluding with two years at the University of London. Besides Latin, Greek, French, and other studies, he had instruction in riding, dancing, boxing, music, and sculpture. He early decided to be a poet, largely under the influence of his first gods, Keats and especially Shelley. In 1832, at twenty, he began his career with *Pauline*, followed in 1835 by *Paracelsus*. These poems brought him friendship with the prominent literary men in London, especially Leigh Hunt, Talfourd, Landor, and Macready. For the latter he wrote a play, *Strafford*, produced in May, 1837. Then followed a year abroad, mainly in Italy, Browning's second country. During this period he completed *Sordello*, published in 1840. From 1841 to 1846 he published his eight series of *Bells and Pomegranates*, so called, as he explained, "to indicate an endeavor towards something like an alternation, or mixture, of music with discoursing, sound with sense, poetry with thought." Of these, No. I contained *Pippa Passes*, III and VII, many of his dramatic lyrics, and V, *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, which was produced by Macready the same year that it was published. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess, and took up his residence with her in Florence, Italy. There they lived in great happiness until her death fifteen years later, whereupon Browning returned to

England. While in Italy, his chief production was *Men and Women*, in two volumes, 1855, in which appeared many of his well-known poems. Of the many volumes that he published thereafter the most important are *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864; *The Ring and the Book*, 1868, his greatest achievement; and *Asolando*, 1890, his last book of poems. Browning died at his son's home, in Venice, December 12, 1890. He was buried in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

In his day Browning had to yield in popularity to his contemporary, Tennyson. Since then his vogue has grown greatly, and he has ceased to be regarded as a "difficult" poet. Most of the difficulties in Browning are due to the fact that he does not pretend to be logical in his poems; he follows the association of ideas as one suggests another. In his dramatic lyrics, it must be remembered, too, the hero is speaking, not the poet, whose purpose is merely to reproduce an intricate, psychological process, not to analyze it. Often, too, Browning attempts through the connotation of sounds to be suggestive as in music, rather than exactly informative. When he packs his poems with strange allusions and obscure references, then Browning presupposes too much in the reader and may justly be criticized.

In his philosophy the foremost idea is the value of developing one's personality or soul. In this, the will to effort, supplemented by courage and faith, is the most powerful force. The great sins to Browning are "sluggishness, indifference, sloth of living."

An excellent one-volume edition of Browning's poems is the Cambridge Edition, Houghton Mifflin Company. For his life, see G. K. Chesterton's in *English Men of Letters* series, and Mrs. Sutherland Orr's, Houghton Mifflin Company. For guides to the poems, see the latter's handbook, as well as those by E. Berdoo and G. W. Cooke.

PIPPA'S SONG

The song of the heroine in *Pippa Passes*.

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!

Pub. 1341.

CAVALIER TUNES

These three lyrics express superbly the gallant devotion of the Cavaliers to Charles I and the disdain in which they held the Puritans. The songs first appeared in the third number of *Bells and Pomegranates*.

Note the drum-beat throughout *Marching Along*.

I. MARCHING ALONG

Kentish Sir Byng¹ stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament² swing.
And, pressing³ a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk
droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles! Pym⁴ and such
carries⁵

¹ One of the BYNGs, a prominent Kentish family.

1. One of the byings, a prominent business leader,
2. The second bying, a prominent business leader,
3. The third bying, a prominent business leader,

4 Pym, Hampden, and Cromwell were the leaders

خبر

To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles! ¹

Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor
sup
Till you're —

Chorus.—Marching along, fifty-score
strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, sing-
ing this song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell.
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry,
as well!

England, good cheer! Rupert's is near! — 15
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,
Cho. — Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing
this song?

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his
snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent
carles!

Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, ⁴ fresh for the fight,
Cho. — March we along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing
this song!

2. GIVE A ROUSE

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

1. discussion

2 All Puritans.

$$3 \cdot 2 \cdot 1 = 6$$

Here in 1642 the King gathered the loyalists, raised his standard, and proclaimed civil war.

Who gave me¹ the goods that went since? 5
 Who raised me the house that sank once?
 Who helped me to gold I spent since?
 Who found² me in wine you drank once?

Cho. — King Charles, and who'll do him
 right now?

King Charles, and who's ripe for
 fight now? 10

Give a rouse: here's, in hell's
 despite now,

King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
 By the old fool's side that begot him?
 For whom did he cheer and laugh else, 15
 While Noll's³ damned troopers shot him?

Cho. — King Charles, and who'll do him
 right now?

King Charles, and who's ripe for
 fight now?

Give a rouse: here's, in hell's
 despite now

King Charles! 20

3. BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
 Rescue my castle before the hot day
 Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.

Cho. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd
 say; 5

Many's the friend there, will listen and
 pray

"God's luck to gallants that strike up the
 lay —

Cho. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
 Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads'
 array: 10

Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my
 fay,

Cho. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and
 gay,

Laughs when you talk of surrendering,
 "Nay!

I've better counsellors; what counsel
 they? 15

Cho. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Pub. 1842.

¹ The speaker here, as in the next poem, is an imaginary Cavalier.

² kept, supplied with.

³ Oliver Cromwell's.

MY LAST DUCHESS

FERRARA

The Duke shows the portrait of his late wife
 to the envoy from his fiancée's father.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
 Looking as if she were alive. I call

That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's
 hand

Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said

"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read 6
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,

The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
 But to myself they turned (since none puts

by
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I) 10

And seemed as they would ask me, if they
 durst,

How such a glance came there; so, not the
 first

Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot

Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps 15
 Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle

laps
 Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint

Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half-flush that dies along her throat:" such

stuff
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause 20

enough
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had

A heart — how shall I say? — too soon made
 glad,

Too easily impressed: she liked whate'er
 She looked on, and her looks went every-

where.
 Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast, 25

The dropping of the daylight in the West,
 The bough of cherries some officious fool

Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
 She rode with round the terrace — all and

each
 Would draw from her alike the approving

speech, 30
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men, —

good! but thanked
 Somehow — I know not how — as if she

ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name

With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill 35

In speech — (which I have not) — to make
 your will

Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this

¹ An imaginary painter-monk.

Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
 Or there exceed the mark" — and if she let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set 40
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
 — E'en then would be some stooping; and I
 choose
 Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no
 doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed with-
 out
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave
 commands; 45
 Then all smiles stopped together.¹ There she
 stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence 50
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity, 55
 Which Claus of Innsbruck² cast in bronze
 for me!

Pub. 1842.

SOLILOQUY OF THE SPANISH CLOISTER

Gr-r-r — there go, my heart's abhorrence!
 Water your damned flower-pots, do!
 If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
 God's blood, would not mine kill you!
 What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming? 5
 Oh, that rose has prior claims —
 Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?
 Hell dry you up with its flames!

At the meal we sit together:
*Salve tibi!*³ I must hear 10
 Wise talk of the kind of weather,
 Sort of season, time of year:
Not a plenteous cork-crop; scarcely
Dare we hope oak-galls, I doubt:
What's the Latin name for "parsley"? 15
 What's the Greek name for Swine's Snout?

Whew! We'll have our platter burnished,
 Laid with care on our own shelf!
 With a fire-new spoon we're furnished,
 And a goblet for ourself, 20
 Rinsed like something sacrificial

Ere 'tis fit to touch our chaps —
 Marked with L for our initial!
 (He-he! There his lily snaps!)

Saint, forsooth! While brown Dolores 25
 Squats outside the Convent bank
 With Sanchicha, telling stories,
 Steeping tresses in the tank,
 Blue-black, lustrous, thick like horsehairs,
 — Can't I see his dead eye glow, 30
 Bright as 'twere a Barbary corsair's?
 (That is, if he'd let it show!)

When he finishes refection,¹
 Knife and fork he never lays
 Cross-wise, to my recollection, 35
 As do I, in Jesu's praise.
 I the Trinity illustrate,
 Drinking watered orange-pulp —
 In three sips the Arian² frustrate;
 While he drains his at one gulp. 40

Oh, those melons! If he's able
 We're to have a feast! so nice!
 One goes to the Abbot's table,
 All of us get each a slice.
 How go on your flowers? None double? 45
 Not one fruit-sort can you spy?
 Strange! — And I, too, at such trouble
 Keep them close-nipped on the sly!

There's a great text in Galatians,
 Once you trip on it, entails 50
 Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
 One sure, if another fails:
 If I trip him just a-dying,
 Sure of heaven as sure can be,
 Spin him round and send him flying 55
 Off to hell, a Manichee?³

Or, my scrofulous French novel
 On gray paper with blunt type!
 Simply glance at it, you grovel
 Hand and foot in Belial's⁴ gripe: 60
 If I double down⁵ its pages
 At the woeful sixteenth print,
 When he gathers his greengages,⁶
 Ope a sieve and slip it in't?

Or, there's Satan! — one might venture 65
 Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave
 Such a flaw in the indenture⁷
 As he'd miss till, past retrieve,

¹ He had the Duchess put to death.

² Innsbruck in the Tyrol is famous for the well-known
 bronze statues of King Arthur, Theodoric, and others.

Claus, however, is an imaginary sculptor.

³ How are you?

¹ the meal.

² A believer in the creed of Arius regarding the Trinity.
³ Member of an early Christian sect that embraced
 some Eastern beliefs.

⁴ the devil's.

⁵ bend over

⁶ greenish plums

⁷ contract, bond.

Blasted lay that rose-acacia

We're so proud of! *Hy, Zy, Hine . . .* 70
'St, there's Vespers! *Plena gratiâ,*
*Ave, Virgo!*¹ Gr-r-r — you swine!

Pub. 1843.

THE LOST LEADER

The best explanation of the poem is contained in the following letter of Browning, written in reply to the question whether, in composing the piece, he had in mind Wordsworth after his defection from liberalism:

19 Warwick-Crescent, W., Feb. 24, '75

DEAR MR. GROSART, — I have been asked the question you now address me with, and as duly answered it, I can't remember how many times; there is no sort of objection to one more assurance or rather confession, on my part, that I *did* in my hasty youth presume to use the great and venerated personality of Wordsworth as a sort of painter's model; one from which this or the other particular feature may be selected and turned to account; had I intended more, above all, such a boldness as portraying the entire man, I should not have talked about "handfuls of silver and bits of ribbon." These never influenced the change of politics in the great poet, whose defection, nevertheless, accompanied as it was by a regular face-about of his special party, was to my juvenile apprehension, and even mature consideration, an event to deplore. But just as in the tapestry on my wall I can recognize figures which have *struck out* a fancy, on occasion, that though truly enough thus derived, yet would be preposterous as a copy, so, though I dare not deny the original of my little poem, I altogether refuse to have it considered as the "very effigies" of such a moral and intellectual superiority.

Faithfully yours,

ROBERT BROWNING

Just for the handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat —
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out
silver, 5
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags — were they purple, his heart had
been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him,
honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye, 10
Learned his great language, caught his clear
accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
1 Hail, Mary, full of grace.

Burns, Shelley, were with us, — they
watch from their graves!

He alone breaks from the van and the free-
men, — 15

He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!
We shall march prospering, — not through
his presence;

Songs may inspirit us, — not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done, — while he boasts his
quiescence,

Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade
aspire: 20

Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul
more,

One task more declined, one more footpath
untrod,

One more devils' triumph and sorrow for
angels,

One wrong more to man, one more insult to
God!

Life's night begins: let him never come back
to us! 25

There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part — the glimmer of
twilight,

Never glad confident morning again!

Best¹ fight on well, for we taught him —
strike gallantly,

Menace our heart ere we master his
own; 30

Then let him receive the new knowledge and
wait us,

Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

Pub. 1845.

MEETING AT NIGHT

This and the next poem are companion pieces, originally published under the title *Night and Morning*. The speaker in both poems is a man.

The gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow, 5
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match, 10
And a voice less loud, through its joys and
fears,

Than the two hearts beating each to each!

Pub. 1845.

1 i.e., for him.

2 i.e., almost defeat us before we conquer him.

PARTING AT MORNING

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim:
And straight was a path of gold for him,¹
And the need of a world of men for me.

Pub. 1845.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM
ABROAD

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood
sheaf 5
Round the elm-tree bole² are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard
bough
In England — now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the
swallows! 10
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the
hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent
spray's edge —
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song
twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture 15
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary
dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
— Far brighter than this gaudy melon-
flower! 20

Pub. 1845.

THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB
AT SAINT PRAXED'S CHURCH

Rome, 15—

Students of the Renaissance have praised this dramatic lyric highly for the manner in which it re-creates the temper of the age. Ruskin's estimate is often cited:

"I know no other piece of modern English, prose or poetry, in which there is so much told, as in these lines, of the Renaissance spirit, — its worldliness, inconsistency, pride, hypocrisy, ignorance of itself, love of art, of luxury, and of

1 the sun.

2 trunk.

good Latin. It is nearly all that I said of the central Renaissance in thirty pages of the *Stones of Venice*, put into as many lines, Browning's being also the antecedent work. The worst of it is that this kind of concentrated writing needs so much solution before the reader can fairly get the good of it, that people's patience fails them, and they give the thing up as insoluble; though, truly, it ought to be to the current of common thought like Saladin's talisman, dipped in clear water, not soluble altogether, but making the element medicinal."

Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity!
Draw round my bed: is Anselm keeping back?
Nephews — sons mine . . . ah God, I know
not! Well —

She, men would have to be your mother once,
Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was! 5
What's done is done, and she is dead beside,
Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since,
And as she died so must we die ourselves,
And thence ye may perceive the world's a
dream.

Life, how and what is it? As here I lie 10
In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,
Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask
"Do I live, am I dead?" Peace, peace seems
all.

Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace;
And so, about this tomb of mine. I fought 15
With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye
know:

— Old Gandolf cozened¹ me, despite my care;
Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner
South

He graced his carrion with, God curse the
same!

Yet still my niche is not so cramped but
thence 20

One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side,²
And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats,
And up into the aery dome where live
The angels, and a sunbeam's sure to lurk:
And I shall fill my slab of basalt there, 25
And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,
With those nine columns round me, two and
two,

The odd one at my feet where Anselm stands:
Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe
As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse.³⁰
— Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,³
Put me where I may look at him! True
peach,

Rosy and flawless: how I earned the prize!
Draw close: that conflagration of my church

1 cheated, fooled.

2 The side of the altar from which the Epistles of the New Testament are read. In the liturgy, this reading occurs between the collect and the Gospel.

3 A poorer marble.

— What then? So much was saved if aught
 were missed! ³⁵
 My sons, ye would not be my death? Go dig
 The white-grape vineyard where the oil-press
 stood,
 Drop water gently till the surface sink,
 And if ye find . . . Ah God, I know not, I! . . .
 Bedded in store of rotten fig-leaves soft, ⁴⁰
 And corded up in a tight olive-frail,¹
 Some lump, ah God, of *lapis lazuli*,
 Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,
 Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast . . .
 Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas, all, ⁴⁵
 That brave Frascati villa with its bath,
 So, let the blue lump poise between my knees,
 Like God the Father's globe on both his
 hands
 Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,
 For Gandolf shall not choose but see and
 burst! ⁵⁰
 Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years:
 Man goeth to the grave, and where is he?
 Did I say basalt for my slab, sons? Black —
 'Twas ever antique-black I meant! How
 else
 Shall ye contrast my frieze to come be-
 neath? ⁵⁵
 The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
 Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and per-
 chance
 Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,
 The Savior at his sermon on the mount,
 Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan ⁶⁰
 Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment
 off,
 And Moses with the tables . . . but I know
 Ye mark me not! What do they whisper
 thee,
 Child of my bowels, Anselm? Ah, ye hope
 To revel down my villas while I gasp ⁶⁵
 Bricked o'er with beggar's moldy travertine²
 Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles
 at!
 Nay, boys, ye love me — all of jasper, then!
 'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I grieve
 My bath must needs be left behind, alas! ⁷⁰
 One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,
 There's plenty jasper somewhere in the
 world —
 And have I not Saint Praxed's ear to pray
 Horses for ye, and brown³ Greek manu-
 scripts.
 And mistresses with great smooth marbly
 limbs? ⁷⁵
 — That's if ye carve my epitaph aright,

Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's¹ every
 word,
 No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line —
 Tully, my masters? Ulpian² serves his need!
 And then how I shall lie through centuries, ⁸⁰
 And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
 And see God made and eaten all day long,
 And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste
 Good strong thick stupefying incense-smoke!
 For as I lie here, hours of the dead night, ⁸⁵
 Dying in state and by such slow degrees.
 I fold my arms as if they clasped a crook,
 And stretch my feet forth straight as stone
 can point,
 And let the bedclothes, for a mortcloth, drop
 Into great laps and folds of sculptor's-work: ⁹⁰
 And as yon tapers dwindle, and strange
 thoughts
 Grow, with a certain humming in my ears,
 About the life before I lived this life,
 And this life too, popes, cardinals and priests,
 Saint Praxed at his sermon on the mount, ⁹⁵
 Your tall pale mother with her talking eyes,
 And new-found agate urns as fresh as day,
 And marble's language, Latin pure, discreet,
 — Aha, ELUCESCEBAT quoth our friend?
 No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best! ¹⁰⁰
 Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage.
 All *lapis*, all, sons! Else I give the Pope
 My villas! Will ye ever eat my heart?
 Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick, ¹⁰⁴
 They glitter like your mother's for my soul,
 Or ye would heighten my impoverished frieze,
 Piece out its starved design, and fill my vase
 With grapes, and add a visor and a Term,³
 And to the tripod ye would tie a lynx
 That in his struggle throws the thyrsus
 down, ¹¹⁰
 To comfort me on my entablature
 Whereon I am to lie till I must ask
 "Do I live, am I dead?" There, leave me,
 there!
 For ye have stabbed me with ingratitude
 To death — ye wish it — God, ye wish it!
 Stone — ¹¹⁵
 Gritstone,⁴ a-crumble! Clammy squares
 which sweat
 As if the corpse they keep were oozing
 through —
 And no more *lapis* to delight the world!
 Well, go! I bless ye. Fewer tapers there,
 But in a row: and, going, turn your backs ¹²⁰
 — Ay, like departing altar-ministrants,
 And leave me in my church, the church for
 peace,

¹ A rush basket for holding olives.² Ordinary marble from Tivoli.³ The color of old vellum.¹ Cicero's.² A minor Latin stylist.³ Bust or statue terminating or topping a stone shaft or pedestal.⁴ A soft stone.

That I may watch at leisure if he leers —
 Old Gandolf — at me, from his onion-stone,
 As still he envied me, so fair she was! 125

Pub. 1845.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

The setting of the poem is the Roman Campagna.

Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles
 Miles and miles
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep
 Half-asleep
 Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray
 or stop 5
 As they crop —
 Was the site once of a city great and gay,
 (So they say)
 Of our country's very capital, its prince
 Ages since 10
 Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding
 far
 Peace or war.

Now, — the country does not even boast a
 tree,
 As you see,
 To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills 15
 From the hills
 Intersect and give a name to, (else they run
 Into one,)
 Where the domed and daring palace shot its
 spires
 Up like fires 20
 O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
 Bounding all,
 Made of marble, men might march on nor
 be pressed,
 Twelve abreast.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of
 grass 25
 Never was!
 Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'er-
 spreads
 And embeds
 Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
 Stock or stone — 30
 Where a multitude of men breathed joy and
 woe
 Long ago;
 Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread
 of shame
 Struck them tame;

And that glory and that shame alike, the
 gold 35
 Bought and sold.

Now, — the single little turret that remains
 On the plains,
 By the caper ¹ overrooted, by the gourd
 Overscored, 40
 While the patching houseleek's head of
 blossom winks
 Through the chinks —
 Marks the basement whence a tower in
 ancient time
 Sprang sublime,
 And a burning ring, all round, the chariots
 traced 45
 As they raced,
 And the monarch and his minions and his
 dames
 Viewed the games.

And I know, while thus the quiet-colored eve
 Smiles to leave 50
 To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece
 In such peace,
 And the slopes and rills in undistinguished
 gray
 Melt away —
 That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair 55
 Waits me there
 In the turret whence the charioteers caught
 soul
 For the goal,
 When the king looked, where she looks now,
 breathless, dumb
 Till I come. 60

But he looked upon the city, every side,
 Far and wide,
 All the mountains topped with temples, all
 the glades'
 Colonnades,
 All the causeys,² bridges, aqueducts, — and
 then, 65
 All the men!
 When I do come, she will speak not, she will
 stand,
 Either hand
 On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
 Of my face, 70
 Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and
 speech
 Each on each.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
 South and North,
 And they built their gods a brazen pillar
 high 75
 As the sky,

¹ A plant, the buds of which are used for seasoning
 in cooking.
² highways.

Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full
force —

Gold, of course.

Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that
burns!

Earth's returns 80
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!

Shut them in,
With their triumphs and their glories and the
rest!

Love is best.

Pub. 1855.

UP AT A VILLA — DOWN IN THE CITY

(AS DISTINGUISHED BY AN ITALIAN PERSON
OF QUALITY)

Had I but plenty of money, money enough
and to spare,

The house for me, no doubt, were a house in
the city-square;

Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the
window there!

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to
hear, at least!

There, the whole day long, one's life is a
perfect feast: 5

While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it,
no more than a beast.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like the
horn of a bull

Just on a mountain-edge as bare as the
creature's skull,

Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf
to pull!

— I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the
hair's turned wool. 10

But the city, oh the city — the square with
the houses! Why?

They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's
something to take the eye!

Houses in four straight lines, not a single
front awry;

You watch who crosses and gossips, who
saunters, who hurries by;

Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw
when the sun gets high; 15

And the shops with fanciful signs which are
painted properly.

What of a villa? Though winter be over in
March by rights,

'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall have
withered well off the heights:

You've the brown ploughed land before,
where the oxen steam and wheeze,

And the hills over-smoked behind by the
faint gray olive-trees. 20

Is it better in May, I ask you? You've
summer all at once;

In a day he leaps complete with a few strong
April suns.

'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce
risen three fingers well,

The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out
its great red bell

Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the
children to pick and sell. 25

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a foun-
tain to spout and splash!

In the shade it sings and springs; in the shine
such foambows flash

On the horses with curling fish-tails, that
prance and paddle and pash

Round the lady atop in her conch — fifty
gazers do not abash,

Though all that she wears is some weeds
round her waist in a sort of sash. 30

All the year long at the villa, nothing to see
though you linger,

Except yon cypress that points like death's
lean lifted forefinger.

Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix
i' the corn and mingle,

Or thrud the stinking hemp till the stalks of
it seem a-tingle.

Late August or early September, the stunning
cicala is shrill; 35

And the bees keep their tiresome whine
round the resinous firs on the hill.

Enough of the seasons, — I spare you the
months of the fever and chill.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the
blessed church-bells begin:

No sooner the bells leave off than the dili-
gence rattles in:

You get the pick of the news, and it costs you
never a pin. 40

By and by there's the travelling doctor gives
pills, lets blood, draws teeth;

Or the Pulcinello-trumpet¹ breaks up the
market beneath.

At the post-office such a scene-picture — the
new play, piping hot!

¹ The bugle-call announcing the beginning of the
Punch and Judy show.

And a notice how, only this morning, three
 liberal thieves were shot.
 Above it, behold the Archbishop's most
 fatherly of rebukes, 45
 And beneath, with his crown and his lion,
 some little new law of the Duke's!
 Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the
 Reverend Don So-and-so,
 Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Saint
 Jerome, and Cicero,
 "And moreover," (the sonnet goes rhyming,)
 "the skirts of Saint Paul has reached,
 Having preached us those six Lent-lect-
 ures more unctuous than ever he
 preached." 50
 Noon strikes, — here sweeps the procession!
 our Lady borne smiling and smart
 With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and
 seven swords stuck in her heart!
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-
 tootle* the fife;
 No keeping one's haunches still: it's the
 greatest pleasure in life.

But bless you, it's dear — it's dear! fowls,
 wine, at double the rate. 55
 They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and
 what oil pays passing the gate
 It's horror to think of. And so, the villa for
 me, not the city!
 Beggars can scarcely be choosers: but still,
 ah, the pity, the pity!
 Look, two and two go the priests, then the
 monks with cowls and sandals,
 And the penitents dressed in white shirts,
 a-holding the yellow candles; 60
 One, he carries a flag up straight, and another
 a cross with handles,
 And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for
 the better prevention of scandals:
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-
 tootle* the fife.
 Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such
 pleasure in life!

Pub. 1855.

A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S

Baldassare Galuppi (1706–85) was an Italian composer of spirited music, chiefly operas. A toccata is a light musical composition depending mainly, as the name implies, upon touch.

Oh Galuppi, Baldassare, this is very sad to
 find!
 I can hardly misconceive you; it would prove
 me deaf and blind;
 But although I take your meaning, 'tis with
 such a heavy mind!

Here you come with your old music, and
 here's all the good it brings.
 What, they lived once thus at Venice where
 the merchants were the kings, 15
 Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used
 to wed the sea with rings?

Ay, because the sea's the street there; and
 'tis arched by . . . what you call
 . . . Shylock's bridge¹ with houses on it,
 where they kept the carnival:
 I was never out of England — it's as if I saw
 it all.

Did young people take their pleasure when
 the sea was warm in May? 20
 Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning
 ever to mid-day,
 When they made up fresh adventures for
 the morrow, do you say?

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and
 lips so red, 25
 On her neck the small face buoyant, like a
 bell-flower on its bed,
 O'er the breast's superb abundance where a
 man might base his head? 30

Well, and it was graceful of them — they'd
 break talk off and afford
 — She, to bite her mask's black velvet —
 he, to finger on his sword,
 While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at
 the clavichord?

What? Those lesser² thirds so plaintive,
 sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,
 Told them something? Those suspen-
 sions,³ those solutions⁴ — "Must we
 die?" 35
 Those commiserating⁵ sevenths⁵ — "Life
 might last! we can but try!"

"Were you happy?" — "Yes." — "And are
 you still as happy?" — "Yes. And
 you?"
 — "Then, more kisses!" — "Did I stop
 them, when a million seemed so
 few?"

¹ The Rialto.

² Thirds and sixths in music are intervals embracing three and six tones, respectively, of the ordinary scale. These intervals are called major. If the interval is reduced a half tone, it is called lesser or minor. If reduced still another half tone, it is said to be diminished. Minor and diminished intervals usually sound plaintive or sad.

³ A suspension is a special kind of dissonance.

⁴ A solution or resolution is the concord following a dissonance.

⁵ Intervals of seven tones. "Commiserating" suggests that they were minor, or less a half tone.

Hark, the dominant's persistence¹ till it must
be answered to!

So, an octave struck the answer. Oh, they
praised you, I dare say! 25

"Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike
at grave and gay!

I can always leave off talking when I hear a
master play!"

Then they left you for their pleasure: till in
due time, one by one,

Some with lives that came to nothing, some
with deeds as well undone,

Death stepped tacitly and took them where
they never see the sun. 30

But when I sit down to reason, think to take
my stand nor swerve,

While I triumph o'er a secret wrung from
nature's close reserve,

In you come with your cold music till I creep
through every nerve.

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking
where a house was burned:

"Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice
spent what Venice earned. 35

The soul, doubtless, is immortal — where a
soul can be discerned.

"Yours for instance: you know physics,
something of geology,

Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall
rise in their degree;

Butterflies may dread extinction, — you'll
not die, it cannot be!

"As for Venice and her people, merely born
to bloom and drop, 40

Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth
and folly were the crop:

What of soul was left, I wonder, when the
kissing had to stop?

"Dust and ashes!" So you creak it, and I
want the heart to scold.

Dear dead women, with such hair, too —
what's become of all the gold

Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel
chilly and grown old. 45

Pub. 1855.

¹ The dominant is a chord based upon the fifth note of the scale. It is called "persistent" because it usually requires a tonic (a chord based on the first note of the scale) to follow.

ONE WAY OF LOVE

All June I bound the rose in sheaves.
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves
And strew them where Pauline may pass.
She will not turn aside? Alas!
Let them lie. Suppose they die? 5
The chance was they might take her eye.

How many a month I strove to suit
These stubborn fingers to the lute!
To-day I venture all I know.
She will not hear my music? So! 10
Break the string; fold music's wing:
Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

My whole life long I learned to love.
This hour my utmost art I prove
And speak my passion — heaven or hell? 15
She will not give me heaven? 'Tis well!
Lose who may — I still can say,
Those who win heaven, blest are they!

Pub. 1855.

RESPECTABILITY

The lovers in this poem are supposed to be
George Sand and Jules Sandeau, strolling at
night in Paris.

Dear, had the world in its caprice
Deigned to proclaim "I know you both
Have recognized your plighted troth,
Am sponsor for you: live in peace!" — 5
How many precious months and years
Of youth had passed, that speed so
fast,

Before we found it out at last,
The world, and what it fears!

How much of priceless life were spent
With men that every virtue decks, 10
And women models of their sex,
Society's true ornament, —
Ere we dared wander, nights like this,
Through wind and rain, and watch the
Seine,
And feel the Boulevard break again 15
To warmth and light and bliss!

I know! the world proscribes not love;
Allows my finger to caress
Your lips' contour and downiness,
Provided it supply a glove. 20
The world's good word! — the Institute! ¹

¹ The Institute of France, composed of five academies, election to which depends upon achievement in art, science, or literature.

Guizot receives Montalembert!
 Eh? Down the court three lampions¹ flare:
 Put forward your best foot!

Pub. 1855.

THE GUARDIAN-ANGEL

The picture of the angel and child that Browning describes in the following poem is in the church of St. Augustine at Fano.

A PICTURE AT FANO

Dear and great Angel, wouldst thou only
 leave

That child, when thou hast done with him,
 for me!

Let me sit all the day here, that when eve

Shall find performed thy special ministry,
 And time come for departure, thou, suspend-
 ing,

Thy flight, may'st see another child for tend-
 ing,

Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,
 From where thou standest now, to where I
 gaze,

— And suddenly my head is covered o'er¹⁰
 With those wings, white above the child
 who prays

Now on that tomb — and I shall feel thee
 guarding

Me, out of all the world; for me, discarding
 Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes
 its door.

I would not look up thither past thy head¹⁵
 Because the door opes, like that child, I
 know,

For I should have thy gracious face instead,
 Thou bird of God! And wilt thou bend
 me low

Like him, and lay, like his, my hands to-
 gether,

And lift them up to pray, and gently tether²⁰
 Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garment's
 spread.

If this was ever granted, I would rest
 My head beneath thine, while thy healing
 hands

Close-covered both my eyes beside thy breast,
 Pressing the brain, which too much thought
 expands,

Back to its proper size again, and smoothing²⁵
 Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
 And all lay quiet, happy and suppressed.

¹ i.e., a highly respectable party is being given.

How soon all worldly wrong would be re-
 paired!

I think how I should view the earth and
 skies

And sea, when once again my brow was bared³⁰
 After thy healing, with such different eyes.

O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:
 And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.

What further may be sought for or de-
 clared?

35

Guercino drew this angel I saw teach

(Alfred, ¹ dear friend!) — that little child to
 pray,

Holding the little hands up, each to each
 Pressed gently, — with his own head
 turned away

Over the earth where so much lay before
 him

Of work to do, though heaven was opening⁴⁰
 o'er him,

And he was left at Fano by the beach.

We were at Fano, and three times we went

To sit and see him in his chapel there,
 And drink his beauty to our soul's content⁴¹

— My angel² with me too: and since I care

For dear Guercino's fame (to which in power
 And glory comes this picture for a dower,

Fraught with a pathos so magnificent) —

And since he did not work thus earnestly⁵⁰

At all times, and has else endured some
 wrong —

I took one thought his picture struck from
 me,

And spread it out, translating it to song.

My love is here. Where are you, dear old
 friend?³

How rolls the Wairoa⁴ at your world's far
 end?

55

This is Ancona,⁵ yonder is the sea.

Pub. 1855.

MEMORABILIA

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,

And did he stop and speak to you,

And did you speak to him again?

How strange it seems and new!

But you were living before that,

5

And also you are living after;

¹ Alfred Domett, a close friend of Browning's in their younger days in London, at this time a Government official in New Zealand. Browning describes him in *Waring*, which he wrote after Domett's departure from England.

² Mrs. Browning.

⁴ In New Zealand.

³ Alfred Domett.

⁵ A seaside city in Italy.

And the memory I started at —
My starting moves your laughter!

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
And a certain use in the world no doubt, 10
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I picked up on the heather,
And there I put inside my breast,
A molted feather, an eagle feather! 15
Well, I forget the rest.

Pub. 1855.

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER

I said — Then, dearest, since 'tis so,
Since now at length my fate I know,
Since nothing all my love avails,
Since all, my life seemed meant for, fails,
Since this was written and needs must
be 5

My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name in pride and thankfulness!
Take back the hope you gave, — I claim
Only a memory of the same,
— And this beside, if you will not blame, 10
Your leave for one more last ride with me.

My mistress bent that brow of hers;
Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs
When pity would be softening through,
Fixed me a breathing-while or two 15

With life or death in the balance: right!
The blood replenished me again;
My last thought was at least not vain:
I and my mistress, side by side
Shall be together, breathe and ride, 20
So, one day more am I deified.

Who knows but the world may end to-
night?

Hush! if you saw some western cloud
All billowy-bosomed, over-bowed
By many benedictions — sun's 25
And moon's and evening-star's at once —

And so, you, looking and loving best,
Conscious grew, your passion drew
Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine too,
Down on you, near and yet more near, 30
Till flesh must fade for heaven was here! —
Thus leant she and lingered — joy and fear!
Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

Then we began to ride. My soul
Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll 35
Freshening and fluttering in the wind.
Past hopes already lay behind.

What need to strive with a life awry?
Had I said that, had I done this,
So might I gain, so might I miss. 40
Might she have loved me? just as well
She might have hated, who can tell!
Where had I been now if the worst befell?
And here we are riding, she and I.

Fail I alone, in words and deeds? 45
Why, all men strive, and who succeeds?
We rode; it seemed my spirit flew,
Saw other regions, cities new,
As the world rushed by on either side.
I thought, — All labor, yet no less 50
Bear up beneath their unsuccess.
Look at the end of work, contrast
The petty done, the undone vast,
This present of theirs with the hopeful past!
I hoped she would love me; here we ride. 55

What hand and brain went ever paired?
What heart alike conceived and dared?
What act proved all its thought had been?
What will but felt the fleshly screen?
We ride and I see her bosom heave! 60
There's many a crown for who can reach.
Ten lines, a statesman's life in each!
The flag stuck on a heap of bones,
A soldier's doing! what atones?
They scratch his name on the Abbey¹
stones, 65
My riding is better, by their leave.

What does it all mean, poet? Well,
Your brains beat into rhythm, you tell
What we felt only; you expressed
You hold things beautiful the best, 70
And place them in rhyme so, side by
side.

'Tis something, nay 'tis much: but then,
Have you yourself what's best for men?
Are you — poor, sick, old ere your time —
Nearer one whit your own sublime 75
Than we who never have turned a rhyme?
Sing, riding's a joy! For me, I ride.

And you, great sculptor — so, you gave
A score of years to Art, her slave,
And that's your Venus, whence we turn 80
To yonder girl that fords the burn!

You acquiesce, and shall I repine?
What, man of music, you grown gray
With notes and nothing else to say,
Is this your sole praise from a friend, 85
"Greatly his opera's strains intend,
But in music we know how fashions end!"

I gave my youth; but we ride, in fine.

¹ Westminster Abbey.

Who knows what's fit for us? Had fate
 Proposed bliss here should sublimate 90
 My being — had I signed the bond —
 Still one must lead some life beyond,
 Have a bliss to die with, dim-described.
 This foot once planted on the goal,
 This glory-garland round my soul, 95
 Could I descry such? Try and test!
 I sink back shuddering from the quest.
 Earth being so good, would heaven seem best?
 Now, heaven and she are beyond this ride.

And yet — she has not spoke so long! 100
 What if heaven be that, fair and strong
 At life's best, with our eyes upturned
 Whither life's flower is first discerned,
 We, fixed so, ever should so abide?
 What if we still ride on, we two, 105
 With life forever old yet new,
 Changed not in kind but in degree,
 The instant made eternity, —
 And heaven just proved that I and she
 Ride, ride together, forever ride? 110

Pub. 1855.

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

SHORTLY AFTER THE REVIVAL OF LEARN-
 ING IN EUROPE

Let us begin and carry up this corpse,
 Singing together.
 Leave we the common crofts,¹ the vulgar
 thorpes²
 Each in its tether
 Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain, 5
 Cared-for till cock-crow:
 Look out if yonder be not day again
 Rimming the rock-row!
 That's the appropriate country; there, man's
 thought,
 Rarer, intenser, 10
 Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
 Chafes in the censer.
 Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and
 crop;
 Seek we sepulture
 On a tall mountain, citied to the top, 15
 Crowded with culture!
 All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels;
 Clouds overcome it;
 No! yonder sparkle is the citadel's
 Circling its summit. 20
 Thither our path lies; wind we up the heights;
 Wait ye the warning?
 Our low life was the level's and the night's;
 He's for the morning.

¹ small farms.

² villages.

Step to a tune, square chests, erect each
 head, 25
 'Ware the beholders!
 This is our master, famous, calm and dead,
 Borne on our shoulders.
 Sleep, crop and herd! sleep, darkling thorpe
 and croft,
 Safe from the weather! 30
 He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,
 Singing together,
 He was a man born with thy face and throat
 Lyric Apollo!
 Long he lived nameless: how should Spring
 take note 35
 Winter would follow?
 Till lo, the little touch, and youth was gone!
 Cramped and diminished,
 Moaned he, "New measures, other feet
 anon!
 My dance is finished?" 40
 No, that's the world's way: (keep the moun-
 tain-side,
 Make for the city!)
 He knew the signal, and stepped on with
 pride
 Over men's pity;
 Left play for work, and grappled with the
 world 45
 Bent on escaping:
 "What's in the scroll," quoth he, "thou keep-
 est furled?
 Show me their shaping,
 Theirs who most studied man, the bard and
 sage, —
 Give!" — So, he gowned him, 50
 Straight got by heart that book to its last
 page:
 Learned, we found him.
 Yea, but we found him bald too, eyes like
 lead,
 Accents uncertain:
 "Time to taste life," another would have
 said, 55
 "Up with the curtain!"
 This man said rather, "Actual life comes
 next?
 Patience a moment!
 Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed
 text,
 Still there's the comment. 60
 Let me know all! Prate not of most or
 least,
 Painful or easy!
 Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,
 Ay, nor feel queasy."
 Oh, such a life as he resolved to live, 65
 When he had learned it,

When he had gathered all books had to give!
 Sooner, he spurned it.
 Image the whole, then execute the parts —
 Fancy the fabric 70
 Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from
 quartz,
 Ere mortar dab brick!

(Here's the town-gate reached: there's the
 market-place
 Gaping before us.)

Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace 75
 (Hearten our chorus!)

That before living he'd learn how to live —
 No end to learning:

Earn the means first — God surely will con-
 trive

Use for our earning. 80

Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes:
 Live now or never!"

He said, "What's time? Leave Now for
 dogs and apes!

Man has Forever."

Back to his book then: deeper drooped his
 head: 85

*Calculus*¹ racked him:

Lead en before, his eyes grew dross of lead:

*Tussis*² attacked him.

"Now, master, take a little rest!" — not
 he!

(Caution redoubled, 90

Step two abreast, the way winds narrowly!)

Not a whit troubled,

Back to his studies, fresher than at first,

Fierce as a dragon

He (soul-hydroptic³ with a sacred thirst) 95

Sucked at the flagon.

Oh, if we draw a circle premature,

Heedless of far gain,

Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure

Bad is our bargain! 100

Was it not great? did he not throw on God,
 (He loves the burthen) —

God's task to make the heavenly period

Perfect the earthen?

Did he not magnify the mind, show clear 105

Just what it all meant?

He would not discount life, as fools do here,

Paid by instalment.

He ventured neck or nothing — heaven's
 success

Found, or earth's failure: 110

"Wilt thou trust death or not?" He an-
 swered "Yes!

Hence with life's pale lure!"

That low man seeks a little thing to do,

Sees it and does it:

This high man, with a great thing to pursue,

Dies ere he knows it. 116

That low man goes on adding one to one,

His hundred's soon hit:

This high man, aiming at a million,

Misses an unit. 120

That, has the world here — should he need
 the next,

Let the world mind him!

This, throws himself on God, and unper-
 plexed

Seeking shall find him.

So, with the throttling hands of death at
 strife, 125

Ground he at grammar;

Still, through the rattle, parts of speech were
 rife:

While he could stammer

He settled *Hoti's* business — let it be! —

Properly based *Oun* — 130

Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,¹

Dead from the waist down.

Well, here's the platform, here's the proper
 place:

Hail to your purlieus,

All ye highfliers of the feathered race, 135

Swallows and curlews!

Here's the top-peak; the multitude below

Live, for they can, there:

This man decided not to Live but Know —

Bury this man there? 140

Here — here's his place, where meteors
 shoot, clouds form,

Lightnings are loosened,

Stars come and go! Let joy break with the
 storm,

Peace let the dew send!

Lofty designs must close in like effects: 145

Loftily lying,

Leave him — still loftier than the world
 suspects,

Living and dying.

Pub. 1855.

THE STATUE AND THE BUST

Browning gave the following answers to ques-
 tions put to him regarding the poem: "1. 'This
 story the townsmen tell;' 'when, how, and
 where,' constitutes the subject of the poem.
 2. The lady was the wife of Riccardi; and the
 duke, Ferdinand, just as the poem says. 3. As
 it was built by, and inhabited by, the Medici

1 Stones in the bladder or kidney.

2 coughing.

3 Thirsty with a thirst that becomes more intense as
 e drinks.

1 The three words are particles or enclitics in Greek
 which indicate fine shades of meaning. Browning's
 Grammarian was able to fix these nice discriminations.

till sold, long after, to the Riccardi, it was not from the duke's palace, but a window in that of the Riccardi, that the lady gazed at her lover riding by. The statue is still in its place, looking at the window under which 'now is the empty shrine.' Can anything be clearer?"

Note the use of the *terza rima* of Dante: *aba, bcb, cdc*, etc.

There's a palace in Florence, the world knows well,

And a statue watches it from the square,
And this story of both do our townsmen tell.

Ages ago, a lady there,
At the farthest window facing the East 5
Asked, "Who rides by with the royal air?"

The bridesmaids' prattle around her ceased;
She leaned forth, one on either hand;
They saw how the blush of the bride increased —

They felt by its beats her heart expand — 10
As one at each ear and both in a breath
Whispered, "The Great-Duke Ferdinand."

That selfsame instant, underneath,
The Duke rode past in his idle way,
Empty and fine like a swordless sheath. 15

Gay he rode, with a friend as gay,
Till he threw his head back — "Who is she?"
— "A bride the Riccardi brings home to-day."

Hair in heaps lay heavily
Over a pale brow spirit-pure — 20
Carved like the heart of the coal-black tree,

Crisped like a war-steed's encolure —
And vainly sought to dissemble her eyes
Of the blackest black our eyes endure,

And lo, a blade for a knight's emprise 25
Filled the fine empty sheath of a man, —
The Duke grew straightway brave and wise.

He looked at her, as a lover can;
She looked at him, as one who awakes:
The past was a sleep, and her life began. 30

Now, love so ordered for both their sakes,
A feast was held that selfsame night
In the pile which the mighty shadow makes.

(For Via Larga is three-parts light,
But the palace overshadows one, 35
Because of a crime, which may God requite!

To Florence and God the wrong was done,
Through the first republic's murder there
By Cosimo¹ and his cursed son.)

The Duke (with the statue's face in the square) 40

Turned in the midst of his multitude
At the bright approach of the bridal pair.

Face to face the lovers stood
A single minute and no more,
While the bridegroom bent as a man subdued — 45

Bowed till his bonnet brushed the floor —
For the Duke on the lady a kiss conferred,
As the courtly custom was of yore.

In a minute can lovers exchange a word?
If a word did pass, which I do not think, 50
Only one out of a thousand heard.

That was the bridegroom. At day's brink
He and his bride were alone at last
In a bed chamber by a taper's blink.

Calmly he said that her lot was cast, 55
That the door she had passed was shut on her
Till the final catafalk repassed.

The world meanwhile, its noise and stir, 58
Through a certain window facing the East
She could watch like a convent's chronicler.

Since passing the door might lead to a feast,
And a feast might lead to so much beside,
He, of many evils, chose the least.

"Freely I choose too," said the bride —
"Your window and its world suffice," 63
Replied the tongue, while the heart replied —

"If I spend the night with that devil twice,
May his window serve as my loop of hell
Whence a damned soul looks on paradise!

"I fly to the Duke who loves me well, 70
Sit by his side and laugh at sorrow
Ere I count another ave-bell.

"'Tis only the coat of a page to borrow,
And tie my hair in a horse-boy's trim.
And I save my soul — but not to-morrow" — 75

¹ Cosimo de' Medici, 1389-1464, head of the Florentine Republic.

(She checked herself and her eye grew dim)
 "My father tarries to bless my state:
 I must keep it one day more for him.

"Is one day more so long to wait?
 Moreover the Duke rides past, I know; 80
 We shall see each other, sure as fate."

She turned on her side and slept. Just so!
 So we resolve on a thing and sleep:
 So did the lady, ages ago.

That night the Duke said, "Dear or cheap 85
 As the cost of this cup of bliss may prove
 To body or soul, I will drain it deep."

And on the morrow, bold with love,
 He beckoned the bridegroom (close on call,
 As his duty bade, by the Duke's alcove) 90

And smiled "'Twas a very funeral,
 Your lady will think, this feast of ours, —
 A shame to efface, whate'er befall!

"What if we break from the Arno bowers,
 And try if Petraja, cool and green, 95
 Cure last night's fault with this morning's
 flowers?"

The bridegroom, not a thought to be seen
 On his steady brow and quiet mouth,
 Said, "Too much favor for me so mean!

"But, alas! my lady leaves the South; 100
 Each wind that comes from the Apennine
 Is a menace to her tender youth:

"Nor a way exists, the wise opine,
 If she quits her palace twice this year,
 To avert the flower of life's decline." 105

Quoth the Duke, "A sage and a kindly fear.
 Moreover Petraja is cold this spring:
 Be our feast to-night as usual here!"

And then to himself — "Which night shall
 bring
 Thy bride to her lover's embraces, fool — 110
 Or I am the fool, and thou art the king!

"Yet my passion must wait a night, nor
 cool —
 For to-night the Envoy arrives from France
 Whose heart I unlock with thyself, my tool.

"I need thee still and might miss per-
 chance. 115
 i.e., is from.

To-day is not wholly lost, beside,
 With its hope of my lady's countenance:

"For I ride — what should I do but ride?
 And passing her palace, if I list,
 May glance at its window — well betide!"

So said, so done: nor the lady missed 120
 One ray that broke from the ardent brow,
 Nor a curl of the lips where the spirit
 kissed.

Be sure that each renewed the vow,
 No morrow's sun should arise and set. 125
 And leave them then as it left them now.

But next day passed, and next day yet,
 With still fresh cause to wait one day more
 Ere each leaped over the parapet.

And still, as love's brief morning wore, 130
 With a gentle start, half smile, half sigh,
 They found love not as it seemed before.

They thought it would work infallibly,
 But not in despite of heaven and earth:
 The rose would blow when the storm passed
 by. 135

Meantime they could profit in winter's dearth
 By store of fruits that supplant the rose:
 The world and its ways have a certain worth:

And to press a point while these oppose
 Were simple policy; better wait: 140
 We lose no friends and we gain no foes.

Meantime, worse fates than a lover's fate,
 Who daily may ride and pass and look
 Where his lady watches behind the grate!

And she — she watched the square like a
 book 145
 Holding one picture and only one,
 Which daily to find she undertook:

When the picture was reached the book was
 done,
 And she turned from the picture at night to
 scheme
 Of tearing it out for herself next sun. 150

So weeks grew months, years; gleam by
 gleam
 The glory dropped from their youth and
 love,
 And both perceived they had dreamed a
 dream;

Which hovered as dreams do, still above:
But who can take a dream for a truth? 155
Oh, hide our eyes from the next remove!

One day as the lady saw her youth
Depart, and the silver thread that streaked
Her hair, and, worn by the serpent's tooth,

The brow so puckered, the chin so peaked, —
And wondered who the woman was, 161
Hollow-eyed and haggard-cheeked,

Fronting her silent in the glass —
"Summon here," she suddenly said,
"Before the rest of my old self pass, 165

"Him, the Carver, a hand to aid,
Who fashions the clay no love will change,
And fixes a beauty never to fade.

"Let Robbia's ¹ craft so apt and strange
Arrest the remains of young and fair, 170
And rivet them while the seasons range.

"Make me a face on the window there,
Waiting as ever, mute the while,
My love to pass below in the square!

"And let me think that it may beguile 175
Dreary days which the dead must spend
Down in their darkness under the aisle,

"To say, 'What matters it at the end?
I did no more while my heart was warm
Than does that image, my pale-faced friend.'

"Where is the use of lip's red charm, 181
The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,
And the blood that blues the inside arm —

"Unless we turn, as the soul knows how,
The earthly gift to an end divine? 185
A lady of clay is as good, I trow."

But long ere Robbia's cornice, fine,
With flowers and fruits which leaves enlace,
Was set where now is the empty shrine —

(And, leaning out of a bright blue space, 190
As a ghost might lean from a chink of sky,
The passionate pale lady's face —

Eying ever, with earnest eye
And quick-turned neck at its breathless
stretch,
Some one who ever is passing by —) 195

¹ Robbia made the bust, but which della Robbia is un-
certain.

The Duke had sighed like the simplest wretch
In Florence, "Youth — my dream escapes!
Will its record stay?" And he bade them
fetch

Some subtle molder of brazen shapes —
"Can the soul, the will, die out of a man
Ere his body find the grave that gapes? 201

"John of Douay ² shall effect my plan,
Set me on horseback here aloft,
Alive, as the crafty sculptor can,

"In the very square I have crossed so
oft: 205
That men may admire, when future suns
Shall touch the eyes to a purpose soft,

"While the mouth and the brow stay brave
in bronze —
Admire and say, 'When he was alive
How he would take his pleasure once!' 210

"And it shall go hard but I contrive
To listen the while, and laugh in my tomb
At idleness which aspires to strive."

So! While these wait the trump of doom,
How do their spirits pass, I wonder, 215
Nights and days in the narrow room?

Still, I suppose, they sit and ponder
What a gift life was, ages ago,
Six steps out of the chapel yonder.

Only they see not God, I know, 220
Nor all that chivalry of his,
The soldier-saints who, row on row,

Burn upward each to his point of bliss —
Since, the end of life being manifest,
He had burned his way through the world to
this. 225

I hear you reproach, "But delay was best,
For their end was a crime." — Oh, a crime
will do
As well, I reply, to serve for a test,

As a virtue golden through and through,
Sufficient to vindicate itself 230
And prove its worth at a moment's view!

Must a game be played for the sake of
pelf?

Where a button goes, 'twere an epigram
To offer the stamp of the very Guelph.

² A sculptor from Bologna, who made the statue in 1603.

The true has no value beyond the sham: 235
 As well the counter as coin, I submit,
 When your table's a hat, and your prize, a
 dram.

Stake your counter as boldly every whit,
 Venture as warily, use the same skill, 239
 Do your best, whether winning or losing it,

If you choose to play! — is my principle.
 Let a man contend to the uttermost
 For his life's set prize, be it what it will!

The counter our lovers staked was lost
 As surely as if it were lawful coin: 245
 And the sin I impute to each frustrate
 ghost

Is — the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
 Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.
 You of the virtue (we issue join)
 How strive you? *De te, fabula!* 250

Pub. 1855.

“CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME”

See Edgar's song in *Lear*

Childe Roland, a knight on a journey to a strange dark tower, which other knights have failed to reach, recounts the difficulties of his quest. The poem takes up the story after Childe Roland has received suspicious directions from a hoary cripple.

Browning said several times that *Childe Roland* was not an allegory, but simply an imaginative poem based upon a line in Shakespeare. Numerous interpretations of the underlying meaning of the poem have been suggested. Browning himself admitted once that the theme of the poem might be, “Follow an ideal; endure to the end.”

My first thought was, he lied in every word,
 That hoary cripple, with malicious eye
 Askance to watch the working of his lie
 On mine, and mouth scarce able to afford
 Suppression of the glee, that pursed and
 scored 5
 Its edge, at one more victim gained thereby.

What else should he be set for, with his
 staff?

What, save to waylay with his lies, ensnare
 All travellers who might find him posted
 there,
 And ask the road? I guessed what skull-
 like laugh 16

1 This is your story.

Would break, what crutch 'gin write my
 epitaph
 For pastime in the dusty thoroughfare,

If at his counsel I should turn aside
 Into that ominous tract which, all agree,
 Hides the Dark Tower. Yet acquiesc-
 ingly 15

I did turn as he pointed: neither pride
 Nor hope rekindling at the end descried,
 So much as gladness that some end might
 be.

For, what with my whole world-wide wander-
 ing,
 What with my search drawn out through
 years, my hope 20

Dwindled into a ghost not fit to cope
 With that obstreperous joy success would
 bring, —

I hardly tried now to rebuke the spring
 My heart made, finding failure in its scope.

As when a sick man very near to death 25
 Seems dead indeed, and feels begin and
 end

The tears, and takes the farewell of each
 friend,

And hears one bid the other go, draw breath
 Freelier outside, (“since all is o’er,” he saith,
 “And the blow fallen no grieving can
 amend;”) 30

While some discuss if near the other graves
 Be room enough for this, and when a
 day

Suits best for carrying the corpse away,
 With care about the banners, scarves and
 staves:

And still the man hears all, and only craves 35
 He may not shame such tender love and
 stay.

Thus, I had so long suffered in this quest,
 Heard failure prophesied so oft, been
 writ

So many times among “The Band” — to
 wit,

The knights who to the Dark Tower's search
 addressed 40

Their steps — that just to fail as they, seemed
 best,

And all the doubt was now — should I be
 fit?

So, quiet as despair, I turned from him,
 That hateful cripple, out of his highway
 Into the path he pointed. All the day 45

Had been a dreary one at best, and dim
Was settling to its close, yet shot one grim
Red leer to see the plain catch its estray.¹

For mark! no sooner was I fairly found
Pledged to the plain, after a pace or two, 50
Than, pausing to throw backward a last
view

O'er the safe road, 'twas gone; gray plain all
round:

Nothing but plain to the horizon's bound.
I might go on; naught else remained to do.

So, on I went. I think I never saw 55
Such starved ignoble nature; nothing
throve:

For flowers — as well expect a cedar grove!
But cockle, spurge,² according to their law
Might propagate their kind, with none to awe,
You'd think: a burr had been a treasure
trove. 60

No! penury, inertness and grimace,
In some strange sort, were the land's por-
tion. "See

Or shut your eyes," said Nature peevishly,
"It nothing skills: I cannot help my case:
'Tis the Last Judgment's fire must cure this
place, 65
Calcine³ its clods and set my prisoners free."

If there pushed any ragged thistle-stalk
Above its mates, the head was chopped;
the bents⁴

Were jealous else. What made those holes
and rents
In the dock's⁵ harsh swarth leaves, bruised as
to balk 70

All hope of greenness? 'tis a brute must walk
Pashing⁶ their life out, with a brute's in-
tents.

As for the grass, it grew as scant as hair
In leprosy; thin dry blades pricked the mud
Which underneath looked kneaded up with
blood. 75

One stiff blind horse, his every bone a-stare,
Stood stupefied, however he came there:
Thrust out past service from the devil's
stud!

Alive? he might be dead for aught I know,
With that red gaunt and colloped⁷ neck a-
strain, 80

And shut eyes underneath the rusty mane;
Seldom went such grotesqueness with such
woe;

I never saw a brute I hated so;
He must be wicked to deserve such pain.

I shut my eyes and turned them on my
heart. 85

As a man calls for wine before he fights,
I asked one draught of earlier, happier
sights,

Ere fitly I could hope to play my part.
Think first, fight afterwards — the soldier's
art:

One taste of the old time sets all to rights.

Not it! I fancied Cuthbert's reddening face 90
Beneath its garniture of curly gold,
Dear fellow, till I almost felt him fold
An arm in mine to fix me to the place,
That way he used. Alas, one night's dis-
grace. 95

Out went my heart's new fire and left it
cold.

Giles then, the soul of honor — there he
stands

Frank as ten years ago when knighted
first.

What honest man should dare (he said) he
durst.

Good — but the scene shifts — faugh! what
hangman hands 100

Pin to his breast a parchment? His own
bands

Read it. Poor traitor, spit upon and
curst!

Better this present than a past like that;
Back therefore to my darkening path
again!

No sound, no sight as far as eye could
strain. 105

Will the night send a howlet or a bat?
I asked: when something on the dismal flat
Came to arrest my thoughts and change
their train.

A sudden little river crossed my path
As unexpected as a serpent comes. 110
No sluggish tide congenial to the glooms;
This, as it frothed by, might have been a
bath

For the fiend's glowing hoof — to see the
wrath

Of its black eddy bespate¹ with flakes and
spumes.

1 spattered.

1 wanderer.

2 Cockle and spurge are common wild shrubs.

3 Pulverize by heat.

4 Tough grasses.

5 A generic term for a certain group of weeds.

6 crushing.

7 Having ridges of flesh.

So petty yet so spiteful! All along, 115
 Low scrubby alders kneeled down over it;
 Drenched willows flung them headlong in
 a fit

Of mute despair, a suicidal throng:
 The river which had done them all the wrong,
 Whate'er that was, rolled by, deterred no
 whit. 120

Which, while I forded, — good saints, how I
 feared

To set my foot upon a dead man's cheek,
 Each step, or feel the spear I thrust to
 seek

For hollows, tangled in his hair or beard!
 — It may have been a water-rat I speared, 125
 But, ugh! it sounded like a baby's shriek.

Glad was I when I reached the other bank.
 Now for a better country. Vain presage!
 Who were the strugglers, what war did
 they wage,

Whose savage trample thus could pad the
 dank 130

Soil to a splash? Toads in a poisoned tank,
 Or wild cats in a red-hot iron cage —

The fight must so have seemed in that fell
 cirque.

What penned them there, with all the
 plain to choose? 134

No footprint leading to that horrid mews,
 None out of it. Mad brewage set to work
 Their brains, no doubt, like galley-slaves the
 Turk

Pits for his pastime, Christians against
 Jews.

And more than that — a furlong on — why,
 there!

What bad use was that engine for, that
 wheel, 140

Or brake, not wheel — that harrow fit to
 reel

Men's bodies out like silk? with all the air
 Of Tophet's¹ tool, on earth left unaware,
 Or brought to sharpen its rusty teeth of
 steel.

Then came a bit of stubbed ground, once a
 wood, 145

Next a marsh, it would seem, and now mere
 earth

Desperate and done with: (so a fool finds
 mirth,

Makes a thing and then mars it, till his mood

Changes and off he goes!) within a rood —
 Bog, clay and rubble, sand and stark black
 dearth. 150

Now blotches rankling, colored gay and grim,
 Now patches where some leanness of the
 soil's

Broke into moss or substances like boils;
 Then came some palsied oak, a cleft in him
 Like a distorted mouth that splits its rim 155
 Gaping at death, and dies while it recoils.

And just as far as ever from the end!

Naught in the distance but the evening,
 naught

To point my footstep further! At the
 thought, 159

A great black bird, Apollyon's¹ bosom-friend,
 Sailed past, nor beat his wide wing dragon-
 penna

That brushed my cap — perchance the
 guide I sought.

For, looking up, aware I somehow grew,
 'Spite of the dusk, the plain had given place
 All round to mountains — with such
 name to grace 165

Mere ugly heights and heaps now stolen in
 view.

How thus they had surprised me, — solve it,
 you!

How to get from them was no clearer case.

Yet half I seemed to recognize some trick
 Of mischief happened to me, God knows
 when — 170

In a bad dream perhaps. Here ended, then,
 Progress this way. When, in the very nick
 Of giving up, one time more, came a click
 As when a trap shuts — you're inside the
 den!

Burningly it came on me all at once, 175
 This was the place! those two hills on the
 right,

Crouched like two bulls locked horn in horn
 in fight;

While to the left, a tall scalped mountain,
 Dunce,

Dotard, a-doing at the very nonce,
 After a life spent training for the sight! 180

What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?
 The round squat turret, blind as the fool's
 heart,

Built of brown stone, without a counter-
 part

¹ In the Old Testament, a valley where children were
 sacrificed by fire.

¹ The angel of the bottomless pit, (Rev. ix, ii).

In the whole world. The tempest's mocking
elf
Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf
He strikes on, only when the timbers
start. 186

Not see? because of night perhaps? — why,
day
Came back again for that! before it left,
The dying sunset kindled through a cleft:
The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay, 190
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay, —
"Now stab and end the creature — to the
heft!"

Not hear? when noise was everywhere! it
tolled
Increasing like a bell. Names in my ears,
Of all the lost adventurers my peers, —
How such a one was strong, and such was
bold, 196
And such was fortunate, yet each of old
Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of
years.

There they stood, ranged along the hillsides,
met
To view the last of me, a living frame 200
For one more picture! in a sheet of flame
I saw them and I knew them all. And yet
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew. "*Childe Roland to the Dark
Tower came.*"

Pub. 1855.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI

Fra Lippo, a painter-monk, relates the story of his life and his philosophy to the watchmen who have just arrested him as he was stealing back, after a night of roistering, to his room in the Medici Palace.

Browning's source for this poem, as for most of his poems about painters, is Vasari's *Lives of the Painters*.

I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave!
You need not clap your torches to my face.
Zooks, what's to blame? you think you see a
monk!
What, 'tis past midnight, and you go the
rounds,
And here you catch me at an alley's end 5
Where sportive ladies leave their doors ajar?
The Carmine's my cloister: hunt it up,
Do, — harry out, if you must show your
zeal,

Whatever rat, there, haps on his wrong hole,
And nip each softling of a wee white mouse,

Weke, weke, that's crept to keep him com-
pany! 11

Aha, you know your betters! Then, you'll
take

Your hand away that's fiddling on my throat,
And please to know me likewise. Who am I?
Why, one, sir, who is lodging with a friend 15
Three streets off — he's a certain . . . how
d'ye call?

Master — a . . . Cosimo of the Medici,¹
I' the house that caps the corner. Boh! you
were best!

Remember and tell me, the day you're
hanged,

How you affected such a gullet's-gripe! 20
But you, sir, it concerns you that your
knaves

Pick up a manner nor discredit you:
Zooks, are we pilchards,² that they sweep the
streets

And count fair prize what comes into their
net?

He's Judas to a tittle, that man is! 25
Just such a face! Why, sir, you make
amends.

Lord, I'm not angry! Bid your hangdogs go
Drink out this quarter-florin to the health
Of the munificent House that harbors me
(And many more beside, lads! more beside!)
And all's come square again. I'd like his
face — 31

His, elbowing on his comrade in the door
With the pike and lantern, — for the slave
that holds

John Baptist's head a-dangle by the hair³
With one hand ("Look you, now," as who
should say) 35

And his weapon in the other, yet unwiped!
It's not your chance to have a bit of chalk,
A wood-coal or the like? or you should see!
Yes, I'm the painter, since you style me so.
What, brother Lippo's doings, up and down,
You know them and they take you? like
enough! 41

I saw the proper twinkle in your eye —
'Tell you, I liked your looks at very first.
Let's sit and set things straight now, hip to
haunch.

Here's spring come, and the nights one makes
up bands 45

To roam the town and sing out carnival,
And I've been three weeks shut within my
mew,

A-painting for the great man, saints and
saints

1 Cosimo de' Medici. See *The Statue and the Bust*.

2 A pilchard is an English fish resembling a herring.

3 Lippi is describing a picture.

And saints again. I could not paint all
 night —
 Ouf! I leaned out of window for fresh air. 50
 There came a hurry of feet and little feet,
 A sweep of lute-strings, laughs, and whiffs of
 song, —
Flower o' the broom,
Take away love, and our earth is a tomb!
Flower o' the quince, 55
I let Lisa go, and what good in life since?
Flower o' the thyme — and so on. Round
 they went.
 Scarce had they turned the corner when a
 titter
 Like the skipping of rabbits by moonlight, —
 three slim shapes,
 And a face that looked up . . . zooks, sir,
 flesh and blood, 60
 That's all I'm made of! Into shreds it went,
 Curtain and counterpane and coverlet,
 All the bed-furniture — a dozen knots,
 There was a ladder! Down I let myself,
 Hands and feet, scrambling somehow, and
 so dropped, 65
 And after them. I came up with the fun
 Hard by Saint Laurence,¹ hail fellow, well
 met, —
Flower o' the rose,
If I've been merry, what matter who knows?
 And so as I was stealing back again 70
 To get to bed and have a bit of sleep
 Ere I rise up to-morrow and go work
 On Jerome knocking at his poor old breast
 With his great round stone to subdue the flesh,
 You snap me of the sudden. Ah, I see! 75
 Though your eye twinkles still, you shake
 your head —
 Mine's shaved — a monk, you say — the
 sting's in that!
 If Master Cosimo announced himself,
 Mum's the word naturally; but a monk!
 Come, what am I a beast for? tell us, now! 80
 I was a baby when my mother died
 And father died and left me in the street.
 I starved there, God knows how, a year or
 two
 On fig-skins, melon-parings, rinds and
 shucks,
 Refuse and rubbish. One fine frosty day, 85
 My stomach being empty as your hat,
 The wind doubled me up and down I went.
 Old Aunt Lapaccia trussed me with one
 hand,
 (Its fellow was a stinger as I knew)
 And so along the wall, over the bridge, 90
 By the straight cut to the convent. Six
 words there,

While I stood munching my first bread that
 month:
 "So boy, you're minded," quoth the good fat
 father,
 Wiping his own mouth, 'twas refection-
 time, —
 "To quit this very miserable world? 95
 Will you renounce" . . . "the mouthful of
 bread?" thought I;
 By no means! Brief, they made a monk of
 me;
 I did renounce the world, its pride and greed,
 Palace, farm, villa, shop, and banking-house,
 Trash, such as these poor devils of Medici 100
 Have given their hearts to — all at eight
 years old.
 Well, sir, I found in time, you may be sure,
 'Twas not for nothing — the good bellyful,
 The warm serge and the rope that goes all
 round,
 And day-long blessed idleness beside! 105
 "Let's see what the urchin's fit for" — that
 came next.
 Not overmuch their way, I must confess.
 Such a to-do! They tried me with their
 books;
 Lord, they'd have taught me Latin in pure
 waste!
Flower o' the clove, 110
All the Latin I construe is "amo," I love!
 But, mind you, when a boy starves in the
 streets
 Eight years together, as my fortune was,
 Watching folk's faces to know who will fling
 The bit of half-stripped grape-bunch he
 desires, 115
 And who will curse or kick him for his pains, —
 Which gentleman processional and fine,
 Holding a candle to the Sacrament,
 Will wink and let him lift a plate and catch
 The droppings of the wax to sell again, 120
 Or holla for the Eight² and have him
 whipped, —
 How say I? — nay, which dog bites, which
 lets drop
 His bone from the heap of offal in the
 street, —
 Why, soul and sense of him grow sharp alike,
 He learns the look of things, and none the
 less 125
 For admonition from the hunger-pinch.
 I had a store of such remarks, be sure,
 Which, after I found leisure, turned to use.
 I drew men's faces on my copy-books,
 Scrawled them within the antiphony's²
 marge, 130

¹ The church of San Lorenzo.

¹ The city magistrates of Florence.
² hymn-book.

Joined legs and arms to the long music-notes,
Found eyes and nose and chin for A's and B's,
And made a string of pictures of the world
Betwixt the ins and outs of verb and noun,
On the wall, the bench, the door. The
monks looked black. 135

"Nay," quoth the Prior, "turn him out, d'ye
say?"

In no wise. Lose a crow and catch a lark.
What if at last we get our man of parts,
We Carmelites, like those Camaldolese
And Preaching Friars,¹ to do our church up
fine 140

And put the front on it that ought to be!"
And hereupon he bade me daub away.
Thank you! my head being crammed, the
walls a blank,

Never was such prompt disemburdening.
First, every sort of monk, the black and
white, 145

I drew them, fat and lean: then, folk at
church,

From good old gossips waiting to confess
Their cribs of barrel-droppings, candle-
ends, —

To the breathless fellow at the altar-foot,
Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting
there 150

With the little children round him in a row
Of admiration, half for his beard and half
For that white anger of his victim's son
Shaking a fist at him with one fierce arm,
Signing himself with the other because of
Christ 155

(Whose sad face on the cross sees only this
After the passion of a thousand years)
Till some poor girl, her apron o'er her head,
(Which the intense eyes looked through)
came at eve

On tiptoe, said a word, dropped in a loaf, 160
Her pair of earrings and a bunch of flowers
(The brute took growling), prayed, and so
was gone.

I painted all, then cried "'Tis ask and have;
Choose, for more's ready!" — laid the ladder
flat,

And showed my covered bit of cloister-wall.
The monks closed in a circle and praised
loud 166

Till checked, taught what to see and not to
see,

Being simple bodies, — "That's the very
man!"

Look at the boy who stoops to pat the dog!
That woman's like the Prior's niece who
comes 170

To care about his asthma: it's the life!"

1 The Dominicans.

But there my triumph's straw-fire flared and
funked;

Their betters took their turn to see and say:
The Prior and the learned pulled a face
And stopped all that in no time. "How?
what's here?" 175

Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all!
Faces, arms, legs, and bodies like the true
As much as pea and pea! it's devil's-game!
Your business is not to catch men with show,
With homage to the perishable clay, 180
But lift them over it, ignore it all,
Make them forget there's such a thing as
flesh.

Your business is to paint the souls of men —
Man's soul, and it's a fire, smoke . . . no, it's
not . . .

It's vapor done up like a new-born babe —
(In that shape when you die it leaves your
mouth) 186

It's . . . well, what matters talking, it's the
soul!

Give us no more of body than shows soul!
Here's Giotto,² with his Saint a-praising God,
That sets us praising, — why not stop with
him? 190

Why put all thoughts of praise out of our
head

With wonder at lines, colors, and what not?
Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!
Rub all out, try at it a second time.

Oh, that white smallish female with the
breasts, 195

She's just my niece . . . Herodias,² I would
say, —

Who went and danced and got men's heads
cut off!

Have it all out!" Now, is this sense, I ask?
A fine way to paint soul, by painting body
So ill, the eye can't stop there, must go
further 200

And can't fare worse! Thus, yellow does for
white

When what you put for yellow's simply
black,

And any sort of meaning looks intense
When all beside itself means and looks
naught. 204

Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,
Left foot and right foot, go a double step,
Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,
Both in their order? Take the prettiest face,
The Prior's niece . . . patron-saint — is it so
pretty

You can't discover if it means hope, fear, 210

1 Giotto di Bordone, 1266-1337, the famous Italian
painter and architect.

2 For dancing before Herod, she was given John the
Baptist's head. See Saint Matthew, XIV, 3-12.

Sorrow or joy? won't beauty go with these?
Suppose I've made her eyes all right and blue,
Can't I take breath and try to add life's flash,
And then add soul and heighten them three-
fold?

Or say there's beauty with no soul at all — 215
(I never saw it — put the case the same —)
If you get simple beauty and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents:
That's somewhat: and you'll find the soul you
have missed,

Within yourself, when you return him thanks.
"Rub all out!" Well, well, there's my life,
in short, 221

And so the thing has gone on ever since.
I'm grown a man no doubt, I've broken
bounds:

You should not take a fellow eight years old
And make him swear to never kiss the
girls. 225

I'm my own master, paint now as I please —
Having a friend, you see, in the Corner-
house!

Lord, it's fast holding by the rings in front —
Those great rings serve more purposes than
just

To plant a flag in, or tie up a horse! 230
And yet the old schooling sticks, the old
grave eyes

Are peeping o'er my shoulder as I work,
The heads shake still — "It's art's decline,
my son!

You're not of the true painters, great and old;
Brother Angelico's¹ the man, you'll find; 235
Brother Lorenzo² stands his single peer:
Fag on at flesh, you'll never make the third!"
Flower o' the pine,

*You keep your mistr...manners, and I'll
stick to mine!*

I'm not the third, then: bless us, they must
know! 240

Don't you think they're the likeliest to
know,

They with their Latin? So, I swallow my
rage,

Clench my teeth, suck my lips in tight, and
paint

To please them — sometimes do and some-
times don't;

For, doing most, there's pretty sure to come
A turn, some warm eve finds me at my
saints — 246

A laugh, a cry, the business of the world —
(*Flower o' the peach,*

Death for us all, and his own life for each!)

And my whole soul revolves, the cup runs
over, 250

The world and life's too big to pass for a
dream,

And I do these wild things in sheer despite,
And play the fooleries you catch me at,
In pure rage! The old mill-horse, out at
grass

After hard years, throws up his stiff heels so,
Although the miller does not preach to
him 256

The only good of grass is to make chaff.
What would men have? Do they like grass
or no —

May they or mayn't they? all I want's the
thing

Settled for ever one way. As it is, 260

You tell too many lies and hurt yourself:
You don't like what you only like too much,
You do like what, if given you at your word,
You find abundantly detestable.

For me, I think I speak as I was taught; 265

I always see the garden and God there
A-making man's wife: and, my lesson learned,
The value and significance of flesh,
I can't unlearn ten minutes afterwards.

You understand me: I'm a beast, I know.
But see, now — why, I see as certainly 271
As that the morning-star's about to shine,
What will hap some day. We've a youngster
here

Comes to our convent, studies what I do,
Slouches and stares and lets no atom drop:
His name is Guidi¹ — he'll not mind the
monks — 276

They call him Hulking Tom, he lets them
talk —

He picks my practice up — he'll paint apace,
I hope so — though I never live so long,
I know what's sure to follow. You be judge!
You speak no Latin more than I, belike; 281
However, you're my man, you've seen the
world

— The beauty and the wonder and the
power,

The shapes of things, their colors, lights and
shades,

Changes, surprises, — and God made it all!

— For what? Do you feel thankful, ay or
no, 286

For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
The mountain round it and the sky above,
Much more the figures of man, woman, child,
These are the frame to? What's it all
about? 290

¹ Fra Angelico, 1387-1455, a deeply religious, spiritual painter.

² Fra Lorenzo, another painter-monk.

¹ Tommaso Guidi, painter and monk, more likely the teacher of Lippi, and not, as here, the pupil.

To be passed over, despised? or dwelt upon,
Wondered at? oh, this last of course! — you
say.

But why not do as well as say, — paint these
Just as they are, careless what comes of it?
God's works — paint any one, and count it
crime 295

To let a truth slip. Don't object, "His
works

Are here already; nature is complete:

Suppose you reproduce her — (which you
can't)

There's no advantage! you must beat her,
then."

For, don't you mark? we're made so that we
love 300

First when we see them painted, things we
have passed

Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted — better to
us,

Which is the same thing. Art was given for
that;

God uses us to help each other so, 305
Lending our minds out. Have you noticed,
now,

Your cullion's¹ hanging face? A bit of
chalk,

And trust me but you should, though! How
much more,

If I drew higher things with the same truth!
That were to take the Prior's pulpit-place,

Interpret God to all of you! Oh, oh, 311
It makes me mad to see what men shall do

And we in our graves! This world's no blot
for us,

Nor blank; it means intensely, and means
good: 314

To find its meaning is my meat and drink.
"Ay, but you don't so instigate to prayer!"

Strikes in the Prior: "when your meaning's
plain

It does not say to folk — remember matins;
Or, mind you fast next Friday!" Why, for
this

What need of art at all? A skull and bones,
Two bits of stick nailed crosswise, or, what's
best, 321

A bell to chime the hour with, does as well.
I painted a Saint Laurence six months since

At Prato, splashed the fresco in fine style:
"How looks my painting, now the scaffold's
down?" 325

I ask a brother: "Hugely," he returns —
"Already not one phiz of your three slaves

Who turn the Deacon² off his toasted side,

But's scratched and prodded to our heart's
content, 329

The pious people have so eased their own
With coming to say prayers there in a rage:
We get on fast to see the bricks beneath.
Expect another job this time next year,
For pity and religion grow i' the crowd —
Your painting serves its purpose!" Hang
the fools! 335

— That is — you'll not mistake an idle
word

Spoke in a huff by a poor monk, God wot,
Tasting the air this spicy night which turns
The unaccustomed head like Chianti wine!
Oh, the church knows! don't misreport me,
now! 340

It's natural a poor monk out of bounds
Should have his apt word to excuse himself:
And hearken how I plot to make amends.

I have bethought me: I shall paint a piece
— There's for you! Give me six months,
then go, see 345

Something in Sant' Ambrogio's!¹ Bless the
nuns!

They want a cast o' my office: I shall paint
God in the midst, Madonna and her babe,
Ringed by a bowery, flowery angel-brood,
Lilies and vestments and white faces, sweet
As puff on puff of grated orris-root 351
When ladies crowd to Church at midsummer.
And then i' the front, of course a saint or
two —

Saint John, because he saves the Florentines,
Saint Ambrose, who puts down in black and
white 355

The convent's friends and gives them a long
day,

And Job, I must have him there past mis-
take,

The man of Uz² (and Us without the z,
Painters who need his patience). Well, all
these

Secured at their devotion, up shall come 360
Out of a corner when you least expect,

As one by a dark stair into a great light,
Music and talking, who but Lippo! I! —
Mazed, motionless, and moonstruck — I'm
the man!

Back I shrink — what is this I see and hear?
I, caught up with my monk's-things by mis-
take, 366

My old serge gown and rope that goes all
round,

I, in this presence, this pure company!

¹ St. Ambrose's, a Florentine convent.

² "There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was
Job." — Job i, 1.

¹ base fellow's.

² St. Lawrence was roasted to death on a gridiron.

Where's a hole, where's a corner for escape?
Then steps a sweet angelic slip of a thing 370
Forward, puts out a soft palm — "Not so fast!"

— Addresses the celestial presence, "nay —
He made you and devised you, after all,
Though he's none of you! Could Saint
John there draw —

His camel-hair make up a painting-brush?
We come to brother Lippo for all that, 376
Iste perfecit opus!"¹ So, all smile —

I shuffle sideways with my blushing face
Under the cover of a hundred wings
Thrown like a spread of kirtles when you're
gay 380

And play hot cockles, all the doors being
shut,

Till, wholly unexpected, in there pops
The hothead husband! Thus I scuttle off
To some safe bench behind, not letting go
The palm of her, the little lily thing 385
That spoke the good word for me in the
nick,

Like the Prior's niece . . . Saint Lucy, I would
say,

And so all's saved for me, and for the church
A pretty picture gained. Go, six months
hence!

Your hand, sir, and good-by: no lights, no
lights! 390

The street's hushed, and I know my own way
back,

Don't fear me! There's the gray beginning.
Zooks!

Pub. 1855.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

CALLED "THE FAULTLESS PAINTER"

Andrea, the painter with flawless technique,
addresses his wife, Lucrezia.

But do not let us quarrel any more,
No, my Lucrezia; bear with me for once:
Sit down and all shall happen as you wish.
You turn your face, but does it bring your
heart?

I'll work then for your friend's friend, never
fear, 5

Treat his own subject after his own way,
Fix his own time, accept too his own price,
And shut the money into this small hand
When next it takes mine. Will it? tenderly?
Oh, I'll content him, — but to-morrow,
Love! 10

I often am much wearier than you think,
This evening more than usual, and it seems

¹ He painted the picture.

As if — forgive now — should you let me sit
Here by the window with your hand in mine
And look a half-hour forth on Fiesole, 15
Both of one mind, as married people use,
Quietly, quietly the evening through,
I might get up to-morrow to my work
Cheerful and fresh as ever. Let us try.
To-morrow, how you shall be glad for this! 20
Your soft hand is a woman of itself,
And mine the man's bared breast she curls
inside.

Don't count the time lost, neither; you must
serve

For each of the five pictures we require:
It saves a model. So! keep looking so — 25
My serpentining beauty, rounds on rounds!
— How could you ever prick those perfect
ears,

Even to put the pearl there! oh, so sweet —
My face, my moon, my everybody's moon,
Which everybody looks on and calls his, 30
And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,
While she looks — no one's: very dear, no
less.

You smile? why, there's my picture ready
made,

There's what we painters call our harmony!
A common grayness silvers everything, — 35
All in a twilight, you and I alike

— You, at the point of your first pride in me
(That's gone you know), — but I, at every
point;

My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned
down

To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole. 40
There's the bell clinking from the chapel-top;
That length of convent-wall across the way
Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside;
The last monk leaves the garden; days de-
crease,

And autumn grows, autumn in everything. 45
Eh? the whole seems to fall into a shape
As if I saw alike my work and self
And all that I was born to be and do,
A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's
hand.

How strange now looks the life he makes us
lead; 50

So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel he laid the fetter: let it lie!
This chamber for example — turn your
head —

All that's behind us! You don't understand
Nor care to understand about my art, 55
But you can hear at least when people speak:
And that cartoon, the second from the door
— It is the thing, Love! so such thing should
be —

Behold Madonna! — I am bold to say.
 I can do with my pencil what I know, 60
 What I see, what at bottom of my heart
 I wish for, if I ever wish so deep —
 Do easily, too — when I say, perfectly,
 I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are judge,
 Who listened to the Legate's talk last
 week, 65
 And just as much they used to say in France.
 At any rate 'tis easy, all of it!
 No sketches first, no studies, that's long
 past:
 I do what many dream of all their lives,
 — Dream? strive to do, and agonize to do, 70
 And fail in doing. I could count twenty such
 On twice your fingers, and not leave this
 town,
 Who strive — you don't know how the others
 strive
 To paint a little thing like that you smeared
 Carelessly passing with your robes afloat, —
 Yet do much less, so much less, Someone
 says, 76
 (I know his name, no matter) — so much
 less!
 Well, less is more, Lucrezia: I am judged.
 There burns a truer light of God in them,
 In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-
 up brain, 80
 Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to
 prompt
 This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand
 of mine.
 Their works drop groundward, but them-
 selves, I know,
 Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to
 me,
 Enter and take their place there sure
 enough, 85
 Though they come back and cannot tell the
 world.
 My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.
 The sudden blood of these men! at a word —
 Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils
 too.
 I, painting from myself and to myself, 90
 Know what I do, am unmoved by men's
 blame
 Or their praise either. Somebody remarks
 Morello's ¹ outline there is wrongly traced,
 His hue mistaken; what of that? or else,
 Rightly traced and well ordered; what of
 that? 95
 Speak as they please, what does the moun-
 tain care?
 Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his
 grasp,

¹ One of the peaks of the Apennines.

Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-gray
 Placid and perfect with my art: the worse!
 I know both what I want and what might
 gain, 100
 And yet how profitless to know, to sigh
 "Had I been two, another and myself,
 Our head would have o'erlooked the world!"
 No doubt.
 Yonder's a work now, of that famous youth
 The Urbinate ² who died five years ago. 105
 ('Tis copied, George Vasari sent it me.)
 Well, I can fancy how he did it all,
 Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,
 Reaching, that heaven might so replenish
 him,
 Above and through his art — for it gives
 way; 110
 That arm is wrongly put — and there
 again —
 A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
 Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
 He means right — that, a child may under-
 stand.
 Still, what an arm! and I could alter it: 115
 But all the play, the insight and the
 stretch —
 Out of me, out of me! And wherefore out?
 Had you enjoined them on me, given me
 soul,
 We might have risen to Rafael, I and you!
 Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I
 think — 120
 More than I merit, yes, by many times.
 But had you — oh, with the same perfect
 brow,
 And perfect eyes, and more than perfect
 mouth,
 And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
 The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare —
 Had you, with these the same, but brought
 a mind! 126
 Some women do so. Had the mouth there
 urged
 "God and the glory! never care for gain.
 The present by the future, what is that?
 Live for fame, side by side with Agnolo!" 130
 Rafael is waiting: up to God, all three!"
 I might have done it for you. So it seems:
 Perhaps not. All is as God overrules.
 Besides, incentives come from the soul's self;
 The rest avail not. Why do I need you? 135
 What wife had Rafael, or has Agnolo?
 In this world, who can do a thing, will not;
 And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:
 Yet the will's somewhat — somewhat, too,
 the power —

¹ The painter Raphael, 1483-1520, born in Urbino.

² Michael Angelo, 1475-1564.

And thus we half-men struggle. At the
 end, 140
 God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.
 'Tis safer for me, if the award be strict,
 That I am something underrated here,
 Poor this long while, despised, to speak the
 truth.
 I dared not, do you know, leave home all
 day, 145
 For fear of chancing on the Paris lords.
 The best is when they pass and look aside;
 But they speak sometimes; I must bear it all.
 Well may they speak! That Francis,¹ that
 first time,
 And that long festal year at Fontaine-
 bleau! 150
 I surely then could sometimes leave the
 ground,
 Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,
 In that humane great monarch's golden
 look, —
 One finger in his beard or twisted curl
 Over his mouth's good mark that made the
 smile, 155
 One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,
 The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,
 I painting proudly with his breath on me,
 All his court round him, seeing with his eyes,
 Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of
 souls 160
 Profuse, my hand kept plying by those
 hearts, —
 And, best of all, this, this, this face beyond,
 This in the background, waiting on my work,
 To crown the issue with a last reward!
 A good time, was it not, my kingly days? 165
 And had you not grown restless . . . but I
 know —
 'Tis done and past; 'twas right, my instinct
 said;
 Too live the life grew, golden and not gray,
 And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun should
 tempt
 Out of the grange whose four walls make his
 world. 170
 How could it end in any other way?
 You called me, and I came home to your
 heart.
 The triumph was — to reach and stay there;
 since
 I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?
 Let my hands frame your face in your hair's
 gold, 175
 You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!

¹ King Francis I of France. In 1518 Andrea lived in France as painter to the king. He returned to Italy, at the wish of his wife and, according to one story, built a house for himself with money entrusted to him by the king for the buying of pictures.

"Rafael did this, Andrea painted that;
 The Roman's is the better when you pray,
 But still the other's Virgin was his wife" —
 Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge 180
 Both pictures in your presence; clearer grows
 My better fortune, I resolve to think.
 For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives,
 Said one day Agnolo, his very self,
 To Rafael . . . I have known it all these
 years . . . 185
 (When the young man was flaming out his
 thoughts
 Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see,
 Too lifted up in heart because of it)
 "Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub
 Goes up and down our Florence, none cares
 how, 190
 Who, were he set to plan and execute
 As you are, pricked on by your popes and
 kings,
 Would bring the sweat into—that brow of
 yours!"
 To Rafael's! — And indeed the arm is
 wrong.
 I hardly dare . . . yet, only you to see, 195
 Give the chalk here — quick, thus the line
 should go!
 Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!
 Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,
 (What he? why, who but Michel Agnolo?
 Do you forget already words like those?) 200
 If really there was such a chance, so lost, —
 Is, whether you're — not grateful — but
 more pleased.
 Well, let me think so. And you smile in-
 deed!
 This hour has been an hour! Another
 smile?
 If you would sit thus by me every night 205
 I should work better, do you comprehend?
 I mean that I should earn more, give you
 more.
 See, it is settled dusk now; there's a star;
 Morello's gone, the watch-lights show the
 wall,
 The cue-owls speak the name¹ we call them
 by. 210
 Come from the window, love, — come in, at
 last,
 Inside the melancholy little house
 We built to be so gay with. God is just.
 King Francis may forgive me: oft at nights
 When I look up from painting, eyes tired
 out, 215
 The walls become illumined, brick from
 brick
 Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright gold,

¹ Italian *città*.

That gold of his I did cement them with!
 Let us but love each other. Must you go?
 That Cousin here again? he waits outside? 220
 Must see you — you, and not with me?
 Those loans?
 More gaming debts to pay? you smiled for
 that?
 Well, let smiles buy me! have you more to
 spend?
 While hand and eye and something of a
 heart
 Are left me, work's my ware, and what's it
 worth? 225
 I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit
 The gray remainder of the evening out,
 Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly
 How I could paint, were I but back in
 France,
 One picture, just one more — the Virgin's
 face, 230
 Not yours this time! I want you at my side
 To hear them — that is, Michel Agnolo —
 Judge all I do and tell you of its worth.
 Will you? To-morrow, satisfy your friend.
 I take the subjects for his corridor, 235
 Finish the portrait out of hand — there,
 there,
 And throw him in another thing or two
 If he demurs; the whole should prove enough
 To pay for this same Cousin's freak. Beside,
 What's better and what's all I care about, 240
 Get you the thirteen scudi¹ for the ruff!
 Love, does that please you? Ah, but what
 does he,
 The Cousin! what does he to please you
 more?

I am grown peaceful as old age to-night.
 I regret little, I would change still less. 245
 Since there my past life lies, why alter it?
 The very wrong to Francis! — it is true
 I took his coin, was tempted and complied,
 And built this house and sinned, and all is
 said.
 My father and my mother died of want. 250
 Well, had I riches of my own? you see
 How one gets rich! Let each one bear his
 lot.
 They were born poor, lived poor, and poor
 they died:
 And I have labored somewhat in my time
 And not been paid profusely. Some good
 son 255
 Paint my two hundred pictures — let him
 try!
 No doubt, there's something strikes a bal-
 ance. Yes,

¹ A scudo is worth a little less than a dollar.

You loved me quite enough, it seems to-night.
 This must suffice me here. What would one
 have?
 In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more
 chance — 260
 Four great walls in the New Jerusalem,
 Meted on each side by the angel's reed,
 For Leonard,¹ Rafael, Agnolo and me
 To cover — the three first without a wife,
 While I have mine! So — still they over-
 come 265
 Because there's still Lucrezia, — as I choose.

Again the Cousin's whistle! Go, my Love.
 Pub. 1855.

PROSPICE²

This poem was written a few months after
 Mrs. Browning's death. The concluding lines
 refer to her.

Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the
 storm, 5
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible
 form,
 Yet the strong man must go:
 For the journey is done and the summit
 attained,
 And the barriers fall, 10
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be
 gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes,
 and forbore, 15
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my
 peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay life's glad
 arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold. 20
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the
 brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that
 rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out
 of pain, 25

¹ Leonardo da Vinci, 1452-1519.

² "Look forward"

Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee
again,
And with God be the rest!
1861.

EPILOGUE

Epilogue is the last poem in Browning's last volume, a collection of disconnected verses brought together under the title *Asolando*. The book appeared on the day that Browning died. (It is dated, however, 1890.)

At the midnight in the silence of the sleeptime,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where — by death, fools
think, imprisoned —
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom
you loved so,
— Pity me? 5

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do

With the slothful, with the mawkish, the
unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I
drivel
— Being — who? 10

One who never turned his back but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake. 15

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-
time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either
should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed, — fight
on, fare ever
There as here!" 20

1889.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900)

John Ruskin was born in London, February 8, 1819. His father was a Scotchman who had built up a prosperous wine business in London. As an only child, John Ruskin was given a strictly private education, the best part of which consisted of journeys by carriage about England and Scotland and on the continent. When he was fourteen he had his first glimpse of the Alps from the terrace at Schaffhausen whence he came down with "my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be sacred and useful." He attended Christ Church College, Oxford, and in an interval of ill health spent two years in the study of the pre-Raphaelite painters of Italy. He took his degree in 1842, and three years later published the first volume of *Modern Painters*. Ruskin early came under the influence of Carlyle, whose disciple and interpreter he professed himself. He was engaged with Thomas Hughes, the Reverend F. D. Maurice, and others in founding a Working Men's College in London. As a teacher of art he considered that his first business was to endeavor to bring about such conditions in society that worthy art would be possible, art growing directly out of and expressing the life of the people, and not mere decoration as a matter of individual luxury. He therefore devoted himself more and more to social criticism. In 1869 he was elected Slade Professor of Art at Oxford, where his lectures were on a great variety of aspects of life. Instead of setting his pupils to draw and paint, he led them out to repair roads. He engaged in a number of other social experiments, model housing, Saint George's Guild, etc., on which he spent the large fortune left him by his father. The failure of these plans, and the complacency of his prosperous countrymen who would not be stirred to similar activity in behalf of the suffering and submerged class, wore upon his spirit. He became subject to attacks of brain fever, and after 1884 he retired to Brantwood, an estate which he had purchased on Coniston Lake, where he died in 1900.

Ruskin's work falls into two periods, the first including *Modern Painters* (1845-60), *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849), and *The Stones of Venice* (1851-53). The second period begins with *The Political Economy of Art*, later called *A Joy Forever* (1857). It includes two works on political economy, *Unto this Last* and *Munera Pulveris, Sesame and Lilies* (1864), *The Crown of Wild Olive*, consisting of three lectures on Work, Traffic and War, (1866), *Fors Clavigera* (1871-84). His last work was a delightful autobiography called *Præterita* (1889).

Ruskin's earlier style was modeled on the English prose of the seventeenth century. It was highly elaborate and rhetorical, dazzling by sheer abundance. His later writing was restrained to a grave and somber eloquence, in which the matchless sense of cadence of his earlier sentences played its part. Nothing more moving has been written in prose in the nineteenth century than Ruskin's pleading for a social life animated by sincerity, compassion, and beauty.

The *Life of John Ruskin*, by Sir E. T. Cook, is the chief authority. For his art and art theories, Professor Charles Waldstein's *The Work of John Ruskin*, and for his social theories Mr. John A. Hobson's *John Ruskin, Social Reformer*, should be consulted. Volumes of selections have been edited by Professor Chauncey Tinker (Houghton Mifflin Company) and Professor Vida Scudder.

THE STONES OF VENICE

1851-53

THE NATURE OF GOTHIC

This selection is the first part of Chapter VI, Volume II, of *The Stones of Venice*. It illustrates Ruskin's view that the art and particularly the architecture of a people is an expression "of their religion, their morality, their national aspirations and social habits." Fine art is thus dependent upon the social system of the people who produce it, and its worth or unworth is the final test of that system. The chapter thus marks the connection between Ruskin's art criticism and the social criticism which he was to make his chief work during the latter part of his life.

I shall endeavor to give the reader in this chapter an idea, at once broad and definite, of the true nature of *Gothic* architecture, properly so called; not of that of Venice only, but of universal Gothic: for it will be one of the most interesting parts of our subsequent inquiry, to find out how far Venetian architecture reached the universal or perfect type of Gothic, and how far it either fell short of it, or assumed foreign and independent forms.

§ II. The principal difficulty in doing this arises from the fact that every building of the Gothic period differs in some important respect from every other; and many include features which, if they occurred in other buildings, would not be considered Gothic at all; so that all we have to reason upon is merely, if I may be allowed so to express it, a greater or less degree of *Gothicness* in each building we examine. And it is this *Gothicness*, — the character which, according as it is found more or less in a building, makes it more or less Gothic, — of which I want to define the nature; and I feel the same kind of difficulty in doing so which would be encountered by any one who undertook to explain, for instance, the nature of Redness, without any actually red thing to point to, but only orange and purple things. Suppose he had only a piece of heather and a dead oak-leaf to do it with. He might say, the color which is mixed with the yellow in this oak-leaf, and with the blue in this heather, would be red, if you had it separate; but it would be difficult, nevertheless, to make the abstrac-

tion perfectly intelligible: and it is so in a far greater degree to make the abstraction of the Gothic character intelligible, because that character itself is made up of many mingled ideas, and can consist only in their union. That is to say, pointed arches do not constitute Gothic, nor vaulted roofs, nor flying buttresses, nor grotesque sculptures; but all or some of these things, and many other things with them, when they come together so as to have life.

§ III. Observe also, that, in the definition proposed, I shall only endeavor to analyze the idea which I suppose already to exist in the reader's mind. We all have some notion, most of us a very determined one, of the meaning of the term Gothic; but I know that many persons have this idea in their minds without being able to define it: that is to say, understanding generally that Westminster Abbey is Gothic, and St. Paul's is not, that Strasburg Cathedral is Gothic, and St. Peter's is not, they have, nevertheless, no clear notion of what it is that they recognize in the one or miss in the other, such as would enable them to say how far the work at Westminster or Strasburg is good and pure of its kind; still less to say of any nondescript building, like St. James's Palace or Windsor Castle, how much right Gothic element there is in it, and how much wanting. And I believe this inquiry to be a pleasant and profitable one; and that there will be found something more than usually interesting in tracing out this grey, shadowy, many-pinnacled image of the Gothic spirit within us; and discerning what fellowship there is between it and our Northern hearts. And if, at any point of the inquiry, I should interfere with any of the reader's previously formed conceptions, and use the term Gothic in any sense which he would not willingly attach to it, I do not ask him to accept, but only to examine and understand, my interpretation, as necessary to the intelligibility of what follows in the rest of the work.

§ IV. We have, then, the Gothic character submitted to our analysis, just as the rough mineral is submitted to that of the chemist, entangled with many other foreign substances, itself perhaps in no place pure, or ever to be obtained or seen in purity for more than an instant; but nevertheless a thing

of definite and separate nature, however inextricable or confused in appearance. Now observe: the chemist defines his mineral by two separate kinds of character; one external, its crystalline form, hardness, lustre, etc.; the other internal, the proportions and nature of its constituent atoms. Exactly in the same manner, we shall find that Gothic architecture has external forms, and internal elements. Its elements are certain mental tendencies of the builders, legibly expressed in it; as fancifulness, love of variety, love of richness, and such others. Its external forms are pointed arches, vaulted roofs, etc. And unless both the elements and the forms are there, we have no right to call the style Gothic. It is not enough that it has the Form, if it have not also the power and life. It is not enough that it has the Power, if it have not the form. We must therefore inquire into each of these characters successively; and determine first, what is the Mental Expression, and secondly, what the Material Form, of Gothic architecture, properly so called.

1st. *Mental Power or Expression.* What characters, we have to discover, did the Gothic builders love, or instinctively express in their work, as distinguished from all other builders?

§ v. Let us go back for a moment to our chemistry, and note that, in defining a mineral by its constituent parts, it is not one nor another of them, that can make up the mineral, but the union of all: for instance, it is neither in charcoal, nor in oxygen, nor in lime, that there is the making of chalk, but in the combination of all three in certain measures; they are all found in very different things from chalk, and there is nothing like chalk either in charcoal or in oxygen, but they are nevertheless necessary to its existence.

So in the various mental characters which make up the soul of Gothic. It is not one nor another that produces it; but their union in certain measures. Each one of them is found in many other architectures besides Gothic; but Gothic cannot exist where they are not found, or, at least, where their place is not in some way supplied. Only there is this great difference between the composition of the mineral, and of the architectural style, that if we withdraw one of its elements from the stone, its form is utterly changed, and its existence as such and such a mineral is destroyed; but if we withdraw one of its mental elements from the Gothic style, it is

only a little less Gothic than it was before, and the union of two or three of its elements is enough already to bestow a certain Gothicness of character, which gains in intensity as we add the others, and loses as we again withdraw them.

§ vi. I believe, then, that the characteristic or moral elements of Gothic are the following, placed in the order of their importance:

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Savageness. | 4. Grotesqueness. |
| 2. Changefulness. | 5. Rigidity. |
| 3. Naturalism. | 6. Redundance. |

These characters are here expressed as belonging to the building; as belonging to the builder, they would be expressed thus: 1. Savageness, or Rudeness. 2. Love of Change. 3. Love of Nature. 4. Disturbed Imagination. 5. Obstinacy. 6. Generosity. And I repeat, that the withdrawal of any one, or any two, will not at once destroy the Gothic character of a building, but the removal of a majority of them will. I shall proceed to examine them in their order.

§ vii. I. SAVAGENESS. I am not sure when the word "Gothic" was first generically applied to the architecture of the North; but I presume that, whatever the date of its original usage, it was intended to imply reproach, and express the barbaric character of the nations among whom that architecture arose. It never implied that they were literally of Gothic lineage, far less that their architecture had been originally invented by the Goths themselves; but it did imply that they and their buildings together exhibited a degree of sternness and rudeness, which, in contradistinction to the character of Southern and Eastern nations, appeared like a perpetual reflection of the contrast between the Goth and the Roman in their first encounter. And when that fallen Roman, in the utmost impotence of his luxury, and insolence of his guilt, became the model for the imitation of civilized Europe, at the close of the so-called Dark ages, the word Gothic became a term of unmitigated contempt, not unmixed with aversion. From that contempt, by the exertion of the antiquaries and architects of this century, Gothic architecture has been sufficiently vindicated; and perhaps some among us, in our admiration of the magnificent science of its structure, and sacredness of its expression, might desire that the term of ancient reproach should be withdrawn, and some other, of more apparent honorableness, adopted in its place. There is no chance, as there is no need, of such a substi-

tution. As far as the epithet was used scornfully, it was used falsely; but there is no reproach in the word, rightly understood; on the contrary, there is a profound truth, which the instinct of mankind almost unconsciously recognizes. It is true, greatly and deeply true, that the architecture of the North is rude and wild; but it is not true, that, for this reason, we are to condemn it, or despise. Far otherwise: I believe it is in this very character that it deserves our profoundest reverence.

§ VIII. The charts of the world which have been drawn up by modern science have been thrown into a narrow space the expression of a vast amount of knowledge, but I have never yet seen any one pictorial enough to enable the spectator to imagine the kind of contrast in physical character which exists between Northern and Southern countries. We know the differences in detail, but we have not that broad glance and grasp which would enable us to feel them in their fulness. We know that gentians grow on the Alps, and olives on the Apennines; but we do not enough conceive for ourselves that variegated mosaic of the world's surface which a bird sees in its migration, that difference between the district of the gentian and of the olive which the stork and the swallow see far off, as they lean upon the sirocco wind. Let us, for a moment, try to raise ourselves even above the level of their flight, and imagine the Mediterranean lying beneath us like an irregular lake, and all its ancient promontories sleeping in the sun: here and there an angry spot of thunder, a grey stain of storm, moving upon the burning field; and here and there a fixed wreath of white volcano smoke, surrounded by its circle of ashes; but for the most part a great peacefulness of light, Syria and Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of a golden pavement into the sea-blue, chased, as we stoop nearer to them, with bossy beaten work of mountain chains, and glowing softly with terraced gardens, and flowers heavy with frankincense, mixed among masses of laurel, and orange, and plummy palm, that abate with their grey-green shadows the burning of the marble rocks, and of the ledges of porphyry sloping under lucent sand. Then let us pass farther towards the north, until we see the orient colors change gradually into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures of Switzerland, and poplar valleys of France, and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians stretch from the mouths of the Loire to those

of the Volga, seen through clefts in grey swirls of rain-cloud and flaky veils of the mist of the brooks, spreading low along the pasture lands: and then, farther north still, to see the earth heave into mighty masses of leaden rock and heathy moor, bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of field and wood, and splintering into irregular and grisly islands amidst the northern seas, beaten by storm, and chilled by ice-drift, and tormented by furious pulses of contending tide, until the roots of the last forests fail from among the hill ravines, and the hunger of the north wind bites their peaks into barrenness; and, at last, the wall of ice, durable like iron, sets, deathlike, its white teeth against us out of the polar twilight. And, having once traversed in thought this gradation of the zoned iris of the earth in all its material vastness, let us go down nearer to it, and watch the parallel change in the belt of animal life: the multitudes of swift and brilliant creatures that glance in the air and sea, or tread the sands of the southern zone; striped zebras and spotted leopards, glistening serpents, and birds arrayed in purple and scarlet. Let us contrast their delicacy and brilliancy of color, and swiftness of motion, with the frost-cramped strength, and shaggy covering, and dusky plumage of the northern tribes; contrast the Arabian horse with the Shetland, the tiger and leopard with the wolf and bear, the antelope with the elk, the bird of paradise with the osprey: and then, submissively acknowledging the great laws by which the earth and all that it bears are ruled throughout their being, let us not condemn, but rejoice in the expression by man of his own rest in the statutes of the lands that gave him birth. Let us watch him with reverence as he sets side by side the burning gems, and smooths with soft sculpture the jasper pillars, that are to reflect a ceaseless sunshine, and rise into a cloudless sky: but not with less reverence let us stand by him, when, with rough strength and hurried stroke, he smites an uncouth animation out of the rocks which he has torn from among the moss of the moorland, and heaves into the darkened air the pile of iron buttress and rugged wall, instinct with work of an imagination as wild and wayward as the northern sea; creations of ungainly shape and rigid limb, but full of wolfish life; fierce as the winds that beat, and changeful as the clouds that shade them.

There is, I repeat, no degradation, no reproach in this, but all dignity and honor-

ableness: and we should err grievously in refusing either to recognize as an essential character of the existing architecture of the North, or to admit as a desirable character in that which it yet may be, this wildness of thought, and roughness of work; this look of mountain brotherhood between the cathedral and the Alp; this magnificence of sturdy power, put forth only the more energetically because the fine finger-touch was chilled away by the frosty wind, and the eye dimmed by the moor-mist, or blinded by the hail; this outspokening of the strong spirit of men who may not gather redundant fruitage from the earth, nor bask in dreamy benignity of sunshine, but must break the rock for bread, and cleave the forest for fire, and show, even in what they did for their delight, some of the hard habits of the arm and heart that grew on them as they swung the axe or pressed the plough.

§ IX. If, however, the savageness of Gothic architecture, merely as an expression of its origin among Northern nations, may be considered, in some sort, a noble character, it possesses a higher nobility still, when considered as an index, not of climate, but of religious principle.

In the 13th and 14th paragraphs of Chapter XXI. of the first volume of this work, it was noticed that the systems of architectural ornament, properly so called, might be divided into three: 1. Servile ornament, in which the execution or power of the inferior workman is entirely subjected to the intellect of the higher; 2. Constitutional ornament, in which the executive inferior power is, to a certain point, emancipated and independent, having a will of its own, yet confessing its inferiority and rendering obedience to higher powers; and 3. Revolutionary ornament, in which no executive inferiority is admitted at all. I must here explain the nature of these divisions at somewhat greater length.

Of Servile ornament, the principal schools are the Greek, Ninevite, and Egyptian; but their servility is of different kinds. The Greek master-workman was far advanced in knowledge and power above the Assyrian or Egyptian. Neither he nor those for whom he worked could endure the appearance of imperfection in anything; and, therefore, what ornament he appointed to be done by those beneath him was composed of mere geometrical forms, — balls, ridges, and perfectly symmetrical foliage, — which could be executed with absolute precision by line and

rule, and were as perfect in their way, when completed, as his own figure sculpture. The Assyrian and Egyptian, on the contrary, less cognizant of accurate form in anything, were content to allow their figure sculpture to be executed by inferior workmen, but lowered the method of its treatment to a standard which every workman could reach, and then trained him by discipline so rigid, that there was no chance of his falling beneath the standard appointed. The Greek gave to the lower workman no subject which he could not perfectly execute. The Assyrian gave him subjects which he could only execute imperfectly, but fixed a legal standard for his imperfection. The workman was, in both systems, a slave.¹

§ X. But in the mediæval, or especially Christian, system of ornament, this slavery is done away with altogether; Christianity having recognized, in small things as well as great, the individual value of every soul. But it not only recognizes its value; it confesses its imperfection, in only bestowing dignity upon the acknowledgment of unworthiness. That admission of lost power and fallen nature, which the Greek or Ninevite felt to be intensely painful, and, as far as might be, altogether refused, the Christian makes daily and hourly, contemplating the fact of it without fear, as tending, in the end, to God's greater glory. Therefore, to every spirit which Christianity summons to her service, her exhortation is: Do what you can, and confess frankly what you are unable to do; neither let your effort be shortened for fear of failure, nor your confession silenced for fear of shame. And it is, perhaps, the principal admirableness of the Gothic schools of architecture, that they thus receive the results of the labor of inferior minds; and out of fragments full of imperfection, and betraying that imperfection in every touch, indulgently raise up a stately and unaccusable whole.

§ XI. But the modern English mind has this much in common with that of the Greek, that it intensely desires, in all things, the utmost completion or perfection compatible with their nature. This is a noble

¹ The third kind of ornament, the Renaissance, is that in which the inferior detail becomes principal, the executor of every minor portion being required to exhibit skill and possess knowledge as great as that which is possessed by the master of the design; and in the endeavor to endow him with this skill and knowledge, his own original power is overwhelmed, and the whole building becomes a wearisome exhibition of well-educated imbecility. We must fully inquire into the nature of this form of error, when we arrive at the examination of the Renaissance schools. (Ruskin's note.)

character in the abstract, but becomes ignoble when it causes us to forget the relative dignities of that nature itself, and to prefer the perfectness of the lower nature to the imperfection of the higher; not considering that as, judged by such a rule, all the brute animals would be preferable to man, because more perfect in their functions and kind, and yet are always held inferior to him, so also in the works of man, those which are more perfect in their kind are always inferior to those which are, in their nature, liable to more faults and shortcomings. For the finer the nature, the more flaws it will show through the clearness of it; and it is a law of this universe, that the best things shall be seldome seen in their best form. The wild grass grows well and strongly, one year with another; but the wheat is, according to the greater nobleness of its nature, liable to the bitterer blight. And therefore, while in all things that we see, or do, we are to desire perfection, and strive for it, we are nevertheless not to set the meaner thing, in its narrow accomplishment, above the nobler thing, in its mighty progress; not to esteem smooth minuteness above shattered majesty; not to prefer mean victory to honorable defeat; not to lower the level of our aim, that we may the more surely enjoy the complacency of success.¹ But, above all, in our dealings with the souls of other men, we are to take care how we check, by severe requirement or narrow caution, efforts which might otherwise lead to a noble issue; and, still more, how we withhold our admiration from great excellencies, because they are mingled with rough faults. Now, in the make and nature of every man, however rude or simple, whom we employ in manual labor, there are some powers for better things: some tardy imagination, torpid capacity of emotion, tottering steps of thought, there are, even at the worst; and in most cases it is all our own fault that they are tardy or torpid. But they cannot be strengthened, unless we are content to take them in their feebleness, and unless we prize and honor them in their imperfection above the best and most perfect manual skill. And this is what we have to do with all our laborers; to look for the *thoughtful* part of them, and get that out of them, whatever we lose for it, whatever faults and errors we are obliged to take with it. For the best that is in them cannot manifest itself, but in company with much error.

¹ A doctrine characteristic of nineteenth-century idealism, notably in Browning.

Understand this clearly: You can teach a man to draw a straight line, and to cut one; to strike a curved line, and to carve it; and to copy and carve any number of given lines or forms, with admirable speed and perfect precision; and you find his work perfect of its kind: but if you ask him to think about any of those forms, to consider if he cannot find any better in his own head, he stops; his execution becomes hesitating; he thinks, and ten to one he thinks wrong; ten to one he makes a mistake in the first touch he gives to his work as a thinking being. But you have made a man of him for all that. He was only a machine before, an animated tool.

§ XII. And observe, you are put to stern choice in this matter. You must either make a tool of the creature, or a man of him. You cannot make both. Men were not intended to work with the accuracy of tools, to be precise and perfect in all their actions. If you will have that precision out of them, and make their fingers measure degrees like cog-wheels, and their arms strike curves like compasses, you must unhumanize them. All the energy of their spirits must be given to make cogs and compasses of themselves. All their attention and strength must go to the accomplishment of the mean act. The eye of the soul must be bent upon the finger-point, and the soul's force must fill all the invisible nerves that guide it, ten hours a day, that it may not err from its steely precision, and so soul and sight be worn away, and the whole human being be lost at last — a heap of sawdust, so far as its intellectual work in this world is concerned; saved only by its Heart, which cannot go into the form of cogs and compasses, but expands, after the ten hours are over, into fireside humanity. On the other hand, if you will make a man of the working creature, you cannot make a tool. Let him but begin to imagine, to think, to try to do anything worth doing; and the engine-turned precision is lost at once. Out come all his roughness, all his dulness, all his incapability; shame upon shame, failure upon failure, pause after pause: but out comes the whole majesty of him also; and we know the height of it only, when we see the clouds settling upon him. And, whether the clouds be bright or dark, there will be transfiguration behind and within them.

§ XIII. And now, reader, look round this English room of yours, about which you have been proud so often, because the work of it was so good and strong, and the ornaments of it so finished. Examine again all those ac-

curate moldings, and perfect polishings, and unerring adjustments of the seasoned wood and tempered steel. Many a time you have exulted over them, and thought how great England was, because her slightest work was done so thoroughly. Alas! if read rightly, these perfectnesses are signs of a slavery in our England a thousand times more bitter and more degrading than that of the scourged African, or helot Greek. Men may be beaten, chained, tormented, yoked like cattle, slaughtered like summer flies, and yet remain in one sense, and the best sense, free. But to smother their souls within them, to blight and hew into rotting pollards the suckling branches of their human intelligence, to make the flesh and skin which, after the worm's work on it, is to see God, into leathern thongs to yoke machinery with, — this it is to be slave-masters indeed; and there might be more freedom in England, though her feudal lords' lightest words were worth men's lives, and though the blood of the vexed husbandman dropped in the furrows of her fields, than there is while the animation of her multitudes is sent like fuel to feed the factory smoke, and the strength of them is given daily to be wasted into the fineness of a web, or racked into the exactness of a line.

§ XIV. And, on the other hand, go forth again to gaze upon the old cathedral front, where you have smiled so often at the fantastic ignorance of the old sculptors: examine once more those ugly goblins, and formless monsters, and stern statues, anatomiless and rigid; but do not mock at them, for they are signs of the life and liberty of every workman who struck the stone; a freedom of thought, and rank in scale of being, such as no laws, no charters, no charities can secure; but which it must be the first aim of all Europe at this day to regain for her children.

§ XV. Let me not be thought to speak wildly or extravagantly. It is verily this degradation of the operative into a machine, which, more than any other evil of the times, is leading the mass of the nations everywhere into vain, incoherent, destructive struggling for a freedom of which they cannot explain the nature to themselves. Their universal outcry against wealth, and against nobility, is not forced from them either by the pressure of famine, or the sting of mortified pride. These do much, and have done much in all ages; but the foundations of society were never yet shaken as they are at this day. It is not that men are ill fed, but that they have no pleasure in the work by which

they make their bread, and therefore look to wealth as the only means of pleasure. It is not that men are pained by the scorn of the upper classes, but they cannot endure their own; for they feel that the kind of labor to which they are condemned is verily a degrading one, and makes them less than men. Never had the upper classes so much sympathy with the lower, or charity for them, as they have at this day, and yet never were they so much hated by them: for, of old, the separation between the noble and the poor was merely a wall built by law; now it is a veritable difference in level of standing, a precipice between upper and lower grounds in the field of humanity, and there is pestilential air at the bottom of it. I know not if a day is ever to come when the nature of right freedom will be understood, and when men will see that to obey another man, to labor for him, yield reverence to him or to his place, is not slavery. It is often the best kind of liberty, — liberty from care. The man who says to one, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh, has, in most cases, more sense of restraint and difficulty than the man who obeys him. The movements of the one are hindered by the burden on his shoulder; of the other, by the bridle on his lips: there is no way by which the burden may be lightened; but we need not suffer from the bridle if we do not champ at it. To yield reverence to another, to hold ourselves and our lives at his disposal, is not slavery; often, it is the noblest state in which a man can live in this world. There is, indeed, a reverence which is servile, that is to say irrational or selfish: but there is also noble reverence, that is to say, reasonable and loving; and a man is never so noble as when he is reverent in this kind; nay, even if the feeling pass the bounds of mere reason, so that it be loving, a man is raised by it. Which had, in reality, most of the serf nature in him, — the Irish peasant who was lying in wait yesterday for his landlord, with his musket muzzle thrust through the ragged hedge; or that old mountain servant, who, 200 years ago, at Inverkeithing, gave up his own life, and the lives of his seven sons for his chief? — as each fell, calling forth his brother to the death, "Another for Hector!" And therefore, in all ages and all countries, reverence has been paid and sacrifice made by men to each other, not only without complaint, but rejoicingly; and famine, and peril, and sword, and all evil, and all shame, have

i Vide Preface to *Fair Maid of Perth*. (Ruskin's note.)

been borne willingly in the causes of masters and kings; for all these gifts of the heart ennobled the men who gave, not less than the men who received them, and nature prompted, and God rewarded the sacrifice. But to feel their souls withering within them, unthanked, to find their whole being sunk into an unrecognized abyss, to be counted off into a heap of mechanism, numbered with its wheels, and weighed with its hammer strokes; — this nature bade not, — this God blesses not, — this humanity for no long time is able to endure.

§ XVI. We have much studied and much perfected, of late, the great civilized invention of the division of labor; only we give it a false name. It is not, truly speaking, the labor that is divided; but the men: Divided into mere segments of men — broken into small fragments and crumbs of life; so that all the little piece of intelligence that is left in a man is not enough to make a pin, or a nail, but exhausts itself in making the point of a pin, or the head of a nail. Now it is a good and desirable thing, truly, to make many pins in a day; but if we could only see with what crystal sand their points were polished, — sand of human soul, much to be magnified before it can be discerned for what it is, — we should think there might be some loss in it also. And the great cry that rises from all our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for this, — that we manufacture everything there except men; we blanch cotton, and strengthen steel, and refine sugar, and shape pottery; but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine, or to form a single living spirit, never enters into our estimate of advantages. And all the evil to which that cry is urging our myriads can be met only in one way: not by teaching nor preaching, for to teach them is but to show them their misery, and to preach to them, if we do nothing more than preach, is to mock at it. It can be met only by a right understanding, on the part of all classes, of what kinds of labor are good for men, raising them, and making them happy; by a determined sacrifice of such convenience, or beauty, or cheapness as is to be got only by the degradation of the workman; and by equally determined demand for the products and results of healthy and ennobling labor.

§ XVII. And how, it will be asked, are these products to be recognized, and this demand to be regulated? Easily: by the observance of three broad and simple rules:

1. Never encourage the manufacture of

any article not absolutely necessary, in the production of which *Invention* has no share.

2. Never demand an exact finish for its own sake, but only for some practical or noble end.

3. Never encourage imitation or copying of any kind, except for the sake of preserving record of great works.

The second of these principles is the only one which directly rises out of the consideration of our immediate subject; but I shall briefly explain the meaning and extent of the first also, reserving the enforcement of the third for another place.

1. Never encourage the manufacture of anything not necessary, in the production of which *invention* has no share.

For instance. Glass beads are utterly unnecessary, and there is no design or thought employed in their manufacture. They are formed by first drawing out the glass into rods; these rods are chopped up into fragments of the size of beads by the human hand, and the fragments are then rounded in the furnace. The men who chop up the rods sit at their work all day, their hands vibrating with a perpetual and exquisitely timed palsy, and the beads dropping beneath their vibration like hail. Neither they, nor the men who draw out the rods or fuse the fragments, have the smallest occasion for the use of any single human faculty; and every young lady, therefore, who buys glass beads is engaged in the slave-trade, and in a much more cruel one than that which we have so long been endeavoring to put down.

But glass cups and vessels may become the subjects of exquisite invention; and if in buying these we pay for the invention, that is to say for the beautiful form, or color, or engraving, and not for mere finish of execution, we are doing good to humanity.

§ XVIII. So, again, the cutting of precious stones, in all ordinary cases, requires little exertion of any mental faculty; some tact and judgment in avoiding flaws, and so on, but nothing to bring out the whole mind. Every person who wears cut jewels merely for the sake of their value is, therefore, a slave-driver.

But the working of the goldsmith, and the various designing of grouped jewellery and enamel-work, may become the subject of the most noble human intelligence. Therefore, money spent in the purchase of well-designed plate, of precious engraved vases, cameos, or enamels, does good to humanity; and, in

work of this kind, jewels may be employed to heighten its splendor; and their cutting is then a price paid for the attainment of a noble end, and thus perfectly allowable.

§ XIX. I shall perhaps press this law farther elsewhere, but our immediate concern is chiefly with the second, namely, never to demand an exact finish, when it does not lead to a noble end. For observe, I have only dwelt upon the rudeness of Gothic, or any other kind of imperfectness, as admirable, where it was impossible to get design or thought without it. If you are to have the thought of a rough and untaught man, you must have it in a rough and untaught way; but from an educated man, who can without effort express his thoughts in an educated way, take the graceful expression, and be thankful. Only *get* the thought, and do not silence the peasant because he cannot speak good grammar, or until you have taught him his grammar. Grammar and refinement are good things, both, only be sure of the better thing first. And thus in art, delicate finish is desirable from the greatest masters, and is always given by them. In some places Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Phidias, Perugino, Turner, all finished with the most exquisite care; and the finish they give always leads to the fuller accomplishment of their noble purposes. But lower men than these cannot finish, for it requires consummate knowledge to finish consummately, and then we must take their thoughts as they are able to give them. So the rule is simple: Always look for invention first, and after that, for such execution as will help the invention, and as the inventor is capable of without painful effort, and *no more*. Above all, demand no refinement of execution where there is no thought, for that is slaves' work, unredeemed. Rather choose rough work than smooth work, so only that the practical purpose be answered, and never imagine there is reason to be proud of anything that may be accomplished by patience and sand-paper.

§ XX. I shall only give one example, which however will show the reader what I mean, from the manufacture already alluded to, that of glass. Our modern glass is exquisitely clear in its substance, true in its form, accurate in its cutting. We are proud of this. We ought to be ashamed of it. The old Venice glass was muddy, inaccurate in all its forms, and clumsily cut, if at all. And the old Venetian was justly proud of it. For there is this difference between the English and Venetian workman, that the former

thinks only of accurately matching his patterns, and getting his curves perfectly true and his edges perfectly sharp, and becomes a mere machine for rounding curves and sharpening edges, while the old Venetian cared not a whit whether his edges were sharp or not, but he invented a new design for every glass that he made, and never molded a handle or a lip without a new fancy in it. And therefore, though some Venetian glass is ugly and clumsy enough, when made by clumsy and uninventive workmen, other Venetian glass is so lovely in its forms that no price is too great for it; and we never see the same form in it twice. Now you cannot have the finish and the varied form too. If the workman is thinking about his edges, he cannot be thinking of his design; if of his design, he cannot think of his edges. Choose whether you will pay for the lovely form or the perfect finish, and choose at the same moment whether you will make the worker a man or a grindstone.

§ XXI. Nay, but the reader interrupts me, — "If the workman can design beautifully, I would not have him kept at the furnace. Let him be taken away and made a gentleman, and have a studio, and design his glass there, and I will have it blown and cut for him by common workmen, and so I will have my design and my finish too."

All ideas of this kind are founded upon two mistaken suppositions: the first, that one man's thoughts can be, or ought to be, executed by another man's hands; the second, that manual labor is a degradation, when it is governed by intellect.

On a large scale, and in work determinable by line and rule, it is indeed both possible and necessary that the thoughts of one man should be carried out by the labor of others; in this sense I have already defined the best architecture to be the expression of the mind of manhood by the hands of childhood. But on a smaller scale, and in a design which cannot be mathematically defined, one man's thoughts can never be expressed by another: and the difference between the spirit of touch of the man who is inventing, and of the man who is obeying directions, is often all the difference between a great and a common work of art. How wide the separation is between original and second-hand execution, I shall endeavor to show elsewhere; it is not so much to our purpose here as to mark the other and more fatal error of despising manual labor when governed by intellect; for it is no less fatal an error to despise it when

thus regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days endeavoring to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman, and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen, in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising, his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers, and miserable workers. Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity. It would be well if all of us were good handicraftsmen in some kind, and the dishonor of manual labor done away with altogether; so that though there should still be a trenchant distinction of race between nobles and commoners, there should not, among the latter, be a trenchant distinction of employment, as between idle and working men, or between men of liberal and illiberal professions. All professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement. And yet more, in each several profession, no master should be too proud to do its hardest work. The painter should grind his own colors; the architect work in the mason's yard with his men; the master-manufacturer be himself a more skilful operative than any man in his mills; and the distinction between one man and another be only in experience and skill, and the authority and wealth which these must naturally and justly obtain.

§ XXII. I should be led far from the matter in hand, if I were to pursue this interesting subject. Enough, I trust, has been said to show the reader that the rudeness or imperfection which at first rendered the term "Gothic" one of reproach is indeed, when rightly understood, one of the most noble characters of Christian architecture, and not only a noble but an *essential* one. It seems a fantastic paradox, but it is nevertheless a most important truth, that no architecture can be truly noble which is *not* imperfect. And this is easily demonstrable. For since the architect, whom we will suppose capable of doing all in perfection, cannot execute the whole with his own hands, he must either make slaves of his workmen in the old Greek, and present English fashion, and level his work to a slave's capacities, which is to de-

grade it; or else he must take his workmen as he finds them, and let them show their weaknesses together with their strength, which will involve the Gothic imperfection, but render the whole work as noble as the intellect of the age can make it.

§ XXIII. But the principle may be stated more broadly still. I have confined the illustration of it to architecture, but I must not leave it as if true of architecture only. Hitherto I have used the words imperfect and perfect merely to distinguish between work grossly unskilful, and work executed with average precision and science; and I have been pleading that any degree of unskilfulness should be admitted, so only that the laborer's mind had room for expression. But, accurately speaking, no good work whatever can be perfect, and *the demand for perfection is always a sign of a misunderstanding of the ends of art.*

§ XXIV. This for two reasons, both based on everlasting laws. The first, that no great man ever stops working till he has reached his point of failure; that is to say, his mind is always far in advance of his powers of execution, and the latter will now and then give way in trying to follow it; besides that, he will always give to the inferior portions of his work only such inferior attention as they require; and according to his greatness he becomes so accustomed to the feeling of dissatisfaction with the best he can do, that in moments of lassitude or anger with himself he will not care though the beholder be dissatisfied also. I believe there has only been one man who would not acknowledge this necessity, and strove always to reach perfection, Leonardo; the end of his vain effort being merely that he would take ten years to a picture, and leave it unfinished. And therefore, if we are to have great men working at all, or less men doing their best, the work will be imperfect, however beautiful. Of human work none but what is bad can be perfect, in its own bad way.¹

§ XXV. The second reason is, that imperfection is in some sort essential to all that we know of life. It is the sign of life in a mortal body, that is to say, of a state of progress and change. Nothing that lives is, or can be, rigidly perfect; part of it is decaying, part nascent. The foxglove blossom, — a third

¹ The Elgin marbles are supposed by many persons to be "perfect." In the most important portions they indeed approach perfection, but only there. The draperies are unfinished, the hair and wool of the animals are unfinished, and the entire bas-reliefs of the frieze are roughly cut. (Ruskin's note.)

part bud, a third part past, a third part in full bloom, — is a type of the life of this world. And in all things that live there are certain irregularities and deficiencies which are not only signs of life, but sources of beauty. No human face is exactly the same in its lines on each side, no leaf perfect in its lobes, no branch in its symmetry. All admit irregularity as they imply change; and to banish imperfection is to destroy expression, to check exertion, to paralyze vitality. All things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment, Mercy.

Accept this then for a universal law, that neither architecture nor any other noble work of man can be good unless it be imperfect; and let us be prepared for the otherwise strange fact, which we shall discern clearly as we approach the period of the Renaissance, that the first cause of the fall of the arts of Europe was a relentless requirement of perfection, incapable alike either of being silenced by veneration for greatness, or softened into forgiveness of simplicity.

Thus far then of the Rudeness or Savageness, which is the first mental element of Gothic architecture. It is an element in many other healthy architectures also, as in Byzantine and Romanesque; but true Gothic cannot exist without it.

§ XXVI. The second mental element above named was CHANGEFULNESS, or Variety.

I have already enforced the allowing independent operation to the inferior workman, simply as a duty to him, and as ennobling the architecture by rendering it more Christian. We have now to consider what reward we obtain for the performance of this duty, namely, the perpetual variety of every feature of the building.

Wherever the workman is utterly enslaved, the parts of the building must of course be absolutely like each other; for the perfection of his execution can only be reached by exercising him in doing one thing, and giving him nothing else to do. The degree in which the workman is degraded may be thus known at a glance, by observing whether the several parts of the building are similar or not; and if, as in Greek work, all the capitals are alike, and all the moldings unvaried, then the degradation is complete; if, as in Egyptian or Ninevite work, though the manner of executing certain figures is always the same, the order of design is perpetually varied, the de-

gradation is less total; if, as in Gothic work, there is perpetual change both in design and execution, the workman must have been altogether set free.

§ XXVII. How much the beholder gains from the liberty of the laborer may perhaps be questioned in England, where one of the strongest instincts in nearly every mind is that Love of Order which makes us desire that our house windows should pair like our carriage horses, and allows us to yield our faith unhesitatingly to architectural theories which fix a form for everything, and forbid variation from it. I would not impeach love of order: it is one of the most useful elements of the English mind; it helps us in our commerce and in all purely practical matters; and it is in many cases one of the foundation stones of morality. Only do not let us suppose that love of order is love of art. It is true that order, in its highest sense, is one of the necessities of art, just as time is a necessity of music; but love of order has no more to do with our right enjoyment of architecture or painting, than love of punctuality with the appreciation of an opera. Experience, I fear, teaches us that accurate and methodical habits in daily life are seldom characteristic of those who either quickly perceive, or richly possess, the creative powers of art; there is, however, nothing inconsistent between the two instincts, and nothing to hinder us from retaining our business habits, and yet fully allowing and enjoying the noblest gifts of Invention. We already do so, in every other branch of art except architecture, and we only do *not* so there because we have been taught that it would be wrong. Our architects gravely inform us that, as there are four rules of arithmetic, there are five orders of architecture; we, in our simplicity, think that this sounds consistent, and believe them. They inform us also that there is one proper form for Corinthian capitals, another for Doric, and another for Ionic. We, considering that there is also a proper form for the letters A, B, and C, think that this also sounds consistent, and accept the proposition. Understanding, therefore, that one form of the said capitals is proper, and no other, and having a conscientious horror of all impropriety, we allow the architect to provide us with the said capitals, of the proper form, in such and such a quantity, and in all other points to take care that the legal forms are observed; which having done, we rest in forced confidence that we are well housed.

§ XXVIII. But our higher instincts are not deceived. We take no pleasure in the building provided for us, resembling that which we take in a new book or a new picture. We may be proud of its size, complacent in its correctness, and happy in its convenience. We may take the same pleasure in its symmetry and workmanship as in a well-ordered room, or a skilful piece of manufacture. And this we suppose to be all the pleasure that architecture was ever intended to give us. The idea of reading a building as we would read Milton or Dante, and getting the same kind of delight out of the stones as out of the stanzas, never enters our minds for a moment. And for good reason;— There is indeed rhythm in the verses, quite as strict as the symmetries or rhythm of the architecture, and a thousand times more beautiful, but there is something else than rhythm. The verses were neither made to order, nor to match, as the capitals were; and we have therefore a kind of pleasure in them other than a sense of propriety. But it requires a strong effort of common sense to shake ourselves quit of all that we have been taught for the last two centuries, and wake to the perception of a truth just as simple and certain as it is new: that great art, whether expressing itself in words, colors, or stones, does *not* say the same thing over and over again; that the merit of architectural, as of every other art, consists in its saying new and different things; that to repeat itself is no more a characteristic of genius in marble than it is of genius in print; and that we may, without offending any laws of good taste, require of an architect, as we do of a novelist, that he should be not only correct, but entertaining.

Yet all this is true, and self-evident; only hidden from us, as many other self-evident things are, by false teaching. Nothing is a great work of art, for the production of which either rules or models can be given. Exactly so far as architecture works on known rules, and from given models, it is not an art, but a manufacture; and it is, of the two procedures, rather less rational (because more easy) to copy capitals or moldings from Phidias, and call ourselves architects, than to copy heads and hands from Titian, and call ourselves painters.

§ XXIX. Let us then understand at once, that change or variety is as much a necessity to the human heart and brain in buildings as in books; that there is no merit, though there is some occasional use, in monotony; and

that we must no more expect to derive either pleasure or profit from an architecture whose ornaments are of one pattern, and whose pillars are of one proportion, than we should out of a universe in which the clouds were all of one shape, and the trees all of one size.

§ XXX. And this we confess in deeds, though not in words. All the pleasure which the people of the nineteenth century take in art, is in pictures, sculpture, minor objects of virtù, or mediæval architecture, which we enjoy under the term picturesque: no pleasure is taken anywhere in modern buildings, and we find all men of true feeling delighting to escape out of modern cities into natural scenery: hence, as I shall hereafter show, that peculiar love of landscape which is characteristic of the age. It would be well, if, in all other matters, we were as ready to put up with what we dislike, for the sake of compliance with established law, as we are in architecture.

§ XXXI. How so debased a law ever came to be established, we shall see when we come to describe the Renaissance schools: here we have only to note, as the second most essential element of the Gothic spirit, that it broke through that law wherever it found it in existence; it not only dared, but delighted in, the infringement of every servile principle; and invented a series of forms of which the merit was, not merely that they were new, but that they were *capable of perpetual novelty*. The pointed arch was not merely a bold variation from the round, but it admitted of millions of variations in itself; for the proportions of a pointed arch are changeable to infinity, while a circular arch is always the same. The grouped shaft was not merely a bold variation from the single one, but it admitted of millions of variations in its grouping, and in the proportions resultant from its grouping. The introduction of tracery was not only a startling change in the treatment of window lights, but admitted endless changes in the interlacement of the tracery bars themselves. So that, while in all living Christian architecture the love of variety exists, the Gothic schools exhibited that love in culminating energy; and their influence, wherever it extended itself, may be sooner and farther traced by this character than by any other; the tendency to the adoption of Gothic types being always first shown by greater irregularity and richer variation in the forms of the architecture it is about to supersede, long before the appearance of the pointed arch or of any other

recognizable *outward* sign of the Gothic mind.

§ XXXII. We must, however, herein note carefully what distinction there is between a healthy and a diseased love of change; for as it was in healthy love of change that the Gothic architecture rose, it was partly in consequence of diseased love of change that it was destroyed. In order to understand this clearly, it will be necessary to consider the different ways in which change and monotony are presented to us in nature; both having their use, like darkness and light, and the one incapable of being enjoyed without the other: change being most delightful after some prolongation of monotony, as light appears most brilliant after the eyes have been for some time closed.

§ XXXIII. I believe that the true relations of monotony and change may be most simply understood by observing them in music. We may therein notice, first, that there is a sublimity and majesty in monotony which there is not in rapid or frequent variation. This is true throughout all nature. The greater part of the sublimity of the sea depends on its monotony; so also that of desolate moor and mountain scenery; and especially the sublimity of motion, as in the quiet, unchanged fall and rise of an engine beam. So also there is sublimity in darkness which there is not in light.

§ XXXIV. Again, monotony after a certain time, or beyond a certain degree, becomes either uninteresting or intolerable, and the musician is obliged to break it in one or two ways: either while the air or passage is perpetually repeated, its notes are variously enriched and harmonized; or else, after a certain number of repeated passages, an entirely new passage is introduced, which is more or less delightful according to the length of the previous monotony. Nature, of course, uses both these kinds of variation perpetually. The sea-waves, resembling each other in general mass, but none like its brother in minor divisions and curves, are a monotony of the first kind; the great plain, broken by an emergent rock or clump of trees, is a monotony of the second.

§ XXXV. Farther: in order to the enjoyment of the change in either case, a certain degree of patience is required from the hearer or observer. In the first case, he must be satisfied to endure with patience the recurrence of the great masses of sound or form, and to seek for entertainment in a careful watchfulness of the minor details. In the

second case, he must bear patiently the infliction of the monotony for some moments, in order to feel the full refreshment of the change. This is true even of the shortest musical passage in which the element of monotony is employed. In cases of more majestic monotony, the patience required is so considerable that it becomes a kind of pain, — a price paid for the future pleasure.

§ XXXVI. Again: the talent of the composer is not in the monotony, but in the changes; he may show feeling and taste by his use of monotony in certain places or degrees: that is to say, by his *various* employment of it; but it is always in the new arrangement or invention that his intellect is shown, and not in the monotony which relieves it.

Lastly: if the pleasure of change be too often repeated, it ceases to be delightful, for then change itself becomes monotonous, and we are driven to seek delight in extreme and fantastic degrees of it. This is the diseased love of change of which we have above spoken.

§ XXXVII. From these facts we may gather generally that monotony is, and ought to be, in itself painful to us, just as darkness is; that an architecture which is altogether monotonous is a dark or dead architecture; and, of those who love it, it may be truly said, "they love darkness rather than light." But monotony in certain measure, used in order to give value to change, and, above all, that *transparent* monotony which, like the shadows of a great painter, suffers all manner of dimly suggested form to be seen through the body of it, is an essential in architectural as in all other composition; and the endurance of monotony has about the same place in a healthy mind that the endurance of darkness has: that is to say, as a strong intellect will have pleasure in the solemnities of storm and twilight, and in the broken and mysterious lights that gleam among them, rather than in mere brilliancy and glare, while a frivolous mind will dread the shadow and the storm; and as a great man will be ready to endure much darkness of fortune in order to reach greater eminence of power or felicity, while an inferior man will not pay the price; exactly in like manner a great mind will accept, or even delight in, monotony which would be wearisome to an inferior intellect, because it has more patience and power of expectation, and is ready to pay the full price for the great future

pleasure of change. But in all cases it is not that the noble nature loves monotony, any more than it loves darkness or pain. But it can bear with it, and receives a high pleasure in the endurance or patience, a pleasure necessary to the well-being of this world; while those who will not submit to the temporary sameness, but rush from one change to another, gradually dull the edge of change itself, and bring a shadow and weariness over the whole world from which there is no more escape.

§ XXXVIII. From these general uses of variety in the economy of the world, we may at once understand its use and abuse in architecture. The variety of the Gothic schools is the more healthy and beautiful, because in many cases it is entirely unstudied, and results, not from the mere love of change, but from practical necessities. For in one point of view Gothic is not only the best, but the *only rational* architecture, as being that which can fit itself most easily to all services, vulgar or noble. Undefined in its slope of roof, height of shaft, breadth of arch, or disposition of ground plan, it can shrink into a turret, expand into a hall, coil into a staircase, or spring into a spire, with undegraded grace and unexhausted energy; and whenever it finds occasion for change in its form or purpose, it submits to it without the slightest sense of loss either to its unity or majesty, — subtle and flexible like a fiery serpent, but ever attentive to the voice of the charmer. And it is one of the chief virtues of the Gothic builders, that they never suffered ideas of outside symmetries and consistencies to interfere with the real use and value of what they did. If they wanted a window, they opened one; a room, they added one; a buttress, they built one; utterly regardless of any established conventionalities of external appearance, knowing (as indeed it always happened) that such daring interruptions of the formal plan would rather give additional interest to its symmetry than injure it. So that, in the best times of Gothic, a useless window would rather have been opened in an unexpected place for the sake of the surprise, than a useful one forbidden for the sake of symmetry. Every successive architect, employed upon a great work, built the pieces he added in his own way, utterly regardless of the style adopted by his predecessors; and if two towers were raised in nominal correspondence at the sides of a cathedral front, one was nearly sure to be different from the other,

and in each the style at the top to be different from the style at the bottom.¹

§ XXXIX. These marked variations were, however, only permitted as part of the great system of perpetual change which ran through every member of Gothic design, and rendered it as endless a field for the beholder's inquiry, as for the builder's imagination: change, which in the best schools is subtle and delicate, and rendered more delightful by intermingling of a noble monotony; in the more barbaric schools is somewhat fantastic and redundant; but, in all, a necessary and constant condition of the life of the school. Sometimes the variety is in one feature, sometimes in another; it may be in the capitals or crockets, in the niches or the traceries, or in all together, but in some one or other of the features it will be found always. If the moldings are constant, the surface sculpture will change; if the capitals are of a fixed design, the traceries will change; if the traceries are monotonous, the capitals will change; and if even, as in some fine schools, the early English for example, there is the slightest approximation to an unvarying type of moldings, capitals, and floral decoration, the variety is found in the disposition of the masses, and in the figure sculpture.

§ XL. I must now refer for a moment, before we quit the consideration of this, the second mental element of Gothic, to the opening of the third chapter of the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, in which the distinction was drawn (§ 2) between man gathering and man governing; between his acceptance of the sources of delight from nature, and his development of authoritative or imaginative power in their arrangement: for the two mental elements, not only of Gothic, but of all good architecture, which we have just been examining, belong to it, and are admirable in it, chiefly as it is, more than any other subject of art, the work of man, and the expression of the average power of man. A picture or poem is often little more than a feeble utterance of man's admiration of something out of himself; but architecture approaches more to a creation of his own, born of his necessities, and expressive of his nature. It is also, in some sort, the work of the whole race, while the picture or statue are the work of one only, in most cases more highly gifted than his fellows. And therefore we may expect that

¹ In the eighth chapter we shall see a remarkable instance of this sacrifice of symmetry to convenience in the arrangement of the windows of the Ducal Palace. (Ruskin's note.)

the first two elements of good architecture should be expressive of some great truths commonly belonging to the whole race, and necessary to be understood or felt by them in all their work that they do under the sun. And observe what they are: the confession of Imperfection, and the confession of Desire of Change. The building of the bird and the bee needs not express anything like this. It is perfect and unchanging. But just because we are something better than birds or bees, our building must confess that we have not reached the perfection we can imagine, and cannot rest in the condition we have attained. If we pretend to have reached either perfection or satisfaction, we have degraded ourselves and our work. God's work only may express that; but ours may never have that sentence written upon it, — "And behold, it was very good." And, observe again, it is not merely as it renders the edifice a book of various knowledge, or a mine of precious thought, that variety is essential to its nobleness. The vital principle is not the love of *Knowledge*, but the love of *Change*. It is that strange *disquietude* of the Gothic spirit that is its greatness; that restlessness of the dreaming mind, that wanders hither and thither among the niches, and flickers feverishly around the pinnacles, and frets and fades in labyrinthine knots and shadows along wall and roof, and yet is not satisfied, nor shall be satisfied. The Greek could stay in his triglyph furrow, and be at peace; but the work of the Gothic heart is fretwork still, and it can neither rest in, nor from, its labor, but must pass on, sleeplessly, until its love of change shall be pacified for ever in the change that must come alike on them that wake and them that sleep.

§ XLI. The third constituent element of the Gothic mind was stated to be NATURALISM; that is to say, the love of natural objects for their own sake, and the effort to represent them frankly, unconstrained by artistical laws.

This characteristic of the style partly follows in necessary connection with those named above. For, so soon as the workman is left free to represent what subjects he chooses, he must look to the nature that is round him for material, and will endeavor to represent it as he sees it, with more or less accuracy according to the skill he possesses, and with much play of fancy, but with small respect for law. There is, however, a marked distinction between the imaginations of the Western and Eastern races, even when both

are left free; the Western, or Gothic, delighting most in the representation of facts, and the Eastern (Arabian, Persian, and Chinese) in the harmony of colors and forms. Each of these intellectual dispositions has its particular forms of error and abuse, which, though I have often before stated, I must here again briefly explain; and this the rather, because the word *Naturalism* is, in one of its senses, justly used as a term of reproach, and the questions respecting the real relations of art and nature are so many and so confused throughout all the schools of Europe at this day, that I cannot clearly enunciate any single truth without appearing to admit, in fellowship with it, some kind of error, unless the reader will bear with me in entering into such an analysis of the subject as will serve us for general guidance.

§ XLII. We are to remember, in the first place, that the arrangement of colors and lines is an art analogous to the composition of music, and entirely independent of the representation of facts. Good coloring does not necessarily convey the image of anything but itself. It consists in certain proportions and arrangements of rays of light, but not in likenesses to anything. A few touches of certain greys and purples laid by a master's hand on white paper, will be good coloring; as more touches are added beside them, we may find out that they were intended to represent a dove's neck, and we may praise, as the drawing advances, the perfect imitation of the dove's neck. But the good coloring does not consist in that imitation, but in the abstract qualities and relations of the grey and purple.

In like manner, as soon as a great sculptor begins to shape his work out of the block, we shall see that its lines are nobly arranged, and of noble character. We may not have the slightest idea for what the forms are intended, whether they are of man or beast, of vegetation or drapery. Their likeness to anything does not affect their nobleness. They are magnificent forms, and that is all we need

I am always afraid to use this word "Composition;" it is so utterly misused in the general parlance respecting art. Nothing is more common than to hear divisions of art into "form, composition, and color," or "light and shade and composition," or "sentiment and composition," or it matters not what else and composition; the speakers in each case attaching a perfectly different meaning to the word, generally an indistinct one, and always a wrong one. Composition is, in plain English, "putting together," and it means the putting together of lines, of forms, of colors, of shades, or of ideas. Painters compose in color, compose in thought, compose in form, and compose in effect; the word being of use merely in order to express a scientific, disciplined, and inventive arrangement of any of these, instead of a merely natural or accidental one. (Ruskin's note.)

care to know of them, in order to say whether the workman is a good or bad sculptor.

§ XLIII. Now the noblest art is an exact unison of the abstract value, with the imitative power, of forms and colors. It is the noblest composition, used to express the noblest facts. But the human mind cannot in general unite the two perfections: it either pursues the fact to the neglect of the composition, or pursues the composition to the neglect of the fact.

§ XLIV. And it is intended by the Deity that it *should* do this; the best art is not always wanted. Facts are often wanted without art, as in a geological diagram; and art often without facts, as in a Turkey carpet. And most men have been made capable of giving either one or the other, but not both; only one or two, the very highest, can give both.

Observe then. Men are universally divided, as respects their artistical qualifications, into three great classes; a right, a left, and a centre. On the right side are the men of facts, on the left the men of design,¹ in the centre the men of both.

The three classes of course pass into each other by imperceptible gradations. The men of facts are hardly ever altogether without powers of design; the men of design are always in some measure cognizant of facts; and as each class possesses more or less of the powers of the opposite one, it approaches to the character of the central class. Few men, even in that central rank, are so exactly throned on the summit of the crest that they cannot be perceived to incline in the least one way or the other, embracing both horizons with their glance. Now each of these classes has, as I above said, a healthy function in the world, and correlative diseases or unhealthy functions; and, when the work of either of them is seen in its morbid condition, we are apt to find fault with the class of workmen, instead of finding fault only with the particular abuse which has perverted their action.

§ XLV. Let us first take an instance of the healthy action of the three classes on a simple subject, so as fully to understand the distinction between them, and then we shall more easily examine the corruptions to which they are liable. Fig. 1 in Plate VI. is a spray

of vine with a bough of cherry-tree, which I have outlined from nature as accurately as I could, without in the least endeavoring to compose or arrange the form. It is a simple piece of fact-work, healthy and good as such, and useful to any one who wanted to know plain truths about tendrils of vines, but there is no attempt at design in it. Plate XIX., below, represents a branch of vine used to decorate the angle of the Ducal Palace. It is faithful as a representation of vine, and yet so designed that every leaf serves an architectural purpose, and could not be spared from its place without harm. This is central work; fact and design together. Fig. 2 in Plate VI. is a spandril from St. Mark's, in which the forms of the vine are dimly suggested, the object of the design being merely to obtain graceful lines and well proportioned masses upon the gold ground. There is not the least attempt to inform the spectator of any facts about the growth of the vine; there are no stalks or tendrils, — merely running bands with leaves emergent from them, of which nothing but the outline is taken from the vine, and even that imperfectly. This is design, unregardful of facts.

Now the work is, in all these three cases, perfectly healthy. Fig. 1 is not bad work because it has not design, nor fig. 2 bad work because it has not facts. The object of the one is to give pleasure through truth, and of the other to give pleasure through composition. And both are right.

What, then, are the diseased operations to which the three classes of workmen are liable?

§ XLVI. Primarily, two; affecting the two inferior classes:

1st, When either of those two classes Despises the other;

2nd, When either of the two classes Envy the other; producing, therefore, four forms of dangerous error.

First, when the men of facts despise design. This is the error of the common Dutch painters, of merely imitative painters of still life, flowers, etc., and other men who, having either the gift of accurate imitation or strong sympathies with nature, suppose that all is done when the imitation is perfected or sympathy expressed. A large body of English landscapists come into this class, including most clever sketchers from nature, who fancy that to get a sky of true tone, and a gleam of sunshine or sweep of shower faithfully expressed, is all that can be required of

¹ Design is used in this place as expressive of the power to arrange lines and colors nobly. By facts, I mean facts perceived by the eye and mind, not facts accumulated by knowledge. See the chapter on Roman Renaissance (vol. III, chap. II) for this distinction. (Ruskin's note.)

art. These men are generally themselves answerable for much of their deadness of feeling to the higher qualities of composition. They probably have not originally the high gifts of design, but they lose such powers as they originally possessed by despising, and refusing to study, the results of great power of design in others. Their knowledge, as far as it goes, being accurate, they are usually presumptuous and self-conceited, and gradually become incapable of admiring anything but what is like their own works. They see nothing in the works of great designers but the faults, and do harm almost incalculable in the European society of the present day by sneering at the compositions of the greatest men of the earlier ages,¹ because they do not absolutely tally with their own ideas of "Nature."

§ XLVII. The second form of error is when the men of design despise facts. All noble design must deal with facts to a certain extent, for there is no food for it but in nature. The best colorist invents best by taking hints from natural colors; from birds, skies, or groups of figures. And if, in the delight of inventing fantastic color and form, the truths of nature are wilfully neglected, the intellect becomes comparatively decrepit, and that state of art results which we find among the Chinese. The Greek designers delighted in the facts of the human form, and became great in consequence; but the facts of lower nature were disregarded by them, and their inferior ornament became, therefore, dead and valueless.

§ XLVIII. The third form of error is when the men of facts envy design: that is to say, when, having only imitative powers, they refuse to employ those powers upon the visible world around them; but, having been taught that composition is the end of art, strive to obtain the inventive powers which nature has denied them, study nothing but the works of reputed designers, and perish in a fungous growth of plagiarism and laws of art.

Here was the great error of the beginning of this century; it is the error of the meanest kind of men that employ themselves in painting, and it is the most fatal of all, rendering those who fall into it utterly useless, incapable of helping the world with either truth or fancy, while, in all probability, they deceive it by base resemblances of both, until

it hardly recognizes truth or fancy when they really exist.

§ XLIX. The fourth form of error is when the men of design envy facts; that is to say, when the temptation of closely imitating nature leads them to forget their own proper ornamental function, and when they lose the power of the composition for the sake of graphic truth; as, for instance, in the hawthorn molding so often spoken of round the porch of Bourges Cathedral, which, though very lovely, might perhaps, as we saw above, have been better, if the old builder, in his excessive desire to make it look like hawthorn, had not painted it green.

§ L. It is, however, carefully to be noted, that the two morbid conditions to which the men of facts are liable are much more dangerous and harmful than those to which the men of design are liable. The morbid state of men of design injures themselves only; that of the men of facts injures the whole world. The Chinese porcelain-painter is, indeed, not so great a man as he might be, but he does not want to break everything that is not porcelain: but the modern English fact-hunter, despising design, wants to destroy everything that does not agree with his own notions of truth, and becomes the most dangerous and despicable of iconoclasts, excited by egotism instead of religion. Again: the Bourges sculptor, painting his hawthorns green, did indeed somewhat hurt the effect of his own beautiful design, but did not prevent any one from loving hawthorn: but Sir George Beaumont, trying to make Constable paint grass brown *instead* of green, was setting himself between Constable and nature, blinding the painter, and blaspheming the work of God.

§ LI. So much, then, of the diseases of the inferior classes, caused by their envying or despising each other. It is evident that the men of the central class cannot be liable to any morbid operation of this kind, they possessing the powers of both.

But there is another order of diseases which affect all the three classes, considered with respect to their pursuit of facts. For observe, all the three classes are in some degree pursuers of facts; even the men of design not being in any case altogether independent of external truth. Now, considering them *all* as more or less searchers after truth, there is another triple division to be made of them. Everything presented to them in nature has good and evil mingled in it: and artists, considered as searchers after

¹ "Earlier," that is to say, pre-Raphaelite ages. Men of this stamp will praise Claude, and such other comparatively debased artists; but they cannot taste the work of the thirteenth century. (Ruskin's note.)

truth, are again to be divided into three great classes, a right, a left, and a centre. Those on the right perceive, and pursue, the good, and leave the evil: those in the centre, the greatest, perceive and pursue the good and evil together, the whole thing as it verily is: those on the left perceive and pursue the evil, and leave the good.

§ LII. The first class, I say, take the good and leave the evil. Out of whatever is presented to them, they gather what it has of grace, and life, and light, and holiness, and leave all, or at least as much as possible, of the rest undrawn. The faces of their figures express no evil passions; the skies of their landscapes are without storm; the prevalent character of their color is brightness, and of their chiaroscuro fulness of light. The early Italian and Flemish painters, Angelico and Hemling, Perugino, Francia, Raffaello in his best time, John Bellini, and our own Stothard, belong eminently to this class.

§ LIII. The second, or greatest class, render all that they see in nature unhesitatingly, with a kind of divine grasp and government of the whole, sympathizing with all the good, and yet confessing, permitting, and bringing good out of the evil also. Their subject is infinite as nature, their color equally balanced between splendor and sadness, reaching occasionally the highest degrees of both, and their chiaroscuro equally balanced between light and shade.

The principal men of this class are Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Giotto, Tintoret, and Turner. Raffaello in his second time, Titian, and Rubens are transitional; the first inclining to the eclectic, and the last two to the impure class, Raffaello rarely giving all the evil, Titian and Rubens rarely all the good.

§ LIV. The last class perceive and imitate evil only. They cannot draw the trunk of a tree without blasting and shattering it, nor a sky except covered with stormy clouds; they delight in the beggary and brutality of the human race; their color is for the most part subdued or lurid, and the greatest spaces of their pictures are occupied by darkness.

Happily the examples of this class are seldom seen in perfection. Salvator Rosa and Caravaggio are the most characteristic: the other men belonging to it approach towards the central rank by imperceptible gradations, as they perceive and represent more and more of good. But Murillo, Zurbaran, Camillo Procaccini, Rembrandt, and Teniers, all belong naturally to this lower class.

§ LV. Now, observe: the three classes into which artists were previously divided, of men of fact, men of design, and men of both, are all of Divine institution; but of these latter three, the last is in no wise of Divine institution. It is entirely human, and the men who belong to it have sunk into it by their own faults. They are, so far forth, either useless or harmful men. It is indeed good that evil should be occasionally represented, even in its worst forms, but never that it should be taken delight in: and the mighty men of the central class will always give us all that is needful of it; sometimes, as Hogarth did, dwelling upon it bitterly as satirists;— but this with the more effect, because they will neither exaggerate it, nor represent it mercilessly, and without the atoning points that all evil shows to a Divinely guided glance, even at its deepest. So then, though the third class will always, I fear, in some measure exist, the two necessary classes are only the first two; and this is so far acknowledged by the general sense of men, that the basest class has been confounded with the second; and painters have been divided commonly only into two ranks, now known, I believe, throughout Europe by the names which they first received in Italy, "Puristi and Naturalisti." Since, however, in the existing state of things, the degraded or evil-loving class, though less defined than that of the Puristi, is just as vast as it is indistinct, this division has done infinite dishonor to the great faithful painters of nature: and it has long been one of the objects I have had most at heart to show that, in reality, the Purists, in their sanctity, are less separated from these natural painters than the Sensualists in their foulness; and that the difference, though less discernible, is in reality greater, between the man who pursues evil for its own sake, and him who bears with it for the sake of truth, than between this latter and the man who will not endure it at all.

§ LVI. Let us, then, endeavor briefly to mark the real relations of these three vast ranks of men, whom I shall call, for convenience in speaking of them, Purists, Naturalists, and Sensualists; not that these terms express their real characters, but I know no word, and cannot coin a convenient one, which would accurately express the opposite of Purist; and I keep the terms Purist and Naturalist in order to comply, as far as possible, with the established usage of language on the Continent. Now, observe:

in saying that nearly everything presented to us in nature has mingling in it of good and evil, I do not mean that nature is conceivably improvable, or that anything that God has made could be called evil, if we could see far enough into its uses, but that, with respect to immediate effects or appearances, it may be so, just as the hard rind or bitter kernel of a fruit may be an evil to the eater, though in the one is the protection of the fruit, and in the other its continuance. The Purist, therefore, does not mend nature, but receives from nature and from God that which is good for him; while the Sensualist fills himself "with the husks that the swine did eat."

The three classes may, therefore, be likened to men reaping wheat, of which the Purists take the fine flour, and the Sensualists the chaff and straw, but the Naturalists take all home, and make their cake of the one, and their couch of the other.

§ LVII. For instance. We know more certainly every day that whatever appears to us harmful in the universe has some beneficent or necessary operation; that the storm which destroys a harvest brightens the sunbeams for harvests yet unsown, and that the volcano which buries a city preserves a thousand from destruction. But the evil is not for the time less fearful, because we have learned it to be necessary; and we easily understand the timidity or the tenderness of the spirit which would withdraw itself from the presence of destruction, and create in its imagination a world of which the peace should be unbroken, in which the sky should not darken nor the sea rage, in which the leaf should not change nor the blossom wither. That man is greater, however, who contemplates with an equal mind the alternations of terror and of beauty; who, not rejoicing less beneath the sunny sky, can bear also to watch the bars of twilight narrowing on the horizon; and, not less sensible to the blessing of the peace of nature, can rejoice in the magnificence of the ordinances by which that peace is protected and secured. But separated from both by an immeasurable distance would be the man who delighted in convulsion and disease for their own sake; who found his daily food in the disorder of nature mingled with the suffering of humanity; and watched joyfully at the right hand of the Angel whose appointed work is to destroy as well as to accuse, while the corners of the house of feasting were struck by the wind from the wilderness.

§ LVIII. And far more is this true, when the

subject of contemplation is humanity itself. The passions of mankind are partly protective, partly beneficent, like the chaff and grain of the corn; but none without their use, none without nobleness when seen in balanced unity with the rest of the spirit which they are charged to defend. The passions of which the end is the continuance of the race; the indignation which is to arm it against injustice, or strengthen it to resist wanton injury; and the fear¹ which lies at the root of prudence, reverence, and awe, are all honorable and beautiful, so long as man is regarded in his relations to the existing world. The religious Purist, striving to conceive him withdrawn from those relations, effaces from the countenance the traces of all transitory passion, illumines it with holy hope and love, and seals it with the serenity of heavenly peace; he conceals the forms of the body by the deep-folded garment, or else represents them under severely chastened types, and would rather paint them emaciated by the fast, or pale from the torture, than strengthened by exertion, or flushed by emotion. But the great Naturalist takes the human being in its wholeness, in its mortal as well as its spiritual strength. Capable of sounding and sympathizing with the whole range of its passions, he brings one majestic harmony out of them all; he represents it fearlessly in all its acts and thoughts, in its haste, its anger, its sensuality, and its pride, as well as in its fortitude or faith, but makes it noble in them all; he casts aside the veil from the body, and beholds the mysteries of its form like an angel looking down on an inferior creature: there is nothing which he is reluctant to behold, nothing that he is ashamed to confess; with all that lives, triumphing, falling, or suffering, he claims kindred, either in majesty or in mercy, yet standing, in a sort, afar off, unmoved even in the deepness of his sympathy; for the spirit within him is too thoughtful to be grieved, too brave to be appalled, and too pure to be polluted.

§ LIX. How far beneath these two ranks of men shall we place, in the scale of being, those whose pleasure is only in sin or in suffering; who habitually contemplate humanity in poverty or decrepitude, fury or sensuality; whose works are either temptations to its weakness, or triumphs over its ruin, and recognize no other subjects for

¹ Not selfish fear, caused by want of trust in God, or of resolution in the soul. Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. II, pt. III, sect. I, chap. XIV, § XXVII. (Ruskin's note.)

manifested during the embarrassment caused by the late strikes of our workmen.¹ Here occurs one of the simplest cases, in a pertinent and positive form, of the first vital problem which political economy has to deal with (the relation between employer and employed); and at a severe crisis, when lives in multitudes, and wealth in masses, are at stake, the political economists are helpless — practically mute; no demonstrable solution of the difficulty can be given by them, such as may convince or calm the opposing parties. Obstinately the masters take one view of the matter; obstinately the operatives another; and no political science can set them at one.

v. It would be strange if it could, it being not by "science" of any kind that men were ever intended to be set at one. Disputant after disputant vainly strives to show that the interests of the masters are, or are not, antagonistic to those of the men: none of the pleaders ever seeming to remember that it does not absolutely or always follow that the persons must be antagonistic because their interests are. If there is only a crust of bread in the house, and mother and children are starving, their interests are not the same. If the mother eats it, the children want it; if the children eat it, the mother must go hungry to her work. Yet it does not necessarily follow that there will be "antagonism" between them, that they will fight for the crust, and that the mother, being strongest, will get it, and eat it. Neither, in any other case, whatever the relations of the persons may be, can it be assumed for certain that, because their interests are diverse, they must necessarily regard each other with hostility, and use violence or cunning to obtain the advantage.

vi. Even if this were so, and it were as just as it is convenient to consider men as actuated by no other moral influences than those which affect rats or swine, the logical conditions of the question are still indeterminable. It can never be shown generally either that the interests of master and laborer are alike, or that they are opposed; for, according to circumstances, they may be either. It is, indeed, always the interest of both that the work should be rightly done, and a just price obtained for it; but, in the division of profits, the gain of the one may or may not be the loss of the other. It is not the master's interest to pay wages so low as to leave the men sickly and depressed, nor the workman's

interest to be paid high wages if the smallness of the master's profit hinders him from enlarging his business, or conducting it in a safe and liberal way. A stoker ought not to desire high pay if the company is too poor to keep the engine-wheels in repair.

vii. And the varieties of circumstance which influence these reciprocal interests are so endless, that all endeavor to deduce rules of action from balance of expediency is in vain. And it is meant to be in vain. For no human actions ever were intended by the Maker of men to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice. He has therefore rendered all endeavors to determine expediency futile for evermore. No man ever knew, or can know, what will be the ultimate result to himself, or to others, of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and unjust act. And all of us may know also, that the consequences of justice will be ultimately the best possible, both to others and ourselves, though we can neither say what *is* best, nor how it is likely to come to pass.

I have said balances of justice, meaning, in the term justice, to include affection, — such affection as one man *owes* to another. All right relations between master and operative, and all their best interests, ultimately depend on these.

viii. We shall find the best and simplest illustration of the relations of master and operative in the position of domestic servants.

We will suppose that the master of a household desires only to get as much work out of his servants as he can, at the rate of wages he gives. He never allows them to be idle; feeds them as poorly and lodges them as ill as they will endure, and in all things pushes his requirements to the exact point beyond which he cannot go without forcing the servant to leave him. In doing this, there is no violation on his part of what is commonly called "justice." He agrees with the domestic for his whole time and service, and takes them; — the limits of hardship in treatment being fixed by the practice of other masters in his neighborhood; that is to say, by the current rate of wages for domestic labor. If the servant can get a better place, he is free to take one, and the master can only tell what is the real market value of his labor, by requiring as much as he will give.

This is the politico-economical view of the case, according to the doctors of that science; who assert that by this procedure the great-

¹ The reference is to the builders' strike in the autumn of 1850.

est average of work will be obtained from the servant, and therefore, the greatest benefit to the community, and through the community, by reversion, to the servant himself.

That, however, is not so. It would be so if the servant were an engine of which the motive power was steam, magnetism, gravitation, or any other agent of calculable force. But he being, on the contrary, an engine whose motive power is a Soul, the force of this very peculiar agent, as an unknown quantity, enters into all the political economist's equations, without his knowledge, and falsifies every one of their results. The largest quantity of work will not be done by this curious engine for pay, or under pressure, or by help of any kind of fuel which may be supplied by the chaldron. It will be done only when the motive force, that is to say, the will or spirit of the creature, is brought to its greatest strength by its own proper fuel; namely, by the affections.

IX. It may indeed happen, and does happen often, that if the master is a man of sense and energy, a large quantity of material work may be done under mechanical pressure, enforced by strong will and guided by wise method; also it may happen, and does happen often, that if the master is indolent and weak (however good-natured), a very small quantity of work, and that bad, may be produced by the servant's undirected strength, and contemptuous gratitude. But the universal law of the matter is that, assuming any given quantity of energy and sense in master and servant, the greatest material result obtainable by them will be, not through antagonism to each other, but through affection for each other; and that if the master, instead of endeavoring to get as much work as possible from the servant, seeks rather to render his appointed and necessary work beneficial to him, and to forward his interests in all just and wholesome ways, the real amount of work ultimately done, or of good rendered, by the person so cared for, will indeed be the greatest possible.

Observe, I say, "of good rendered," for a servant's work is not necessarily or always the best thing he can give his master. But good of all kinds, whether in material service, in protective watchfulness of his master's interest and credit, or in joyful readiness to seize unexpected and irregular occasions of help.

Nor is this one whit less generally true because indulgence will be frequently abused,

and kindness met with ingratitude. For the servant who, gently treated, is ungrateful, treated ungently, will be revengeful; and the man who is dishonest to a liberal master will be injurious to an unjust one.

X. In any case, and with any person, this unselfish treatment will produce the most effective return. Observe, I am here considering the affections wholly as a motive power; not at all as things in themselves desirable or noble, or in any other way abstractedly good. I look at them simply as an anomalous force, rendering every one of the ordinary political economist's calculations nugatory; while, even if he desired to introduce this new element into his estimates, he has no power of dealing with it; for the affections only become a true motive power when they ignore every other motive and condition of political economy. Treat the servant kindly, with the idea of turning his gratitude to account, and you will get, as you deserve, no gratitude, nor any value for your kindness; but treat him kindly without any economical purpose, and all economical purposes will be answered; in this, as in all other matters, whosoever will save his life shall lose it, whoso loses it shall find it.¹

XI. The next clearest and simplest example of relation between master and operative is that which exists between the commander of a regiment and his men.

Supposing the officer only desires to apply the rules of discipline so as, with least trouble to himself, to make the regiment most effective

¹ The difference between the two modes of treatment, and between their effective material results, may be seen very accurately by a comparison of the relations of Esther and Charlie in *Bleak House*, with those of Miss Brass and the Marchioness in *Master Humphrey's Clock*.

The essential value and truth of Dickens's writings have been unwisely lost sight of by many thoughtful persons, merely because he presents his truth with some color of caricature. Unwisely, because Dickens's caricature, though often gross, is never mistaken. Allowing for his manner of telling them, the things he tells us are always true. I wish that he could think it right to limit his brilliant exaggeration to works written only for public amusement; and when he takes up a subject of high national importance, such as that which he handled in *Hard Times*, that he would use severer and more accurate analysis. The usefulness of that work (to my mind, in several respects, the greatest he has written) is with many persons seriously diminished because Mr. Bounderby is a dramatic monster, instead of a characteristic example of a worldly master; and Stephen Blackpool a dramatic perfection, instead of a characteristic example of an honest workman. But let us not lose the use of Dickens's wit, and insight, because he chooses to speak in a circle of stage fire. He is entirely right in his main drift and purpose in every book he has written; and all of them, but especially *Hard Times*, should be studied with close and earnest care by persons interested in social questions. They will find much that is partial, and, because partial, apparently unjust; but if they examine all the evidence on the other side, which Dickens seems to overlook, it will appear, after all their trouble, that his view was the finally right one, grossly and sharply told. (Ruskin's note.)

tive, he will not be able, by any rules, or administration of rules, on this selfish principle, to develop the full strength of his subordinates. If a man of sense and firmness, he may, as in the former instance, produce a better result than would be obtained by the irregular kindness of a weak officer; but let the sense and firmness be the same in both cases, and assuredly the officer who has the most direct personal relations with his men, the most care for their interests, and the most value for their lives, will develop their effective strength, through their affection for his own person, and trust in his character, to a degree wholly unattainable by other means. The law applies still more stringently as the numbers concerned are larger; a charge may often be successful, though the men dislike their officers; a battle has rarely been won, unless they loved their general.

XII. Passing from these simple examples to the more complicated relations existing between a manufacturer and his workmen, we are met first by certain curious difficulties, resulting, apparently, from a harder and colder state of moral elements. It is easy to imagine an enthusiastic affection existing among soldiers for the colonel. Not so easy to imagine an enthusiastic affection among cotton-spinners for the proprietor of the mill. A body of men associated for purposes of robbery (as a Highland clan in ancient times) shall be animated by perfect affection, and every member of it be ready to lay down his life for the life of his chief. But a band of men associated for purposes of legal production and accumulation is usually animated, it appears, by no such emotions, and none of them are in anywise willing to give his life for the life of his chief. Not only are we met by this apparent anomaly, in moral matters, but by others connected with it, in administration of system. For a servant or a soldier is engaged at a definite rate of wages, for a definite period; but a workman at a rate of wages variable according to the demand for labor, and with the risk of being at any time thrown out of his situation by chances of trade. Now, as, under these contingencies, no action of the affections can take place, but only an explosive action of *disaffections*, two points offer themselves for consideration in the matter.

The first — How far the rate of wages may be so regulated as not to vary with the demand for labor.

The second — How far it is possible that

bodies of workmen may be engaged and maintained at such fixed rate of wages (whatever the state of trade may be), without enlarging or diminishing their number, so as to give them permanent interest in the establishment with which they are connected, like that of the domestic servants in an old family, or an *esprit de corps*, like that of the soldiers in a crack regiment.

XIII. The first question is, I say, how far it may be possible to fix the rate of wages irrespectively of the demand for labor.

Perhaps one of the most curious facts in the history of human error is the denial by the common political economist of the possibility of thus regulating wages; while, for all the important, and much of the unimportant, labor on the earth, wages are already so regulated.

We do not sell our prime-ministership by Dutch auction; nor, on the decease of a bishop, whatever may be the general advantages of simony, do we (yet) offer his diocese to the clergyman who will take the episcopacy at the lowest contract. We (with exquisite sagacity of political economy!) do indeed sell commissions, but not openly, generalships: sick, we do not inquire for a physician who takes less than a guinea; litigious, we never think of reducing six-and-eightpence to four-and-sixpence; caught in a shower, we do not canvass the cabmen, to find one who values his driving at less than sixpence a mile.

It is true that in all these cases there is, and in every conceivable case there must be, ultimate reference to the presumed difficulty of the work, or number of candidates for the office. If it were thought that the labor necessary to make a good physician would be gone through by a sufficient number of students with the prospect of only half-guinea fees, public consent would soon withdraw the unnecessary half-guinea. In this ultimate sense, the price of labor is indeed always regulated by the demand for it; but so far as the practical and immediate administration of the matter is regarded, the best labor always has been, and is, as *all* labor ought to be, paid by an invariable standard.

XIV. "What!" the reader perhaps answers amazedly: "pay good and bad workmen alike?"

Certainly. The difference between one prelate's sermons and his successor's, — or between one physician's opinion and another's, — is far greater, as respects the

qualities of mind involved, and far more important in result to you personally, than the difference between good and bad laying of bricks (though that is greater than most people suppose). Yet you pay with equal fee, contentedly, the good and bad workmen upon your soul, and the good and bad workmen upon your body; much more may you pay, contentedly, with equal fees, the good and bad workmen upon your house.

"Nay, but I choose my physician and (?) my clergyman, thus indicating my sense of the quality of their work." By all means, also, choose your bricklayer; that is the proper reward of the good workman, to be "chosen." The natural and right system respecting all labor is, that it should be paid at a fixed rate, but the good workman employed, and the bad workman unemployed. The false, unnatural, and destructive system is when the bad workman is allowed to offer his work at half-price, and either take the place of the good, or force him by his competition to work for an inadequate sum.

xv. This equality of wages, then, being the first object towards which we have to discover the directest available road; the second is, as above stated, that of maintaining constant numbers of workmen in employment, whatever may be the accidental demand for the article they produce.

I believe the sudden and extensive inequalities of demand which necessarily arise in the mercantile operations of an active nation, constitute the only essential difficulty which has to be overcome in a just organization of labor. The subject opens into too many branches to admit of being investigated in a paper of this kind; but the following general facts bearing on it may be noted.

The wages which enable any workman to live are necessarily higher, if his work is liable to intermission, than if it is assured and continuous; and however severe the struggle for work may become, the general law will always hold, that men must get more daily pay if, on the average, they can only calculate on work three days a week, than they would require if they were sure of work six days a week. Supposing that a man cannot live on less than a shilling a day, his seven shillings he must get, either for three days' violent work, or six days' deliberate work. The tendency of all modern mercantile operations is to throw both wages and trade into the form of a lottery, and to make the workman's pay depend on intermittent exertion,

and the principal's profit on dexterously used chance.

xvi. In what partial degree, I repeat, this may be necessary, in consequence of the activities of modern trade, I do not here investigate; contenting myself with the fact, that in its fatallest aspects it is assuredly unnecessary, and results merely from love of gambling on the part of the masters, and from ignorance and sensuality in the men. The masters cannot bear to let any opportunity of gain escape them, and frantically rush at every gap and breach in the walls of Fortune, raging to be rich, and affronting, with impatient covetousness, every risk of ruin; while the men prefer three days of violent labor, and three days of drunkenness, to six days of moderate work and wise rest. There is no way in which a principal, who really desires to help his workmen, may do it more effectually than by checking these disorderly habits both in himself and them; keeping his own business operations on a scale which will enable him to pursue them securely, not yielding to temptations of precarious gain; and, at the same time, leading his workmen into regular habits of labor and life, either by inducing them rather to take low wages in the form of a fixed salary, than high wages, subject to the chance of their being thrown out of work; or, if this be impossible, by discouraging the system of violent exertion for nominally high day wages, and leading the men to take lower pay for more regular labor.

In effecting any radical changes of this kind, doubtless there would be great inconvenience and loss incurred by all the originators of movement. That which can be done with perfect convenience and without loss, is not always the thing that most needs to be done, or which we are most imperatively required to do.

xvii. I have already alluded to the difference hitherto existing between regiments of men associated for purposes of violence, and for purposes of manufacture; in that the former appear capable of self-sacrifice — the latter, not; which singular fact is the real reason of the general lowness of estimate in which the profession of commerce is held, as compared with that of arms. Philosophically, it does not, at first sight, appear reasonable (many writers have endeavored to prove it unreasonable) that a peaceable and rational person, whose trade is buying and selling, should be held in less honor than an unpeaceable and often irrational person,

whose trade is slaying. Nevertheless, the consent of mankind has always, in spite of the philosophers, given precedence to the soldier.

And this is right.

For the soldier's trade, verily and essentially, is not slaying, but being slain. This, without well knowing its own meaning, the world honors it for. A bravo's trade is slaying; but the world has never respected bravos more than merchants: the reason it honors the soldier is, because he holds his life at the service of the State. Reckless he may be — fond of pleasure or of adventure — all kinds of bye-motives and mean impulses may have determined the choice of his profession, and may affect (to all appearance exclusively) his daily conduct in it; but our estimate of him is based on this ultimate fact — of which we are well assured — that, put him in a fortress breach, with all the pleasures of the world behind him, and only death and his duty in front of him, he will keep his face to the front; and he knows that this choice may be put to him at any moment, and has beforehand taken his part — virtually takes such part continually — does, in reality, die daily.

XVIII. Not less is the respect we pay to the lawyer and physician, founded ultimately on their self-sacrifice. Whatever the learning or acuteness of a great lawyer, our chief respect for him depends on our belief that, set in a judge's seat, he will strive to judge justly, come of it what may. Could we suppose that he would take bribes, and use his acuteness and legal knowledge to give plausibility to iniquitous decisions, no degree of intellect would win for him our respect. Nothing will win it, short of our tacit conviction, that in all important acts of his life justice is first with him; his own interest, second.

In the case of a physician, the ground of the honor we render him is clearer still. Whatever his science, we should shrink from him in horror if we found him regard his patients merely as subjects to experiment upon; much more, if we found that, receiving bribes from persons interested in their deaths, he was using his best skill to give poison in the mask of medicine.

Finally, the principle holds with utmost clearness as it respects clergymen. No goodness of disposition will excuse want of science in a physician or of shrewdness in an advocate; but a clergyman, even though his power of intellect be small, is respected on the presumed ground of his unselfishness and serviceableness.

XIX. Now there can be no question but that the tact, foresight, decision, and other mental powers, required for the successful management of a large mercantile concern, if not such as could be compared with those of a great lawyer, general, or divine, would at least match the general conditions of mind required in the subordinate officers of a ship, or of a regiment, or in the curate of a country parish. If, therefore, all the efficient members of the so-called liberal professions are still, somehow, in public estimate of honor, preferred before the head of a commercial firm, the reason must lie deeper than in the measurement of their several powers of mind.

And the essential reason for such preference will be found to lie in the fact that the merchant is presumed to act always selfishly. His work may be very necessary to the community; but the motive of it is understood to be wholly personal. The merchant's first object in all his dealings must be (the public believe) to get as much for himself, and leave as little to his neighbor (or customer) as possible. Enforcing this upon him, by political statute, as the necessary principle of his action; recommending it to him on all occasions, and themselves reciprocally adopting it; proclaiming vociferously, for law of the universe, that a buyer's function is to cheapen, and a seller's to cheat, — the public, nevertheless, involuntarily condemn the man of commerce for his compliance with their own statement, and stamp him for ever as belonging to an inferior grade of human personality.

xx. This they will find, eventually, they must give up doing. They must not cease to condemn selfishness; but they will have to discover a kind of commerce which is not exclusively selfish. Or, rather, they will have to discover that there never was, or can be, any other kind of commerce; that this which they have called commerce was not commerce at all, but cozening; and that a true merchant differs as much from a merchant according to laws of modern political economy, as the hero of the *Excursion* from Autolycus. They will find that commerce is an occupation which gentlemen will every day see more need to engage in, rather than in the businesses of talking to men, or slaying them: that, in true commerce, as in true preaching, or true fighting, it is necessary to admit the idea of occasional voluntary loss; — that sixpences have to be lost, as well as lives, under a sense of duty; that the market may have its martyrdoms as well as the

pulpit; and trade its heroisms, as well as war.

May have — in the final issue, must have — and only has not had yet, because men of heroic temper have always been misguided in their youth into other fields, not recognizing what is in our days, perhaps, the most important of all fields; so that, while many a zealous person loses his life in trying to teach the form of a gospel, very few will lose a hundred pounds in showing the practice of one.

XXI. The fact is, that people never have had clearly explained to them the true functions of a merchant with respect to other people. I should like the reader to be very clear about this.

Five great intellectual professions, relating to daily necessities of life, have hitherto existed — three exist necessarily, in every civilized nation:

The Soldier's profession is to *defend* it.

The Pastor's to *teach* it.

The Physician's, to *keep it in health*.

The Lawyer's, to *enforce justice* in it.

The Merchant's, to *provide* for it.

And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to *die* for it.

"On due occasion," namely:

The Soldier, rather than leave his post in battle.

The Physician, rather than leave his post in plague.

The Pastor, rather than teach Falsehood.

The Lawyer, rather than countenance Injustice.

The Merchant — What is his "due occasion" of death?

XXII. It is the main question for the merchant, as for all of us. For, truly, the man who does not know when to die, does not know how to live.

Observe, the merchant's function (or manufacturer's, for in the broad sense in which it is here used the word must be understood to include both) is to provide for the nation. It is no more his function to get profit for himself out of that provision than it is a clergyman's function to get his stipend. The stipend is a due and necessary adjunct, but not the object, of his life, if he be a true clergyman, any more than his fee (or *honorarium*) is the object of life to a true physician. Neither is his fee the object of life to a true merchant. All three, if true men, have a work to be done irrespective of fee — to be done even at any cost, or for quite the contrary of fee; the pastor's function being to teach, the physician's to heal, and the mer-

chant's, as I have said, to provide. That is to say, he has to understand to their very root the qualities of the thing he deals in, and the means of obtaining or producing it; and he has to apply all his sagacity and energy to the producing or obtaining it in perfect state, and distributing it at the cheapest possible price where it is most needed.

And because the production or obtaining of any commodity involves necessarily the agency of many lives and hands, the merchant becomes in the course of his business the master and governor of large masses of men in a more direct, though less confessed way, than a military officer or pastor; so that on him falls, in great part, the responsibility for the kind of life they lead: and it becomes his duty, not only to be always considering how to produce what he sells in the purest and cheapest forms, but how to make the various employments involved in the production, or transference of it, most beneficial to the men employed.

XXIII. And as into these two functions, requiring for their right exercise the highest intelligence, as well as patience, kindness, and tact, the merchant is bound to put all his energy, so for their just discharge he is bound, as soldier or physician is bound, to give up, if need be, his life, in such way as it may be demanded of him. Two main points he has in his providing function to maintain: first, his engagements (faithfulness to engagements being the real root of all possibilities in commerce); and, secondly, the perfectness and purity of the thing provided; so that, rather than fail in any engagement, or consent to any deterioration, adulteration, or unjust and exorbitant price of that which he provides, he is bound to meet fearlessly any form of distress, poverty, or labor, which may, through maintenance of these points, come upon him.

XXIV. Again: in his office as governor of the men employed by him, the merchant or manufacturer is invested with a distinctly paternal authority and responsibility. In most cases, a youth entering a commercial establishment is withdrawn altogether from home influence; his master must become his father, else he has, for practical and constant help, no father at hand: in all cases the master's authority, together with the general tone and atmosphere of his business, and the character of the men with whom the youth is compelled in the course of it to associate, have more immediate and pressing weight than the home influence, and will usually

neutralize it either for good or evil; so that the only means which the master has of doing justice to the men employed by him is to ask himself sternly whether he is dealing with such subordinate as he would with his own son, if compelled by circumstances to take such a position.

Supposing the captain of a frigate saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of a common sailor; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of the men under him. So, also, supposing the master of a manufactory saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of an ordinary workman; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of his men. This is the only effective, true, or practical RULE which can be given on this point of political economy.

And as the captain of a ship is bound to be the last man to leave his ship in case of wreck, and to share his last crust with the sailors in case of famine, so the manufacturer, in any commercial crisis or distress, is bound to take the suffering of it with his men, and even to take more of it for himself than he allows his men to feel; as a father would in a famine, shipwreck, or battle, sacrifice himself for his son.

xxv. All which sounds very strange: the only real strangeness in the matter being, nevertheless, that it should so sound. For all this is true, and that not partially nor theoretically, but everlastingly and practically: all other doctrine than this respecting matters political being false in premises, absurd in deduction, and impossible in practice, consistently with any progressive state of national life; all the life which we now possess as a nation showing itself in the resolute denial and scorn, by a few strong minds and faithful hearts, of the economic principles taught to our multitudes, which principles, so far as accepted, lead straight to national destruction. Respecting the modes and forms of destruction to which they lead, and, on the other hand, respecting the farther practical working of true polity, I hope to reason further in a following paper.

FORS CLAVIGERA

1871

In 1871 Ruskin began a series of letters under this title which he explains as *Fors*, that is, Fate, Force, or Fortune bearing the *Clavis*,

that is, a club, a key, or a nail, which stand for power, patience, law. In Letter V he expounds his plan for a working Utopia within the realm of Queen Victoria, the Guild of Saint George. This may be regarded as an effort to put into practice the teaching of Carlyle in regard to work, sacrifice, and obedience. The *Fors Clavigera* papers continued to appear at intervals to the number of ninety-six. They contain careful accounts of the expenses of the Guild, which Ruskin met in large part out of his own fortune. They are the most characteristic expression of Ruskin's views on a wide range of subjects, all of them in harmony with the principle of the real and intrinsic as opposed to a scale of relative and conventional values.

LETTER 5

"For lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone,
The flowers appear on the earth,
The time of singing of birds is come.
Arise, O my fair one, my dove,
And come."

DENMARK HILL, 1st May, 1871

MY FRIENDS:

I. It has been asked of me, very justly, why I have hitherto written to you of things you were likely little to care for, in words which it was difficult for you to understand.

I have no fear but that you will one day understand all my poor words, — the saddest of them, perhaps, too well. But I have great fear that you may never come to understand these written above, which are a part of a king's love-song, in one sweet May, of many long since gone.

I fear that for you the wild winter's rain may never pass, — the flowers never appear on the earth; — that for you no bird may ever sing; — for you no perfect Love arise and fulfil your life in peace.

"And why not for us as for others?" Will you answer me so and take my fear for you as an insult?

Nay, it is no insult; — nor am I happier than you. For me the birds do not sing, nor ever will. But they would for you, if you cared to have it so. When I told you that you would never understand that love-song, I meant only that you would not desire to understand it.

II. Are you again indignant with me? Do you think, though you should labor, and grieve, and be trodden down in dishonor all your days, at least you can keep that one joy of Love, and that one honor of Home? Had you, indeed, kept that, you had kept all. But no men yet, in the history of the race, have lost it so piteously. In many a country,

I Song of Solomon, II, 11-13.

and many an age, women have been compelled to labor for their husbands' wealth, or bread; but never until now were they so homeless as to say, like the poor Samaritan, "I have no husband." Women of every country and people have sustained without complaint the labor of fellowship: for the women of the latter days in England it has been reserved to claim the privilege of isolation.

This, then, is the end of your universal education and civilization, and contempt of the ignorance of the Middle Ages and of their chivalry. Not only do you declare yourselves too indolent to labor for daughters and wives, and too poor to support them; but you have made the neglected and distracted creatures hold it for an honor to be independent of you, and shriek for some hold of the mattock for themselves. Believe it or not, as you may, there has not been so low a level of thought reached by any race since they grew to be male and female out of starfish, or chickweed, or whatever else they have been made from by natural selection, — according to modern science.

III. That modern science, also, economic and of other kinds, has reached its climax at last. For it seems to be the appointed function of the nineteenth century to exhibit in all things the elect pattern of perfect Folly, for a warning to the farthest future. Thus the statement of principle which I quoted to you in my last letter, from the circular of the Emigration Society, that it is over-production which is the cause of distress, is accurately the most foolish thing, not only hitherto ever said by men, but which it is possible for men ever to say, respecting their own business. It is a kind of opposite pole (or negative acme of mortal stupidity) to Newton's discovery of gravitation as an acme of mortal wisdom: — as no wise being on earth will ever be able to make such another wise discovery, so no foolish being on earth will ever be capable of saying such another foolish thing, through all the ages.

IV. And the same crisis has been exactly reached by our natural science and by our art. It has several times chanced to me, since I began these papers, to have the exact thing shown or brought to me that I wanted for illustration, just in time¹; — and it hap-

¹ Here is another curious instance, I have but a minute ago finished correcting these sheets, and take up the *Times* of this morning, April 21st, and find in it the suggestion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the removal or exemption from taxation of agricultural horses and carts, in the very nick of time to connect it, as a proposal for economic practice, with the statement of eco-

pened that, on the very day on which I published my last letter, I had to go to the Kensington Museum, and there I saw the most perfectly and roundly ill-done thing which as yet in my whole life I ever saw produced by art. It had a tablet on front of it, bearing this inscription:

Statue in black and white marble, a Newfoundland Dog standing on a Serpent, which rests on a marble cushion, the pedestal ornamented with *pietra dura* fruits. — *English. Present Century.* No. 1.

It was so very right for me, the Kensington people having been good enough to number it "I," the thing itself being almost incredible in its one-ness; and, indeed, such a punctual accent over the iota of Miscreation, — so absolutely and exquisitely miscreant, that I am not myself capable of conceiving a Number two, or three, or any rivalry or association with it whatsoever. The extremity of its unvirtue consisted, observe, mainly in the quantity of instruction which was abused in it. It showed that the persons who produced it had seen everything, and practiced everything; and misunderstood everything they saw, and misapplied everything they did. They had seen Roman work, and Florentine work, and Byzantine work, and Gothic work; and misunderstanding of everything had passed through them as the mud does through earthworms, and here at last was their worm-cast of a Production.

v. But the second chance that came to me that day was more significant still. From the Kensington Museum I went to an afternoon tea, at a house where I was sure to meet some nice people. And among the first I met was an old friend who had been hearing some lectures on botany at the Kensington Museum, and been delighted by them. She is the kind of person who gets good out of everything, and she was quite right in being delighted; besides that, as I found by her account of them, the lectures were really interesting, and pleasantly given. She had expected botany to be dull, and had not found it so, and "had learned so much." On hearing this, I proceeded naturally to inquire what; for my idea of her was that before she went to the lectures at all, she had known more botany than she was likely to learn by them. So she told me that she had learned first of all that "there were seven sorts of

nomic principle respecting production, quoted on last page. (Ruskin's note.)

thought or admiration than the subtlety of the robber, the rage of the soldier, or the joy of the Sybarite. It seems strange, when thus definitely stated, that such a school should exist. Yet consider a little what gaps and blanks would disfigure our gallery and chamber walls, in places that we have long approached with reverence, if every picture, every statue, were removed from them, of which the subject was either the vice or the misery of mankind, portrayed without any moral purpose: consider the innumerable groups having reference merely to various forms of passion, low or high; drunken revels and brawls among peasants, gambling or fighting scenes among soldiers, amours and intrigues among every class, brutal battle pieces, banditti subjects, gluts of torture and death in famine, wreck, or slaughter, for the sake merely of the excitement, — that quickening and supplying of the dull spirit that cannot be gained for it but by bathing it in blood, afterward to wither back into stained and stiffened apathy; and then that whole vast false heaven of sensual passion, full of nymphs, satyrs, graces, goddesses, and I know not what, from its high seventh circle in Correggio's Antiope, down to the Grecised ballet-dancers and smirking Cupids of the Parisian upholsterer. Sweep away all this, remorselessly, and see how much art we should have left.

§ LX. And yet these are only the grossest manifestations of the tendency of the school. There are subtler, yet not less certain, signs of it in the works of men who stand high in the world's list of sacred painters. I doubt not that the reader was surprised when I named Murillo among the men of this third rank. Yet, go into the Dulwich Gallery, and meditate for a little over that much celebrated picture of the two beggar boys, one eating, lying on the ground, the other standing beside him. We have among our own painters one who cannot indeed be set beside Murillo as a painter of Madonnas, for he is a pure Naturalist, and, never having seen a Madonna, does not paint any; but who, as a painter of beggar or peasant boys, may be set beside Murillo, or any one else, — W. Hunt. He loves peasant boys, because he finds them more roughly and picturesquely dressed, and more healthily colored, than others. And he paints all that he sees in them fearlessly; all the health and humor, and freshness and vitality, together with such awkwardness and stupidity, and what else of negative or positive harm there may be in

the creature; but yet so that on the whole we love it, and find it perhaps even beautiful, or if not, at least we see that there is capability of good in it, rather than of evil; and all is lighted up by a sunshine and sweet color that makes the smockfrock as precious as cloth of gold. But look at those two ragged and vicious vagrants that Murillo has gathered out of the street. You smile at first, because they are eating so naturally, and their roguery is so complete. But is there anything else than roguery there, or was it well for the painter to give his time to the painting of those repulsive and wicked children? Do you feel moved with any charity towards children as you look at them? Are we the least more likely to take any interest in ragged schools, or to help the next pauper child that comes in our way, because the painter has shown us a cunning beggar feeding greedily? Mark the choice of the act. He might have shown hunger in other ways, and given interest to even this act of eating, by making the face wasted, or the eye wistful. But he did not care to do this. He delighted merely in the disgusting manner of eating, the food filling the cheek; the boy is not hungry, else he would not turn round to talk and grin as he eats.

§ LXI. But observe another point in the lower figure. It lies so that the sole of the foot is turned towards the spectator; not because it would have lain less easily in another attitude, but that the painter may draw, and exhibit, the grey dust engrained in the foot. Do not call this the painting of nature: it is mere delight in foulness. The lesson, if there be any, in the picture, is not one whit the stronger. We all know that a beggar's bare foot cannot be clean; there is no need to thrust its degradation into the light, as if no human imagination were vigorous enough for its conception.

§ LXII. The position of the Sensualists, in treatment of landscape, is less distinctly marked than in that of the figure, because even the wildest passions of nature are noble: but the inclination is manifested by carelessness in marking generic form in trees and flowers; by their preferring confused and irregular arrangements of foliage or foreground to symmetrical and simple grouping; by their general choice of such picturesqueness as results from decay, disorder, and disease, rather than of that which is consistent with the perfection of the things in which it is found; and by their imperfect rendering of the elements of strength and beauty in all things. I pro-

pose to work out this subject fully in the last volume of *Modern Painters*; but I trust that enough has been here said to enable the reader to understand the relations of the three great classes of artists, and therefore also the kinds of morbid condition into which the two higher (for the last has no other than a morbid condition) are liable to fall. For, since the function of the Naturalists is to represent, as far as may be, the whole of nature, and the Purists to represent what is absolutely good for some special purpose or time, it is evident that both are liable to error from shortness of sight, and the last also from weakness of judgment. I say, in the first place, both may err from shortness of sight, from not seeing all that there is in nature; seeing only the outsides of things, or those points of them which bear least on the matter in hand. For instance, a modern continental Naturalist sees the anatomy of a limb thoroughly, but does not see its color against the sky, which latter fact is to a painter far the more important of the two. And because it is always easier to see the surface than the depth of things, the full sight of them requiring the highest powers of penetration, sympathy, and imagination, the world is full of vulgar Naturalists: not Sensualists, observe, not men who delight in evil; but men who never see the deepest good, and who bring discredit on all painting of Nature by the little that they discover in her. And the Purist, besides being liable to this same short-sightedness, is liable also to fatal errors of judgment; for he may think that good which is not so, and that the highest good which is the least. And thus the world is full of vulgar Purists,¹ who bring discredit on all selection by the silliness of their choice; and this the more, because the very becoming

a Purist is commonly indicative of some slight degree of weakness, readiness to be offended, or narrowness of understanding of the ends of things: the greatest men being, in all times of art, Naturalists, without any exception; and the greatest Purists being those who approach nearest to the Naturalists, as Benozzo Gozzoli and Perugino. Hence there is a tendency in the Naturalists to despise the Purists, and in the Purists to be offended with the Naturalists (not understanding them, and confounding them with the Sensualists); and this is grievously harmful to both.

§ LXIII. Of the various forms of resultant mischief it is not here the place to speak: the reader may already be somewhat wearied with a statement which has led us apparently so far from our immediate subject. But the digression was necessary, in order that I might clearly define the sense in which I use the word Naturalism when I state it to be the third most essential characteristic of Gothic architecture. I mean that the Gothic builders belong to the central or greatest rank in both the classifications of artists which we have just made; that, considering all artists as either men of design, men of facts, or men of both, the Gothic builders were men of both; and that again, considering all artists as either Purists, Naturalists, or Sensualists, the Gothic builders were Naturalists.

§ LXIV. I say first, that the Gothic builders were of that central class which unites fact with design; but that the part of the work which was more especially their own was the truthfulness. Their power of artistic invention or arrangement was not greater than that of Romanesque and Byzantine workmen: by those workmen they were taught the principles, and from them received their models, of design; but to the ornamental feeling and rich fancy of the Byzantine the Gothic builder added a love of *fact* which is never found in the South. Both Greek and Roman used conventional foliage in their ornament, passing into something that was not foliage at all, knotting itself into strange cup-like buds or clusters, and growing out of lifeless rods instead of stems; the Gothic sculptor received these types, at first, as things that ought to be, just as we have a second time received them; but he could not rest in them. He saw there was not veracity in them, no knowledge, no vitality. Do what he would, he could not help liking the true leaves better; and cautiously, a little at a time, he put more of nature into his work, until at last it was all

¹ I reserve for another place the full discussion of this interesting subject, which here would have led me too far; but it must be noted, in passing, that this vulgar Purism, which rejects truth, not because it is vicious, but because it is humble, and consists not in choosing what is good, but in disguising what is rough, extends itself into every species of art. The most definite instance of it is the dressing of characters of peasantry in an opera or ballet scene: and the walls of our exhibitions are full of works of art which "exalt nature" in the same way, not by revealing what is great in the heart, but by smoothing what is coarse in the complexion. There is nothing, I believe, so vulgar, so hopeless, so indicative of an irretrievably base mind, as this species of Purism. Of healthy Purism carried to the utmost endurable length in this direction, exalting the heart first, and the features with it, perhaps the most characteristic instance I can give is Stothard's vignette to "Jorasse," in Rogers's Italy; at least it would be so if it could be seen beside a real group of Swiss girls. The poems of Rogers, compared with those of Crabbe, are admirable instances of the healthiest Purism and healthiest Naturalism in poetry. The first great Naturalists of Christian art were Orcagna and Giotto. (Ruskin's note.)

true, retaining, nevertheless, every valuable character of the original well-disciplined and designed arrangement.

§ LXV. Nor is it only in external and visible subject that the Gothic workman wrought for truth: he is as firm in his rendering of imaginative as of actual truth; that is to say, when an idea would have been by a Roman, or Byzantine, symbolically represented, the Gothic mind realizes it to the utmost. For instance, the purgatorial fire is represented in the mosaic of Torcello (Romanesque) as a red stream, longitudinally striped like a riband, descending out of the throne of Christ, and gradually extending itself to envelope the wicked. When we are once informed what this means, it is enough for its purpose; but the Gothic inventor does not leave the sign in need of interpretation. He makes the fire as like real fire as he can; and in the porch of St. Maclou at Rouen the sculptured flames burst out of the Hades gate, and flicker up, in writhing tongues of stone, through the interstices of the niches, as if the church itself were on fire. This is an extreme instance, but it is all the more illustrative of the entire difference in temper and thought between the two schools of art, and of the intense love of veracity which influenced the Gothic design.

§ LXVI. I do not say that this love of veracity is always healthy in its operation. I have above noticed the errors into which it falls from despising design; and there is another kind of error noticeable in the instance just given, in which the love of truth is too hasty, and seizes on a surface truth instead of an inner one. For in representing the Hades fire, it is not the mere *form* of the flame which needs most to be told, but its unquenchableness, its Divine ordainment and limitation, and its inner fierceness, not physical and material, but in being the expression of the wrath of God. And these things are not to be told by imitating the fire that flashes out of a bundle of sticks. If we think over his symbol a little, we shall perhaps find that the Romanesque builder told more truth in that likeness of a blood-red stream, flowing between definite shores, and out of God's throne, and expanding, as if fed by a perpetual current, into the lake wherein the wicked are cast, than the Gothic builder in those torch-flickerings about his niches. But this is not to our immediate purpose; I am not at present to insist upon the faults into which the love of truth was led in the later Gothic times, but on the feeling itself,

as a glorious and peculiar characteristic of the Northern builders. For, observe, it is not, even in the above instance, love of truth, but want of thought, which *causes* the fault. The love of truth, as such, is good, but when it is misdirected by thoughtlessness or over-excited by vanity, and either seizes on facts of small value, or gathers them chiefly that it may boast of its grasp and apprehension, its work may well become dull or offensive. Yet let us not, therefore, blame the inherent love of facts, but the incautiousness of their selection, and impertinence of their statement.

§ LXVII. I said, in the second place, that Gothic work, when referred to the arrangement of all art, as purist, naturalist, or sensualist, was naturalist. This character follows necessarily on its extreme love of truth, prevailing over the sense of beauty, and causing it to take delight in portraiture of every kind, and to express the various characters of the human countenance and form, as it did the varieties of leaves and the ruggedness of branches. And this tendency is both increased and ennobled by the same Christian humility which we saw expressed in the first character of Gothic work, its rudeness. For as that resulted from a humility which confessed the imperfection of the *workman*, so this naturalist portraiture is rendered more faithful by the humility which confesses the imperfection of the *subject*. The Greek sculptor could neither bear to confess his own feebleness, nor to tell the faults of the forms that he portrayed. But the Christian workman, believing that all is finally to work together for good, freely confesses both, and neither seeks to disguise his own roughness of work, nor his subject's roughness of make. Yet this frankness being joined, for the most part, with depth of religious feeling in other directions, and especially with charity, there is sometimes a tendency to Purism in the best Gothic sculpture; so that it frequently reaches great dignity of form and tenderness of expression, yet never so as to lose the veracity of portraiture, wherever portraiture is possible: not exalting its kings into demi-gods, nor its saints into archangels, but giving what kingliness and sanctity was in them, to the full, mixed with due record of their faults; and this in the most part with a great indifference like that of Scripture history, which sets down, with unmoved and unexcusing resoluteness, the virtues and errors of all men of whom it speaks, often leaving the reader

to form his own estimate of them, without an indication of the judgment of the historian. And this veracity is carried out by the Gothic sculptors in the minuteness and generality, as well as the equity, of their delineation: for they do not limit their art to the portraiture of saints and kings, but introduce the most familiar scenes and most simple subjects; filling up the backgrounds of Scripture histories with vivid and curious representations of the commonest incidents of daily life, and availing themselves of every occasion in which, either as a symbol, or an explanation of a scene or time, the things familiar to the eye of the workman could be introduced and made of account. Hence Gothic sculpture and painting are not only full of valuable portraiture of the greatest men, but copious records of all the domestic customs and inferior arts of the ages in which it flourished.¹

§ LXVIII. There is, however, one direction in which the Naturalism of the Gothic workmen is peculiarly manifested; and this direction is even more characteristic of the school than the Naturalism itself; I mean their peculiar fondness for the forms of Vegetation. In rendering the various circumstances of daily life, Egyptian and Ninevite sculpture is as frank and as diffuse as the Gothic. From the highest pomps of state or triumphs of battle, to the most trivial domestic arts and amusements, all is taken advantage of to fill the field of granite with the perpetual interest of a crowded drama; and the early Lombardic and Romanesque sculpture is equally copious in its description of the familiar circumstances of war and the chase. But in all the scenes portrayed by the workmen of these nations, vegetation occurs only as an explanatory accessory; the reed is introduced to mark the course of the river, or the tree to mark the covert of the wild beast, or the ambush of the enemy, but there is no especial interest in the forms of the vegetation strong enough to induce them to make it a subject of separate and accurate study. Again, among the nations who followed the arts of design exclusively, the forms of foliage introduced were meagre and general, and their real intricacy and life were neither admired nor expressed. But to the Gothic

workman the living foliage became a subject of intense affection, and he struggled to render all its characters with as much accuracy as was compatible with the laws of his design and the nature of his material; not unfrequently tempted in his enthusiasm to transgress the one and disguise the other.

§ LXIX. There is a peculiar significance in this, indicative both of higher civilization and gentler temperament, than had before been manifested in architecture. Rudeness, and the love of change, which we have insisted upon as the first elements of Gothic, are also elements common to all healthy schools. But here is a softer element mingled with them, peculiar to the Gothic itself. The rudeness or ignorance which would have been painfully exposed in the treatment of the human form, are still not so great as to prevent the successful rendering of the wayside herbage; and the love of change, which becomes morbid and feverish in following the haste of the hunter, and the rage of the combatant, is at once soothed and satisfied as it watches the wandering of the tendril, and the budding of the flower. Nor is this all: the new direction of mental interest marks an infinite change in the means and the habits of life. The nations whose chief support was in the chase, whose chief interest was in the battle, whose chief pleasure was in the banquet, would take small care respecting the shapes of leaves and flowers; and notice little in the forms of the forest trees which sheltered them, except the signs indicative of the wood which would make the toughest lance, the closest roof, or the clearest fire. The affectionate observation of the grace and outward character of vegetation is the sure sign of a more tranquil and gentle existence, sustained by the gifts, and gladdened by the splendor, of the earth. In that careful distinction of species, and richness of delicate and undisturbed organization, which characterize the Gothic design, there is the history of rural and thoughtful life, influenced by habitual tenderness, and devoted to subtle inquiry; and every discriminating and delicate touch of the chisel, as it rounds the petal or guides the branch, is a prophecy of the development of the entire body of the natural sciences, beginning with that of medicine, of the recovery of literature, and the establishment of the most necessary principles of domestic wisdom and national peace.

§ LXX. I have before alluded to the strange and vain supposition, that the original con-

¹ The best art either represents the facts of its own day, or, if facts of the past, expresses them with accessories of the time in which the work was done. All good art, representing past events, is therefore full of the most frank anachronism, and always *ought* to be. No painter has any business to be an antiquarian. We do not want his impressions or suppositions respecting things that are past. We want his clear assertions respecting things present. (Ruskin's note.)

ception of Gothic architecture had been derived from vegetation, — from the symmetry of avenues, and the interlacing of branches. It is a supposition which never could have existed for a moment in the mind of any person acquainted with early Gothic; but, however idle as a theory, it is most valuable as a testimony to the character of the perfected style. It is precisely because the reverse of this theory is the fact, because the Gothic did not arise out of, but developed itself into, a resemblance to vegetation, that this resemblance is so instructive as an indication of the temper of the builders. It was no chance suggestion of the form of an arch from the bending of a bough, but a gradual and continual discovery of a beauty in natural forms which could be more and more perfectly transferred into those of stone, that influenced at once the heart of the people, and the form of the edifice. The Gothic architecture arose in massy and mountainous strength, axe-hewn, and iron-bound, block heaved upon block by the monk's enthusiasm and the soldier's force; and cramped and stanchioned into such weight of grisly wall, as might bury the anchorite in darkness, and beat back the utmost storm of battle, suffering but by the same narrow crosslet the passing of the sunbeam, or of the arrow. Gradually, as that monkish enthusiasm became more thoughtful, and as the sound of war became more and more intermittent beyond the gates of the convent or the keep, the stony pillar grew slender and the vaulted roof grew light, till they had wreathed themselves into the semblance of the summer woods at their fairest, and of the dead field-flowers, long trodden down in blood, sweet monumental statues were set to bloom for ever, beneath the porch of the temple, or the canopy of the tomb.

§ LXXI. Nor is it only as a sign of greater gentleness or refinement of mind, but as a proof of the best possible direction of this refinement, that the tendency of the Gothic to the expression of vegetative life is to be admired. That sentence of Genesis, "I have given thee every green herb for meat," like all the rest of the book, has a profound symbolical as well as a literal meaning. It is not merely the nourishment of the body, but the food of the soul, that is intended. The green herb is, of all nature, that which is most essential to the healthy spiritual life of man. Most of us do not need fine scenery; the precipice and the mountain peak are not intended to be seen by all men. — perhaps

their power is greatest over those who are unaccustomed to them. But trees, and fields, and flowers were made for all, and are necessary for all. God has connected the labor which is essential to the bodily sustenance, with the pleasures which are healthiest for the heart; and while He made the ground stubborn, He made its herbage fragrant, and its blossoms fair. The proudest architecture that man can build has no higher honor than to bear the image and recall the memory of that grass of the field which is, at once, the type and the support of his existence; the goodly building is then most glorious when it is sculptured into the likeness of the leaves of Paradise; and the great Gothic spirit, as we showed it to be noble in its disquietude, is also noble in its hold of nature; it is, indeed, like the dove of Noah, in that she found no rest upon the face of the waters, — but like her in this also, "LO, IN HER MOUTH WAS AN OLIVE BRANCH, PLUCKED OFF."

§ LXXII. The fourth essential element of the Gothic mind was above stated to be the sense of the GROTESQUE; but I shall defer the endeavor to define this most curious and subtle character until we have occasion to examine one of the divisions of the Renaissance schools, which was morbidly influenced by it (Vol. III, Chap. III). It is the less necessary to insist upon it here, because every reader familiar with Gothic architecture must understand what I mean, and will, I believe, have no hesitation in admitting that the tendency to delight in fantastic and ludicrous, as well as in sublime, images, is a universal instinct of the Gothic imagination.

§ LXXIII. The fifth element above named was RIGIDITY; and this character I must endeavor carefully to define, for neither the word I have used, nor any other that I can think of, will express it accurately. For I mean, not merely stable, but *active* rigidity; the peculiar energy which gives tension to movement, and stiffness to resistance, which makes the fiercest lightning forked rather than curved, and the stoutest oak-branch angular rather than bending, and is as much seen in the quivering of the lance as in the glittering of the icicle.

§ LXXIV. I have before had occasion (Vol. I, Chap. XIII, § VII) to note some manifestations of this energy or fixedness; but it must be still more attentively considered here, as it shows itself throughout the whole structure and decoration of Gothic work. Egyptian and Greek buildings stand, for the most part, by their own weight and mass

One stone passively incumbent on another: but in the Gothic vaults and traceries there is a stiffness analogous to that of the bones of a limb, or fibres of a tree; an elastic tension and communication of force from part to part, and also a studious expression of this throughout every visible line of the building. And, in like manner, the Greek and Egyptian ornament is either mere surface engraving, as if the face of the wall had been stamped with a seal, or its lines are flowing, lithe, and luxuriant; in either case, there is no expression of energy in the framework of the ornament itself. But the Gothic ornament stands out in prickly independence, and frosty fortitude, jutting into crockets, and freezing into pinnacles; here starting up into a monster, there germinating into a blossom; anon knitting itself into a branch, alternately thorny, bossy, and bristly, or writhed into every form of nervous entanglement; but, even when most graceful, never for an instant languid, always quickset; erring, if at all, ever on the side of brusquerie.

§ LXXV. The feelings or habits in the workman which give rise to this character in the work, are more complicated and various than those indicated by any other sculptural expression hitherto named. There is, first, the habit of hard and rapid working; the industry of the tribes of the North, quickened by the coldness of the climate, and giving an expression of sharp energy to all they do (as above noted, Vol. I, Chap. XIII, § VII), as opposed to the languor of the Southern tribes, however much of fire there may be in the heart of that languor, for lava itself may flow languidly. There is also the habit of finding enjoyment in the signs of cold, which is never found, I believe, in the inhabitants of countries south of the Alps. Cold is to them an unredeemed evil, to be suffered, and forgotten as soon as may be; but the long winter of the North forces the Goth (I mean the Englishman, Frenchman, Dane, or German), if he would lead a happy life at all, to find sources of happiness in foul weather as well as fair, and to rejoice in the leafless as well as in the shady forest. And this we do with all our hearts; finding perhaps nearly as much contentment by the Christmas fire as in the summer sunshine, and gaining health and strength on the ice-fields of winter, as well as among the meadows of spring. So that there is nothing adverse or painful to our feelings in the cramped and stiffened structure of vegetation checked by cold; and instead of seeking, like the Southern sculptor, to express

only the softness of leafage nourished in all tenderness, and tempted into all luxuriance by warm winds and glowing rays, we find pleasure in dwelling upon the crabbed, perverse, and morose animation of plants that have known little kindness from earth or heaven, but, season after season, have had their best efforts palsied by frost, their brightest buds buried under snow, and their goodliest limbs lopped by tempest.

§ LXXVI. There are many subtle sympathies and affections which join to confirm the Gothic mind in this peculiar choice of subject; and when we add to the influence of these, the necessities consequent upon the employment of a rougher material, compelling the workman to seek for vigor of effect, rather than refinement of texture or accuracy of form, we have direct and manifest causes for much of the difference between the Northern and Southern cast of conception: but there are indirect causes holding a far more important place in the Gothic heart, though less immediate in their influence on design. Strength of will, independence of character, resoluteness of purpose, impatience of undue control, and that general tendency to set the individual reason against authority, and the individual deed against destiny, which, in the Northern tribes, has opposed itself throughout all ages to the languid submission, in the Southern, of thought to tradition, and purpose to fatality, are all more or less traceable in the rigid lines, vigorous and various masses, and daringly projecting and independent structure of the Northern Gothic ornament: while the opposite feelings are in like manner legible in the graceful and softly guided waves and wreathed bands, in which Southern decoration is constantly disposed; in its tendency to lose its independence, and fuse itself into the surface of the masses upon which it is traced; and in the expression seen so often, in the arrangement of those masses themselves, of an abandonment of their strength to an inevitable necessity, or a listless repose.

§ LXXVII. There is virtue in the measure, and error in the excess, of both these characters of mind, and in both of the styles which they have created; the best architecture, and the best temper, are those which unite them both; and this fifth impulse of the Gothic heart is therefore that which needs most caution in its indulgence. It is more definitely Gothic than any other, but the best Gothic building is not that which is *most* Gothic: it can hardly be too frank in its con-

fession of rudeness, hardly too rich in its changefulness, hardly too faithful in its naturalism; but it may go too far in its rigidity, and, like the great Puritan spirit in its extreme, lose itself either in frivolity of division, or perversity of purpose.¹ It actually did so in its later times; but it is gladdening to remember that in its utmost nobleness, the very temper which has been thought most adverse to it, the Protestant spirit of self-dependence and inquiry, was expressed in its every line. Faith and aspiration there were, in every Christian ecclesiastical building, from the first century to the fifteenth; but the moral habits to which England in this age owes the kind of greatness that she has, — the habits of philosophical investigation, of accurate thought, of domestic seclusion and independence, of stern self-reliance, and sincere upright searching into religious truth, — were only traceable in the features which were the distinctive creation of the Gothic schools, in the veined foliage, and thorny fretwork, and shadowy niche, and buttressed pier, and fearless height of subtle pinnacle and crested tower, sent like an “unperplexed question up to Heaven.”²

§ LXXVIII. Last, because the least essential, of the constituent elements of this noble school, was placed that of REDUNDANCE, — the uncalculating bestowal of the wealth of its labor. There is, indeed, much Gothic, and that of the best period, in which this element is hardly traceable, and which depends for its effect almost exclusively on loveliness of simple design and grace of uninvolved proportion: still, in the most characteristic buildings, a certain portion of their effect depends upon accumulation of ornament; and many of those which have most influence on the minds of men, have attained it by means of this attribute alone. And although, by careful study of the school, it is possible to arrive at a condition of taste which shall be better contented by a few perfect lines than by a whole façade covered with fretwork, the building which only satisfies such a taste is not to be considered the best. For the very first requirement of

¹ See the account of the meeting at Talla Linns, in 1682, given in the fourth chapter of the *Heart of Midlothian*. At length they arrived at the conclusion that “they who owned (or allowed) such names as Monday, Tuesday, January, February, and so forth, served themselves heirs to the same if not greater punishment than had been denounced against the idolaters of old.”

(Ruskin's note.)

² See the beautiful description of Florence in Elizabeth Browning's *Casa Guidi Windows*, which is not only a noble poem, but the only book I have seen which, favoring the Liberal cause in Italy, gives a just account of the incapacities of the modern Italian. (Ruskin's note.)

Gothic architecture being, as we saw above, that it shall both admit the aid, and appeal to the admiration, of the rudest as well as the most refined minds, the richness of the work is, paradoxical as the statement may appear, a part of its humility. No architecture is so haughty as that which is simple: which refuses to address the eye, except in a few clear and forceful lines; which implies, in offering so little to our regards, that all it has offered is perfect; and disdains, either by the complexity or the attractiveness of its features, to embarrass our investigation, or betray us into delight. That humility, which is the very life of the Gothic school, is shown not only in the imperfection, but in the accumulation, of ornament. The inferior rank of the workman is often shown as much in the richness, as the roughness, of his work; and if the co-operation of every hand, and the sympathy of every heart, are to be received, we must be content to allow the redundancy which disguises the failure of the feeble, and wins the regard of the inattentive. There are, however, far nobler interests mingling, in the Gothic heart, with the rude love of decorative accumulation: a magnificent enthusiasm, which feels as if it never could do enough to reach the fulness of its ideal; an unselfishness of sacrifice, which would rather cast fruitless labor before the altar than stand idle in the market; and, finally, a profound sympathy with the fulness and wealth of the material universe, rising out of that Naturalism whose operation we have already endeavored to define. The sculptor who sought for his models among the forest leaves, could not but quickly and deeply feel that complexity need not involve the loss of grace, nor richness that of repose; and every hour which he spent in the study of the minute and various work of Nature, made him feel more forcibly the barrenness of what was best in that of man: nor is it to be wondered at, that, seeing her perfect and exquisite creations poured forth in a profusion which conception could not grasp nor calculation sum, he should think that it ill became him to be niggardly of his own rude craftsmanship; and where he saw throughout the universe a faultless beauty lavished on measureless spaces of brodered field and blooming mountain, to grudge his poor and imperfect labor to the few stones that he had raised one upon another, for habitation or memorial. The years of his life passed away before his task was accomplished; but generation succeeded genera-

tion with unwearied enthusiasm, and the cathedral front was at last lost in the tapestry of its traceries, like a rock among the thickets and herbage of spring.¹

UNTO THIS LAST

1860

In 1860 Ruskin began a series of papers on political economy in the *Cornhill Magazine* then edited by W. M. Thackeray, which were republished in *Harper's Magazine*. He undertook to combat the views of the orthodox economists, such as John Stuart Mill, in regard to the law of supply and demand, wages, capital, and especially the nature of wealth, the measure of which Ruskin insisted was to be real and intrinsic value, and not merely value in exchange. He later included in his protest the taking of rent and interest. The series ceased after four numbers in consequence of the outcry from readers of the magazine. The articles appeared in book form in 1862. *Unto This Last* is the development into political economy of the social views which began to take form in the chapter on "The Nature of Gothic." Ruskin wrote of these essays in his preface: "I believe them to be the best, that is to say, the truest, rightest-worded, and most serviceable things I have ever written." . . .

ESSAY I

THE ROOTS OF HONOR

I. Among the delusions which at different periods have possessed themselves of the minds of large masses of the human race, perhaps the most curious — certainly the least creditable — is the modern *soi-disant* science of political economy, based on the idea that an advantageous code of social action may be determined irrespectively of the influence of social affection.

Of course, as in the instances of alchemy, astrology, witchcraft, and other such popular creeds, political economy has a plausible idea at the root of it. "The social affections," says the economist, "are accidental and disturbing elements in human nature; but avarice and the desire of progress are constant elements. Let us eliminate the inconstants, and, considering the human being merely as a covetous machine, examine by what laws of labor, purchase, and sale, the greatest accumulative result in wealth is attainable. Those laws once determined, it

¹ The remainder of the chapter is devoted to a discussion of the outward forms in which the moral or imaginative elements which composed the inner spirit of Gothic architecture are exhibited.

will be for each individual afterwards to introduce as much of the disturbing affectionate element as he chooses, and to determine for himself the result on the new conditions supposed."

II. This would be a perfectly logical and successful method of analysis, if the accidentals afterwards to be introduced were of the same nature as the powers first examined. Supposing a body in motion to be influenced by constant and inconstant forces, it is usually the simplest way of examining its course to trace it first under the persistent conditions, and afterwards introduce the causes of variation. But the disturbing elements in the social problem are not of the same nature as the constant ones; they alter the essence of the creature under examination the moment they are added; they operate, not mathematically, but chemically, introducing conditions which render all our previous knowledge unavailable. We made learned experiments upon pure nitrogen, and have convinced ourselves that it is a very manageable gas; but behold! the thing which we have practically to deal with is its chloride; and this, the moment we touch it on our established principles, sends us and our apparatus through the ceiling.

III. Observe, I neither impugn nor doubt the conclusions of the science, if its terms are accepted. I am simply uninterested in them, as I should be in those of a science of gymnastics which assumed that men had no skeletons. It might be shown, on that supposition, that it would be advantageous to roll the students up into pellets, flatten them into cakes, or stretch them into cables; and that when these results were effected, the reinsertion of the skeleton would be attended with various inconveniences to their constitution. The reasoning might be admirable, the conclusions true, and the science deficient only in applicability. Modern political economy stands on a precisely similar basis. Assuming, not that the human being has no skeleton, but that it is all skeleton, it founds an ossifiant theory of progress on this negation of a soul; and having shown the utmost that may be made of bones, and constructed a number of interesting geometrical figures with death's-heads and humeri, successfully proves the inconvenience of the reappearance of a soul among these corpuscular structures. I do not deny the truth of this theory: I simply deny its applicability to the present phase of the world.

IV. This inapplicability has been curiously

Be not, then, fear's blind slave!
 Thou art my friend; to thee,
 All knowledge that I have,
 All skill I wield, are free.
 Ask not the latest news of the last mir-
 acle; 30

Ask not what days and nights
 In trance Pantheia lay,
 But ask how thou such sights
 Mayst see without dismay;
 Ask what most helps when known, thou son
 of Anchitus! 35

What? hate, and awe, and shame
 Fill thee to see our time;
 Thou feelest thy soul's frame
 Shaken and out of chime?
 What? life and time go hard with thee too,
 as with us; 40

Thy citizens, 'tis said,
 Envy thee and oppress,
 Thy goodness no men aid,
 All strive to make it less; 44
 Tyranny, pride, and lust fill Sicily's abodes;

Heaven is with earth at strife,
 Signs make thy soul afraid,
 The dead return to life,
 Rivers are dried, winds stayed:
 Scarce can one think in calm, so threatening
 are the Gods; 50

And we feel, day and night,
 The burden of ourselves —
 Well, then, the wiser wight
 In his own bosom delves,
 And asks what ails him so, and gets what
 cure he can. 55

The Sophist sneers: Fool, take
 Thy pleasure, right or wrong.
 The pious wail: Forsake
 A world these Sophists throng.
 Be neither Saint nor Sophist led, but be a
 man! 60

These hundred doctors try
 To preach thee to their school.
 We have the truth! they cry;
 And yet their oracle,
 Trumpet it as they will, is but the same as
 thine. 65

Once read thy own breast right,
 And thou hast done with fears;
 Man gets no other light,

Search he a thousand years.
 Sink in thyself! there ask what ails thee, at
 that shrine! 70

What makes thee struggle and rave?
 Why are men ill at ease? —
 'Tis that the lot they have
 Fails their own will to please;
 For man would make no murmuring, were his
 will obeyed. 75

And why is it that still
 Man with his lot thus fights? —
 'Tis that he makes this *will*
 The measure of his *rights*,
 And believes Nature outraged if his will's
 gainsaid. 80

Couldst thou, Pausanias, learn
 How deep a fault is this;
 Couldst thou but once discern
 Thou hast no *right* to bliss,
 No title from the Gods to welfare and re-
 pose; 85

Then thou wouldst look less mazed
 Whene'er from bliss debarred,
 Nor think the Gods were crazed
 When thy own lot went hard.
 But we are all the same — the fools of our
 own woes! 90

For, from the first faint morn
 Of life, the thirst for bliss
 Deep in man's heart is born;
 And, sceptic as he is,
 He fails not to judge clear if this is quenched
 or no. 95

Nor is that thirst to blame.
 Man errs not that he deems
 His welfare his true aim;
 He errs because he dreams
 The world does but exist that welfare to
 bestow. 100

We mortals are no kings
 For each of whom to sway
 A new-made world up-springs,
 Meant merely for his play.
 No, we are strangers here; the world is from
 of old. 105

In vain our pent wills fret
 And would the world subdue.
 Limits we did not set
 Condition all we do.
 Born into life we are, and life must be our
 mould. 110

Born into life! — man grows
 Forth from his parents' stem,
 And blends their bloods, as those
 Of theirs are blent in them;
 So each new man strikes root into a far fore-
 time. 115

Born into life! — we bring
 A bias with us here,
 And, when here, each new thing
 Affects us we come near;
 To tunes we did not call our being must keep
 chime. 120

Born into life! — in vain,
 Opinions, those or these,
 Unaltered to retain
 The obstinate mind decrees;
 Experience, like a sea, soaks all-effacing
 in. 125

Born into life! — who lists
 May what is false hold dear,
 And for himself make mists
 Through which to see less clear;
 The world is what it is, for all our dust and
 din. 130

Born into life! — 'tis we,
 And not the world, are new;
 Our cry for bliss, our plea,
 Others have urged it too —
 Our wants have all been felt, our errors made
 before. 135

No eye could be too sound
 To observe a world so vast,
 No patience too profound
 To sort what's here amassed;
 How man may here best live no care too great
 to explore. 140

But we — as some rude guest
 Would change, where'er he roam,
 The manners there professed
 To those he brings from home —
 We mark not the world's course, but would
 have *it* take *ours*. 145

The world's course proves the terms
 On which man wins content;
 Reason the proof confirms —
 We spurn it, and invent
 A false course for the world, and for ourselves
 false powers. 150

Riches we wish to get,
 Yet remain spendthrifts still;

We would have health, and yet
 Still use our bodies ill;
 Bafflers of our own prayers, from youth to
 life's last scenes. 155

We would have inward peace,
 Yet will not look within;
 We would have misery cease,
 Yet will not cease from sin;
 We want all pleasant ends, but will use no
 harsh means; 160

We do not what we ought;
 What we ought not, we do;
 And lean upon the thought
 That chance will bring us through;
 But our own acts, for good or ill, are mightier
 powers. 165

Yet, even when man forsakes
 All sin, — is just, is pure,
 Abandons all that makes
 His welfare insecure, —
 Other existences there are, which clash with
 ours. 170

Like us, the lightning-fires
 Love to have scope and play;
 The stream, like us, desires
 An unimpeded way;
 Like us, the Libyan wind delights to roam at
 large. 175

Streams will not curb their pride
 The just man not to entomb,
 Nor lightnings go aside
 To leave his virtues room;
 Nor is that wind less rough that blows a good
 man's barge. 180

Nature, with equal mind,
 Sees all her sons at play,
 Sees man control the wind,
 The wind sweep man away;
 Allows the proudly-riding and the foundering
 bark. 185

And, lastly, though of ours
 No weakness spoil our lot,
 Though the non-human powers
 Of Nature harm us not,
 The ill deeds of other men make often *our*
 life dark. 190

What were the wise man's plan? —
 Through this sharp, toil-set life,
 To fight as best he can,

And win what's won by strife. —
But we an easier way to cheat our pains have
found. 195

Scratched by a fall, with moans,
As children of weak age
Lend life to the dumb stones
Whereon to vent their rage,
And bend their little fists, and rate the sense-
less ground; 200

So, loath to suffer mute,
We, peopling the void air,
Make Gods to whom to impute
The ills we ought to bear;
With God and Fate to rail at, suffering
easily. 205

Yet grant — as sense long missed
Things that are now perceived,
And much may still exist
Which is not yet believed —
Grant that the world were full of Gods we
cannot see; 210

All things the world which fill
Of but one stuff are spun,
That we who rail are still,
With what we rail at, one:
One with the o'er-labored Power that through
the breadth and length 215

Of earth, and air, and sea,
In men, and plants, and stones,
Hath toil perpetually,
And travails, pants, and moans;
Fain would do all things well, but sometimes
fails in strength. 220

And patiently exact
This universal God
Alike to any act
Proceeds at any nod,
And quietly declaims the cursings of him-
self. 225

This is not what man hates,
Yet he can curse but this.
Harsh Gods and hostile Fates
Are dreams! this only *is* —
Is everywhere; sustains the wise, the foolish
elf. 230

Nor only, in the intent
To attach blame elsewhere,
Do we at will invent
Stern Powers who make their care 234
To embitter human life, malignant Deities;

But, next, we would reverse
The scheme ourselves have spun,
And what we made to curse
We now would lean upon,
And feign kind Gods who perfect what man
vainly tries. 240

Look, the world tempts our eye,
And we would know it all!
We map the starry sky,
We mine this earthen ball,
We measure the sea-tides, we number the
sea-sands; 245

We scrutinize the dates
Of long-past human things,
The bounds of effaced states,
The lines of deceased kings;
We search out dead men's words, and works
of dead men's hands; 250

We shut our eyes, and muse
How our own minds are made,
What springs of thought they use,
How rightened, how betrayed —
And spend our wit to name what most em-
ploy unnamed. 255

But still, as we proceed,
The mass swells more and more
Of volumes yet to read,
Of secrets yet to explore.
Our hair grows grey, our eyes are dimmed,
our heat is tamed; 260

We rest our faculties,
And thus address the Gods:
"True Science if there is,
It stays in your abodes!
Man's measures cannot mete the immeasur-
able All. 265

"You only can take in
The world's immense design;
Our desperate search was sin,
Which henceforth we resign,
Sure only that your mind sees all things
which befall." 270

Fools! that in man's brief term
He cannot all things view,
Affords no ground to affirm
That there are Gods who do;
Nor does being weary prove that he has
where to rest. 275

Again. — Our youthful blood
Claims rapture as its right;

The world, a rolling flood
Of newness and delight,
Draws in the enamored gazer to its shining
breast; 280

Pleasure, to our hot grasp,
Gives flowers after flowers;
With passionate warmth we clasp
Hand after hand in ours;
Now do we soon perceive how fast our youth
is spent. 285

At once our eyes grow clear!
We see in blank dismay
Year posting after year,
Sense after sense decay;
Our shivering heart is mined by secret dis-
content; 290

Yet still, in spite of truth,
In spite of hopes entombed,
That longing of our youth
Burns ever unconsumed,
Still hungrier for delight as delights grow
more rare. 295

We pause; we hush our heart,
And then address the Gods:
"The world hath failed to impart
The joy our youth forbodes,
Failed to fill up the void which in our breasts
we bear. 300

"Changeful till now, we still
Looked on to something new;
Let us, with changeless will,
Henceforth look on to you,
To find with you the joy we in vain here
require." 305

Fools! that so often here
Happiness mocked our prayer,
I think, might make us fear
A like event elsewhere;
Make us not fly to dreams, but moderate
desire. 310

And yet, for those who know
Themselves, who wisely take
Their way through life, and bow
To what they cannot break,
Why should I say that life need yield but
moderate bliss? 315

Shall we, with tempers spoiled,
Health sapped by living ill,
And judgments all embroiled

By sadness and self-will,
Shall *we* judge what for man is not true bliss
or is? 320

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have
done;
To have advanced true friends, and beat
down baffling foes — 325

That we must feign a bliss
Of doubtful future date,
And, while we dream on this,
Lose all our present state,
And relegate to worlds yet distant our
repose? 330

Not much, I know, you prize
What pleasures may be had,
Who look on life with eyes
Estranged, like mine, and sad;
And yet the village-churl feels the truth more
than you, 335

Who's loath to leave this life
Which to him little yields —
His hard-tasked sunburnt wife,
His often-labored fields,
The boors with whom he talked, the country-
spots he knew. 340

But thou, because thou hear'st
Men scoff at Heaven and Fate,
Because the Gods thou fear'st
Fail to make blest thy state,
Tremblest, and wilt not dare to trust the joys
there are! 345

I say: Fear not! Life still
Leaves human effort scope.
But, since life teems with ill,
Nurse no extravagant hope;
Because thou must not dream, thou need'st
not then despair! 350
Pub. 1852.

SELF-DEPENDENCE

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am; and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears
me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send: 5

"Ye who, from my childhood up, have calmed
me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!"

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye
waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew; 10
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of
heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer: 15
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without
them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy. 20

"And with joy the stars perform their shin-
ing,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful, 25
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear: 30
"Resolve to be thyself; and know, that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

Pub. 1852.

MORALITY

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight willed, 5
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done. 10
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,
Ask, how *she* viewed thy self-control, 15

Thy struggling, tasked morality —
Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,
Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
Whose eyes thou wert afraid to seek, 20
See, on her face a glow is spread,
A strong emotion on her cheek!
"Ah, child," she cries, "that strife divine,
Whence was it, for it is not mine?

"There is no effort on *my* brow — 25
I do not strive, I do not weep;
I rush with the swift spheres and glow
In joy, and when I will, I sleep. —
Yet that severe, that earnest air,
I saw, I felt it once — but where? 30

"I knew not yet the gauge of time,
Nor wore the manacles of space;
I felt it in some other clime,
I saw it in some other place.
'Twas when the heavenly house I trod, 35
And lay upon the breast of God."

Pub. 1852.

THE BURIED LIFE

Light flows our war of mocking words, and
yet,
Behold, with tears my eyes are wet!
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.
Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,
We know, we know that we can smile! 5
But there's a something in this breast,
To which thy light words bring no rest,
And thy gay smiles no anodyne.
Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,
And turn those limpid eyes on mine, 10
And let me read there, love, thy inmost soul.

Alas, is even love too weak
To unlock the heart, and let it speak?
Are even lovers powerless to reveal
To one another what indeed they feel? 15
I knew the mass of men concealed
Their thoughts, for fear that if revealed
They would by other men be met
With blank indifference, or with blame re-
proved;
I knew they lived and moved 20
Tricked in disguises, alien to the rest
Of men, and alien to themselves — and yet
The same heart beats in every human breast!

But we, my love! — does a like spell benumb
Our hearts, our voices? — must we too be
dumb? 25

Ah, well for us, if even we,
 Even for a moment, can get free
 Our heart, and have our lips unchained;
 For that which seals them hath been deep-
 ordained.

Fate, which foresaw 30
 How frivolous a baby man would be —
 By what distractions he would be possessed,
 How he would pour himself in every strife,
 And well-nigh change his own identity —
 That it might keep from his capricious play
 His genuine self, and force him to obey 36
 Even in his own despite his being's law,
 Bade through the deep recesses of our breast
 The unregarded river of our life
 Pursue with indiscernible flow its way; 40
 And that we should not see
 The buried stream, and seem to be
 Eddying about in blind uncertainty,
 Though driving on with it eternally.

But often, in the world's most crowded
 streets, 45

But often, in the din of strife,
 There rises an unspeakable desire
 After the knowledge of our buried life;
 A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
 In tracking out our true, original course; 50
 A longing to inquire

Into the mystery of this heart that beats
 So wild, so deep in us — to know
 Whence our lives come, and where they go.
 And many a man in his own breast then
 delves, 55

But deep enough, alas, none ever mines.
 And we have been on many thousand lines,
 And we have shown, on each, spirit and
 power;

But hardly have we, for one little hour,
 Been on our own line, have we been our-
 selves — 60

Hardly had skill to utter one of all
 The nameless feelings that course through
 our breast,

But they course on for ever unexpressed.
 And long we try in vain to speak and act
 Our hidden self, and what we say and do 65
 Is eloquent, is well — but 'tis not true!

And then we will no more be racked
 With inward striving, and demand
 Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
 Their stupefying power; 70

Ah yes, and they benumb us at our call!
 Yet still, from time to time, vague and for-
 lorn,

From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
 As from an infinitely distant land,

Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
 A melancholy into all our day. 76

Only — but this is rare —
 When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
 When, jaded with the rush and glare
 Of the interminable hours, 80
 Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
 When our world-deafened ear
 Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed —
 A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
 And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again. 85
 The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
 And what we mean, we say, and what we
 would, we know.

A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
 And hears its winding murmur; and he sees
 The meadows where it glides, the sun, the
 breeze. 90

And there arrives a lull in the hot race
 Wherein he doth for ever chase
 That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
 An air of coolness plays upon his face,
 And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
 And then he thinks he knows 96
 The hills where his life rose,
 And the sea where it goes.

Pub. 1852.

LINES WRITTEN IN KENSING- TON GARDENS

In this lone, open glade I lie,
 Screened by deep boughs on either hand;
 And at its end, to stay the eye,
 Those black-crowned, red-boled pine-trees
 stand!

Birds here make song, each bird has his, 5
 Across the girdling city's hum.
 How green under the boughs it is!
 How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come!

Sometimes a child will cross the glade
 To take his nurse his broken toy; 10
 Sometimes a thrush flit overhead
 Deep in her unknown day's employ.

Here at my feet what wonders pass,
 What endless, active life is here!
 What blowing daisies, fragrant grass! 15
 An air-stirred forest, fresh and clear.

Scarce fresher is the mountain-sod
 Where the tired angler lies, stretched out,
 And, eased of basket and of rod,
 Counts his day's spoil, the spotted trout. 20

In the huge world, which roars hard by,
Be others happy if they can!
But in my helpless cradle I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.

I, on men's impious uproar hurled, 25
Think often, as I hear them rave,
That peace has left the upper world
And now keeps only in the grave.

Yet here is peace for ever new!
When I who watch them am away, 30
Still all things in this glade go through
The changes of their quiet day.

Then to their happy rest they pass!
The flowers upclose, the birds are fed,
The night comes down upon the grass, 35
The child sleeps warmly in his bed.

Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar. 40

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

Pub. 1852.

THE FUTURE

A wanderer is man from his birth.
He was born in a ship
On the breast of the river of Time.
Brimming with wonder and joy
He spreads out his arms to the light, 5
Rivets his gaze on the banks of the stream.

As what he sees is, so have his thoughts
been.

Whether he wakes,
Where the snowy mountainous pass,
Echoing the screams of the eagles, 10
Hems in its gorges the bed
Of the new-born clear-flowing stream.
Whether he first sees light
Where the river in gleaming rings
Sluggishly winds through the plain; 15
Whether in sound of the swallowing sea —
As is the world on the banks,
So is the mind of the man.

Vainly does each, as he glides,
Fable and dream 20
Of the lands which the River of Time
Had left ere he woke on its breast,

Or shall reach when his eyes have been closed.
Only the tract where he sails
He wots of; only the thoughts, 25
Raised by the objects he passes, are his.

Who can see the green earth any more
As she was by the sources of Time?
Who imagines her fields as they lay
In the sunshine, unworn by the plough? 30
Who thinks as they thought,
The tribes who then lived on her breast,
Her vigorous, primitive sons?

What girl
Now reads in her bosom as clear 35
As Rebekah read, when she sate
At eve by the palm-shaded well?
Who guards in her breast
As deep, as pellucid a spring
Of feeling, as tranquil, as sure? 40

What bard,
At the height of his vision, can deem
Of God, of the world, of the soul,
With a plainness as near, 45
As flashing as Moses felt,
When he lay in the night by his flock
On the starlit Arabian waste?
Can rise and obey
The beck of the Spirit like him?

This tract which the river of Time 50
Now flows through with us, is the plain.
Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
Bordered by cities, and hoarse
With a thousand cries is its stream.
And we on its breast, our minds 55
Are confused as the cries which we hear,
Changing and shot as the sights which we
see.

And we say that repose has fled
For ever the course of the river of Time.
That cities will crowd to its edge 60
In a blacker, incessanter line;
That the din will be more on its banks,
Denser the trade on its stream,
Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead. 65
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed. 70

Haply, the river of Time,
As it grows, as the towns on its marge

Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream —
May acquire, if not the calm 75
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with
foam 80

As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast —
As the pale waste widens around him —
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night-wind 85
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

Pub. 1852.

REQUIESCAT

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes;
Ah, would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required; 5
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound; 10
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined, ample spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath.
To-night it doth inherit 15
The vasty hall of death.

Pub. 1853.

THE SCHOLAR-GIPSY

There was very lately a lad in the University of Oxford, who was by his poverty forced to leave his studies there, and at last to join himself to a company of vagabond gipsies. Among these extravagant people, by the insinuating subtilty of his carriage, he quickly got so much of their love and esteem as that they discovered to him their mystery. After he had been a pretty while exercised in the trade, there chanced to ride by a couple of scholars, who had formerly been of his acquaintance. They quickly spied out their old friend among the gipsies; and he gave them an account of the necessity which drove him to that kind of life, and told them that the people he went with

were not such impostors as they were taken for, but that they had a traditional kind of learning among them, and could do wonders by the power of imagination, their fancy binding that of others: that himself had learned much of their art, and when he had compassed the whole secret, he intended, he said, to leave their company, and give the world an account of what he had learned. — Glanvil's¹ *Vanity of Dogmatizing*, 1661. (Arnold's note.)

Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill;
Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes!
No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their
throats,
Nor the cropped herbage shoot another
head. 5

But when the fields are still,
And the tired men and dogs all gone to
rest,
And only the white sheep are sometimes
seen

Cross and recross the strips of moon-
blanched green,
Come, shepherd; and again begin the
quest! 10

Here, where the reaper was at work of late,
In this high field's dark corner, where he
leaves

His coat, his basket, and his earthen
cruse,

And in the sun, all morning, binds the
sheaves,

Then here, at noon, comes back his
stores to use — 15

Here will I sit and wait,
While to my ear from uplands far away
The bleating of the folded flocks is
borne,

With distant cries of reapers in the
corn² —

All the live murmur of a summer's day. 20

Screened is this nook, o'er the high half-
reaped field,

And here till sun-down, shepherd! will I
be.

Through the thick corn the scarlet
poppies peep,
And round green roots and yellowing
stalks, I see

Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep;
And air-swept lindens yield 26

Their scent, and rustle down their per-
fumed showers

¹ Joseph Glanvil, 1636–80, Oxford graduate, clergyman, and writer on philosophical subjects.

² grain.

leaves." Now I have always a great suspicion of the number Seven; because, when I wrote *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, it required all the ingenuity I was master of to prevent them from becoming Eight, or even Nine, on my hands. So I thought to myself that it would be very charming if there were only seven sorts of leaves; but that, perhaps, if one looked the woods and forests of the world carefully through, it was just possible that one might discover as many as eight sorts; and then where would my friend's new knowledge of Botany be? So I said, "That was very pretty; but what more?" Then my friend told me she had no idea, before, that petals were leaves. On which, I thought to myself that it would not have been any great harm to her if she had remained under her old impression that petals were petals. But I said, "That was very pretty, too; and what more?" So then my friend told me that the lecturer said, "the object of his lectures would be entirely accomplished if he could convince his hearers that there was no such thing as a flower."¹ Now, in that sentence you have the most perfect and admirable summary given you of the general temper and purposes of modern science. It gives lectures on Botany, of which the object is to show that there is no such thing as a flower; on Humanity, to show that there is no such thing as a Man; and on Theology, to show there is no such thing as a God. No such thing as a Man, but only a Mechanism; no such thing as a God, but only a series of forces. The two faiths are essentially one: if you feel yourself to be only a machine, constructed to be a Regulator of minor machinery, you will put your statue of such science on your Holborn Viaduct,² and necessarily recognize only major machinery as regulating you.

VI. I must explain the real meaning to you, however, of that saying of the Botanical lecturer, for it has a wide bearing. Some fifty years ago the poet Goethe discovered that all the parts of plants had a kind of common nature, and would change into each other. Now this was a true discovery, and a notable one; and you will find that, in fact, all plants are composed of essentially two parts — the leaf and root — one loving the light, the other darkness; one liking to be

clean, the other to be dirty; one liking to grow for the most part up, the other for the most part down; and each having faculties and purposes of its own. But the pure one which loves the light has, above all things, the purpose of being married to another leaf, and having child-leaves and children's children of leaves, to make the earth fair forever. And when the leaves marry, they put on wedding-robes, and are more glorious than Solomon in all his glory, and they have feasts of honey; and we call them "Flowers."

VII. In a certain sense, therefore, you see the Botanical lecturer was quite right. There are no such things as Flowers — there are only —gladdened Leaves. Nay, farther than this, there may be a dignity in the less happy, but unwithering leaf, which is, in some sort, better than the brief lily in its bloom; — which the great poets always knew, — well; — Chaucer, before Goethe; and the writer of the first Psalm before Chaucer. The Botanical lecturer was, in a deeper sense than he knew, right.

But in the deepest sense of all, the Botanical lecturer was, to the extremity of wrongness, wrong; for leaf, and root, and fruit, exist, all of them, only — that there may be flowers. He disregarded the life and passion of the creature, which were its essence. Had he looked for these, he would have recognized that in the thought of Nature herself, there is, in a plant, nothing else but its flowers.

Now in exactly the sense that modern science declares there is no such thing as a Flower, it has declared there is no such thing as a Man, but only a transitional form of Ascidians and apes. It may, or may not be true — it is not of the smallest consequence whether it be or not. The real fact is, that, rightly seen with human eyes, there is nothing else but man; that all animals and beings beside him are only made that they may change into him; that the world truly exists only in the presence of Man, acts only in the passion of Man. The essence of Light is in his eyes, — the centre of Force in his soul, — the pertinence of action in his deeds.

And all true science — which my Savoyard guide rightly scorned me when he thought I had not — all true science is *savoir vivre*.³

¹ In Letter 7 Ruskin said: "I find I did much injustice to the botanical lecturer, as well as to my friend; . . . but having some botanical notions myself, which I am vain of, I wanted the lecturer's to be wrong."

² The statue of Science was erected when the Viaduct was opened, 1869.

³ In Letter 4 Ruskin had told of a Savoyard guide, who, when "I had fatigued and provoked him with less cheerful views of the world than his own, . . . would fall back to my servant behind me, and console himself with a shrug of the shoulders, and a whispered, 'Le pauvre enfant, il ne sait pas vivre'" ("Poor child, he does not know how to live!")

But all your modern science is the contrary of that. It is *savoir mourir*.¹

VIII. And of its very discoveries, such as they are, it cannot make use.

That telegraphic signalling was a discovery; and conceivably, some day, may be a useful one.

And there was some excuse for your being a little proud when, about last sixth of April (Cœur de Lion's death-day, and Albert Dürer's), you knotted a copper wire all the way to Bombay, and flashed a message along it, and back.

But what was the message, and what the answer? Is India the better for what you said to her? Are you the better for what she replied? If not, you have only wasted an all-round-the-world's length of copper wire, — which is, indeed, about the sum of your doing. If you had had, perchance, two words of common sense to say, though you had taken wearisome time and trouble to send them; — though you had written them slowly in gold, and sealed them with a hundred seals, and sent a squadron of ships of the line to carry the scroll, and the squadron had fought its way round the Cape of Good Hope, through a year of storms, with loss of all its ships but one, — the two words of common sense would have been worth the carriage, and more. But you have not anything like so much as that to say, either to India or to any other place.

IX. You think it a great triumph to make the sun draw brown landscapes for you. That was also a discovery, and some day may be useful. But the sun had drawn landscapes before for you, not in brown, but in green, and blue, and all imaginable colors, here in England. Not one of you ever looked at them then; not one of you cares for the loss of them now, when you have shut the sun out with smoke, so that he can draw nothing more, except brown blots through a hole in a box. There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, once upon a time, divine as the Vale of Tempe; you might have seen the Gods there morning and evening — Apollo and all the sweet Muses of the light — walking in fair procession on the lawns of it and to and fro among the pinnacles of its crags. You cared neither for Gods nor grass, but for cash (which you did not know the way to get); you thought you could get it by what the *Times* calls "Rail-road Enterprise." You Enterprised a Rail-road through the valley — you blasted rocks

away, heaped thousands of tons of shale into its lovely stream. The valley is gone, and the Gods with it; and now every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half an hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton; which you think a lucrative process of exchange — you Fools Everywhere.

To talk at a distance, when you have nothing to say, though you were ever so near; to go fast from this place to that, with nothing to do either at one or the other: these are powers certainly. Much more, power of increased Production, if you, indeed, had got it, would be something to boast of. But are you so entirely sure that you *have* got it — that the mortal disease of plenty, and afflictive affluence of good things, are all you have to dread?

X. Observe. A man and a woman, with their children, properly trained, are able easily to cultivate as much ground as will feed them; to build as much wall and roof as will lodge them, and to spin and weave as much cloth as will clothe them. They can all be perfectly happy and healthy in doing this. Supposing that they invent machinery which will build, plough, thresh, cook, and weave, and that they have none of these things any more to do, but may read, or play croquet, or cricket, all day long, I believe myself that they will neither be so good nor so happy as without the machines. But I waive my belief in this matter for the time. I will assume that they become more refined and moral persons, and that idleness is in future to be the mother of all good. But observe, I repeat, the power of your machine is only in enabling them to be idle. It will not enable them to live better than they did before, nor to live in greater numbers. Get your heads quite clear on this matter. Out of so much ground only so much living is to be got, with or without machinery. You may set a million of steam-ploughs to work on an acre, if you like — out of that acre only a given number of grains of corn will grow, scratch or scorch it as you will. So that the question is not at all whether, by having more machines, more of you can live. No machines will increase the possibilities of life. They only increase the possibilities of idleness. Suppose, for instance, you could get the oxen in your plough driven by a goblin, who would ask for no pay, not even a cream bowl, — (you have nearly managed to get it driven by an iron goblin, as it is); — well, your furrow will take no more seeds than if you had held the stilts yourself. But instead

¹ knowing how to die

of holding them you sit, I presume, on a bank beside the field, under an eglantine; — watch the goblin at his work, and read poetry. Meantime, your wife in the house has also got a goblin to weave and wash for her. And she is lying on the sofa, reading poetry.

XI. Now, as I said, I don't believe you would be happier so, but I am willing to believe it; only, since you are already such brave mechanists, show me at least one or two places where you *are* happier. Let me see one small example of approach to this seraphic condition. I can show you examples, millions of them, of happy people made happy by their own industry. Farm after farm I can show you, in Bavaria, Switzerland, the Tyrol, and such other places, where men and women are perfectly happy and good, without any iron servants. Show me, therefore, some English family, with its fiery familiar, happier than these. Or bring me, — for I am not unconvinced by any kind of evidence, — bring me the testimony of an English family or two to their increased felicity. Or if you cannot do so much as that, can you convince even themselves of it? They *are* perhaps happy, if only they knew how happy they were; Virgil thought so, long ago, of simple rustics; but you hear at present your steam-propelled rustics are crying out that they are anything else than happy, and that they regard their boasted progress "in the light of a monstrous Sham." I must tell you one little thing, however, which greatly perplexes my imagination of the relieved ploughman sitting under his rose-bower, reading poetry. I have told it you before indeed, but I forget where. There was really a great festivity, and expression of satisfaction in the new order of things, down in Cumberland, a little while ago; some first of May, I think it was, a country festival such as the old heathens, who had no iron servants, used to keep with piping and dancing. So I thought, from the liberated country people — their work all done for them by goblins — we should have some extraordinary piping and dancing. But there was no dancing at all, and they could not even provide their own piping. They had their goblin to pipe for them. They walked in procession after their steam-plough, and their steam-plough whistled to them occasionally in the most melodious manner it could. Which seemed to me, indeed, a return to more than Arcadian simplicity; for in old Arcadia plough-boys truly whistled as they went, for want of thought;

whereas here was verily a large company walking without thought, but not having any more even the capacity of doing their own whistling.

XII. But next, as to the inside of the house. Before you got your power-looms, a woman could always make herself a chemise and petticoat of bright and pretty appearance. I have seen a Bavarian peasant-woman at church in Munich, looking a much grander creature, and more beautifully dressed, than any of the crossed and embroidered angels in Hess's ¹ high-art frescoes; (which happened to be just above her, so that I could look from one to the other). Well, here you are, in England, served by household demons, with five hundred fingers at least, weaving, for one that used to weave in the days of Minerva. You ought to be able to show me five hundred dresses for one that used to be; tidiness ought to have become five-hundred-fold tidier; tapestry should be increased into *cinque-cento-fold* ² iridescence of tapestry. Not only your peasant-girl ought to be lying on the sofa reading poetry, but she ought to have in her wardrobe five hundred petticoats instead of one. Is that, indeed, your issue? or are you only on a curiously crooked way to it?

XIII. It is just possible, indeed, that you may not have been allowed to get the use of the goblin's work — that other people may have got the use of it, and you none; because, perhaps, you have not been able to evoke goblins wholly for your own personal service: but have been borrowing goblins from the capitalist, and paying interest, in the "position of William," ³ on ghostly self-going planes; but suppose you had laid by capital enough, yourselves, to hire all the demons in the world — nay all that are inside of it; are you quite sure you know what you might best set them to work at? and what "useful things" you should command them to make for you? I told you, last month, that no economist going (whether by steam or ghost) knew what are useful things and what are

¹ Heinrich Marie von Hess (1798–1863), who painted the frescoes in the Hofkirche at Munich.

² Five-hundred-fold; perhaps with incidental allusion to the "*cinque-cento*" period of Italian art — the sixteenth century.

³ A reference to Letter 1: "James makes a plane, lends it to William on 1st January for a year. William gives him a plank for the loan of it, wears it out, and makes another for James which he gives him on 31st December. On 1st January he again borrows the new one; and the arrangement is repeated continuously. The position of William therefore is, that he makes a plane every 31st of December, lends it to James till the next day, and pays James a plank annually for the privilege of lending it to him on that evening."

not. Very few of you know, yourselves, except by bitter experience of the want of them. And no demons, either of iron or spirit, can ever make them.

xiv. There are three Material things, not only useful, but essential to Life. No one "knows how to live" till he has got them.

These are Pure Air, Water, and Earth.

There are three Immaterial things, not only useful, but essential to Life. No one knows how to live till he has got them also.

These are, Admiration, Hope, and Love.¹

Admiration — the power of discerning and taking delight in what is beautiful in visible Form, and lovely in human Character; and, necessarily, striving to produce what is beautiful in form, and to become what is lovely in character.

Hope — the recognition, by true Foresight, of better things to be reached hereafter, whether by ourselves or others; necessarily issuing in the straightforward and undisappointable effort to advance, according to our proper power, the gaining of them.

Love, both of family and neighbor, faithful, and satisfied. These are the six chiefly useful things to be got by Political Economy, when it *has* become a science. I will briefly tell you what modern Political Economy — the great "*savoir mourir*" — is doing with them.

xv. The first three, I said, are Pure Air, Water, and Earth.

Heaven gives you the main elements of these. You can destroy them at your pleasure, or increase, almost without limit, the available quantities of them.

You can vitiate the air by your manner of life and of death, to any extent. You might easily vitiate it so as to bring such a pestilence on the globe as would end all of you. You, or your fellows, German and French, are at present vitiating it to the best of your power in every direction; chiefly at this moment with corpses, and animal and vegetable ruin in war, changing men, horses, and garden-stuff into noxious gas. But everywhere, and all day long, you are vitiating it with foul chemical exhalations; and the horrible nests, which you call towns, are little more than laboratories for the distillation into heaven

of venomous smokes and smells, mixed with effluvia from decaying animal matter, and infectious miasmata from purulent disease.

On the other hand, your power of purifying the air, by dealing properly and swiftly with all substances in corruption; by absolutely forbidding noxious manufactures; and by planting in all soils the trees which cleanse and invigorate earth and atmosphere, — is literally infinite. You might make every breath of air you draw, food.

xvi. Secondly, your power over the rain and river-waters of the earth is infinite. You can bring rain where you will, by planting wisely and tending carefully; — drought where you will, by ravage of woods and neglect of the soil. You might have the rivers of England as pure as the crystal of the rock; beautiful in falls, in lakes, in living pools; so full of fish that you might take them out with your hands instead of nets. Or you may do always as you have done now, turn every river of England into a common sewer, so that you cannot so much as baptize an English baby but with filth, unless you hold its face out in the rain; and even *that* falls dirty.

xvii. Then for the third, Earth, meant to be nourishing for you and blossoming. You have learned, about it, that there is no such thing as a flower; and as far as your scientific hands and scientific brains, inventive of explosive and deathful, instead of blossoming and life-giving, Dust, can contrive, you have turned the Mother-Earth, Demeter,² into the Avenger Earth, Tisiphone — with the voice of your brother's blood crying out of it in one wild-harmony round all its murderous sphere.

This is what you have done for the Three Material Useful Things.

xviii. Then for the Three Immaterial Useful Things. For Admiration, you have learned contempt and conceit. There is no lovely thing ever yet done by man that you care for, or can understand; but you are persuaded you are able to do much finer things yourselves. You gather, and exhibit together, as if equally instructive, what is infinitely bad with what is infinitely good. You do not know which is which; you instinctively prefer the Bad, and do more of it. You instinctively hate the Good, and destroy it.²

¹ Wordsworth, *Excursion*, Book 4th; in Moxon's edition, 1857 (stupidly without numbers to lines) vol. vi, p. 135.

Love chief of the three spiritual needs, put last, as culminating, or crowning, because men must be capable of admiration and hope before they can be capable of love. Wordsworth's verse, "We live by admiration, hope, and love" is answered presently with the words in a reverse order — love, hope and admiration. (Ruskin's note.)

¹ Ruskin quotes a letter to the *Times* giving an account of the destruction of the gardens of Paris during the siege, 1870-71.

² Last night (I am writing this on the 18th of April) I got a letter from Venice bringing me the, I believe, well grounded report the Venetians have requested permission from the government of Italy to pull down their Ducal

Then, secondly, for Hope. You have not so much spirit of it in you as to begin any plan which will not pay for ten years; nor so much intelligence of it in you (either politicians or workmen) as to be able to form one clear idea of what you would like your country to become.

Then, thirdly, for Love. You were ordered by the Founder of your religion to love your neighbor as yourselves.

You have founded an entire Science of Political Economy on what you have stated to be the constant instinct of man — the desire to defraud his neighbor.

And you have driven your women mad, so that they ask no more for Love, nor for fellowship with you; but stand against you, and ask for "justice."

XIX. Are there any of you who are tired of all this? Any of you, Landlords or Tenants? Employers or Workmen?

Are there any landlords, — any masters, — who would like better to be served by men than by iron devils?

Any tenants, any workmen, who can be true to their leaders and to each other? who can vow to work and to live faithfully, for the sake of the joy of their homes?

Will any such give the tenth of what they have, and of what they earn, — not to emigrate with, but to stay in England with; and do what is in their hands and hearts to make her a happy England?

xx. I am not rich (as people now estimate riches), and great part of what I have is already engaged in maintaining art-workmen, or for other objects more or less of public utility. The tenth of whatever is left to me, estimated as accurately as I can (you shall see the accounts), I will make over to you in perpetuity, with the best security that English law can give, on Christmas Day of this year, with engagement to add the tithe of whatever I earn afterwards. Who else will help, with little or much? the object of such fund being to begin, and gradually — no matter how slowly — to increase the buying and securing of land in England, which shall not be built upon, but cultivated

by Englishmen, with their own hands, and such help of force as they can find in wind and wave.

xxi. I do not care with how many, or how few, this thing is begun, nor on what considerable scale, — if it be but in two or three poor men's gardens. So much, at least, I can buy, myself, and give them. If no help come, I have done and said what I could, and there will be an end. If any help come to me, it is to be on the following conditions: We will try to make some small piece of English ground, beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful. We will have no steam-engines upon it, and no railroads; we will have no untended or unthought-of creatures on it; none wretched, but the sick; none idle but the dead. We will have no liberty upon it; but instant obedience to known law, and appointed persons; no equality upon it; but recognition of every betterness that we can find, and reprobation of every worseness. When we want to go anywhere, we will go there quietly and safely, not at forty miles an hour in the risk of our lives; when we want to carry anything anywhere, we will carry it either on the backs of beasts, or on our own, or in carts, or boats. We will have plenty of flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields, — and few bricks. We will have some music and poetry; the children shall learn to dance to it and sing it; — perhaps some of the old people, in time, may also. We will have some art, moreover; we will at least try if, like the Greeks, we can't make some pots. The Greeks used to paint pictures of gods on their pots; we, probably, cannot do as much, but we may put some pictures of insects on them, and reptiles; — butterflies, and frogs, if nothing better. There was an excellent old potter in France who used to put frogs and vipers into his dishes, to the admiration of mankind; we can surely put something nicer than that. Little by little, some higher art and imagination may manifest themselves among us; and feeble rays of science may dawn for us. Botany, though too dull to dispute the existence of flowers; and history, though too simple to question the nativity of men; — nay, — even perhaps an uncalculating and uncovetous wisdom, as of rude Magi, presenting, at such nativity, gifts of gold and frankincense.

Faithfully yours

JOHN RUSKIN

Palace and "rebuild it." Put up a horrible model of it, that is to say, for which their architects may charge a commission. Meantime, all their canals are choked with human dung, which they are too poor to cart away but throw out at their windows.

And all the great thirteenth-century cathedrals in France have been destroyed, within my own memory, only that architects might charge commission for putting up false models of them in their place. (Ruskin's note.)

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)

Matthew Arnold, critic and poet, was born at Laleham, December 24, 1822, six years before his father began his famous headmastership at Rugby. After private tutoring and a year at Winchester, he entered Rugby in 1837, leaving in 1841 for Balliol College, Oxford, on a scholarship. Here he formed a strong friendship for Clough, won the Newdigate prize with a poem on Cromwell, and graduated in 1845 with a second class. Shortly after his graduation he was made a fellow of Oriol College. In 1847 he became secretary to the Marquis of Lansdowne, who secured for him the position of inspector of schools in 1851. In the same year Arnold married Frances, daughter of Sir William Wightman.

Arnold had already published *The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems* in 1848. The year after his marriage appeared *Empedocles on Etna*, and the next year, 1853, *Poems*, which contained the well-known *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Requiescat*, and *The Scholar-Gipsy*. In 1855 he published *Poems, Second Series*, and two years later accepted the professorship of Poetry at Oxford. During his ten years here he wrote *On Translating Homer*, 1861, *Essays in Criticism*, 1865, and *On the Study of Celtic Literature*, 1867. His later works include *Culture and Anarchy*, 1869, *Literature and Dogma*, 1875, *Discourses in America*, 1885 (the result of two lecture tours in the United States), and *Essays in Criticism, Second Series*, published in 1888, the year of his death.

Arnold's reputation as a poet is steadily increasing. The very qualities that the majority of the mid-Victorian public did not like, looking as they did for sentiment to cheer and comfort them in their wavering faith, make Arnold more popular to-day, when many of these doubts have either been removed or are being faced fairly. Sincerity, technical skill, honest lyrical reaction to his own joys and sorrows or those of his generation, a splendid balance of emotion and intellect, producing restraint and serenity — these are Arnold's characteristics as a poet.

Arnold, like Carlyle and Ruskin, felt constrained by the needs of his age to turn from literature to life. The *Function of Criticism at the Present Time* marks this change. His classical training gave him the keynote to a social doctrine in the principle of *totality* — the pursuit of total perfection which he described as culture. He reacted against the faith in sacrifice and work of Carlyle, as he did against the trust in material progress of Macaulay. Sacrifice and activity, which he identified as Hebraism, should be justified in the light of reason, which he identified with the Greek spirit or Hellenism. He protested against overemphasis upon any quality, however good in itself. He saw the beginning of the scientific movement, and realized that stress upon the values of knowing threatened to turn men's attention from equally important values of conduct and feeling. He therefore sought to defend Christianity and the traditional humanism embodied in classical education against the criticism of such exponents of the scientific spirit as Huxley.

Arnold's prose style is marked above all by urbanity, an ease and assurance which befits his position as a master of civilization. His humor is directed against those who are zealous beyond reason, and especially against those who are satisfied with faith in the catchwords of patriotism and mechanical progress, who, like Macaulay, rest in complacent admiration of the achievements of their own age. For them he adopted from Heine the term "Philistines," to which he gave popular currency.

Arnold's poems have been collected in the one volume Globe edition, published by Macmillan. Useful biographies are those by Paul, Saintsbury, and Garnett (in the *Dictionary of National Biography*). For a critical appreciation, see especially L. E. Gates, *Three Studies in Literature*.

QUIET WORK

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee —
One lesson that in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties served in one,
Though the loud world proclaim their en-
mity —

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity: 5
Of labor, that in still advance outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on, 11

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Laborers that shall not fail, when man is
gone.

Pub. 1849.

SHAKESPEARE

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask: thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea, 5
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-
place,

Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams
know,
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-
secure, 10
Didst tread on earth unguessed at. — Better
so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which
bow,

Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

Pub. 1849.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shorewards blow,
Now the salt tides seawards flow, 5
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go — 10
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear; 15
Children's voices, wild with pain —
Surely she will come again!
Call her once and come away;
This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay! 20
The wild white horses foam and fret."
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
Call no more!
One last look at the white-walled town, 25
And the little grey church on the windy shore;
Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday 30
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep, 35
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,

Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground; 40
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye? 45
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me, 50
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it
well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off
bell.
She sighed, she looked up through the clear
green sea. 55
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world — ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with
thee."
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the
waves; 60
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind
sea-caves."
She smiled, she went up through the surf in
the bay.

Children dear, was it yesterday?
Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones
moan. 65
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they
say;
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf
in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-
walled town;
Through the narrow paved streets, where all
was still, 70
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at
their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing
airs.
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn
with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small
leaded panes. 75
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!"

Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look, 80
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book!
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down! 85
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.

Hark, what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with
its toy! 90

For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"

And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully, 95
Till the spindle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the
sand,

And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare; 100
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh; 105
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mer-
maiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children;
Come children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows colder; 110
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar. 115
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, "Here came a mortal, 120
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow, 125
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,

And high rocks throw mildly 130
On the blanched sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry. 135
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side —
And then come back down.
Singing, "There dwells a loved one, 140
But cruel is she!
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

Pub. 1849.

EMPEDOCLES ON ETNA

EMPEDOCLES' SONG, ACT I, SCENE 2

The music below ceases, and Empedocles speaks, accompanying himself in a solemn manner on his harp.

The outspread world to span
A cord the Gods first slung,
And then the soul of man
There, like a mirror, hung,
And bade the winds through space impel the
gusty toy. 5

Hither and thither spins
The wind-borne, mirroring soul,
A thousand glimpses wins,
And never sees a whole;
Looks once, and drives elsewhere, and leaves
its last employ. 10

The Gods laugh in their sleeve
To watch man doubt and fear,
Who knows not what to believe
Where he sees nothing clear,
And dares stamp nothing false where he finds
nothing sure. 15

Is this, Pausanias,¹ so?
And can our souls not strive,
But with the winds must go,
And hurry where they drive?
Is Fate indeed so strong, man's strength in-
deed so poor? 20

I will not judge. That man,
Howbeit, I judge as lost,
Whose mind allows a plan,
Which would degrade it most;
And he treats doubt the best who tries to see
least ill. 25

¹ The physician in the play.

Of bloom on the bent grass where I am
laid,
And bower me from the August sun with
shade;
And the eye travels down to Oxford's
towers.

At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire
moors,
On the warm ingle-bench,¹ the smock-
froked boors
Had found him seated at their enter-
ing;

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's
book.

Come, let me read the oft-read tale again!
The story of the Oxford scholar poor,
Of shining parts and quick inventive
brain,

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would
fly. —

Who, tired of knocking at preferment's
door,

And I myself seem half to know thy looks,
And put the shepherds, wanderer! on
thy trace;

One summer morn forsook
His friends, and went to learn the gipsy-
lore,

And boys who in lone wheatfields scare
the rooks,

And roamed the world with that wild
brotherhood,

I ask if thou hast passed their quiet
place;

And came, as most men deemed, to
little good,

Or in my boat I lie
Moored to the cool bank in the summer-
heats,

But came to Oxford and his friends no
more.

'Mid wide grass meadows which the
sunshine fills,

And watch the warm, green-muffled
Cumner hills,

And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy re-
treats.

But once, years after, in the country-lanes,
Two scholars, whom at college erst he
knew,

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground:
Thee, at the ferry, Oxford riders blithe,

Met him, and of his way of life en-
quired;

Returning home on summer-nights,
have met

Whereat he answered that the gipsy-crew,
His mates, had arts to rule as they de-
sired.

Crossing the stripling Thames at Bablock-
hithe,²

The workings of men's brains,
And they can bind them to what thoughts
they will.

Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers
wet,

"And I," he said, "the secret of their
art,

As the punt's rope chops round;

When fully learned, will to the world im-
part;

And leaning backward in a pensive dream,
And fostering in thy lap a heap of
flowers

But it needs Heaven-sent moments for
this skill."

Plucked in shy fields and distant Wych-
wood³ bowers;

And thine eyes resting on the moonlit
stream.

This said, he left them, and returned no
more.

And then they land, and thou art seen no
more! —

But rumors hung about the country-
side,

Maidens who from the distant hamlets
come

That the lost scholar long was seen to
stray,

To dance around the Fyfield⁴ elm in
May,

Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-
tied,

Oft through the darkening fields have
seen thee roam;

In hat of antique shape, and cloak of
grey,

Or cross a stile into the public way.

The same the gipsies wore.

Oft thou hast given them store

Shepherds had met him on the Hurst¹ in
spring;

Of flowers: the frail-leaved white anemony,

¹ A bench next to the fireside.

² A village one mile beyond Cumner Hurst from Oxford.

³ A forest about ten miles north of Oxford.

⁴ About a mile south of Bablockhithe.

¹ Cumner Hurst, a wooded hill three miles south of Oxford.

Dark bluebells drenched with dew's of
summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves;
But none hath words she can report of
thee. 90

And, above Godstow Bridge,¹ when hay-
time's here

In June, and many a scythe in sunshine
flames,

Men who through those wide fields of
breezy grass,

Where black-winged swallows haunt the
glittering Thames,

To bathe in the abandoned lasher² pass,
Have often passed thee near, 96

Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown;
Marked thine outlandish garb, thy
figure spare,

Thy dark vague eyes, and soft ab-
stracted air:

But when they came from bathing, thou
wast gone! 100

At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,
Where at her open door the housewife
darns,

Thou hast been seen; or hanging on a
gate,

To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.

Children, who early range these slopes,
and late, 105

For cresses from the rills,

Have known thee eying, all an April day,
The springing pastures and the feeding
kine;

And marked thee, when the stars come
out and shine,

Through the long dewy grass move slow
away. 110

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood,
(Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged
way

Pitch their smoked tents, and every
bush you see

With scarlet patches tagged, and shreds of
grey,

Above the forest-ground called Thes-
saly,) 115

The blackbird, picking food,

Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at
all;

So often has he known thee past him
stray,

Rapt, twirling in thy hand a withered
spray,
And waiting for the spark from heaven to
fall. 120

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill,
Where home through flooded fields foot-
travellers go,

Have I not passed thee on the wooden
bridge,

Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the
snow,

Thy face toward Hinksey and its wintry
ridge? 125

And thou hast climbed the hill,
And gained the white brow of the Cum-
ner range;

Turned once to watch, while thick the
snowflakes fall,

The line of festal light in Christ-Church
hall;¹

Then sought thy straw in some sequestered
grange. 130

But what — I dream! Two hundred years
are flown,

Since first thy story ran through Oxford
halls,

And the grave Glanvil did the tale in-
scribe

That thou wert wandered from the studious
walls

To learn strange arts, and join a gipsy-
tribe; 135

And thou from earth art gone
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard
laid:

Some country-nook, where o'er thy un-
known grave

Tall grasses and white flowering nettles
wave,

Under a dark red-fruited yew-tree's
shade. 140

No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours!
For what wears out the life of mortal
men?

'Tis that from change to change their
being rolls;

'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls,

And numb the elastic powers. 146

Till, having used our nerves with bliss and
teen,²

And tired upon a thousand schemes our
wit,

¹ This and other English places mentioned subse-
quently in the poem are all in the near vicinity of Oxford.
² A pool below a runway or race.

¹ The dining hall of Christ Church, Oxford.
² sadness.

To the just-pausing Genius we remit
Our worn-out life, and are — what we
have been. 150

Thou hast not lived, why shouldst thou
perish, so?

Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one*
desire;

Else wert thou long since numbered
with the dead,

Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy
fire!

The generations of thy peers are fled, 155
And we ourselves shall go;

But thou possessest an immortal lot,

And we imagine thee exempt from age
And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's
page,

Because thou hadst what we, alas! have
not. 160

For early didst thou leave the world, with
powers

Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
Firm to their mark, not spent on other
things;

Free from the sick fatigue, the languid
doubt,

Which much to have tried, in much
been baffled, brings. 165

O life unlike to ours!

Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
Of whom each strives, nor knows for
what he strives,

And each half-lives a hundred different
lives;

Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in
hope. 170

Thou waitest for the spark from heaven!
and we,

Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly willed,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in
deeds,

Whose vague resolves never have been
fulfilled; 175

For whom each year we see

Breeds new beginnings, disappointments
new;

Who hesitate and falter life away,

And lose to-morrow the ground won to-
day:

Ah! do not we, wanderer! await it too? 180

Yes, we await it! but it still delays,

And then we suffer! and amongst us, one¹

¹ The reference here can only be surmised.

Who most has suffered, takes dejectedly
His seat upon the intellectual throne;

And all his store of sad experience he 185
Lays bare of wretched days;

Tells us his misery's birth and growth and
signs,

And how the dying spark of hope was
fed,

And how the breast was soothed, and
how the head,

And all his hourly-varied anodynes. 190

This for our wisest: and we others pine,

And wish the long unhappy dream would
end,

And waive all claim to bliss, and try to
bear,

With close-lipped patience for our only
friend,

Sad patience, too near neighbor to de-
spair. 195

But none has hope like thine!

Thou through the fields and through the
woods dost stray,

Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,
Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,

And every doubt long blown by time
away. 200

O born in days when wits were fresh and
clear,

And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames,
Before this strange disease of modern
life,

With its sick hurry, its divided aims,

Its heads o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts,
was rife — 205

Fly hence, our contact fear!

Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering
wood!

Averse, as Dido did, with gesture stern,
From her false friend's² approach in

Hades turn,

Wave us away; and keep thy solitude! 210

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,

Still clutching the inviolable shade,

With a free onward impulse brushing
through,

By night, the silvered branches of the
glade,

Far on the forest-skirts, where none pur-
sue, 215

On some mild pastoral slope

Emerge; and resting on the moonlit pales,

Freshen thy flowers, as in former years,

¹ Æneas, upon whose departure from Carthage Dido
killed herself.

With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales!

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly! 221
For strong the infection of our mental
strife,

Which, though it gives no bliss, yet
spoils for rest;

And we should wend thee from thy own fair
life,

Like us distracted, and like us unblest.

Soon, soon thy cheer would die, 226
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfixed
thy powers,

And thy clear aims be cross and shifting
made;

And then thy glad perennial youth
would fade,

Fade, and grow old at last, and die like
ours. 230

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and
smiles!

As some grave Tyrian¹ trader, from the
sea,

Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-haired creepers stealthily,
The fringes of a southward-facing
brow 235

Among the Ægean isles;
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
Freighted with amber grapes and Chian
wine,

Green bursting figs, and tunnies²
steeped in brine,

And knew the intruders on his ancient
home, 240

The young light-hearted masters of the
waves!

And snatched his rudder, and shook out
more sail;

And day and night held on³ indignantly
O'er the blue Midland waters with the
gale,

Betwixt the Syrtes⁴ and soft Sicily, 245

To where the Atlantic raves

Outside the western straits; and unbent
sails

There, where down cloudy cliffs, through
sheets of foam,

Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians⁵ come;
And on the beach undid his corded

bales. 250

Pub. 1853.

¹ From Tyre, in Phœnicia. ² large mackerel.

³ Kept on under full sail.

⁴ Shallow gulf on north coast of Africa.

⁵ From the Spanish peninsula.

ISOLATION

TO MARGUERITE

This is the fourth in a series of seven poems
published under the heading *Switzerland*.

We were apart; yet, day by day,
I bade my heart more constant be.
I bade it keep the world away,
And grow a home for only thee;
Nor feared but thy love likewise grew, 5
Like mine, each day, more tried, more true.

The fault was grave! I might have known,
What far too soon, alas! I learned —
The heart can bind itself alone,
And faith may oft be unreturned. 10
Self-swayed our feelings ebb and swell —
Thou lov'st no more; — Farewell! Fare-
well!

Farewell! — and thou, thou lonely heart,
Which never yet without remorse
Even for a moment didst depart 15
From thy remote and spheréd course
To haunt the place where passions reign —
Back to thy solitude again!

Back! with the conscious thrill of shame
Which Luna felt, that summer night, 20
Flash through her pure immortal frame,
When she forsook the starry height
To hang over Endymion's sleep
Upon the pine-grown Latmian steep.

Yet she, chaste queen, had never proved 25
How vain a thing is mortal love,
Wandering in heaven, far removed;
But thou hast long had place to prove
This truth — to prove, and make thine
own:

"Thou hast been, shalt be, art, alone." 30

Or, if not quite alone, yet they
Which touch thee are unmating things —
Ocean and clouds and night and day;
Lorn autumns and triumphant springs;
And life, and others' joy and pain, 35
And love, if love, of happier men.

Of happier men — for they, at least,
Have dreamed two human hearts might
blend

In one, and were through faith released
From isolation without end 40
Prolonged; nor knew, although not less
Alone than thou, their loneliness.

Pub. 1857.

DOVER BEACH

The sea is calm to-night.
 The tide is full, the moon lies fair
 Upon the straits; on the French coast the
 light
 Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England
 stand,
 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil
 bay.
 Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
 Only, from the long line of spray
 Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd
 sand,
 Listen! you hear the grating roar
 Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and
 fling,
 At their return, up the high strand,
 Begin, and cease; and then again begin,
 With tremulous cadence slow; and bring
 The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles, long ago,
 Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
 Of human misery; we
 Find also in the sound a thought,
 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's
 shore
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
 But now I only hear
 Its melancholy long withdrawing roar,
 Retreating, to the breath
 Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
 And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
 To one another! for the world, which seems
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
 And we are here as on a darkling plain,
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and
 flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Pub. 1867.

RUGBY CHAPEL

NOVEMBER, 1857

Coldly, sadly descends
 The autumn-evening. The field
 Strewn with its dank yellow drifts

Of withered leaves, and the elms,
 Fade into dimness apace,
 Silent; — hardly a shout
 From a few boys late at their play!
 The lights come out in the street,
 In the school-room windows; — but cold,
 Solemn, unlighted, austere,
 Through the gathering darkness, arise
 The chapel-walls, in whose bound
 Thou, my father! art laid.

There thou dost lie, in the gloom
 Of the autumn evening. But ah!
 That word, *gloom*, to my mind
 Brings thee back, in the light
 Of thy radiant vigor again;
 In the gloom of November we passed
 Days not dark at thy side;
 Seasons impaired not the ray
 Of thy buoyant cheerfulness clear.
 Such thou wast! and I stand
 In the autumn evening, and think
 Of bygone autumns with thee.

Fifteen years have gone round
 Since thou arosest to tread,
 In the summer-morning, the road
 Of death, at a call unforeseen,
 Sudden. For fifteen years,
 We who till then in thy shade
 Rested as under the boughs
 Of a mighty oak, have endured
 Sunshine and rain as we might,
 Bare, unshaded, alone,
 Lacking the shelter of thee.

O strong soul, by what shore
 Tarriest thou now? For that force,
 Surely, has not been left in vain!
 Somewhere, surely, afar,
 In the sounding labor-house vast
 Of being, is practised that strength,
 Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
 Conscious or not of the past,
 Still thou performest the word
 Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live —
 Prompt, unwearied, as here!
 Still thou upraisest with zeal
 The humble good from the ground,
 Sternly represses the bad!
 Still, like a trumpet, doth rouse
 Those who with half-open eyes
 Tread the border-land dim
 'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,

r Dr. Thomas Arnold, 1795-1842, famous headmaster
 of Rugby.

Succorest! — this was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth.

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth?
Most men eddy about
Here and there — eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurled in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing; and then they die —
Perish; — and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost Ocean, have swelled,
Foamed for a moment, and gone.

And there are some, whom a thirst
Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
Not with the crowd to be spent,
Not without aim to go round
In an eddy of purposeless dust,
Effort unmeaning and vain.
Ah yes! some of us strive
Not without action to die
Fruitless, but something to snatch
From dull oblivion, nor all
Glut the devouring grave!
We, we have chosen our path —
Path to a clear-purposed goal,
Path of advance! — but it leads
A long, steep journey, through sunk
Gorges, o'er the mountains in snow.
Cheerful, with friends, we set forth —
Then, on the height, comes the storm. 90
Thunder crashes from rock
To rock, the cataracts reply,
Lightnings dazzle our eyes.
Roaring torrents have breached
The track, the stream-bed descends 95
In the place where the wayfarer once
Planted his footstep — the spray
Boils o'er its borders! aloft
The unseen snow-beds dislodge
Their hanging ruin; alas,
Havoc is made in our train!
Friends, who set forth at our side,
Falter, are lost in the storm.
We, we only are left!
With frowning foreheads, with lips
Sternly compressed, we strain on,
On — and at nightfall at last
Come to the end of our way,
To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks;
Where the gaunt and taciturn host
Stands on the threshold, the wind

Shaking his thin white hairs —
Holds his lantern to scan
Our storm-beat figures, and asks:
Whom in our party we bring?
Whom we have left in the snow? 115

Sadly we answer: We bring
Only ourselves! we lost
Sight of the rest in the storm.
Hardly ourselves we fought through, 120
Stripped, without friends, as we are.
Friends, companions, and train,
The avalanche swept from our side.

But thou would'st not *alone*
Be saved, my father! *alone* 125
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die. 130
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet, 135
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing — to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given 140
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

And through thee I believe 145
In the noble and great who are gone;
Pure souls honored and blest
By former ages, who else —
Such, so soulless, so poor,
Is the race of men whom I see — 150
Seemed but a dream of the heart,
Seemed but a cry of desire.
Yes! I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
Not like the men of the crowd 155
Who all round me to-day
Bluster or cringe, and make life
Hideous, and arid, and vile;
But souls tempered with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good, 160
Helpers and friends of mankind.

Servants of God! — or sons
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind, 165
His, who unwillingly sees

One of his little ones lost —
 Yours is the praise, if mankind
 Hath not as yet in its march
 Fainted, and fallen, and died! 170

See! In the rocks of the world
 Marches the host of mankind,
 A feeble, wavering line.
 Where are they tending? — A God
 Marshalled them, gave them their goal. 175
 Ah, but the way is so long!
 Years they have been in the wild!
 Sore thirst plagues them, the rocks,
 Rising all round, overawe;
 Factions divide them, their host 180
 Threatens to break, to dissolve.
 — Ah, keep, keep them combined!
 Else, of the myriads who fill
 That army, not one shall arrive;
 Sole they shall stray; in the rocks 185
 Stagger for ever in vain,
 Die one by one in the waste.

Then, in such hour of need
 Of your fainting, dispirited race,
 Ye, like angels, appear, 190
 Radiant with ardor divine!
 Beacons of hope, ye appear!
 Languor is not in your heart,
 Weakness is not in your word,
 Weariness not on your brow. 195
 Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
 Panic, despair, flee away.
 Ye move through the ranks, recall
 The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
 Praise, re-inspire the brave! 200
 Order, courage, return.
 Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
 Follow your steps as ye go.
 Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
 Strengthen the wavering line, 205
 Stablish, continue our march,
 On, to the bound of the waste,
 On, to the City of God.

Pub. 1867.

PREFACE TO ESSAYS IN CRITICISM

(FIRST SERIES)

1865

Arnold's most famous piece of prose. It illustrates fully his urbanity and his playfulness; and has, moreover, a higher quality of eloquence than his reserve usually permitted.

Several of the Essays which are here collected and reprinted had the good or the bad

fortune to be much criticized at the time of their first appearance. I am not now going to inflict upon the reader a reply to those criticisms; for one or two explanations which are desirable, I shall elsewhere, perhaps, be able some day to find an opportunity; but, indeed, it is not in my nature, — some of my critics would rather say, not in my power, — to dispute on behalf of any opinion, even my own, very obstinately. To try and approach truth on one side after another, not to strive or cry, nor to persist in pressing forward, on any one side, with violence and self-will, — it is only thus, it seems to me, that mortals may hope to gain any vision of the mysterious Goddess, whom we shall never see except in outline, but only thus even in outline. He who will do nothing but fight impetuously towards her on his own, one, favorite, particular line, is inevitably destined to run his head into the folds of the black robe in which she is wrapped.

So it is not to reply to my critics that I write this Preface, but to prevent a misunderstanding, of which certain phrases that some of them use make me apprehensive. Mr. Wright, one of the many translators of Homer, has published a letter to the Dean of Canterbury, complaining of some remarks of mine, uttered now a long while ago, on his version of the *Iliad*.¹ One cannot be always studying one's own works, and I was really under the impression, till I saw Mr. Wright's complaint, that I had spoken of him with all respect. The reader may judge of my astonishment, therefore, at finding, from Mr. Wright's pamphlet, that I had "declared with much solemnity that there is not any proper reason for his existing." That I never said; but, on looking back at my Lectures on Translating Homer, I find that I did say, not that Mr. Wright, but that Mr. Wright's version of the *Iliad*, repeating in the main the merits and defects of Cowper's version, as Mr. Sotheby's repeated those of Pope's version, had, if I might be pardoned for saying so, no proper reason for existing. Elsewhere I expressly spoke of the merit of his version; but I confess that the phrase, qualified as I have shown, about its want of a proper reason for existing, I used. Well, the phrase had, perhaps, too much vivacity; we have all of us a right to exist, we and our works; an unpopular author should be the last person to call in question this right. So I gladly withdraw the offending phrase, and I am sorry for having used it; Mr. Wright, however, would

¹ In Arnold's *Lectures On Translating Homer*.

perhaps be more indulgent to my vivacity, if he considered that we are none of us likely to be lively much longer. My vivacity is but the last sparkle of flame before we are all in the dark, the last glimpse of color before we all go into drab, — the drab of the earnest, prosaic, practical, austere literal future. Yes, the world will soon be the Philistines'! and then, with every voice, not of thunder, silenced, and the whole earth filled and ennobled every morning by the magnificent roaring of the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*, we shall all yawn in one another's faces with the dismalest, the most unimpeachable gravity.

But I return to my design in writing this Preface. That design was, after apologizing to Mr. Wright for my vivacity of five years ago, to beg him and others to let me bear my own burdens, without saddling the great and famous University to which I have the honor to belong with any portion of them. What I mean to deprecate is such phrases as, "his professorial assault," "his assertions issued *ex cathedra*,"¹ "the sanction of his name as the representative of poetry," and so on. Proud as I am of my connection with the University of Oxford,² I can truly say that, knowing how unpopular a task one is undertaking when one tries to pull out a few more stops in that powerful but at present somewhat narrow-toned organ, the modern Englishman, I have sought always to stand by myself, and to compromise others as little as possible. Besides this, my native modesty is such that I have always been shy of assuming the honorable style of Professor, because this is a title I share with so many distinguished men, — Professor Pepper, Professor Anderson, Professor Frickel, and others, — who adorn it, I feel, much more than I do.

However, it is not merely out of modesty that I prefer to stand alone, and to concentrate on myself, as a plain citizen of the republic of letters, and not as an office-bearer in a hierarchy, the whole responsibility for all I write; it is much more out of genuine devotion to the University of Oxford, for which I feel, and always must feel, the fondest, the most reverential attachment. In an epoch of dissolution and transformation, such as that on which we are now entered, habits, ties, and associations are inevitably broken up, the action of individuals becomes more distinct, the shortcomings, errors, heats,

disputes, which necessarily attend individual action, are brought into greater prominence. Who would not gladly keep clear, from all these passing clouds, an august institution which was there before they arose, and which will be there when they have blown over?

It is true, the *Saturday Review* maintains that our epoch of transformation is finished; that we have found our philosophy; that the British nation has searched all anchorages for the spirit, and has finally anchored itself, in the fulness of perfected knowledge, on Benthamism.¹ This idea at first made a great impression on me; not only because it is so consoling in itself, but also because it explained a phenomenon which in the summer of last year had, I confess, a good deal troubled me. At that time my avocations led me to travel almost daily on one of the Great Eastern Lines, — the Woodford Branch. Every one knows that the murderer, Müller, perpetrated his detestable act on the North London Railway, close by. The English middle class, of which I am myself a feeble unit, travel on the Woodford Branch in large numbers. Well, the demoralization of our class, — the class which (the newspapers are constantly saying it, so I may repeat it without vanity) has done all the great things which have ever been done in England, — the demoralization, I say, of our class, caused by the Bow tragedy, was something bewildering. Myself a transcendentalist (as the *Saturday Review* knows), I escaped the infection; and, day after day, I used to ply my agitated fellow-travellers with all the consolations which my transcendentalism would naturally suggest to me. I reminded them how Cæsar refused to take precautions against assassination, because life was not worth having at the price of an ignoble solicitude for it. I reminded them what insignificant atoms we all are in the life of the world. "Suppose the worst to happen," I said, addressing a portly jeweller from Cheap-side; "suppose even yourself to be the victim; *il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire*."² We should miss you for a day or two upon the Woodford Branch; but the great mundane movement would still go on, the gravel walks of your villa would still be rolled, dividends would still be paid at the Bank, omnibuses would still run, there would still be the old crush at the corner of Fenchurch Street." All was of no avail. Nothing could moderate, in the bosom of the great English middle class, their

¹ from his official seat.

² When the above was written the author had still the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, which he has since vacated. (Aruold's note.)

¹ The utilitarianism of the school of Jeremy Bentham.

² No man is necessary.

passionate, absorbing, almost bloodthirsty clinging to life. At the moment I thought this over-concern a little unworthy; but the *Saturday Review* suggests a touching explanation of it. What I took for the ignoble clinging to life of a comfortable worldling, was, perhaps, only the ardent longing of a faithful Benthamite, traversing an age still dimmed by the last mists of transcendentalism, to be spared long enough to see his religion in the full and final blaze of its triumph. This respectable man, whom I imagined to be going up to London to serve his shop, or to buy shares, or to attend an Exeter Hall meeting, or to assist at the deliberations of the Marylebone Vestry, was even, perhaps, in real truth, on a pious pilgrimage, to obtain from Mr. Bentham's executors a secret bone of his great, dissected master.¹

And yet, after all, I cannot but think that the *Saturday Review* has here, for once, fallen a victim to an idea, — a beautiful but deluding idea, — and that the British nation has not yet, so entirely as the reviewer seems to imagine, found the last word of its philosophy. No, we are all seekers still! seekers often make mistakes, and I wish mine to redound to my own discredit only, and not to touch Oxford. Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged, by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

"There are our young barbarians, all at play!"

And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection, — to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side? — nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in his incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left miles out of

sight behind him; — the bondage of "*was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine!*"¹ She will forgive me, even if I have unwittingly drawn upon her a shot or two aimed at her unworthy son; for she is generous, and the cause in which I fight is, after all, hers. Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone?

THE FUNCTION OF CRITICISM AT THE PRESENT TIME

1865

The opening essay in *Essays in Criticism, First Series*. Here Arnold sets forth his principle of criticism, applied to life as well as literature. It will be seen that Arnold protests not only against the selfishness and complacent materialism of his countrymen, but against their sectarian narrowness. His remedy is a more intellectual one than Carlyle's — i.e., the application of ideas to life.

Many objections have been made to a proposition which, in some remarks of mine on translating Homer, I ventured to put forth; a proposition about criticism, and its importance at the present day. I said that "of the literature of France and Germany, as of the intellect of Europe in general, the main effort, for now many years, has been a critical effort; the endeavor, in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is." I added, that owing to the operation in English literature of certain causes, "almost the last thing for which one would come to English literature is just that very thing which now Europe most desires, — criticism"; and that the power and value of English literature was thereby impaired. More than one rejoinder declared that the importance I here assigned to criticism was excessive, and asserted the inherent superiority of the creative effort of the human spirit over its critical effort. And the other day, having been led by an excellent notice of Wordsworth, published in the *North British Review*, to turn again to his biography, I found, in the words of this great man, whom I, for one, must always listen to with the profoundest respect, a sentence passed on the critic's business, which seems to justify every possible disparagement of it. Wordsworth says in one of his letters:

¹ That which constrains us all, the commonplace.

¹ Bentham's skeleton is preserved at University College, Oxford.

"The writers in these publications" (the Reviews), "while they prosecute their inglorious employment, cannot be supposed to be in a state of mind very favorable for being affected by the finer influences of a thing so pure as genuine poetry."

And a trustworthy reporter of his conversation quotes a more elaborate judgment to the same effect:

"Wordsworth holds the critical power very low, infinitely lower than the inventive; and he said to-day that if the quantity of time consumed in writing critiques on the works of others were given to original composition, of whatever kind it might be, it would be much better employed; it would make a man find out sooner his own level, and it would do infinitely less mischief. A false or malicious criticism may do much injury to the minds of others; a stupid invention, either in prose or verse, is quite harmless."

It is almost too much to expect of poor human nature, that a man capable of producing some effect in one line of literature, should, for the greater good of society; voluntarily doom himself to impotence and obscurity in another. Still less is this to be expected from men addicted to the composition of the "false or malicious criticism" of which Wordsworth speaks. However, everybody would admit that a false or malicious criticism had better never have been written. Everybody, too, would be willing to admit, as a general proposition, that the critical faculty is lower than the inventive. But is it true that criticism is really, in itself, a baneful and injurious employment? is it true that all time given to writing critiques on the works of others would be much better employed if it were given to original composition, of whatever kind this may be? Is it true that Johnson had better have gone on producing more *Irenes* instead of writing his *Lives of the Poets*? nay, is it certain that Wordsworth himself was better employed in making his Ecclesiastical Sonnets than when he made his celebrated Preface, so full of criticism, and criticism of the works of others? Wordsworth was himself a great critic, and it is to be sincerely regretted that he has not left us more criticism; Goethe was one of the greatest of critics, and we may sincerely congratulate ourselves that he has left us so much criticism. Without wasting time over the exaggeration which Wordsworth's judgment on criticism clearly contains, or over an attempt to trace the causes, — not difficult, I think, to be traced, — which may have led

Wordsworth to this exaggeration, a critic may with advantage seize an occasion for trying his own conscience, and for asking himself of what real service, at any given moment, the practice of criticism either is, or may be made, to his own mind and spirit, and to the minds and spirits of others.

The critical power is of lower rank than the creative. True; but in assenting to this proposition, one or two things are to be kept in mind. It is undeniable that the exercise of a creative power, that a free creative activity, is the true function of man; it is proved to be so by man's finding in it his true happiness. But it is undeniable, also, that men may have the sense of exercising this free creative activity in other ways than in producing great works of literature or art; if it were not so, all but a very few men would be shut out from the true happiness of all men. They may have it in well-doing, they may have it in learning, they may have it even in criticizing. This is one thing to be kept in mind. Another is, that the exercise of the creative power in the production of great works of literature or art, however high this exercise of it may rank, is not at all epochs and under all conditions possible; and that therefore labor may be vainly spent in attempting it, which might with more fruit be used in preparing for it, in rendering it possible. This creative power works with elements, with materials; what if it has not those materials, those elements, ready for its use? In that case it must surely wait till they are ready. Now, in literature, — I will limit myself to literature, for it is about literature that the question arises, — the elements with which the creative power works are ideas; the best ideas on every matter which literature touches, current at the time. At any rate we may lay it down as certain that in modern literature no manifestation of the creative power not working with these can be very important or fruitful. And I say *current* at the time, not merely accessible at the time; for creative literary genius does not principally show itself in discovering new ideas, that is rather the business of the philosopher. The grand work of literary genius is a work of synthesis and exposition, not of analysis and discovery; its gift lies in the faculty of being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, when it finds itself in them; of dealing divinely with these ideas, presenting them in the most effective and attractive combinations, making beautiful

works with them, in short. But it must have the atmosphere, it must find itself amidst the order of ideas, in order to work freely; and these it is not so easy to command. This is why great creative epochs in literature are so rare; this is why there is so much that is unsatisfactory in the productions of many men of real genius; because, for the creation of a master-work of literature two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment, and the man is not enough without the moment; the creative power has, for its happy exercise, appointed elements, and those elements are not in its own control.

Nay, they are more within the control of the critical power. It is the business of the critical power, as I said in the words already quoted, "in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is." Thus it tends, at last, to make an intellectual situation of which the creative power can profitably avail itself. It tends to establish an order of ideas, if not absolutely true, yet true by comparison with that which it displaces; to make the best ideas prevail. Presently these new ideas reach society, the touch of truth is the touch of life, and there is a stir and growth everywhere; out of this stir and growth come the creative epochs of literature.

Or, to narrow our range, and quit these considerations of the general march of genius and of society, — considerations which are apt to become too abstract and impalpable, — every one can see that a poet, for instance, ought to know life and the world before dealing with them in poetry; and life and the world being in modern times very complex things, the creation of a modern poet, to be worth much, implies a great critical effort behind it; else it would be a comparatively poor, barren, and short-lived affair. This is why Byron's poetry had so little endurance in it, and Goethe's so much; both Byron and Goethe had a great productive power, but Goethe's was nourished by a great critical effort providing the true materials for it, and Byron's was not; Goethe knew life and the world, the poet's necessary subjects, much more comprehensively and thoroughly than Byron. He knew a great deal more of them, and he knew them much more as they really are.

It has long seemed to me that the burst of creative activity in our literature, through the first quarter of this century, had about it in fact something premature; and that from this cause its productions are doomed, most

of them, in spite of the sanguine hopes which accompanied and do still accompany them, to prove hardly more lasting than the productions of far less splendid epochs. And this prematureness comes from its having proceeded without having its proper data, without sufficient materials to work with. In other words, the English poetry of the first quarter of this century, with plenty of energy, plenty of creative force, did not know enough. This makes Byron so empty of matter, Shelley so incoherent, Wordsworth even, profound as he is, yet so wanting in completeness and variety. Wordsworth cared little for books, and disparaged Goethe. I admire Wordsworth, as he is, so much that I cannot wish him different; and it is vain, no doubt, to imagine such a man different from what he is, to suppose that he could have been different. But surely the one thing wanting to make Wordsworth an even greater poet than he is, — his thought richer, and his influence of wider application, — was that he should have read more books, among them, no doubt, those of that Goethe whom he disparaged without reading him.

But to speak of books and reading may easily lead to a misunderstanding here. It was not really books and reading that lacked to our poetry at this epoch; Shelley had plenty of reading, Coleridge had immense reading. Pindar and Sophocles — as we all say so glibly, and often with so little discernment of the real import of what we are saying — had not many books; Shakespeare was no deep reader. True; but in the Greece of Pindar and Sophocles, in the England of Shakespeare, the poet lived in a current of ideas in the highest degree animating and nourishing to the creative power; society was, in the fullest measure, permeated by fresh thought, intelligent and alive. And this state of things is the true basis for the creative power's exercise, in this it finds its data, its materials, truly ready for its hand; all the books and reading in the world are only valuable as they are helps to this. Even when this does not actually exist, books and reading may enable a man to construct a kind of semblance of it in his own mind, a world of knowledge and intelligence in which he may live and work. This is by no means an equivalent to the artist for the nationally diffused life and thought of the epochs of Sophocles or Shakespeare; but, besides that it may be a means of preparation for such epochs, it does really constitute, if many share in it, a quickening and sustaining atmosphere of great

value. Such an atmosphere the many-sided learning and the long and widely-combined critical effort of Germany formed for Goethe, when he lived and worked. There was no national glow of life and thought there, as in the Athens of Pericles or the England of Elizabeth. That was the poet's weakness. But there was a sort of equivalent for it in the complete culture and unfettered thinking of a large body of Germans. That was his strength. In the England of the first quarter of this century there was neither a national glow of life and thought, such as we had in the age of Elizabeth, nor yet a culture and a force of learning and criticism such as were to be found in Germany. Therefore the creative power of poetry wanted, for success in the highest sense, materials and a basis; a thorough interpretation of the world was necessarily denied to it.

At first sight it seems strange that out of the immense stir of the French Revolution and its age should not have come a crop of works of genius equal to that which came out of the stir of the great productive time of Greece, or out of that of the Renaissance, with its powerful episode the Reformation. But the truth is that the stir of the French Revolution took a character which essentially distinguished it from such movements as these. These were, in the main, disinterestedly intellectual and spiritual movements; movements in which the human spirit looked for its satisfaction in itself and in the increased play of its own activity. The French Revolution took a political, practical character. The movement which went on in France under the old régime, from 1700 to 1789, was far more really akin than that of the Revolution itself to the movement of the Renaissance; the France of Voltaire and Rousseau told far more powerfully upon the mind of Europe than the France of the Revolution. Goethe reproached this last expressly with having "thrown quiet culture back." Nay, and the true key to how much in our Byron, even in our Wordsworth, is this! — that they had their source in a great movement of feeling, not in a great movement of mind. The French Revolution, however, that object of so much blind love and so much blind hatred, — found undoubtedly its motive-power in the intelligence of men, and not in their practical sense; — this is what distinguishes it from the English Revolution of Charles the First's time. This is what makes it a more spiritual event than our Revolution, an event of much more powerful and world-wide interest,

though practically less successful — it appeals to an order of ideas which are universal, certain, permanent. 1789 asked of a thing, Is it rational? 1642 asked of a thing, Is it legal? or, when it went furthest, Is it according to conscience? This is the English fashion, a fashion to be treated, within its own sphere, with the highest respect; for its success, within its own sphere, has been prodigious. But what is law in one place is not law in another; what is law here to-day is not law even here to-morrow; and as for conscience, what is binding on one man's conscience is not binding on another's. The old woman¹ who threw her stool at the head of the surpliced minister in the Tron Church at Edinburgh obeyed an impulse to which millions of the human race may be permitted to remain strangers. But the prescriptions of reason are absolute, unchanging, of universal validity; *to count by tens is the easiest way of counting* — that is a proposition of which every one, from here to the Antipodes, feels the force; at least I should say so if we did not live in a country where it is not impossible that any morning we may find a letter in the *Times* declaring that a decimal coinage is an absurdity. That a whole nation should have been penetrated with an enthusiasm for pure reason, and with an ardent zeal for making its prescriptions triumph, is a very remarkable thing, when we consider how little of mind or anything so worthy and quickening as mind, comes into the motives which alone, in general, *impel* great masses of men. In spite of the extravagant direction given to this enthusiasm, in spite of the crimes and follies in which it lost itself, the French Revolution derives from the force, truth, and universality of the ideas which it took for its law, and from the passion with which it could inspire a multitude for these ideas, a unique and still living power; it is — it will probably long remain — the greatest, the most animating event in history. And as no sincere passion for the things of the mind, even though it turn out in many respects an unfortunate passion, is ever quite thrown away and quite barren of good, France has reaped from hers one fruit, — the natural and legitimate fruit, though not precisely the grand fruit she expected: she is the country in Europe where *the people* is most alive.

But the mania for giving an immediate political and practical application to all these

1 Janet Geddes, who gave the signal for the resistance of the Scotch to the imposition of the English liturgy under Charles I, in 1637.

fine ideas of the reason was fatal. Here an Englishman is in his element: on this theme we can all go for hours. And all we are in the habit of saying on it has undoubtedly a great deal of truth. Ideas cannot be too much prized in and for themselves, cannot be too much lived with; but to transport them abruptly into the world of politics and practice, violently to revolutionize this world to their bidding, — that is quite another thing. There is the world of ideas and there is the world of practice; the French are often for suppressing the one and the English the other; but neither is to be suppressed. A member of the House of Commons said to me the other day: "That a thing is an anomaly, I consider to be no objection to it whatever." I venture to think he was wrong; that a thing is an anomaly *is* an objection to it, but absolutely and in the sphere of ideas: it is not necessarily, under such and such circumstances, or at such and such a moment, an objection to it in the sphere of politics and practice. Joubert² has said beautifully: "C'est la force et le droit qui règlent toutes choses dans le monde; la force en attendant le droit." Force and right are the governors of this world; force till right is ready. *Force till right is ready*; and till right is ready, force, the existing order of things, is justified, is the legitimate ruler. But right is something moral, and implies inward recognition, free assent of the will; we are not ready for right, — *right*, so far as we are concerned, *is not ready*, — until we have attained this sense of seeing it and willing it. The way in which for us it may change and transform force, the existing order of things, and become, in its turn, the legitimate ruler of the world, will depend on the way in which, when our time comes, we see it and will it. Therefore for other people enamored of their own newly discerned right, to attempt to impose it upon us as ours, and violently to substitute their right for our force, is an act of tyranny, and to be resisted. It sets at nought the second great half of our maxim, *force till right is ready*. This was the grand error of the French Revolution; and its movement of ideas, by quitting the intellectual sphere and rushing furiously into the political sphere, ran, indeed, a prodigious and memorable course, but produced no such intellectual fruit as the movement of ideas of the Renaissance, and created, in opposition to itself, what I may call an *epoch of concentration*.

¹ A French writer (1754–1824) of whom Arnold wrote in one of the *Essays in Criticism*.

The great force of that epoch of concentration was England; and the great voice of that epoch of concentration was Burke. It is the fashion to treat Burke's writings on the French Revolution as superannuated and conquered by the event; as the eloquent but unphilosophical tirades of bigotry and prejudice. I will not deny that they are often disfigured by the violence and passion of the moment, and that in some directions Burke's view was bounded, and his observation therefore at fault. But on the whole, and for those who can make the needful corrections, what distinguishes these writings is their profound, permanent, fruitful, philosophical truth. They contain the true philosophy of an epoch of concentration, dissipate the heavy atmosphere which its own nature is apt to engender round it, and make its resistance rational instead of mechanical.

But Burke is so great because, almost alone in England, he brings thought to bear upon politics, he saturates politics with thought. It is his accident that his ideas were at the service of an epoch of concentration, not of an epoch of expansion; it is his characteristic that he so lived by ideas, and had such a source of them welling up within him, that he could float even an epoch of concentration and English Tory politics with them. It does not hurt him that Dr. Price and the Liberals were displeased with him; it does not even hurt him that George the Third and the Tories were enchanted with him. His greatness is that he lived in a world which neither English Liberalism nor English Toryism is apt to enter; — the world of ideas, not the world of catchwords and party habits. So far is it from being really true of him that he "to party gave up what was meant for mankind," that at the very end of his fierce struggle with the French Revolution, after all his invectives against its false pretensions, hollowness, and madness, with his sincere conviction of its mischievousness, he can close a memorandum on the best means of combating it, some of the last pages he ever wrote, — the *Thoughts on French Affairs*, in December 1791, — with these striking words: —

"The evil is stated, in my opinion, as it exists. The remedy must be where power, wisdom, and information, I hope, are more united with good intentions than they can be with me. I have done with this subject, I believe, for ever. It has given me many anxious moments for the last two years. *If a great*

change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it; the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. Every fear, every hope will forward it; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty current in human affairs, will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself, than the mere designs of men. They will not be resolute and firm, but perverse and obstinate."

That return of Burke upon himself has always seemed to me one of the finest things in English literature, or indeed in any literature. That is what I call living by ideas: when one side of a question has long had your earnest support, when all your feelings are engaged, when you hear all round you no language but one, when your party talks this language like a steam-engine and can imagine no other, — still to be able to think, still to be irresistibly carried, if so it be, by the current of thought to the opposite side of the question, and, like Balaam, to be unable to speak anything *but what the Lord has put in your mouth*. I know nothing more striking, and I must add that I know nothing more un-English.

For the Englishman in general is like my friend the Member of Parliament, and believes, point-blank, that for a thing to be an anomaly is absolutely no objection to it whatever. He is like the Lord Auckland of Burke's day, who, in a memorandum on the French Revolution, talks, of "certain miscreants, assuming the name of philosophers, who have presumed themselves capable of establishing a new system of society." The Englishman has been called a political animal, and he values what is political and practical so much that ideas easily become objects of dislike in his eyes, and thinkers "miscreants," because ideas and thinkers have rashly meddled with politics and practice. This would be all very well if the dislike and neglect confined themselves to ideas transported out of their own sphere, and meddling rashly with practice; but they are inevitably extended to ideas as such, and to the whole life of intelligence; practice is everything, a free play of the mind is nothing. The notion of the free play of the mind upon all subjects being a pleasure in itself, being an object of desire, being an essential provider of elements without which a nation's spirit, whatever compensations it may have for them, must, in the long run, die of inanition, hardly enters into an Englishman's thoughts. It is noticeable that the word *curiosity*, which in other languages is used in a good sense, to mean, as a high and fine

quality of man's nature, just this disinterested love of a free play of the mind on all subjects, for its own sake, — it is noticeable, I say, that this word has in our language no sense of the kind, no sense but a rather bad and disparaging one. But criticism, real criticism, is essentially the exercise of this very quality. It obeys an instinct prompting it to try to know the best that is known and thought in the world, irrespectively of practice, politics, and everything of the kind; and to value knowledge and thought as they approach this best, without the intrusion of any other considerations whatever. This is an instinct for which there is, I think, little original sympathy in the practical English nature, and what there was of it has undergone a long benumbing period of blight and suppression in the epoch of concentration which followed the French Revolution.

But epochs of concentration cannot well endure for ever; epochs of expansion, in the due course of things, follow them. Such an epoch of expansion seems to be opening in this country. In the first place all danger of a hostile forcible pressure of foreign ideas upon our practice has long disappeared; like the traveller in the fable, therefore, we begin to wear our cloak a little more loosely. Then, with a long peace, the ideas of Europe steal gradually and amicably in, and mingle, though in infinitesimally small quantities at a time, with our own notions. Then, too, in spite of all that is said about the absorbing and brutalizing influence of our passionate material progress, it seems to me indisputable that this progress is likely, though not certain, to lead in the end to an apparition of intellectual life; and that man, after he has made himself perfectly comfortable and has now to determine what to do with himself next, may begin to remember that he has a mind, and that the mind may be made the source of great pleasure. I grant it is mainly the privilege of faith, at present, to discern this end to our railways, our business, and our fortune-making; but we shall see if, here as elsewhere, faith is not in the end the true prophet. Our ease, our travelling, and our unbounded liberty to hold just as hard and securely as we please to the practice to which our notions have given birth, all tend to beget an inclination to deal a little more freely with these notions themselves, to canvass them a little, to penetrate a little into their real nature. Flutterings of curiosity, in the foreign sense of the word, appear amongst us, and it is in these that criticism must look

to find its account. Criticism first; a time of true creative activity, perhaps, — which, as I have said, must inevitably be preceded amongst us by a time of criticism, — hereafter, when criticism has done its work.

It is of the last importance that English criticism should clearly discern what rule for its course, in order to avail itself of the field now opening to it, and to produce fruit for the future, it ought to take. The rule may be summed up in one word, — disinterestedness. And how is criticism to show disinterestedness? By keeping aloof from what is called "the practical view of things;" by resolutely following the law of its own nature, which is to be a free play of the mind on all subjects which it touches. By steadily refusing to lend itself to any of those ulterior, political, practical considerations about ideas, which plenty of people will be sure to attach to them, which perhaps ought often to be attached to them, which in this country at any rate are certain to be attached to them quite sufficiently, but which criticism has really nothing to do with. Its business is, as I have said, simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by in its turn making this known, to create a current of true and fresh ideas. Its business is to do this with inflexible honesty, with due ability; but its business is to do no more, and to leave alone all questions of practical consequences and applications, questions which will never fail to have due prominence given to them. Else criticism, besides being really false to its own nature, merely continues in the old rut which it has hitherto followed in this country, and will certainly miss the chance now given to it.

For what is at present the bane of criticism in this country? It is that practical considerations cling to it and stifle it. It subserves interests not its own. Our organs of criticism are organs of men and parties having practical ends to serve, and with them those practical ends are the first thing and the play of mind the second; so much play of mind as is compatible with the prosecution of those practical ends is all that is wanted. An organ like the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, having for its main function to understand and utter the best that is known and thought in the world, existing, it may be said, as just an organ for a free play of the mind, we have not. But we have the *Edinburgh Review*, existing as an organ of the old Whigs, and for as much play of the mind as may suit its being that; we have the *Quarterly Review*,

existing as an organ of the Tories, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *British Quarterly Review*, existing as an organ of the political Dissenters, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *Times*, existing as an organ of the common, satisfied, well-to-do Englishman, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that. And so on through all the various fractions, political and religious, of our society; every fraction has, as such, its organ of criticism, but the notion of combining all fractions in the common pleasure of a free disinterested play of mind meets with no favor. Directly this play of mind wants to have more scope, and to forget the pressure of practical considerations a little, it is checked, it is made to feel the chain. We saw this the other day in the extinction, so much to be regretted, of the *Home and Foreign Review*. Perhaps in no organ of criticism in this country was there so much knowledge, so much play of mind; but these could not save it. The *Dublin Review* subordinates play of mind to the practical business of English and Irish Catholicism, and lives. It must needs be that men should act in sects and parties, that each of these sects and parties should have its organ, and should make this organ subserve the interests of its action; but it would be well, too, that there should be a criticism, not the minister of these interests, not their enemy, but absolutely and entirely independent of them. No other criticism will ever attain any real authority or make any real way towards its end, — the creating a current of true and fresh ideas.

It is because criticism has so little kept in the pure intellectual sphere, has so little detached itself from practice, has been so directly polemical and controversial, that it has so ill accomplished, in this country, its best spiritual work; which is to keep man from a self-satisfaction which is retarding and vulgarizing, to lead him towards perfection, by making his mind dwell upon what is excellent in itself, and the absolute beauty and fitness of things. A polemical practical criticism makes men blind even to the ideal imperfection of their practice, makes them willingly assert its ideal perfection, in order the better to secure it against attack; and clearly this is narrowing and baneful for them. If they were reassured on the practical side, speculative considerations of ideal perfection they might be brought to entertain, and their spiritual horizon would thus

gradually widen. Sir Charles Adderley¹ says to the Warwickshire farmers:

"Talk of the improvement of breed! Why, the race we ourselves represent, the men and women, the old Anglo-Saxon race, are the best breed in the whole world.... The absence of a too enervating climate, too unclouded skies, and a too luxurious nature, has produced so vigorous a race of people, and has rendered us so superior to all the world."

Mr. Roebuck² says to the Sheffield cutlers:

"I look around me and ask what is the state of England? Is not property safe? Is not every man able to say what he likes? Can you not walk from one end of England to the other in perfect security? I ask you whether, the world over or in past history, there is anything like it? Nothing. I pray that our unrivalled happiness may last."

Now obviously there is a peril for poor human nature in words and thoughts of such exuberant self-satisfaction, until we find ourselves safe in the streets of the Celestial City.

"Das wenige verschwindet leicht dem Blicke
Der vorwärts sieht, wie viel noch übrig
bleibt —"

says Goethe; "the little that is done seems nothing when we look forward and see how much we have yet to do." Clearly this is a better line of reflection for weak humanity, so long as it remains on this earthly field of labor and trial.

But neither Sir Charles Adderley nor Mr. Roebuck is by nature inaccessible to considerations of this sort. They only lose sight of them owing to the controversial life we all lead, and the practical form which all speculation takes with us. They have in view opponents whose aim is not ideal, but practical; and in their zeal to uphold their own practice against these innovators, they go so far as even to attribute to this practice an ideal perfection. Somebody has been wanting to introduce a six-pound franchise, or to abolish church-rates, or to collect agricultural statistics by force, or to diminish local self-government. How natural, in reply to such proposals, very likely improper or ill-timed, to go a little beyond the mark and to say stoutly, "Such a race of people as we stand, so superior to all the world! The old Anglo-Saxon race,

the best breed in the whole world! I pray that our unrivalled happiness may last! I ask you whether, the world over or in past history, there is anything like it?" And so long as criticism answers this dithyramb by insisting that the old Anglo-Saxon race would be still more superior to all others if it had no church-rates, or that our unrivalled happiness would last yet longer with a six-pound franchise, so long will the strain, "The best breed in the whole world!" swell louder and louder, everything ideal and refining will be lost out of sight, and both the assailed and their critics will remain in a sphere, to say the truth, perfectly unvital, a sphere in which spiritual progression is impossible. But let criticism leave church-rates and the franchise alone, and in the most candid spirit, without a single lurking thought of practical innovation, confront with our dithyramb this paragraph on which I stumbled in a newspaper immediately after reading Mr. Roebuck:

"A shocking child murder has just been committed at Nottingham. A girl named Wragg left the workhouse there on Saturday morning with her young illegitimate child. The child was soon afterwards found dead on Mapperly Hills, having been strangled. Wragg is in custody."

Nothing but that; but, in juxtaposition with the absolute eulogies of Sir Charles Adderley and Mr. Roebuck, how eloquent, how suggestive are those few lines! "Our old Anglo-Saxon breed, the best in the whole world!" — how much that is harsh and ill-favored there is in this best! *Wragg!* If we are to talk of ideal perfection, of "the best in the whole world," has any one reflected what a touch of grossness in our race, what an original shortcoming in the more delicate spiritual perceptions, is shown by the natural growth amongst us of such hideous names, — Higginbottom, Stiggins, Bugg! In Ionia and Attica they were luckier in this respect than "the best race in the world;" by the Ilissus there was no Wragg, poor thing! And "our unrivalled happiness;" — what an element of grimness, bareness, and hideousness mixes with it and blurs it; the workhouse, the dismal Mapperly Hills, — how dismal those who have seen them will remember; — the gloom, the smoke, the cold, the strangled illegitimate child! "I ask you whether, the world over or in past history, there is anything like it?" Perhaps not, one is inclined to answer; but at any rate, in that case, the world is very much to be pitied. And the

¹ Sir Charles Bowyer Adderley, Baron Norton (1814-1905), a leading Tory politician.

² John Arthur Roebuck (1802-79), Member of Parliament for Sheffield.

final touch, — short, bleak and inhuman: *Wragg is in custody*. The sex lost in the confusion of our unrivalled happiness; or (shall I say?) the superfluous Christian name lopped off by the straightforward vigor of our old Anglo-Saxon breed! There is profit for the spirit in such contrasts as this; criticism serves the cause of perfection by establishing them. By eluding sterile conflict, by refusing to remain in the sphere where alone narrow and relative conceptions have any worth and validity, criticism may diminish its momentary importance, but only in this way has it a chance of gaining admittance for those wider and more perfect conceptions to which all its duty is really owed. Mr. Roebuck will have a poor opinion of an adversary who replies to his defiant songs of triumph only by murmuring under his breath, *Wragg is in custody*; but in no other way will these songs of triumph be induced gradually to moderate themselves, to get rid of what in them is excessive and offensive, and to fall into a softer and truer key.

It will be said that it is a very subtle and indirect action which I am thus prescribing for criticism, and that, by embracing in this manner the Indian virtue of detachment and abandoning the sphere of practical life, it condemns itself to a slow and obscure work. Slow and obscure it may be, but it is the only proper work of criticism. The mass of mankind will never have any ardent zeal for seeing things as they are; very inadequate ideas will always satisfy them. On these inadequate ideas repose, and must repose, the general practice of the world. That is as much as saying that whoever sets himself to see things as they are will find himself one of a very small circle; but it is only by this small circle resolutely doing its own work that adequate ideas will ever get current at all. The rush and roar of practical life will always have a dizzying and attracting effect upon the most collected spectator, and tend to draw him into its vortex; most of all will this be the case where that life is so powerful as it is in England. But it is only by remaining collected, and refusing to lend himself to the point of view of the practical man, that the critic can do the practical man any service; and it is only by the greatest sincerity in pursuing his own course, and by at last convincing even the practical man of his sincerity, that he can escape misunderstandings which perpetually threaten him.

For the practical man is not apt for fine distinctions, and yet in these distinctions

truth and the highest culture greatly find their account. But it is not easy to lead a practical man, — unless you reassure him as to your practical intentions, you have no chance of leading him, — to see that a thing which he has always been used to look at from one side only, which he greatly values, and which, looked at from that side, quite deserves, perhaps, all the prizing and admiring which he bestows upon it, — that this thing, looked at from another side, may appear much less beneficent and beautiful, and yet retain all its claims to our practical allegiance. Where shall we find language innocent enough, how shall we make the spotless purity of our intentions evident enough, to enable us to say to the political Englishman that the British constitution itself, which, seen from the practical side, looks such a magnificent organ of progress and virtue, seen from the speculative side, — with its compromises, its love of facts, its horror of theory, its studied avoidance of clear thoughts, — that, seen from this side, our august constitution sometimes looks, — forgive me, shade of Lord Somers!¹ — a colossal machine for the manufacture of Philistines? How is Cobbett² to say this and not be misunderstood, blackened as he is with the smoke of a lifelong conflict in the field of political practice? how is Mr. Carlyle to say it and not be misunderstood, after his furious raid into this field with his *Latter-day Pamphlets*? how is Mr. Ruskin, after his pugnacious political economy? I say, the critic must keep out of the region of immediate practice in the political, social, humanitarian sphere, if he wants to make a beginning for that more free speculative treatment of things, which may perhaps one day make its benefits felt even in this sphere, but in a natural and thence irresistible manner.

Do what he will, however, the critic will still remain exposed to frequent misunderstandings, and nowhere so much as in this country. For here people are particularly indisposed even to comprehend that without this free disinterested treatment of things, truth and the highest culture are out of the question. So immersed are they in practical life, so accustomed to take all their notions from this life and its processes, that they are apt to think that truth and culture themselves can be reached by the processes of this life, and that it is an impertinent singularity to

¹ A leading statesman of the eighteenth century, noted as a defender of the constitution.

² William Cobbett (1766–1835), a radical journalist.

think of reaching them in any other. "We are all *terre filii*,"¹ cries their eloquent advocate; "all Philistines together. Away with the notion of proceeding by any other way than the way dear to the Philistines; let us have a social movement, let us organize and combine a party to pursue truth and new thought, let us call it *the liberal party*, and let us all stick to each other, and back each other up. Let us have no nonsense about independent criticism, and intellectual delicacy, and the few and the many. Don't let us trouble ourselves about foreign thought; we shall invent the whole thing for ourselves as we go along. If one of us speaks well, applaud him; if one of us speaks ill, applaud him too; we are all in the same movement, we are all liberals, we are all in pursuit of truth." In this way the pursuit of truth becomes really a social, practical, pleasurable affair, almost requiring a chairman, a secretary, and advertisements; with the excitement of a little resistance, an occasional scandal, to give the happy sense of difficulty overcome; but, in general, plenty of bustle and very little thought. To act is so easy, as Goethe says; to think is so hard! It is true that the critic has many temptations to go with the stream, to make one of the party movement, one of these *terre filii*; it seems ungracious to refuse to be a *terre filius*, when so many excellent people are; but the critic's duty is to refuse, or, if resistance is vain, at least to cry with Obermann:² *Périssons en résistant*.³

How serious a matter it is to try and resist, I had ample opportunity of experiencing when I ventured some time ago to criticize the celebrated first volume of Bishop Colenso.⁴ The echoes of the storm which was then raised I still, from time to time, hear grumbling round me. That storm arose out of a misunderstanding almost inevitable. It is a result of no little culture to attain to a clear perception that science and religion are two wholly different things; the multitude will for ever confuse them; but happily that is of no great real importance, for while it imagines itself to live by its false science, it does really live by its true religion. Dr. Colenso, however, in his first volume did all he could to strengthen the confusion, and to make it dangerous. He did this with the best

intentions, I freely admit, and with the most candid ignorance that this was the natural effect of what he was doing; but, says Joubert, "Ignorance, which in matters of morals extenuates the crime, is itself, in intellectual matters, a crime of the first order." I criticized Bishop Colenso's speculative confusion. Immediately there was a cry raised: "What is this? here is a liberal attacking a liberal. Do not you belong to the movement? are not you a friend of truth? Is not Bishop Colenso in pursuit of truth? then speak with proper respect of his book. Dr. Stanley is another friend of truth, and you speak with proper respect of his book; why make these invidious differences? both books are excellent, admirable, liberal; Bishop Colenso's perhaps the most so, because it is the boldest, and will have the best practical consequences for the liberal cause. Do you want to encourage to the attack of a brother liberal his, and your, and our implacable enemies, the *Church and State Review* or the *Record*, — the High Church rhinoceros and the Evangelical hyæna? Be silent, therefore; or rather speak, speak as loud as ever you can! and go into ecstasies over the eighty and odd pigeons."

But criticism cannot follow this coarse and indiscriminate method. It is unfortunately possible for a man in pursuit of truth to write a book which reposes upon a false conception. Even the practical consequences of a book are to genuine criticism no commendation of it, if the book is, in the highest sense, blundering. I see that a lady who herself, too, is in pursuit of truth, and who writes with great ability, but a little too much, perhaps, under the influence of the practical spirit of the English liberal movement, classes Bishop Colenso's book and M. Renan's together, in her survey of the religious state of Europe, as facts of the same order, works, both of them, of "great importance;" "great ability, power, and skill;" Bishop Colenso's, perhaps, the most powerful; at least, Miss Cobbe¹ gives special expression to her gratitude that to Bishop Colenso "has been given the strength to grasp, and the courage to teach, truths of such deep import." In the same way, more than one popular writer has compared him to Luther. Now it is just this kind of false estimate which the critical spirit is, it seems to me, bound to resist. It is really the strongest possible proof of the low ebb at

¹ sons of the earth.

² The title of a book by the French romanticist Senancour (1770-1846) which Arnold greatly admired.

³ Let us perish in resisting.

⁴ John William Colenso (1814-83), Bishop of Natal, whose heresy on the subject of eternal punishment aroused a storm of ecclesiastical controversy.

¹ Frances Power Cobbe, a popular writer on religious topics.

which, in England, the critical spirit is, that while the critical hit in the religious literature of Germany is Dr. Strauss's book,¹ in that of France M. Renan's book, the book of Bishop Colenso is the critical hit in the religious literature of England. Bishop Colenso's book reposes on a total misconception of the essential elements of the religious problem, as that problem is now presented for solution. To criticism therefore, which seeks to have the best that is known and thought on this problem, it is, however well meant, of no importance whatever. M. Renan's book attempts a new synthesis of the elements furnished to us by the Four Gospels. It attempts, in my opinion, a synthesis, perhaps premature, perhaps impossible, certainly not successful. Perhaps we shall always have to acquiesce in Fleury's sentence on such recastings of the Gospel-story: *Quiconque s'imagine la pouvoir mieux écrire, ne l'entend pas.*² M. Renan had himself passed by anticipation a like sentence on his own work, when he said: "If a new presentation of the character of Jesus were offered to me, I would not have it; its very clearness would be, in my opinion, the best proof of its insufficiency." His friends may with perfect truth rejoin that at the sight of the Holy Land, and of the actual scene of the Gospel-story, all the current of M. Renan's thoughts may have naturally changed, and a new casting of that story irresistibly suggested itself to him; and that this is just a case for applying Cicero's maxim: Change of mind is not inconsistency — *nemo doctus unquam mutationem consilii inconstantiam dixit esse.*³ Nevertheless, for criticism, M. Renan's first thought must still be the truer one, as long as his new casting so fails more fully to commend itself, more fully (to use Coleridge's happy phrase about the Bible) to *find* us. Still M. Renan's attempt is, for criticism, of the most real interest and importance, since, with all its difficulty, a fresh synthesis of the New Testament *data*, — not a making war on them, in Voltaire's fashion, not a leaving them out of mind in the world's fashion, but the putting a new construction upon them, the taking them from under the old traditional, conventional point of view and placing them under a new one, — is the very essence of the religious

problem, as now presented; and only by efforts in this direction can it receive a solution.

Again, in the same spirit in which she judges Bishop Colenso, Miss Cobbe, like so many earnest liberals of our practical race, both here and in America, herself sets vigorously about a positive re-construction of religion, about making a religion of the future out of hand, or at least setting about making it. We must not rest, she and they are always thinking and saying, in negative criticism, we must be creative and constructive; hence we have such works as her recent *Religious Duty*, and works still more considerable, perhaps, by others, which will be in every one's mind. These works often have much ability; they often spring out of sincere convictions, and a sincere wish to do good; and they sometimes, perhaps, do good. Their fault is (if I may be permitted to say so) one which they have in common with the British College of Health, in the New Road. Every one knows the British College of Health; it is that building with the lion and the statue of the Goddess Hygeia before it; at least I am sure about the lion, though I am not absolutely certain about the Goddess Hygeia. This building does credit, perhaps, to the resources of Dr. Morrison¹ and his disciples; but it falls a good deal short of one's idea of what a British College of Health ought to be. In England, where we hate public interference and love individual enterprise, we have a whole crop of places like the British College of Health; the grand name without the grand thing. Unluckily, creditable to individual enterprise as they are, they tend to impair our taste by making us forget what more grandiose, noble, or beautiful character properly belongs to a public institution. The same may be said of the religions of the future of Miss Cobbe and others. Creditable, like the British College of Health, to the resources of their authors, they yet tend to make us forget what more grandiose, noble, or beautiful character properly belongs to religious constructions. The historic religions, with all their faults, have had this; it certainly belongs to the religious sentiment, when it truly flowers, to have this; and we impoverish our spirit if we allow a religion of the future without it. What then is the duty of criticism here? To take the practical point of view, to applaud the liberal movement and all its works, — its New

¹ Strauss and Renan both wrote lives of Jesus rationalizing the miraculous narrative of the Gospels.

² Whoever imagines that he has power to write better does not understand it.

³ No wise man ever said that change of opinion was inconsistency.

¹ James Morison (1770-1840), who discovered a "universal remedy" known as Morison's pills.

Road religions of the future into the bargain, — for their general utility's sake? By no means; but to be perpetually dissatisfied with these works, while they perpetually fall short of a high and perfect ideal.

For criticism, these are elementary laws; but they never can be popular, and in this country they have been very little followed, and one meets with immense obstacles in following them. That is a reason for asserting them again and again. Criticism must maintain its independence of the practical spirit and its aims. Even with well-meant efforts of the practical spirit it must express dissatisfaction, if in the sphere of the ideal they seem impoverishing and limiting. It must not hurry on to the goal because of its practical importance. It must be patient, and know how to wait; and flexible, and know how to attach itself to things and how to withdraw from them. It must be apt to study and praise elements that for the fulness of spiritual perfection are wanted, even though they belong to a power which in the practical sphere may be maleficent. It must be apt to discern the spiritual shortcomings or illusions of powers that in the practical sphere may be beneficent. And this without any notion of favoring or injuring, in the practical sphere, one power or the other; without any notion of playing off, in this sphere, one power against the other. When one looks, for instance, at the English Divorce Court, — an institution which perhaps has its practical conveniences, but which in the ideal sphere is so hideous; an institution which neither makes divorce impossible nor makes it decent, which allows a man to get rid of his wife, or a wife of her husband, but makes them drag one another first, for the public edification, through a mire of unutterable infamy, — when one looks at this charming institution, I say, with its crowded trials, its newspaper reports, and its money compensations; this institution in which the gross unregenerate British Philistine has indeed stamped an image of himself, — one may be permitted to find the marriage theory of Catholicism refreshing and elevating. Or when Protestantism, in virtue of its supposed rational and intellectual origin, gives the law to criticism too magisterially, criticism may and must remind it that its pretensions, in this respect, are illusive and do it harm; that the Reformation was a moral rather than an intellectual event; that Luther's theory of grace no more exactly reflects the mind of the spirit than

Bossuet's philosophy of history reflects it; and that there is no more antecedent probability of the Bishop of Durham's stock of ideas being agreeable to perfect reason than of Pope Pius the Ninth's. But criticism will not on that account forget the achievements of Protestantism in the practical and moral sphere; nor that, even in the intellectual sphere, Protestantism, though in a blind and stumbling manner, carried forward the Renaissance, while Catholicism threw itself violently across its path.

I lately heard a man of thought and energy contrasting the want of ardor and movement which he now found amongst young men in this country with what he remembered in his own youth, twenty years ago. "What reformers we were then!" he exclaimed; "what a zeal we had! how we canvassed every institution in Church and State, and were prepared to remodel them all on first principles!" He was inclined to regret, as a spiritual flagging, the lull which he saw. I am disposed rather to regard it as a pause in which the turn to a new mode of spiritual progress is being accomplished. Everything was long seen, by the young and ardent amongst us, in inseparable connection with politics and practical life. We have pretty well exhausted the benefits of seeing things in this connection, we have got all that can be got by so seeing them. Let us try a more disinterested mode of seeing them; let us betake ourselves more to the serener life of the mind and spirit. This life, too, may have its excesses and dangers; but they are not for us at present. Let us think of quietly enlarging our stock of true and fresh ideas, and not, as soon as we get an idea or half an idea, be running out with it into the street, and trying to make it rule there. Our ideas will, in the end, shape the world all the better for maturing a little. Perhaps in fifty years' time it will in the English House of Commons be an objection to an institution that it is an anomaly, and my friend the Member of Parliament will shudder in his grave. But let us in the meanwhile rather endeavor that in twenty years' time it may, in English literature, be an objection to a proposition that it is absurd. That will be a change so vast, that the imagination almost fails to grasp it. *Ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.*¹

If I have insisted so much on the course which criticism must take where politics and religion are concerned, it is because, where these burning matters are in question, it is

¹ From the renewal of the generations order is born.

most likely to go astray. I have wished, above all, to insist on the attitude which criticism should adopt toward things in general; on its right tone and temper of mind. But then comes another question as to the subject-matter which literary criticism should seek. Here in general, its course is determined for it by the idea which is the law of its being; the idea of a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world, and thus to establish a current of fresh and true ideas. By the very nature of things, as England is not all the world, much of the best that is known and thought in the world cannot be of English growth, must be foreign; by the nature of things, again, it is just this that we are least likely to know, while English thought is streaming in upon us from all sides, and takes excellent care that we shall not be ignorant of its existence. The English critic, therefore, must dwell much on foreign thought, and with particular heed on any part of it, which, while significant and fruitful in itself, is for any reason specially likely to escape him. Again, judging is often spoken of as the critic's one business, and so in some sense it is; but the judgment which almost insensibly forms itself in a fair and clear mind, along with fresh knowledge, is the valuable one; and thus knowledge, and ever fresh knowledge, must be the critic's great concern for himself. And it is by communicating fresh knowledge, and letting his own judgment pass along with it, — but insensibly, and in the second place, not the first, as a sort of companion and clue, not as an abstract law-giver, — that he will generally do most good to his readers. Sometimes, no doubt, for the sake of establishing an author's place in literature, and his relation to a central standard (and if this is not done, how are we to get at our *best in the world*?) criticism may have to deal with a subject-matter so familiar that fresh knowledge is out of the question, and then it must be all judgment; an enunciation and detailed application of principles. Here the great safeguard is never to let oneself become abstract, always to retain an intimate and lively consciousness of the truth of what one is saying; and, the moment this fails us, to be sure that something is wrong. Still, under all circumstances, this mere judgment and application of principles is, in itself, not the most satisfactory work to the critic; like mathematics, it is tautological, and cannot well give us, like fresh learning, the sense of creative activity.

But stop, someone will say; all this talk is of no practical use to us whatever; this criticism of yours is not what we have in our minds when we speak of criticism; when we speak of critics and criticism, we mean critics and criticism of the current English literature of the day; when you offer to tell criticism of its function, it is to this criticism that we expect you to address yourself. I am sorry for it for I am afraid I must disappoint these expectations. I am bound by my own definition of criticism; *a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world*. How much of current English literature comes into this "best that is known and thought in the world"? Not very much, I fear; certainly less, at this moment, than of the current literature of France or Germany. Well, then, am I to alter my definition of criticism, in order to meet the requirements of a number of practising English critics, who, after all, are free in their choice of a business? that would be making criticism lend itself to one of those alien practical considerations, which, I have said, are so fatal to it. One may say, indeed, to those who have to deal with the mass — so much better disregarded — of current English literature, that they may at all events endeavor, in dealing with this, to try it, so far as they can, by the standard of the best that is known and thought in the world: one may say, that to get anywhere near this standard, every critic should try and possess one great literature, at least, besides his own; and the more unlike his own, the better. But, after all, the criticism I am really concerned with — the criticism which alone can much help us for the future, the criticism which, throughout Europe, is at the present moment meant, when so much stress is laid on the importance of criticism and the critical spirit — is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result; and whose members have, for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special, local, and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress, which most thoroughly carries out this programme. And what is that but saying that we too, all of us, as individuals, the more thoroughly we carry it out, shall make the more progress?

There is so much inviting us! — what are

we to take? what will nourish us in growth towards perfection? That is the question which, with the immense field of life and literature lying before him, the critic has to answer: for himself first, afterwards for others. In this idea of the critic's business the essays brought together in the following pages have had their origin; in this idea, widely different as are their subjects, they have, perhaps, their unity.

I conclude with what I said at the beginning: to have the sense of creative activity is the great happiness and the great proof of being alive, and it is not denied to criticism to have it; but then criticism must be sincere, simple, flexible, ardent, ever widening its knowledge. Then it may have, in no contemptible measure, a joyful sense of creative activity; a sense which a man of insight and conscience will prefer to what he might derive from a poor, starved, fragmentary, inadequate creation. And at some epochs no other creation is possible.

Still, in full measure, the sense of creative activity belongs only to genuine creation; in literature we must never forget that. But what true man of letters ever can forget it? It is no such common matter for a gifted nature to come into possession of a current of true and living ideas, and to produce amidst the inspiration of them, that we are likely to underrate it. The epochs of Æschylus and Shakespeare make us feel their pre-eminence. In an epoch like those is, no doubt, the true life of literature; there is the promised land, towards which criticism can only beckon. That promised land it will not be ours to enter, and we shall die in the wilderness: but to have desired to enter it, to have saluted it from afar, is already, perhaps, the best distinction among contemporaries; it will certainly be the best title to esteem with posterity.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

1867

The opening chapter of *Culture and Anarchy: an essay in Political and Social Criticism*, first published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, 1867-68, and in book form in 1869. The chapter-title is an expression taken from Swift meaning Beauty and Intelligence. Here Arnold continues the argument, advanced in the preceding essay, for the pursuit of perfection through intellectual progress.

The disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed, they make its

motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. The culture which is supposed to plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this *culture*, or attach any value to it, as culture, at all. To find the real ground for the very different estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity; and such a motive the word *curiosity* gives us.

I have before now pointed out that we English do not, like the foreigners, use this word in a good sense as well as in a bad sense. With us the word is always used in a somewhat disapproving sense. A liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity, but with us the word always conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the *Quarterly Review*, some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French critic, M. Sainte-Beuve, and a very inadequate estimate it in my judgment was. And its inadequacy consisted chiefly in this: that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word *curiosity*, thinking enough was said to stamp M. Sainte-Beuve with blame if it was said that he was impelled in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and omitting either to perceive that M. Sainte-Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it ought really to be accounted worthy of blame and not of praise. For, as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile, and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity, — a desire after the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are, — which is, in an intelligent being, natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are implies a balance and regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity. Montesquieu says: "The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our

nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent." This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of this passion; and it is a worthy ground, even though we let the term *curiosity* stand to describe it.

But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view in which all the love of our neighbor, the impulses towards action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it, — motives eminently such as are called social, — come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and preëminent part. Culture is then properly described not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is a *study of perfection*. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. As, in the first view of it, we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu's words: "To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent!" so, in the second view of it, there is no better motto which it can have than these words of Bishop Wilson:¹ "To make reason and the will of God prevail!"

Only, whereas the passion for doing good is apt to be over-hasty in determining what reason and the will of God say, because its turn is for acting rather than thinking and it wants to be beginning to act; and whereas it is apt to take its own conceptions, which proceed from its own state of development and share in all the imperfections and immaturities of this, for a basis of action; what distinguishes culture is, that it is possessed by the scientific passion as well as by the passion of doing good; that it demands worthy notions of reason and the will of God, and does not readily suffer its own crude conceptions to substitute themselves for them. And knowing that no action or institution can be salutary and stable which is not based on reason and the will of God, it is not so bent on acting and instituting, even with the great aim of diminishing human error and misery ever before its thoughts, but that it can re-

member that acting and instituting are of little use, unless we know how and what we ought to act and to institute.

This culture is more interesting and more far-reaching than that other, which is founded solely on the scientific passion for knowing. But it needs times of faith and ardor, times when the intellectual horizon is opening and widening all around us, to flourish in. And is not the close and bounded intellectual horizon within which we have long lived and moved now lifting up, and are not new lights finding free passage to shine in upon us? For a long time there was no passage for them to make their way in upon us, and then it was of no use to think of adapting the world's action to them. Where was the hope of making reason and the will of God prevail among people who had a routine which they had christened reason and the will of God, in which they were inextricably bound, and beyond which they had no power of looking? But now the iron force of adhesion to the old routine — social, political, religious — has wonderfully yielded; the iron force of exclusion of all which is new has wonderfully yielded. The danger now is, not that people should obstinately refuse to allow anything but their old routine to pass for reason and the will of God, but either that they should allow some novelty or other to pass for these too easily, or else that they should underrate the importance of them altogether, and think it enough to follow action for its own sake, without troubling themselves to make reason and the will of God prevail therein. Now, then, is the moment for culture to be of service, culture which believes in making reason and the will of God prevail, believes in perfection, is the study and pursuit of perfection, and is no longer debarred, by a rigid invincible exclusion of whatever is new, from getting acceptance for its ideas, simply because they are new.

The moment this view of culture is seized, the moment it is regarded not solely as the endeavor to see things as they are, to draw towards a knowledge of the universal order which seems to be intended and aimed at in the world, and which it is a man's happiness to go along with or his misery to go counter to, — to learn, in short, the will of God, — the moment, I say, culture is considered not merely as the endeavor to *see* and *learn* this, but as the endeavor, also, to make it *prevail*, the moral, social, and beneficent character of culture becomes manifest. The mere

¹ Thomas Wilson (died 1755), author of *Maxims*, frequently praised by Arnold.

endeavor to see and learn the truth for our own personal satisfaction is indeed a commencement for making it prevail, a preparing the way for this, which always serves this, and is wrongly, therefore, stamped with blame absolutely in itself and not only in its caricature and degeneration. But perhaps it has got stamped with blame, and disparaged with the dubious title of curiosity, because in comparison with this wider endeavor of such great and plain utility it looks selfish, petty, and unprofitable.

And religion, the greatest and most important of the efforts by which the human race has manifested its impulse to perfect itself, — religion, that voice of the deepest human experience, — does not only enjoin and sanction the aim which is the great aim of culture, the aim of setting ourselves to ascertain what perfection is and to make it prevail; but also, in determining generally in what human perfection consists, religion comes to a conclusion identical with that which culture — culture seeking the determination of this question through all the voices of human experience which have been heard upon it, of art, science, poetry, philosophy, history, as well as of religion, in order to give a greater fulness and certainty to its solution — likewise reaches. Religion says: *The kingdom of God is within you*; and culture, in like manner, places human perfection in an *internal* condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from our animality. It places it in the ever-increasing efficacy and in the general harmonious expansion of those gifts of thought and feeling, which make the peculiar dignity, wealth, and happiness of human nature. As I have said on a former occasion: "It is in making endless additions to itself, in the endless expansion of its powers, in endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal. To reach this ideal, culture is an indispensable aid, and that is the true value of culture." Not a having and a resting, but a growing and a becoming, is the character of perfection as culture conceives it; and here, too, it coincides with religion.

And because men are all members of one great whole, and the sympathy which is in human nature will not allow one member to be indifferent to the rest or to have a perfect welfare independent of the rest, the expansion of our humanity, to suit the idea of perfection which culture forms, must be a *general* expansion. Perfection, as culture

conceives it, is not possible while the individual remains isolated. The individual is required, under pain of being stunted and enfeebled in his own development if he disobeys, to carry others along with him in his march towards perfection, to be continually doing all he can to enlarge and increase the volume of the human stream sweeping thitherward. And here, once more, culture lays on us the same obligation as religion, which says, as Bishop Wilson has admirably put it, that "to promote the kingdom of God is to increase and hasten one's own happiness."

But, finally, perfection — as culture from a thorough disinterested study of human nature and human experience learns to conceive it — is a harmonious expansion of all the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature, and is not consistent with the over-development of any one power at the expense of the rest. Here culture goes beyond religion, as religion is generally conceived by us.

If culture, then, is a study of perfection, and of harmonious perfection, general perfection, and perfection which consists in becoming something rather than in having something, in an inward condition of the mind and spirit, not in an outward set of circumstances, — it is clear that culture, instead of being the frivolous and useless thing which Mr. Bright, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, and many other Liberals are apt to call it, has a very important function to fulfil for mankind. And this function is particularly important in our modern world, of which the whole civilization is, to a much greater degree than the civilization of Greece and Rome, mechanical and external, and tends constantly to become more so. But above all in our own country has culture a weighty part to perform, because here that mechanical character, which civilization tends to take everywhere, is shown in the most eminent degree. Indeed nearly all the characters of perfection, as culture teaches us to fix them, meet in this country with some powerful tendency which thwarts them and sets them at defiance. The idea of perfection as an *inward* condition of the mind and spirit is at variance with the mechanical and material civilization in esteem with us, and nowhere, as I have said, so much in esteem as with us. The idea of perfection as a *general* expansion of the human family is at variance with our strong individualism, our hatred of all limits to the unrestrained swing of the individual's personality, our

maxim of "every man for himself." Above all, the idea of perfection as a *harmonious* expansion of human nature is at variance with our want of flexibility, with our inaptitude for seeing more than one side of a thing, with our intense energetic absorption in the particular pursuit we happen to be following. So culture has a rough task to achieve in this country. Its preachers have, and are likely long to have, a hard time of it, and they will much oftener be regarded, for a great while to come, as elegant or spurious Jeremiahs than as friends and benefactors. That, however, will not prevent their doing in the end good service if they persevere. And, meanwhile, the mode of action they have to pursue, and the sort of habits they must fight against, ought to be made quite clear for every one to see, who may be willing to look at the matter attentively and dispassionately.

Faith in machinery is, I said, our besetting danger; often in machinery most absurdly disproportioned to the end which this machinery, if it is to do any good at all, is to serve; but always in machinery, as if it had a value in and for itself. What is freedom but machinery? what is population but machinery? what is coal but machinery? what are railroads but machinery? what is wealth but machinery? what are, even, religious organizations but machinery? Now almost every voice in England is accustomed to speak of these things as if they were precious ends in themselves, and therefore had some of the characters of perfection indisputably joined to them. I have before now noticed Mr. Roebuck's stock argument for proving the greatness and happiness of England as she is, and for quite stopping the mouths of all gain-sayers. Mr. Roebuck is never weary of reiterating this argument of his, so I do not know why I should be weary of noticing it. "May not every man in England say what he likes?" — Mr. Roebuck perpetually asks; and that, he thinks, is quite sufficient, and when every man may say what he likes, our aspirations ought to be satisfied. But the aspirations of culture, which is the study of perfection, are not satisfied, unless what men say, when they may say what they like, is worth saying, — has good in it, and more good than bad. In the same way the *Times*, replying to some foreign strictures on the dress, looks, and behavior of the English abroad, urges that the English ideal is that every one should be free to do and to look just as he likes. But culture indefatigably tries, not to make what each raw person may

like the rule by which he fashions himself, but to draw ever nearer to a sense of what is indeed beautiful, graceful, and becoming, and to get the raw person to like that.

And in the same way with respect to railroads and coal. Every one must have observed the strange language current during the late discussions as to the possible failure of our supplies of coal. Our coal, thousands of people were saying, is the real basis of our national greatness; if our coal runs short, there is an end of the greatness of England. But what *is* greatness? — culture makes us ask. Greatness is a spiritual condition worthy to excite love, interest, and admiration; and the outward proof of possessing greatness is that we excite love, interest, and admiration. If England were swallowed up by the sea to-morrow, which of the two, a hundred years hence, would most excite the love, interest, and admiration of mankind, — would most, therefore, show the evidences of having possessed greatness, — the England of the last twenty years, or the England of Elizabeth, of a time of splendid spiritual effort, but when our coal, and our industrial operations depending on coal, were very little developed? Well, then, what an unsound habit of mind it must be which makes us talk of things like coal or iron as constituting the greatness of England, and how salutary a friend is culture, bent on seeing things as they are, and thus dissipating delusions of this kind and fixing standards of perfection that are real!

Wealth, again, that end to which our prodigious works for material advantage are directed, — the commonest of common-places tells us how men are always apt to regard wealth as a precious end in itself; and certainly they have never been so apt thus to regard it as they are in England at the present time. Never did people believe anything more firmly than nine Englishmen out of ten at the present day believe that our greatness and welfare are proved by our being so very rich. Now, the use of culture is that it helps us, by means of its spiritual standard of perfection, to regard wealth as but machinery, and not only to say as a matter of words that we regard wealth as but machinery, but really to perceive and feel that it is so. If it were not for this purging effect wrought upon our minds by culture, the whole world, the future as well as the present, would inevitably belong to the Philistines. The people who believe most that our greatness and welfare are proved

by our being very rich, and who most give their lives and thoughts to becoming rich, are just the very people whom we call Philistines. Culture says: "Consider these people, then, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voice; look at them attentively; observe the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words which come forth out of their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds; would any amount of wealth be worth having with the condition that one was to become just like these people by having it?" And thus culture begets a dissatisfaction which is of the highest possible value in stemming the common tide of men's thoughts in a wealthy and industrial community, and which saves the future, as one may hope, from being vulgarized, even if it cannot save the present.

Population, again, and bodily health and vigor, are things which are nowhere treated in such an unintelligent, misleading, exaggerated way as in England. Both are really machinery; yet how many people all around us do we see rest in them and fail to look beyond them! Why, one has heard people, fresh from reading certain articles of the *Times* on the Registrar-General's returns of marriages and births in this country, who would talk of our large English families in quite a solemn strain, as if they had something in itself beautiful, elevating, and meritorious in them; as if the British Philistine would have only to present himself before the Great Judge with his twelve children, in order to be received among the sheep as a matter of right!

But bodily health and vigor, it may be said, are not to be classed with wealth and population as mere machinery; they have a more real and essential value. True; but only as they are more intimately connected with a perfect spiritual condition than wealth or population are. The moment we disjoin them from the idea of a perfect spiritual condition, and pursue them, as we do pursue them, for their own sake and as ends in themselves, our worship of them becomes as mere worship of machinery, as our worship of wealth or population, and as unintelligent and vulgarizing a worship as that is. Every one with anything like an adequate idea of human perfection has distinctly marked this subordination to higher and spiritual ends of the cultivation of bodily vigor and activity. "Bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things," says the

author of the Epistle to Timothy. And the utilitarian Franklin says just as explicitly: — "Eat and drink such an exact quantity as suits the constitution of thy body, *in reference to the services of the mind.*" But the point of view of culture, keeping the mark of human perfection simply and broadly in view, and not assigning to this perfection, as religion or utilitarianism assigns to it, a special and limited character, this point of view, I say, of culture is best given by these words of Epictetus: "It is a sign of *ἀφύλα*," says he, — that is, of a nature not finely tempered, — "to give yourselves up to things which relate to the body; to make, for instance, a great fuss about exercise, a great fuss about eating, a great fuss about drinking, a great fuss about walking, a great fuss about riding. All these things ought to be done merely by the way: the formation of the spirit and character must be our real concern." This is admirable; and, indeed, the Greek word *εὐφύλα*, a finely tempered nature, gives exactly the notion of perfection as culture brings us to conceive it: a harmonious perfection, a perfection in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, which unites "the two noblest of things," — as Swift, who of one of the two, at any rate, had himself all too little, most happily calls them in his *Battle of the Books*, — "the two noblest of things, *sweetness and light.*" The *εὐφύνης* is the man who tends towards sweetness and light; the *ἀφύνης*, on the other hand, is our Philistine. The immense spiritual significance of the Greeks is due to their having been inspired with this central and happy idea of the essential character of human perfection; and Mr. Bright's misconception of culture, as a smattering of Greek and Latin, comes itself, after all, from this wonderful significance of the Greeks having affected the very machinery of our education, and is in itself a kind of homage to it.

In thus making sweetness and light to be characters of perfection, culture is of like spirit with poetry, follows one law with poetry. Far more than on our freedom, our population, and our industrialism, many amongst us rely upon our religious organizations to save us. I have called religion a yet more important manifestation of human nature than poetry, because it has worked on a broader scale for perfection, and with greater masses of men. But the idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all its sides, which is the dominant idea

of poetry, is a true and invaluable idea, though it has not yet had the success that the idea of conquering the obvious faults of our animality, and of a human nature perfect on the moral side, — which is the dominant idea of religion, — has been enabled to have; and it is destined, adding to itself the religious idea of a devout energy, to transform and govern the other.

The best art and poetry of the Greeks, in which religion and poetry are one, in which the idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all sides adds to itself a religious and devout energy, and works in the strength of that, is on this account of such surpassing interest and instructiveness for us, though it was — as, having regard to the human race in general, and, indeed, having regard to the Greeks themselves, we must own — a premature attempt, an attempt which for success needed the moral and religious fibre in humanity to be more braced and developed than it had yet been. But Greece did not err in having the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection, so present and paramount. It is impossible to have this idea too present and paramount; only, the moral fibre must be braced too. And we, because we have braced the moral fibre, are not on that account in the right way, if at the same time the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection, is wanting or misapprehended amongst us; and evidently it *is* wanting or misapprehended at present. And when we rely as we do on our religious organizations, which in themselves do not and cannot give us this idea, and think we have done enough if we make them spread and prevail, then, I say, we fall into our common fault of overvaluing machinery.

Nothing is more common than for people to confound the inward peace and satisfaction which follows the subduing of the obvious faults of our animality with what I may call absolute inward peace and satisfaction, — the peace and satisfaction which are reached as we draw near to complete spiritual perfection, and not merely to moral perfection, or rather to relative moral perfection. No people in the world have done more and struggled more to attain this relative moral perfection than our English race has. For no people in the world has the command to *resist the devil*, to *overcome the wicked one*, in the nearest and most obvious sense of those words, had such a pressing force and reality. And we have had our reward, not only in the great worldly prosperity which

our obedience to this command has brought us, but also, and far more, in great inward peace and satisfaction. But to me few things are more pathetic than to see people, on the strength of the inward peace and satisfaction which their rudimentary efforts towards perfection have brought them, employ, concerning their incomplete perfection and the religious organizations within which they have found it, language which properly applies only to complete perfection, and is a far-off echo of the human soul's prophecy of it. Religion itself, I need hardly say, supplies them in abundance with this grand language. And very freely do they use it; yet it is really the severest possible criticism of such an incomplete perfection as alone we have yet reached through our religious organizations.

The impulse of the English race towards moral development and self-conquest has nowhere so powerfully manifested itself as in Puritanism. Nowhere has Puritanism found so adequate an expression as in the religious organization of the Independents. The modern Independents have a newspaper, the *Nonconformist*, written with great sincerity and ability. The motto, the standard, the profession of faith which this organ of theirs carries aloft, is: "The Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." There is sweetness and light, and an ideal of complete harmonious human perfection! One need not go to culture and poetry to find language to judge it. Religion, with its instinct for perfection, supplies language to judge it, — language, too, which is in our mouths every day. "Finally, be of one mind, united in feeling," says St. Peter. There is an ideal which judges the Puritan ideal: "The Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion!" And religious organizations like this are what people believe in, rest in, would give their lives for! Such, I say, is the wonderful virtue of even the beginnings of perfection, of having conquered even the plain faults of our animality, that the religious organization which has helped us to do it can seem to us something precious, salutary, and to be propagated, even when it wears such a brand of imperfection on its forehead as this. And men have got such a habit of giving to the language of religion a special application, of making it a mere jargon, that for the condemnation which religion itself passes on the shortcomings of their religious organizations they have no ear; they

are sure to cheat themselves and to explain this condemnation away. They can only be reached by the criticism which culture, like poetry, speaking a language not to be sophisticated, and resolutely testing these organizations by the ideal of a human perfection complete on all sides, applies to them.

But men of culture and poetry, it will be said, are again and again failing, and failing conspicuously, in the necessary first stage to a harmonious perfection, in the subduing of the great obvious faults of our animality, which it is the glory of these religious organizations to have helped us to subdue. True, they do often so fail. They have often been without the virtues as well as the faults of the Puritan; it has been one of their dangers that they so felt the Puritan's faults that they too much neglected the practice of his virtues. I will not, however, exculpate them at the Puritan's expense. They have often failed in morality, and morality is indispensable. And they have been punished for their failure, as the Puritan has been rewarded for his performance. They have been punished wherein they erred; but their ideal of beauty, of sweetness and light, and a human nature complete on all its sides, remains the true ideal of perfection still; just as the Puritan's ideal of perfection remains narrow and inadequate, although for what he did well he has been richly rewarded. Notwithstanding the mighty results of the Pilgrim Fathers' voyage, they and their standard of perfection are rightly judged when we figure to ourselves Shakespeare or Virgil — souls in whom sweetness and light, and all that in human nature is most humane, were eminent — accompanying them on their voyage, and think what intolerable company Shakespeare and Virgil would have found them! In the same way let us judge the religious organizations which we see all around us. Do not let us deny the good and the happiness which they have accomplished; but do not let us fail to see clearly that their idea of human perfection is narrow and inadequate, and that the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion will never bring humanity to its true goal. As I said with regard to wealth: Let us look at the life of those who live in and for it, — so I say with regard to the religious organizations. Look at the life imaged in such a newspaper as the *Nonconformist*, — a life of jealousy of the Establishment, disputes, tea-meetings, openings of chapels, sermons; and then think of it as an ideal of a

human life completing itself on all sides, and aspiring with all its organs after sweetness, light, and perfection!

Another newspaper, representing, like the *Nonconformist*, one of the religious organizations of this country, was a short time ago giving an account of the crowd at Epsom on the Derby day, and of all the vice and hideousness which was to be seen in that crowd; and then the writer turned suddenly round upon Professor Huxley, and asked him how he proposed to cure all this vice and hideousness without religion. I confess I felt disposed to ask the asker this question: and how do you propose to cure it with such a religion as yours? How is the ideal of a life so unlovely, so unattractive, so incomplete, so narrow, so far removed from a true and satisfying ideal of human perfection, as is the life of your religious organization as you yourself reflect it, to conquer and transform all this vice and hideousness? Indeed, the strongest plea for the study of perfection as pursued by culture, the clearest proof of the actual inadequacy of the idea of perfection held by the religious organizations, — expressing, as I have said, the most widespread effort which the human race has yet made after perfection, — is to be found in the state of our life and society with these in possession of it, and having been in possession of it I know not how many hundred years. We are all of us included in some religious organization or other; we all call ourselves, in the sublime and aspiring language of religion which I have before noticed, *children of God*. Children of God; — it is an immense pretension! — and how are we to justify it? By the works which we do, and the words which we speak. And the work which we collective children of God do, our grand centre of life, our city which we have builded for us to dwell in, is London! London, with its unutterable external hideousness, and with its internal canker of *publice egestas, privatim opulentia*,¹ — to use the words which Sallust puts into Cato's mouth about Rome, — unequalled in the world! The word, again, which we children of God speak, the voice which most hits our collective thought, the newspaper with the largest circulation in England, nay, with the largest circulation in the whole world, is the *Daily Telegraph*! I say that when our religious organizations — which I admit to express the most considerable effort after perfection that our race has yet made —

¹ "Poverty widespread, opulence among individuals." (*Catiline*, 52.)

land us in no better result than this, it is high time to examine carefully their idea of perfection; to see whether it does not leave out of account sides and forces of human nature which we might turn to great use; whether it would not be more operative if it were more complete. And I say that the English reliance on our religious organizations and on their ideas of human perfection just as they stand, is like our reliance on freedom, on muscular Christianity, on population, on coal, on wealth, — mere belief in machinery, and unfruitful; and that it is wholesomely counteracted by culture, bent on seeing things as they are, and on drawing the human race onwards to a more complete, a harmonious perfection. . . .

The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness and light, works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred; culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet greater! — the passion for making them prevail. It is not satisfied till we *all* come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. If I have not shrunk from saying that we must work for sweetness and light, so neither have I shrunk from saying that we must have a broad basis, must have sweetness and light for as many as possible. Again and again I have insisted how those are the happy moments of humanity, how those are the marking epochs of a people's life, how those are the flowering times for literature and art and all the creative power of genius, when there is a *national* glow of life and thought, when the whole of society is in the fullest measure permeated by thought, sensible to beauty, intelligent and alive. Only it must be *real* thought and *real* beauty; *real* sweetness and *real* light. Plenty of people will try to give the masses, as they call them, an intellectual food prepared and adapted in the way they think proper for the actual condition of the masses. The ordinary popular literature is an example of this way of working on the masses. Plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgments constituting the creed of their own profession or party. Our re-

ligious and political organizations give an example of this way of working on the masses. I condemn neither way: but culture works differently. It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watch-words. It seeks to do away with classes; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely, — nourished, and not bound by them.

This is the *social idea*; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have labored to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light. Such a man was Abelard in the Middle Ages, in spite of all his imperfections; and thence the boundless emotion and enthusiasm which Abelard excited. Such were Lessing and Herder in Germany, at the end of the last century; and their services to Germany were in this way inestimably precious. Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumulate, and works far more perfect than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany; and yet the names of these two men will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as the names of the most gifted masters will hardly awaken. And why? Because they *humanized* knowledge; because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence; because they worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light, to make reason and the will of God prevail. With Saint Augustine they said: "Let us not leave thee alone to make in the secret of thy knowledge, as thou didst before the creation of the firmament, the division of light from darkness; let the children of thy spirit, placed in their firmament, make their light shine upon the earth, mark the division of night and day, and announce the revolution of the times; for the old order is passed, and the new arises; the night is spent, the day is come forth; and thou shalt crown the year

with thy blessing, when thou shalt send forth laborers into thy harvest sown by other hands than theirs; when thou shalt send forth new laborers to new seed-times, whereof the harvest shall be not yet."

ESSAY ON WORDSWORTH

1879

Arnold was of all the Victorian poets most distinctly in the tradition of Wordsworth. During his boyhood his family spent their summers at Fox How, in the Lake Country, where he had some association with the older poet. When he was asked to prepare a selection of Wordsworth's poems for *The Golden Treasury Series*, he gave himself to the task with enthusiasm. The present essay is his introduction to that volume.

I remember hearing Lord Macaulay say, after Wordsworth's death, when subscriptions were being collected to found a memorial of him, that ten years earlier more money could have been raised in Cambridge alone, to do honor to Wordsworth, than was now raised all through the country. Lord Macaulay had, as we know, his own heightened and telling way of putting things, and we must always make allowance for it. But probably it is true that Wordsworth has never, either before or since, been so accepted and popular, so established in possession of the minds of all who profess to care for poetry, as he was between the years 1830 and 1840, and at Cambridge. From the very first, no doubt, he had his believers and witnesses. But I have myself heard him declare that, for he knew not how many years, his poetry had never brought him in enough to buy his shoe-strings. The poetry-reading public was very slow to recognize him, and was very easily drawn away from him. Scott effaced him with this public. Byron effaced him.

The death of Byron seemed, however, to make an opening for Wordsworth. Scott, who had for some time ceased to produce poetry himself, and stood before the public as a great novelist; Scott, too genuine himself not to feel the profound genuineness of Wordsworth, and with an instinctive recognition of his firm hold on nature and of his local truth, always admired him sincerely, and praised him generously. The influence of Coleridge upon young men of ability was then powerful, and was still gathering strength; this influence told entirely in favor of Wordsworth's poetry. Cambridge was a

place where Coleridge's influence had great action, and where Wordsworth's poetry, therefore, flourished especially. But even amongst the general public its sale grew large, the eminence of its author was widely recognized, and Rydal Mount became an object of pilgrimage. I remember Wordsworth relating how one of the pilgrims, a clergyman, asked him if he had ever written anything besides *The Guide to the Lakes*. Yes, he answered modestly, he had written verses. Not every pilgrim was a reader, but the vogue was established, and the stream of pilgrims came.

Mr. Tennyson's decisive appearance dates from 1842. One cannot say that he effaced Wordsworth as Scott and Byron had effaced him. The poetry of Wordsworth had been so long before the public, the suffrage of good judges was so steady and so strong in its favor, that by 1842 the verdict of posterity, one may almost say, had been already pronounced, and Wordsworth's English fame was secure. But the vogue, the ear and applause of the great body of poetry-readers, never quite thoroughly perhaps his, he gradually lost more and more, and Mr. Tennyson gained them. Mr. Tennyson drew to himself, and away from Wordsworth, the poetry-reading public, and the new generations. Even in 1850, when Wordsworth died, this diminution of popularity was visible, and occasioned the remark of Lord Macaulay which I quoted at starting.

The diminution has continued. The influence of Coleridge has waned, and Wordsworth's poetry can no longer draw succor from this ally. The poetry has not, however, wanted eulogists; and it may be said to have brought its eulogists luck, for almost every one who has praised Wordsworth's poetry has praised it well. But the public has remained cold, or, at least, undetermined. Even the abundance of Mr. Palgrave's fine and skilfully chosen specimens of Wordsworth, in *The Golden Treasury*, surprised many readers, and gave offense to not a few. To tenth-rate critics and compilers, for whom any violent shock to the public taste would be a temerity not to be risked, it is still quite permissible to speak of Wordsworth's poetry, not only with ignorance, but with impertinence. On the Continent he is almost unknown.

I cannot think, then, that Wordsworth has, up to this time, at all obtained his deserts. "Glory," said M. Renan the other day, "glory after all is the thing which has

the best chance of not being altogether vanity." Wordsworth was a homely man, and himself would certainly never have thought of talking of glory as that which, after all, has the best chance of not being altogether vanity. Yet we may well allow that few things are less vain than *real* glory. Let us conceive of the whole group of civilized nations as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working towards a common result; a confederation whose members have a due knowledge both of the past, out of which they all proceed, and of one another. This was the ideal of Goethe, and it is an ideal which will impose itself upon the thoughts of our modern societies more and more. Then to be recognized by the verdict of such a confederation as a master, or even as a seriously and eminently worthy workman, in one's own line of intellectual or spiritual activity, is indeed glory; a glory which it would be difficult to rate too highly. For what could be more beneficent, more salutary? The world is forwarded by having its attention fixed on the best things; and here is a tribunal, free from all suspicion of national and provincial partiality, putting a stamp on the best things, and recommending them for general honor and acceptance. A nation, again, is furthered by recognition of its real gifts and successes; it is encouraged to develop them further. And here is an honest verdict, telling us which of our supposed successes are really, in the judgment of the great impartial world, and not in our private judgment only, successes, and which are not.

It is so easy to feel pride and satisfaction in one's own things, so hard to make sure that one is right in feeling it! We have a great empire. But so had Nebuchadnezzar. We extol the "unrivalled happiness" of our national civilization. But then comes a candid friend,¹ and remarks that our upper class is materialized, our middle class vulgarized, and our lower class brutalized. We are proud of our painting, our music. But we find that in the judgment of other people our painting is questionable, and our music non-existent. We are proud of our men of science. And here it turns out that the world is with us; we find that in the judgment of other people, too, Newton among the dead, and Mr. Darwin among the living, hold as high a place as they hold in our national opinion.

¹ Arnold's own views.

Finally, we are proud of our poets and poetry. Now poetry is nothing less than the most perfect speech of man, that in which he comes nearest to being able to utter the truth. It is no small thing, therefore, to succeed eminently in poetry. And so much is required for duly estimating success here, that about poetry it is perhaps hardest to arrive at a sure general verdict, and takes longest. Meanwhile, our own conviction of the superiority of our national poets is not decisive, is almost certain to be mingled, as we see constantly in English eulogy of Shakespeare, with much of provincial infatuation. And we know what was the opinion current amongst our neighbors the French — people of taste, acuteness, and quick literary tact — not a hundred years ago, about our great poets. The old *Bibliographie Universelle*² notices the pretension of the English to a place for their poets among the chief poets of the world, and says that this is a pretension which to no one but an Englishman can ever seem admissible. And the scornful, disparaging things said by foreigners about Shakespeare and Milton, and about our national over-estimate of them, have been often quoted, and will be in every one's remembrance.

A great change has taken place, and Shakespeare is now generally recognized, even in France, as one of the greatest of poets. Yes, some anti-Gallican cynic will say, the French rank him with Corneille and with Victor Hugo! But let me have the pleasure of quoting a sentence about Shakespeare, which I met with by accident not long ago in the *Correspondant*, a French review which not a dozen English people, I suppose, look at. The writer is praising Shakespeare's prose. With Shakespeare, he says, "prose comes in whenever the subject, being more familiar, is unsuited to the majestic English iambic." And he goes on: "Shakespeare is the king of poetic rhythm and style, as well as the king of the realm of thought; along with his dazzling prose, Shakespeare has succeeded in giving us the most varied, the most harmonious verse which has ever sounded upon the human ear since the verse of the Greeks." M. Henry Cochin,² the writer of this sentence, deserves our gratitude for it; it would not be easy to praise Shakespeare, in a single sentence, more justly. And when a foreigner and a Frenchman writes thus of Shakespeare, and

¹ The work of F. X. de Feller, published in 1783.

² A French lawyer and critic.

when Goethe says of Milton, in whom there was so much to repel Goethe rather than to attract him, that "nothing has been ever done so entirely in the sense of the Greeks as *Samson Agonistes*," and that "Milton is in very truth a poet whom we must treat with all reverence," then we understand what constitutes a European recognition of poets and poetry as contradistinguished from a merely national recognition, and that in favor both of Milton and of Shakespeare the judgment of the high court of appeal has finally gone.

I come back to M. Renan's praise of glory, from which I started. Yes, real glory is a most serious thing, glory authenticated by the Amphictyonic Court² of final appeal, definite glory. And even for poets and poetry, long and difficult as may be the process of arriving at the right award, the right award comes at last, the definitive glory rests where it is deserved. Every establishment of such a real glory is good and wholesome for mankind at large, good and wholesome for a nation which produced the poet crowned with it. To the poet himself it can seldom do harm; for he, poor man, is in his grave, probably, long before his glory crowns him.

Wordsworth has been in his grave for some thirty years, and certainly his lovers and admirers cannot flatter themselves that this great and steady light of glory as yet shines over him. He is not fully recognized at home; he is not recognized at all abroad. Yet I firmly believe that the poetical performance of Wordsworth is, after that of Shakespeare and Milton, of which all the world now recognizes the worth, undoubtedly the most considerable in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time. Chaucer is anterior; and on other grounds, too, he cannot well be brought into the comparison. But taking the roll of our chief poetical names, besides Shakespeare and Milton, from the age of Elizabeth downwards, and going through it, — Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Keats (I mention those only who are dead), — I think it certain that Wordsworth's name deserves to stand, and will finally stand, above them all. Several of the poets named have gifts and excellences which Wordsworth has not. But taking the performance of each as a whole, I say that Wordsworth seems to me to have left a body of poetical work superior in power, in inter-

est, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, to that which any one of the others has left.

But this is not enough to say. I think it certain, further, that if we take the chief poetical names of the Continent since the death of Molière, and, omitting Goethe, confront the remaining names with that of Wordsworth, the result is the same. Let us take Klopstock, Lessing, Schiller, Uhland, Rückert, and Heine for Germany; Filicaja, Alfieri, Manzoni, and Leopardi for Italy; Racine, Boileau, Voltaire, André Chénier, Béranger, Lamartine, Musset, M. Victor Hugo (he has been so long celebrated that although he still lives I may be permitted to name him) for France. Several of these, again, have evidently gifts and excellences to which Wordsworth can make no pretension. But in real poetical achievement it seems to me indubitable that to Wordsworth, here again, belongs the palm. It seems to me that Wordsworth has left behind him a body of poetical work which wears, and will wear, better on the whole than the performance of any one of these personages, so far more brilliant and celebrated, most of them, than the homely poet of Rydal. Wordsworth's performance in poetry is on the whole, in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, superior to theirs.

This is a high claim to make for Wordsworth. But if it is a just claim, if Wordsworth's place among the poets who have appeared in the last two or three centuries is after Shakespeare, Molière, Milton, Goethe, indeed, but before all the rest, then in time Wordsworth will have his due. We shall recognize him in his place, as we recognize Shakespeare and Milton; and not only we ourselves shall recognize him, but he will be recognized by Europe also. Meanwhile, those who recognize him already may do well, perhaps, to ask themselves whether there are not in the case of Wordsworth certain special obstacles which hinder or delay his due recognition by others, and whether these obstacles are not in some measure removable.

The Excursion and *The Prelude*, his poems of greatest bulk, are by no means Wordsworth's best work. His best work is in his shorter pieces, and many indeed are there of these which are of first-rate excellence. But in his seven volumes the pieces of high merit are mingled with a mass of pieces very inferior to them; so inferior to them that it

1 The Great Council of Greek cities.

seems wonderful how the same poet should have produced both. Shakespeare frequently has lines and passages in a strain quite false, and which are entirely unworthy of him. But one can imagine him smiling if one could meet him in the Elysian Fields and tell him so; smiling and replying that he knew it perfectly well himself, and what did it matter? But with Wordsworth the case is different. Work altogether inferior, work quite uninspired, flat and dull, is produced by him with evident unconsciousness of its defects, and he presents it to us with the same faith and seriousness as his best work. Now a drama or an epic fill the mind, and one does not look beyond them; but in a collection of short pieces the impression made by one piece requires to be continued and sustained by the piece following. In reading Wordsworth the impression made by one of his fine pieces is too often dulled and spoiled by a very inferior piece coming after it.

Wordsworth composed verses during a space of some sixty years; and it is no exaggeration to say that within one single decade of those years, between 1798 and 1808, almost all his really first-rate work was produced. A mass of inferior work remains, work done before and after this golden prime, imbedding the first-rate work and clogging it, obstructing our approach to it, chilling, not unfrequently, the high-wrought mood with which we leave it. To be recognized far and wide as a great poet, to be possible and receivable as a classic, Wordsworth needs to be relieved of a great deal of the poetical baggage which now encumbers him. To administer this relief is indispensable, unless he is to continue to be a poet for the few only, — a poet valued far below his real worth by the world.

There is another thing. Wordsworth classified his poems not according to any commonly received plan of arrangement, but according to a scheme of mental physiology. He has poems of the fancy, poems of the imagination, poems of sentiment and reflection, and so on. His categories are ingenious but far-fetched, and the result of his employment of them is unsatisfactory. Poems are separated one from another which possess a kinship of subject or of treatment far more vital and deep than the supposed unity of mental origin, which was Wordsworth's reason for joining them with others.

The tact of the Greeks in matters of this kind was infallible. We may rely upon it

that we shall not improve upon the classification adopted by the Greeks for kinds of poetry; that their categories of epic, dramatic, lyric, and so forth, have a natural propriety, and should be adhered to. It may sometimes seem doubtful to which of two categories a poem belongs; whether this or that poem is to be called, for instance, narrative or lyric, lyric or elegiac. But there is to be found in every good poem a strain, a predominant note, which determines the poem as belonging to one of these kinds rather than the other; and here is the best proof of the value of the classification, and of the advantage of adhering to it. Wordsworth's poems will never produce their due effect until they are freed from their present artificial arrangement, and grouped more naturally.

Disengaged from the quantity of inferior work which now obscures them, the best poems of Wordsworth, I hear many people say, would indeed stand out in great beauty, but they would prove to be very few in number, scarcely more than a half a dozen. I maintain, on the other hand, that what strikes me with admiration, what establishes in my opinion Wordsworth's superiority, is the great and ample body of powerful work which remains to him, even after all his inferior work has been cleared away. He gives us so much to rest upon, so much which communicates his spirit and engages ours!

This is of very great importance. If it were a comparison of single pieces, or of three or four pieces, by each poet, I do not say that Wordsworth would stand decisively above Gray, or Burns, or Coleridge, or Keats, or Manzoni, or Heine. It is in his ampler body of powerful work that I find his superiority. His good work itself, his work which counts, is not all of it, of course, of equal value. Some kinds of poetry are in themselves lower kinds than others. The ballad kind is a lower kind; the didactic kind, still more, is a lower kind. Poetry of this latter sort counts, too, sometimes, by its biographical interest partly, not by its poetical interest pure and simple; but then this can only be when the poet producing it has the power and importance of Wordsworth, a power and importance which he assuredly did not establish by such didactic poetry alone. Altogether, it is, I say, by the great body of powerful and significant work which remains to him, after every reduction and deduction has been made, that Wordsworth's superiority is proved.

To exhibit this body of Wordsworth's best work, to clear away obstructions from around it, and to let it speak for itself, is what every lover of Wordsworth should desire. Until this has been done, Wordsworth, whom we, to whom he is dear, all of us know and feel to be so great a poet, has not had a fair chance before the world. When once it has been done, he will make his way best, not by our advocacy of him, but by his own worth and power. We may safely leave him to make his way thus, we who believe that a superior worth and power in poetry finds in mankind a sense responsive to it and disposed at last to recognize it. Yet at the outset, before he has been duly known and recognized, we may do Wordsworth a service, perhaps, by indicating in what his superior power and worth will be found to consist, and in what it will not.

Long ago, in speaking of Homer, I said that the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness. I said that a great poet receives his distinctive character of superiority from his application, under the conditions immutably fixed by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth, from his application, I say, to his subject, whatever it may be, of the ideas

"On man, on nature, and on human life,"

which he has acquired for himself. The line quoted is Wordsworth's own; and his superiority arises from his powerful use, in his best pieces, his powerful application to his subject, of ideas "on man, on nature, and on human life."

Voltaire, with his signal acuteness, most truly remarked that "no nation has treated in poetry moral ideas with more energy and depth than the English nation." And he adds; "There, it seems to me, is the great merit of the English poets." Voltaire does not mean, by "treating in poetry moral ideas," the composing moral and didactic poems;—that brings us but a very little way in poetry. He means just the same thing as was meant when I spoke above "of the noble and profound application of ideas to life"; and he means the application of these ideas under the conditions fixed for us by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth. If it is said that to call these ideas *moral* ideas is to introduce a strong and injurious limitation, I answer that it is to do nothing of the kind, because moral ideas are really so main

a part of human life. The question, *how to live*, is itself a moral idea; and it is the question which most interests every man, and with which, in some way or other, he is perpetually occupied. A large sense is of course to be given to the term *moral*. Whatever bears upon the question, "how to live," comes under it.

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but, what thou liv'st,
Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven."

In those fine lines Milton utters, as every one at once perceives, a moral idea. Yes, but so too, when Keats consoles the forward-bending lover on the Grecian Urn, the lover arrested and presented in immortal relief by the sculptor's hand before he can kiss, with the line,

"Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair —",
he utters a moral idea. When Shakespeare says, that

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep,"

he utters a moral idea.

Voltaire was right in thinking that the energetic and profound treatment of moral ideas, in this large sense, is what distinguishes the English poetry. He sincerely meant praise, not dispraise or hint of limitation; and they err who suppose that poetic limitation is a necessary consequence of the fact, the fact being granted as Voltaire states it. If what distinguishes the greatest poets is their powerful and profound application of ideas to life, which surely no good critic will deny, then to prefix to the term ideas here the term moral makes hardly any difference, because human life itself is in so preponderating a degree moral.

It is important, therefore, to hold fast to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life,—to the question: How to live. Morals are often treated in a narrow and false fashion; they are bound up with systems of thought and belief which have had their day; they are fallen into the hands of pedants and professional dealers; they grow tiresome to some of us. We find attraction, at times, even in a poetry of revolt against them; in a poetry which might take for its motto Omar Khayyám's words: "Let us

make up in the tavern for the time which we have wasted in the mosque." Or we find attractions in a poetry indifferent to them; in a poetry where the contents may be what they will, but where the form is studied and exquisite. We delude ourselves in either case; and the best cure for our delusion is to let our minds rest upon that great and inexhaustible word *life*, until we learn to enter into its meaning. A poetry of revolt against moral ideas is a poetry of revolt against *life*; a poetry of indifference towards moral ideas is a poetry of indifference towards *life*.

Epictetus had a happy figure for things like the play of the senses, or literary form and finish, or argumentative ingenuity, in comparison with "the best and master thing" for us, as he called it, the concern, how to live. Some people were afraid of them, he said, or they disliked and undervalued them. Such people were wrong; they were unthankful or cowardly. But the things might also be over-prized, and treated as final when they are not. They bear to life the relation which inns bear to home. "As if a man, journeying home, and finding a nice inn on the road, and liking it, were to stay forever at the inn! Man, thou hast forgotten thine object; thy journey was not to this, but *through* this. 'But this inn is taking.' And how many other inns, too, are taking, and how many fields and meadows! but as places of passage merely. You have an object, which is this: to get home, to do your duty to your family, friends, and fellow-countrymen, to attain inward freedom, serenity, happiness, contentment. Style takes your fancy, arguing takes your fancy, and you forget your home and want to make your abode with them and to stay with them, on the plea that they are taking. Who denies that they are taking? but as places of passage, as inns. And when I say this, you suppose me to be attacking the care for style, the care for argument. I am not; I attack the resting in them, the not looking to the end which is beyond them."

Now, when we come across a poet like Théophile Gautier, we have a poet who has taken up his abode at an inn, and never got farther. There may be inducements to this or that one of us, at this or that moment, to find delight in him, to cleave to him; but after all, we do not change the truth about him, — we only stay ourselves in his inn along with him. And when we come across a poet like Wordsworth, who sings

"Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love and hope,
And melancholy fear subdued by faith,
Of blessed consolations in distress,
Of moral strength and intellectual power,
Of joy in widest commonalty spread —"¹

then we have a poet intent on "the best and master thing," and who prosecutes his journey home. We say, for brevity's sake, that he deals with *life*, because he deals with that in which life really consists. This is what Voltaire means to praise in the English poets, — this dealing with what is really life. But always it is the mark of the greatest poets that they deal with it; and to say that the English poets are remarkable for dealing with it, is only another way of saying, what is true, that in poetry the English genius has especially shown its power.

Wordsworth deals with it, and his greatness lies in his dealing with it so powerfully. I have named a number of celebrated poets above all of whom he, in my opinion, deserves to be placed. He is to be placed above poets like Voltaire, Dryden, Pope, Lessing, Schiller, because these famous personages, with a thousand gifts and merits, never, or scarcely ever, attain the distinctive accent and utterance of the high and genuine poets —

"Quique pii vates et Phœbo digna locuti,"²

at all. Burns, Keats, Heine, not to speak of others in our list, have this accent; — who can doubt it? And at the same time they have treasures of humor, felicity, passion, for which in Wordsworth we shall look in vain. Where, then, is Wordsworth's superiority? It is here; he deals with more of *life* than they do; he deals with *life*, as a whole, more powerfully.

No Wordsworthian will doubt this. Nay, the fervent Wordsworthian will add, as Mr. Leslie Stephen does, that Wordsworth's poetry is precious because his philosophy is sound; that his "ethical system is as distinctive and capable of exposition as Bishop Butler's"; that his poetry is informed by ideas which "fall spontaneously into a scientific system of thought." But we must be on our guard against the Wordsworthians, if we want to secure for Wordsworth his due rank as a poet. The Wordsworthians are apt to praise him for the wrong things, and to lay far too much stress upon what they call his philosophy. His poetry is the reality, his philosophy — so far, at least, as it

¹ *The Recluse*, II, 767-71.

² Blessed poets named worthy of Apollo. *Æneid*, VI, 652.

may put on the form and habit of "a scientific system of thought," and the more that it puts them on — is the illusion. Perhaps we shall one day learn to make this proposition general, and to say: Poetry is the reality, philosophy the illusion. But in Wordsworth's case, at any rate, we cannot do him justice until we dismiss his formal philosophy.

The Excursion abounds with philosophy and therefore *The Excursion* is to the Wordsworthian what it never can be to the disinterested lover of poetry, — a satisfactory work. "Duty exists," says Wordsworth, in *The Excursion*; and then he proceeds thus —

"... Immutably survive,
For our support, the measures and the forms,
Which an abstract Intelligence supplies,
Whose kingdom is, where time and space are
not."

And the Wordsworthian is delighted, and thinks that here is a sweet union of philosophy and poetry. But the disinterested lover of poetry will feel that the lines carry us really not a step farther than the proposition which they would interpret; that they are a tissue of elevated but abstract verbiage, alien to the very nature of poetry.

Or let us come direct to the centre of Wordsworth's philosophy, as "an ethical system, as distinctive and capable of systematic exposition as Bishop Butler's" —

"... One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, one only; — an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, how'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."

That is doctrine such as we hear in church too, religious and philosophic doctrine; and the attached Wordsworthian loves passages of such doctrine, and brings them forward in proof of his poet's excellence. But however true the doctrine may be, it has, as here presented, none of the characters of *poetic* truth, the kind of truth which we require from a poet, and in which Wordsworth is really strong.

Even the "intimations" of the famous Ode, those corner-stones of the supposed philosophic system of Wordsworth, — the idea of the high instincts and affections coming out in childhood, testifying of a divine home recently left, and fading away as our life proceeds, — this idea, of undeniable

beauty as a play of fancy, has itself not the character of poetic truth of the best kind; it has no real solidity. The instinct of delight in Nature and her beauty had no doubt extraordinary strength in Wordsworth himself as a child. But to say that universally this instinct is mighty in childhood, and tends to die away afterwards, is to say what is extremely doubtful. In many people, perhaps with the majority of educated persons, the love of nature is nearly imperceptible at ten years old, but strong and operative at thirty. In general we may say of these high instincts of early childhood, the base of the alleged systematic philosophy of Wordsworth, what Thucydides says of the early achievements of the Greek race: "It is impossible to speak with certainty of what is so remote; but from all that we can really investigate, I should say that they were no very great things."

Finally, the "scientific system of thought" in Wordsworth gives us at least such poetry as this, which the devout Wordsworthian accepts —

"O for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest
wealth
And best protection, this Imperial Realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself by statute to secure,
For all the children whom her soil maintains,
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth."

Wordsworth calls Voltaire dull, and surely the production of these un-Voltairian lines must have been imposed on him as a judgment! One can hear them being quoted at a Social Science Congress; one can call up the whole scene. A great room in one of our dismal provincial towns; dusty air and jaded afternoon daylight; benches full of men with bald heads and women in spectacles; an orator lifting up his face from a manuscript written within and without to declaim these lines of Wordsworth; and in the soul of any poor child of nature who may have wandered in thither, an unutterable sense of lamentation, and mourning, and woe!

"But turn we," as Wordsworth says, "from these bold, bad men," the haunters of Social Science Congresses. And let us be on our guard, too, against the exhibitors and extollers of a "scientific system of thought" in Wordsworth's poetry. The poetry will never be seen aright while they thus exhibit

1 *The Excursion*, IV, 73-76.

2 *Ibid.*, II, 10-17.

3 *The Excursion*, IX, 293-302.

it. The cause of its greatness is simple, and may be told quite simply. Wordsworth's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple primary affections and duties; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it.

The source of joy from which he thus draws is the truest and most unfailing source of joy accessible to man. It is also accessible universally. Wordsworth brings us word, therefore, according to his own strong and characteristic line, he brings us word

"Of joy in widest commonalty spread."

Here is an immense advantage for a poet. Wordsworth tells of what all seek, and tells of it at its truest and best source, and yet a source where all may go and draw for it.

Nevertheless, we are not to suppose that everything is precious which Wordsworth, standing even at this perennial and beautiful source, may give us. Wordsworthians are apt to talk as if it must be. They will speak with the same reverence of *The Sailor's Mother*, for example, as of *Lucy Gray*. They do their master harm by such lack of discrimination. *Lucy Gray* is a beautiful success; *The Sailor's Mother* is a failure. To give aright what he wishes to give, to interpret and render successfully, is not always within Wordsworth's own command. It is within no poet's command; here is the part of the Muse, the inspiration, the God, the "not ourselves."¹ In Wordsworth's case, the accident, for so it may almost be called, of inspiration, is of peculiar importance. No poet, perhaps, is so evidently filled with a new and sacred energy when the inspiration is upon him; no poet, when it fails him, is so left "weak as is a breaking wave." I remember hearing him say that "Goethe's poetry was not inevitable enough." The remark is striking and true; no line in Goethe, as Goethe said himself, but its maker knew well how it came there. Wordsworth is right, Goethe's poetry is not inevitable; not inevitable enough. But Wordsworth's poetry, when he is at his best, is inevitable, as inevitable as Nature herself. It might seem that Nature not only gave him the matter for his poem, but wrote his poem for him. He has no style. He was too con-

versant with Milton not to catch at times his master's manner, and he has fine Miltonic lines: but he has no assured poetic style of his own, like Milton. When he seeks to have a style he falls into ponderosity and pomposity. In *The Excursion* we have his style, as an artistic product of his own creation; and although Jeffrey completely failed to recognize Wordsworth's real greatness, he was yet not wrong in saying of *The Excursion*, as a work of poetic style: "This will never do."² And yet magical as is that power, which Wordsworth has not, of assured and possessed poetic style, he has something which is an equivalent for it.

Every one who has any sense for these things feels the subtle turn, the heightening, which is given to a poet's verse by his genius for style. We can feel it in the

"After life's fiftul fever, he sleeps well" —
of Shakespeare; in the

"... though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues" —
of Milton. It is the incomparable charm of Milton's power of poetic style which gives such worth to *Paradise Regained*, and makes a great poem of a work in which Milton's imagination does not soar high. Wordsworth has in constant possession, and at command, no style of this kind; but he had too poetic a nature, and had read the great poets too well, not to catch, as I have already remarked, something of it occasionally. We find it not only in his Miltonic lines; we find it in such a phrase as this, where the manner is his own, not Milton's —

"the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities;"²

although even here, perhaps, the power of style which is undeniable, is more properly that of eloquent prose than the subtle heightening and change wrought by genuine poetic style. It is style, again, and the elevation given by style, which chiefly makes the effectiveness of *Laodameia*. Still the right sort of verse to choose from Wordsworth, if we are to seize his true and most characteristic form of expression, is a line like this from *Michael* —

"And never lifted up a single stone."

¹ Arnold's definition of God was "the enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." *Literature and Dogma*, chap. I.

² In his famous criticism of *The Excursion*, in the *Edinburgh Review*, November, 1814.

² *The Recluse*, I, 831.

There is nothing subtle in it, no heightening, no study of poetic style, strictly so called, at all; yet it is expression of the highest and most truly expressive kind.

Wordsworth owed much to Burns, and a style of perfect plainness, relying for effect solely on the weight and force of that which with entire fidelity it utters, Burns could show him.

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stained his name."

Every one will be conscious of a likeness here to Wordsworth; and if Wordsworth did great things with this nobly plain manner, we must remember, what indeed he himself would always have been forward to acknowledge, that Burns used it before him.

Still Wordsworth's use of it has something unique and unmatchable. Nature herself seems, I say, to take the pen out of his hand, and to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power. This arises from two causes; from the profound sincerity with which Wordsworth feels his subject, and also from the profoundly sincere and natural character of his subject itself. He can and will treat such a subject with nothing but the most plain, first-hand, almost austere naturalness. His expression may often be called bald, as, for instance, in the poem of *Resolution and Independence*; but it is bald as the bare mountain tops are bald, with a baldness which is full of grandeur.

Wherever we meet with the successful balance, in Wordsworth, of profound truth of subject with profound truth of execution, he is unique. His best poems are those which most perfectly exhibit this balance. I have a warm admiration for *Laodameia* and for the great *Ode*; but if I am to tell the very truth, I find *Laodameia* not wholly free from something artificial, and the great *Ode* not wholly free from something declamatory. If I had to pick out poems of a kind most perfectly to show Wordsworth's unique power, I should rather choose poems such as *Michael*, *The Fountain*, *The Highland Reaper*. And poems with the peculiar and unique beauty which distinguishes these, Wordsworth produced in considerable number; besides very many other poems of which the worth, although not so rare as the worth of these, is still exceedingly high.

On the whole, then, as I said at the beginning, not only is Wordsworth eminent by reason of the goodness of his best work, but he is eminent also by reason of the great body of good work which he has left to us. With the ancients I will not compare him. In many respects the ancients are far above us, and yet there is something that we demand which they can never give. Leaving the ancients, let us come to the poets and poetry of Christendom. Dante, Shakespeare, Molière, Milton, Goethe, are altogether larger and more splendid luminaries in the poetical heaven than Wordsworth. But I know not where else, among the moderns, we are to find his superiors.

To disengage the poems which show his power, and to present them to the English-speaking public and to the world, is the object of this volume. I by no means say that it contains all which in Wordsworth's poems is interesting. Except in the case of *Margaret*, a story composed separately from the rest of *The Excursion*, and which belongs to a different part of England, I have not ventured on detaching portions of poems, or on giving any piece otherwise than as Wordsworth himself gave it. But under the conditions imposed by this reserve, the volume contains, I think, everything, or nearly everything, which may best serve him with the majority of lovers of poetry, nothing which may disserve him.

I have spoken lightly of Wordsworthians; and if we are to get Wordsworth recognized by the public and by the world, we must recommend him not in the spirit of a clique, but in the spirit of disinterested lovers of poetry. But I am a Wordsworthian myself. I can read with pleasure and edification *Peter Bell*, and the whole series of *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, and the address to Mr. Wilkinson's spade, and even the *Thanksgiving Ode*; — everything of Wordsworth, I think, except *Vaudracour and Julia*. It is not for nothing that one has been brought up in the veneration of a man so truly worthy of homage; that one has seen him and heard him, lived in his neighborhood, and been familiar with his country. No Wordsworthian has a tenderer affection for this pure and sage master than I, or is less really offended by his defects. But Wordsworth is something more than the pure and sage master of a small band of devoted followers, and we ought not to rest satisfied until he is seen to be what he is. He is one of the very chief glories of English Poetry; and by nothing is

England so glorious as by her poetry. Let us lay aside every weight which hinders our getting him recognized as this, and let our one study be to bring to pass, as widely as possible and as truly as possible, his own word concerning his poems: "They will coöperate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, and will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier."

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825-1895)

Thomas Henry Huxley was born at Ealing, May 4, 1825. His education was distinctly scientific. He took a degree in medicine at London University in 1845, and was appointed assistant surgeon in the Royal Navy. He was for four years attached to a scientific expedition to the South Seas in the *Rattlesnake*. On his return he was appointed lecturer in natural history at the School of Mines. In 1859 Darwin published his *Origin of Species*, and Huxley at once became an ardent defender of the doctrine of evolution. He wrote in his Autobiography: "I am afraid there is very little of the genuine naturalist in me . . . what I cared for was the architectural and engineering part of the business." It was as a general that he developed the campaign to give his generation an idea of the importance of science in human life, and particularly to make the theory of evolution a part of current thought. He filled many positions and received many honors. In 1876 he visited the United States to deliver the inaugural address at the opening of Johns Hopkins University. He died in 1895.

Huxley is the best representative in English literature of the importance of science and the scientific habit of mind as it affects style. As lecturer and essayist he was a missionary, fighting for a cause not yet won, and a brilliant controversialist. He touched on many aspects of the scientific revolution, the influence of scientific concepts on ethics, education, government, and religion. His essays are published in nine volumes (1893-94). Convenient selections are found in Everyman's Library, under the headings, *Man's Place in Nature* and *Lay Sermons*. His *Life and Letters*, by Leonard H. Huxley, appeared in 1900. There are criticisms in Leslie Stephen's *Studies of a Biographer*, and J. G. Schurman's *Agnosticism and Religion*.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

1889

And when I consider, in one view, the many things . . . which I have upon my hands, I feel the burlesque of being employed in this manner at my time of life. But, in another view, and taking in all circumstances, these things, as trifling as they may appear, no less than things of greater importance, seem to be put upon me to do.

BISHOP BUTLER to the DUCHESS OF SOMERSET

The "many things" to which the Duchess's correspondent here refers are the repairs and improvements of the episcopal seat at Auckland. I doubt if the great apologist, greater in nothing than in the simple dignity of his character, would have considered the writing an account of himself as a thing which could be put upon him to do whatever circumstances might be taken in. But the good bishop lived in an age when a man might write books and yet be permitted to keep his private existence to himself; in the pre-Boswellian epoch, when the germ of the photographer lay concealed in the distant future, and the interviewer who pervades our age was an unforeseen, indeed unimaginable, birth of time.

At present, the most convinced believer in the aphorism "*Bene qui latuit, bene vixit*," is not always able to act up to it. An im-

1 "He who has well concealed himself has well lived."

portunate person informs him that his portrait is about to be published and will be accompanied by a biography which the importunate person proposes to write. The sufferer knows what that means; either he undertakes to revise the "biography" or he does not. In the former case, he makes himself responsible; in the latter, he allows the publication of a mass of more or less fulsome inaccuracies for which he will be held responsible by those who are familiar with the prevalent art of self-advertisement. On the whole, it may be better to get over the "burlesque of being employed in this manner" and do the thing himself.

It was by reflections of this kind that, some years ago, I was led to write and permit the publication of the subjoined sketch.

I was born about eight o'clock in the morning on the 4th of May, 1825, at Ealing, which was, at that time, as quiet a little country village as could be found within half-a-dozen miles of Hyde Park Corner. Now it is a suburb of London with, I believe, 30,000 inhabitants. My father was one of the masters in a large semi-public school which at one time had a high reputation. I am not aware that any portents preceded my

arrival in this world, but, in my childhood, I remember hearing a traditional account of the manner in which I lost the chance of an endowment of great practical value. The windows of my mother's room were open, in consequence of the unusual warmth of the weather. For the same reason, probably, a neighboring beehive had swarmed, and the new colony, pitching on the window-sill, was making its way into the room when the horrified nurse shut down the sash. If that well-meaning woman had only abstained from her ill-timed interference, the swarm might have settled on my lips, and I should have been endowed with that mellifluous eloquence which, in this country, leads far more surely than worth, capacity, or honest work, to the highest places in Church and State. But the opportunity was lost, and I have been obliged to content myself through life with saying what I mean in the plainest of plain language, than which, I suppose, there is no habit more ruinous to a man's prospects of advancement.

Why I was christened Thomas Henry I do not know; but it is a curious chance that my parents should have fixed for my usual denomination upon the name of that particular Apostle with whom I have always felt most sympathy.¹ Physically and mentally I am the son of my mother so completely — even down to peculiar movements of the hands, which made their appearance in me as I reached the age she had when I noticed them — that I can hardly find any trace of my father in myself, except an inborn faculty for drawing, which unfortunately, in my case, has never been cultivated, a hot temper, and that amount of tenacity of purpose which unfriendly observers sometimes call obstinacy.

My mother was a slender brunette, of an emotional and energetic temperament, and possessed of the most piercing black eyes I ever saw in a woman's head. With no more education than other women of the middle classes in her day, she had an excellent mental capacity. Her most distinguishing characteristic, however, was rapidity of thought. If one ventured to suggest she had not taken much time to arrive at any conclusion, she would say, "I cannot help it, things flash across me." That peculiarity has been passed on to me in full strength; it has often stood me in good stead; it has sometimes played me sad tricks, and it has always been a danger. But, after all, if my time

were to come over again, there is nothing I would less willingly part with than my inheritance of mother wit.

I have next to nothing to say about my childhood. In later years my mother, looking at me almost reproachfully, would sometimes say, "Ah! you were such a pretty boy!" whence I had no difficulty in concluding that I had not fulfilled my early promise in the matter of looks. In fact, I have a distinct recollection of certain curls of which I was vain, and of a conviction that I closely resembled that handsome, courtly gentleman, Sir Herbert Oakley, who was vicar of our parish, and who was as a god to us country folk, because he was occasionally visited by the then Prince George of Cambridge. I remember turning my pinafore wrong side forwards in order to represent a surplice, and preaching to my mother's maids in the kitchen as nearly as possible in Sir Herbert's manner, one Sunday morning when the rest of the family were at church. That is the earliest indication I can call to mind of the strong clerical affinities which my friend Mr. Herbert Spencer has always ascribed to me, though I fancy they have for the most part remained in a latent state.

My regular school training was of the briefest, perhaps fortunately, for though my way of life has made me acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men, from the highest to the lowest, I deliberately affirm that the society I fell into at school was the worst I have ever known. We boys were average lads, with much the same inherent capacity for good and evil as any others; but the people who were set over us cared about as much for our intellectual and moral welfare as if they were baby-farmers. We were left to the operation of the struggle for existence among ourselves, and bullying was the least of the ill practices current among us. Almost the only cheerful reminiscence in connection with the place which arises in my mind is that of a battle I had with one of my classmates who had bullied me until I could stand it no longer. I was a very slight lad, but there was a wild-cat element in me which, when roused, made up for lack of weight, and I licked my adversary effectually. However, one of my first experiences of the extremely rough-and-ready nature of justice, as exhibited by the course of things in general, arose out of the fact that I — the victor — had a black eye, while he — the vanquished — had none, so that I got into dis-

¹ See John XX, 24-25.

grace and he did not. We made it up, and thereafter I was unmolested. One of the greatest shocks I ever received in my life was to be told a dozen years afterwards by the groom who brought me my horse in a stable-yard in Sydney that he was my quondam antagonist. He had a long story of family misfortune to account for his position, but at that time it was necessary to deal very cautiously with mysterious strangers in New South Wales, and on inquiry I found that the unfortunate young man had not only been "sent out,"¹ but had undergone more than one colonial conviction.

As I grew older, my great desire was to be a mechanical engineer, but the fates were against this and, while very young, I commenced the study of medicine under a medical brother-in-law. But, though the Institute of Mechanical Engineers would certainly not own me, I am not sure that I have not all along been a sort of mechanical engineer *in partibus infidelium*.² I am now occasionally horrified to think how very little I ever knew or cared about medicine as the art of healing. The only part of my professional course which really and deeply interested me was physiology, which is the mechanical engineering of living machines; and, notwithstanding that natural science has been my proper business, I am afraid there is very little of the genuine naturalist in me. I never collected anything, and species work was always a burden to me; what I cared for was the architectural and engineering part of the business, the working out of the wonderful unity of plan in the thousands and thousands of diverse living constructions, and the modifications of similar apparatuses to serve diverse ends. The extraordinary attraction I felt towards the study of the intricacies of living structure nearly proved fatal to me at the outset. I was a mere boy — I think between thirteen and fourteen years of age — when I was taken by some older student friends of mine to the first *post mortem* examination I ever attended. All my life I have been most unfortunately sensitive to the disagreeables which attend anatomical pursuits, but on this occasion my curiosity overpowered all other feelings, and I spent two or three hours in gratifying it. I did not cut myself, and none of the ordinary symptoms of dissection-poison supervened, but poisoned I was somehow, and I remember sinking into a strange state of apathy.

By way of a last chance, I was sent to the care of some good, kind people, friends of my father's, who lived in a farmhouse in the heart of Warwickshire. I remember staggering from my bed to the window on the bright spring morning after my arrival, and throwing open the casement. Life seemed to come back on the wings of the breeze, and to this day the faint odor of wood-smoke, like that which floated across the farm-yard in the early morning, is as good to me as the "sweet south upon a bed of violets." I soon recovered, but for years I suffered from occasional paroxysms of internal pain, and from that time my constant friend, hypochondriacal dyspepsia, commenced his half century of co-tenancy of my fleshly tabernacle.

Looking back on my *Lehrjahre*,¹ I am sorry to say that I do not think that any account of my doings as a student would tend to edification. In fact, I should distinctly warn ingenuous youth to avoid imitating my example. I worked extremely hard when it pleased me, and when it did not — which was a very frequent case — I was extremely idle (unless making caricatures of one's pastors and masters is to be called a branch of industry) — or else wasted my energies in wrong directions. I read everything I could lay hands upon, including novels, and took up all sorts of pursuits to drop them again quite as speedily. No doubt it was very largely my own fault, but the only instruction from which I ever obtained the proper effect of education was that which I received from Mr. Wharton Jones, who was the lecturer on physiology at the Charing Cross School of Medicine. The extent and precision of his knowledge impressed me greatly, and the severe exactness of his method of lecturing was quite to my taste. I do not know that I have ever felt so much respect for anybody as a teacher before or since. I worked hard to obtain his approbation, and he was extremely kind and helpful to the youngster who, I am afraid, took up more of his time than he had any right to do. It was he who suggested the publication of my first scientific paper — a very little one — in the *Medical Gazette* of 1845, and most kindly corrected the literary faults which abounded in it, short as it was; for at that time, and for many years afterwards, I detested the trouble of writing, and would take no pains over it.

It was in the early spring of 1846 that, having finished my obligatory medical

¹ exiled (under criminal sentence).

² in the land of the heathen.

¹ student-years.

studies and passed the first M.D. examination at the London University, — though I was still too young to qualify at the College of Surgeons, — I was talking to a fellow-student (the present eminent physician, Sir Joseph Fayrer), and wondering what I should do to meet the imperative necessity for earning my own bread, when my friend suggested that I should write to Sir William Burnett, at that time Director-General for the Medical Service of the Navy, for an appointment. I thought this rather a strong thing to do, as Sir William was personally unknown to me, but my cheery friend would not listen to my scruples, so I went to my lodgings and wrote the best letter I could devise. A few days afterwards I received the usual official circular acknowledgment, but at the bottom there was written an instruction to call at Somerset House on such a day. I thought that looked like business, so at the appointed time I called and sent in my card, while I waited in Sir William's ante-room. He was a tall, shrewd-looking old gentleman, with a broad Scotch accent — and I think I see him now as he entered with my card in his hand. The first thing he did was to return it, with the frugal reminder that I should probably find it useful on some other occasion. The second was to ask whether I was an Irishman. I suppose the air of modesty about my appeal must have struck him. I satisfied the Director-General that I was English to the backbone, and he made some inquiries as to my student career, finally desiring me to hold myself ready for examination. Having passed this, I was in Her Majesty's Service, and entered on the books of Nelson's old ship, the *Victory*, for duty at Haslar Hospital, about a couple of months after I made my application.

My official chief at Haslar was a very remarkable person, the late Sir John Richardson, an excellent naturalist, and far-famed as an indomitable Arctic traveller. He was a silent, reserved man, outside the circle of his family and intimates; and, having a full share of youthful vanity, I was extremely disgusted to find that "Old John," as we irreverent youngsters called him, took not the slightest notice of my worshipful self either the first time I attended him, as it was my duty to do, or for some weeks afterwards. I am afraid to think of the lengths to which my tongue may have run on the subject of the churlishness of the chief, who was, in truth, one of the kindest-hearted and most considerate of men. But one day, as I was

crossing the hospital square, Sir John stopped me, and heaped coals of fire on my head by telling me that he had tried to get me one of the resident appointments, much coveted by the assistant surgeons, but that the Admiralty had put in another man. "However," said he, "I mean to keep you here till I can get you something you will like," and turned upon his heel without waiting for the thanks I stammered out. That explained how it was I had not been packed off to the West Coast of Africa, like some of my juniors, and why, eventually, I remained altogether seven months at Haslar.

After a long interval, during which "Old John" ignored my existence almost as completely as before, he stopped me again as we met in a casual way, and, describing the service on which the *Rattlesnake* was likely to be employed, said that Captain Owen Stanley, who was to command the ship, had asked him to recommend an assistant surgeon who knew something of science; would I like that? Of course I jumped at the offer. "Very well, I give you leave; go to London at once and see Captain Stanley." I went, saw my future commander, who was very civil to me, and promised to ask that I should be appointed to his ship, as in due time I was. It is a singular thing that, during the few months of my stay at Haslar, I had among my messmates two future Directors-General of the Medical Service of the Navy (Sir Alexander Armstrong and Sir John Watt-Reid), with the present President of the College of Physicians and my kindest of doctors, Sir Andrew Clark.

Life on board Her Majesty's ship in those days was a very different affair from what it is now, and ours was exceptionally rough, as we were often many months without receiving letters or seeing any civilized people but ourselves. In exchange, we had the interest of being about the last voyagers, I suppose, to whom it could be possible to meet with people who knew nothing of fire-arms — as we did on the south coast of New Guinea — and of making acquaintance with a variety of interesting savage and semi-civilized people. But, apart from experience of this kind and the opportunities offered for scientific work, to me, personally, the cruise was extremely valuable. It was good for me to live under sharp discipline; to be down on the realities of existence by living on bare necessities; to find out how extremely well worth living life seemed to be when one woke up from a night's rest on a soft plank, with

the sky for canopy and cocoa and weevilly biscuit the sole prospect for breakfast; and, more especially, to learn to work for the sake of what I got for myself out of it, even if it all went to the bottom and I along with it. My brother officers were as good fellows as sailors ought to be and generally are, but, naturally, they neither knew nor cared anything about my pursuits, nor understood why I should be so zealous in pursuit of the objects which my friends, the middies, christened "Buffons," after the title conspicuous on a volume of the *Suites à Buffon*,¹ which stood on my shelf in the chart room.

During the four years of our absence, I sent home communication after communication to the "Linnean Society," with the same result as that obtained by Noah when he sent the raven out of his ark. Tired at last of hearing nothing about them, I determined to do or die, and in 1849 I drew up a more elaborate paper and forwarded it to the Royal Society. This was my dove, if I had only known it. But owing to the movements of the ship, I heard nothing of that either until my return to England in the latter end of the year 1850, when I found that it was printed and published, and that a huge packet of separate copies awaited me. When I hear some of my young friends complain of want of sympathy and encouragement, I am inclined to think that my naval life was not the least valuable part of my education.

Three years after my return were occupied by a battle between my scientific friends on the one hand and the Admiralty on the other, as to whether the latter ought, or ought not, to act up to the spirit of a pledge they had given to encourage officers who had done scientific work by contributing to the expense of publishing mine. At last the Admiralty, getting tired, I suppose, cut short the discussion by ordering me to join a ship, which thing I declined to do, and as Rastignac, in the *Père Goriot* says to Paris, I said to London, "*à nous deux.*"² I desired to obtain a Professorship of either Physiology or Comparative Anatomy, and as vacancies occurred I applied, but in vain. My friend, Professor Tyndall, and I were candidates at the same time, he for the Chair of Physics, and I for that of Natural History in the University of Toronto, which, fortunately, as it turned out, would not look at either of us. I say fortunately, not from any lack of respect for Toronto, but because I soon made

up my mind that London was the place for me, and hence I have steadily declined the inducements to leave it, which have at various times been offered. At last, in 1854, on the translation of my warm friend Edward Forbes, to Edinburgh, Sir Henry de la Beche, the Director-General of the Geological Survey, offered me the post Forbes vacated of Paleontologist and Lecturer on Natural History. I refused the former point blank, and accepted the latter only provisionally, telling Sir Henry that I did not care for fossils, and that I should give up Natural History as soon as I could get a physiological post. But I held the office for thirty-one years, and a large part of my work has been paleontological.

At that time I disliked public speaking, and had a firm conviction that I should break down every time I opened my mouth. I believe I had every fault a speaker could have (except talking at random or indulging in rhetoric), when I spoke to the first important audience I ever addressed, on a Friday evening at the Royal Institution, in 1852. Yet, I must confess to having been guilty, *malgré moi*,¹ of as much public speaking as most of my contemporaries, and for the last ten years it ceased to be so much of a bugbear to me. I used to pity myself for having to go through this training, but I am now more disposed to compassionate the unfortunate audiences, especially my ever friendly hearers at the Royal Institution, who were the subjects of my oratorical experiments.

The last thing that it would be proper for me to do would be to speak of the work of my life, or to say at the end of the day whether I think I have earned my wages or not. Men are said to be partial judges of themselves. Young men may be, I doubt if old men are. Life seems terribly foreshortened as they look back, and the mountain they set themselves to climb in youth turns out to be a mere spur of immeasurably higher ranges when, by failing breath, they reach the top. But if I may speak of the objects I have had more or less definitely in view since I began the ascent of my hillock, they are briefly these: To promote the increase of natural knowledge and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation

¹ Supplements to Buffon (the naturalist).

² "We have a score to settle."

¹ in spite of myself.

for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off.

It is with this intent that I have subordinated any reasonable, or unreasonable, ambition for scientific fame which I may have permitted myself to entertain to other ends; to the popularization of science; to the development and organization of scientific education; to the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution; and to untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism, which in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science.

In striving for the attainment of these objects, I have been but one among many, and I shall be well content to be remembered, or even not remembered, as such. Circumstances, among which I am proud to reckon the devoted kindness of many friends, have led to my occupation of various prominent positions, among which the Presidency of the Royal Society is the highest. It would be mock modesty on my part, with these and other scientific honors which have been bestowed upon me, to pretend that I have not succeeded in the career which I have followed, rather because I was driven into it than of my own free will; but I am afraid I should not count even these things as marks of success if I could not hope that I had somewhat helped that movement of opinion which has been called the New Reformation.

ON THE ADVISABLENESS OF IMPROVING NATURAL KNOWLEDGE

1866

A lay sermon, delivered at St. Martin's Hall, on Sunday, January 7, 1866. Published in *Lay Sermons*, 1871. Huxley's view of the importance of "Natural Knowledge" may be compared with Macaulay's in his *Essay on Bacon*.

This time two hundred years ago — in the beginning of January, 1666 — those of our forefathers who inhabited this great and ancient city, took breath between the shocks of two fearful calamities, one not quite past, although its fury had abated; the other to come.

Within a few yards of the very spot on which we are assembled, so the tradition runs, that painful and deadly malady, the

plague, appeared in the latter months of 1664; and, though no new visitor, smote the people of England, and especially of her capital, with a violence unknown before, in the course of the following year. The hand of a master has pictured what happened in those dismal months; and in that truest of fictions, *The History of the Plague Year*, Defoe shows death, with every accompaniment of pain and terror, stalking through the narrow streets of old London, and changing their busy hum into a silence broken only by the wailing of the mourners of fifty thousand dead; by the woeful denunciations and mad prayers of fanatics; and by the madder yells of despairing profligates.

But, about this time in 1666, the death rate had sunk to nearly its ordinary amount; a case of plague occurred only here and there, and the richer citizens who had flown from the pest had returned to their dwellings. The remnant of the people began to toil at the accustomed round of duty, or of pleasure; and the stream of city life bid fair to flow back along its old bed, with renewed and uninterrupted vigor.

The newly kindled hope was deceitful. The great plague, indeed, returned no more; but what it had done for the Londoners, the great fire, which broke out in the autumn of 1666, did for London; and, in September of that year, a heap of ashes and the indestructible energy of the people were all that remained of the glory of five sixths of the city within the walls.

Our forefathers had their own ways of accounting for each of these calamities. They submitted to the plague in humility and in penitence, for they believed it to be the judgment of God. But towards the fire they were furiously indignant, interpreting it as the effect of the malice of man — as the work of the Republicans, or of the Papists, according as their prepossessions ran in favor of loyalty or of Puritanism.

It would, I fancy, have fared but ill with one who, standing where I now stand, in what was then a thickly-peopled and fashionable part of London, should have broached to our ancestors the doctrine which I now propound to you — that all their hypotheses were alike wrong; that the plague was no more, in their sense, a Divine judgment, than the fire was the work of any political, or of any religious, sect; but that they were themselves the authors of both plague and fire, and that they must look to themselves

to prevent the recurrence of calamities, to all appearance so peculiarly beyond the reach of human control — so evidently the result of the wrath of God, or of the craft and subtlety of an enemy.

And one may picture to oneself how harmoniously the holy cursing of the Puritan of that day would have chimed in with the unholy cursing and the crackling wit of the Rochesters and Sedleys, and with the revilings of the political fanatics, if my imaginary plain dealer had gone on to say that, if the return of such misfortunes were ever rendered impossible, it would not be in virtue of the victory of the faith of Laud, or of that of Milton; and, as little, by the triumph of republicanism, as by that of monarchy. But that the one thing needful for compassing this end was, that the people of England should second the efforts of an insignificant corporation, the establishment of which, a few years before the epoch of the great plague and the great fire, had been as little noticed, as they were conspicuous.

Some twenty years before the outbreak of the plague a few calm and thoughtful students banded themselves together for the purpose, as they phrased it, of "improving natural knowledge." The ends they proposed to attain cannot be stated more clearly than in the words of one of the founders of the organization:

"Our business was (precluding matters of theology and state affairs) to discourse and consider of philosophical enquiries, and such as related thereunto: as Physick, Anatomy, Geometry, Astronomy, Navigation, Staticks, Magneticks, Chymicks, Mechanicks, and Natural Experiments; with the state of these studies and their cultivation at home and abroad. We then discoursed of the circulation of the blood, the valves in the veins, the venæ lacteæ, the lymphatic vessels, the Copernican hypothesis, the nature of comets and new stars, the satellites of Jupiter, the oval shape (as it then appeared) of Saturn, the spots on the sun and its turning on its own axis, the inequalities and selenography of the moon, the several phases of Venus and Mercury, the improvement of telescopes and grinding of glasses for that purpose, the weight of air, the possibility or impossibility of vacuities and nature's abhorrence thereof, the Torricellian¹ experiment

in quicksilver, the descent of heavy bodies and the degree of acceleration therein, with divers other things of like nature, some of which were then but new discoveries, and others not so generally known and embraced as now they are; with other things appertaining to what hath been called the New Philosophy, which from the times of Galileo at Florence, and Sir Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam) in England, hath been much cultivated in Italy, France, Germany, and other parts abroad, as well as with us in England."

The learned Dr. Wallis,¹ writing in 1696, narrates in these words, what happened half a century before, or about 1645. The associates met at Oxford, in the rooms of Dr. Wilkins, who was destined to become a bishop; and subsequently coming together in London, they attracted the notice of the king. And it is a strange evidence of the taste for knowledge which the most obviously worthless of the Stuarts shared with his father and grandfather, that Charles the Second was not content with saying witty things about his philosophers, but did wise things with regard to them. For he not only bestowed upon them such attention as he could spare from his poodles and his mistresses, but, being in his usual state of impetuosity, begged for them of the Duke of Ormond; and, that step being without effect, gave them Chelsea College, a charter, and a mace: crowning his favors in the best way they could be crowned, by burdening them no further with royal patronage or state interference.

Thus it was that the half-dozen young men, studious of the "New Philosophy," who met in one another's lodgings in Oxford or in London, in the middle of the seventeenth century, grew in numerical and in real strength, until, in its latter part, the "Royal Society for the Improvement of Natural Knowledge" had already become famous, and had acquired a claim upon the veneration of Englishmen, which it has ever since retained, as the principal focus of scientific activity in our islands, and the chief champion of the cause it was formed to support.

It was by the aid of the Royal Society that Newton published his *Principia*. If all the books in the world, except the *Philosophical Transactions*, were destroyed, it is safe to say that the foundations of physical science would remain unshaken, and that the vast intellectual progress of the last two centuries

¹ The experiment of Torricelli (1608-1647) in which he produced a vacuum by the contraction of mercury in a sealed tube.

¹ John Wallis (1616-1703), Professor of Mathematics at Oxford.

would be largely, though incompletely, recorded. Nor have any signs of halting or of decrepitude manifested themselves in our own times. As in Dr. Wallis's days, so in these, "our business is, precluding theology and state affairs, to discourse and consider of philosophical enquiries." But our "Mathematick" is one which Newton would have to go to school to learn; our "Statics, Mechanics, Magneticks, Chymicks, and Natural Experiments" constitute a mass of physical and chemical knowledge, a glimpse at which would compensate Galileo for the doings of a score of inquisitorial cardinals; our "Physick" and "Anatomy" have embraced such infinite varieties of being, have laid open such new worlds in time and space, have grappled, not unsuccessfully, with such complex problems, that the eyes of Vesalius and of Harvey might be dazzled by the sight of the tree that has grown out of their grain of mustard seed.

The fact is perhaps rather too much, than too little, forced upon one's notice, nowadays, that all this marvellous intellectual growth has a no less wonderful expression in practical life; and that, in this respect, if in no other, the movement symbolized by the progress of the Royal Society stands without a parallel in the history of mankind.

A series of volumes as bulky as the *Transactions* of the Royal Society might possibly be filled with the subtle speculations of the schoolmen; not improbably, the obtaining a mastery over the products of mediæval thought might necessitate an even greater expenditure of time and of energy than the acquirement of the "New Philosophy"; but though such work engrossed the best intellects of Europe for a longer time than has elapsed since the great fire, its effects were "writ in water," so far as our social state is concerned.

On the other hand, if the noble first President of the Royal Society could revisit the upper air and once more gladden his eyes with a sight of the familiar mace, he would find himself in the midst of a material civilization more different from that of his day, than that of the seventeenth, was from that of the first, century. And if Lord Brouncker's native sagacity had not deserted his ghost, he would need no long reflection to discover that all these ships, these railways, these telegraphs, these factories, these print-

ing presses, without which the whole fabric of modern English society would collapse into a mass of stagnant and starving pauperism — that all these pillars of our State are but the ripples and the bubbles upon the surface of that great spiritual stream, the springs of which, only, he and his fellows were privileged to see; and seeing, to recognize as that which it behoved them above all things to keep pure and undefiled.

It may not be too great a flight of imagination to conceive our noble *revenant*¹ not forgetful of the great troubles of his own day, and anxious to know how often London had been burned down since his time, and how often the plague had carried off its thousands. He would have to learn that, although London contains tenfold the inflammable matter that it did in 1666; though, not content with filling our rooms with woodwork and light draperies, we must needs lead inflammable and explosive gases into every corner of our streets and houses, we never allow even a street to burn down. And if he asked how this had come about, we should have to explain that the improvement of natural knowledge has furnished us with dozens of machines for throwing water upon fires, any one of which would have furnished the ingenious Mr. Hooke, the first "curator and experimenter" of the Royal Society, with ample materials for discourse before half a dozen meetings of that body; and that, to say truth, except for the progress of natural knowledge, we should not have been able to make even the tools by which these machines are constructed. And, further, it would be necessary to add, that although severe fires sometimes occur and inflict great damage, the loss is very generally compensated by societies, the operations of which have been rendered possible only by the progress of natural knowledge in the direction of mathematics, and the accumulation of wealth in virtue of other natural knowledge.

But the plague? My Lord Brouncker's observation would not, I fear, lead him to think that Englishmen of the nineteenth century are purer in life, or more fervent in religious faith, than the generation which could produce a Boyle, an Evelyn, and a Milton. He might find the mud of society at the bottom instead of at the top, but I fear that the sum total would be as deserving of swift judgment as at the time of the Restoration. And it would be our duty to explain

¹ William Viscount Brouncker, first president of the Royal Society.

¹ ghost.

once more, and this time not without shame, that we have no reason to believe that it is the improvement of our faith, nor that of our morals, which keeps the plague from our city; but, again, that it is the improvement of our natural knowledge.

We have learned that pestilences will only take up their abode among those who have prepared unswept and ungarnished residences for them. Their cities must have narrow, unwatered streets, foul with accumulated garbage. Their houses must be ill-drained, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated. Their subjects must be ill-washed, ill-fed, ill-clothed. The London of 1665 was such a city. The cities of the East, where plague has an enduring dwelling, are such cities. We, in later times, have learned somewhat of nature, and partly obey her. Because of this partial improvement of our natural knowledge and of that fractional obedience, we have no plague; because that knowledge is still very imperfect and that obedience yet incomplete, typhus is our companion and cholera our visitor; but it is not presumptuous to express the belief that, when our knowledge is more complete and our obedience the expression of our knowledge, London will count her centuries of freedom from typhus and cholera, as she now gratefully reckons her two hundred years of ignorance of that plague, which swooped upon her thrice in the first half of the seventeenth century.

Surely, there is nothing in these explanations which is not fully borne out by the facts? Surely, the principles involved in them are now admitted among the fixed beliefs of all thinking men? Surely, it is true that our countrymen are less subject to fire, famine, pestilence, and all the evils which result from a want of command over and due anticipation of the course of nature, than were the countrymen of Milton; and health, wealth, and well-being are more abundant with us than with them? But no less certainly is the difference due to the improvement of our knowledge of nature, and the extent to which that improved knowledge has been incorporated with the household words of men, and has supplied the springs of their daily actions.

Granting for a moment, then, the truth of that which the depreciators of natural knowledge are so fond of urging, that its improvement can only add to the resources of our material civilization; admitting it to be possible that the founders of the Royal Society themselves looked for no other reward than

this, I cannot confess that I was guilty of exaggeration when I hinted, that to him who had the gift of distinguishing between prominent events and important events, the origin of a combined effort on the part of mankind to improve natural knowledge might have loomed larger than the Plague and have outshone the glare of the Fire; as a something fraught with a wealth of beneficence to mankind, in comparison with which the damage done by those ghastly evils would shrink into insignificance.

It is very certain that for every victim slain by the plague, hundreds of mankind exist and find a fair share of happiness in the world by the aid of the spinning jenny. And the great fire, at its worst, could not have burned the supply of coal, the daily working of which, in the bowels of the earth, made possible by the steam pump, gives rise to an amount of wealth to which the millions lost in old London are but as an old song.

But spinning jenny and steam pump are, after all, but toys, possessing an accidental value; and natural knowledge creates multitudes of more subtle contrivances, the praises of which do not happen to be sung because they are not directly convertible into instruments for creating wealth. When I contemplate natural knowledge squandering such gifts among men, the only appropriate comparison I can find for her is, to liken her to such a peasant woman as one sees in the Alps, striding ever upward, heavily burdened, and with mind bent only on her home; but yet, without effort and without thought, knitting for her children. Now stockings are good and comfortable things, and the children will undoubtedly be much the better for them; but surely it would be short-sighted, to say the least of it, to depreciate this toiling mother as a mere stocking-machine—a mere provider of physical comforts?

However, there are blind leaders of the blind, and not a few of them, who take this view of natural knowledge, and can see nothing in the bountiful mother of humanity but a sort of comfort-grinding machine. According to them, the improvement of natural knowledge always has been, and always must be, synonymous with no more than the improvement of the material resources and the increase of the gratifications of men.

Natural knowledge is, in their eyes, no real mother of mankind, bringing them up

with kindness, and, if need be, with sternness, in the way they should go, and instructing them in all things needful for their welfare; but a sort of fairy god-mother, ready to furnish her pets with shoes of swiftness, swords of sharpness, and omnipotent Aladdin's lamps, so that they may have telegraphs to Saturn, and see the other side of the moon, and thank God they are better than their benighted ancestors.

If this talk were true, I, for one, should not greatly care to toil in the service of natural knowledge. I think I would just as soon be quietly chipping my own flint axe, after the manner of my forefathers a few thousand years back, as be troubled with the endless malady of thought which now infests us all, for such reward. But I venture to say that such views are contrary alike to reason and to fact. Those who discourse in such fashion seem to me to be so intent upon trying to see what is above nature, or what is behind her, that they are blind to what stares them in the face, in her.

I should not venture to speak thus strongly if my justification were not to be found in the simplest and most obvious facts — if it needed more than an appeal to the most notorious truths to justify my assertion, that the improvement of natural knowledge, whatever direction it has taken, and however low the aims of those who may have commenced it — has not only conferred practical benefits on men, but, in so doing, has effected a revolution in their conceptions of the universe and of themselves, and has profoundly altered their modes of thinking and their views of right and wrong. I say that natural knowledge, seeking to satisfy natural wants, has found the ideas which can alone still spiritual cravings. I say that natural knowledge, in desiring to ascertain the laws of comfort, has been driven to discover those of conduct, and to lay the foundations of a new morality.

Let us take these points separately; and, first, what great ideas has natural knowledge introduced into men's minds?

I cannot but think that the foundations of all natural knowledge were laid when the reason of man first came face to face with the facts of nature; when the savage first learned that the fingers of one hand are fewer than those of both; that it is shorter to cross a stream than to head it; that a stone stops where it is unless it be moved, and that it drops from the hand which lets it go; that

light and heat come and go with the sun; that sticks burn away in a fire; that plants and animals grow and die; that if he struck his fellow savage a blow he would make him angry, and perhaps get a blow in return; while if he offered him a fruit he would please him, and perhaps receive a fish in exchange. When men had acquired this much knowledge, the outlines, rude though they were, of mathematics, of physics, of chemistry, of biology, of moral, economical, and political science, were sketched. Nor did the germ of religion fail when science began to bud. Listen to words which, though new, are yet three thousand years old:

"... When in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart."¹

But if the half-savage Greek could share our feelings thus far, it is irrational to doubt that he went further, to find, as we do, that upon that brief gladness there follows a certain sorrow — the little light of awakened human intelligence shines so mere a spark amidst the abyss of the unknown and unknowable; seems so insufficient to do more than illuminate the imperfections that cannot be remedied, the aspirations that cannot be realized, of man's own nature. But in this sadness, this consciousness of the limitation of man, this sense of an open secret which he cannot penetrate, lies the essence of all religion; and the attempt to embody it in the forms furnished by the intellect is the origin of the higher theologies.

Thus it seems impossible to imagine but that the foundations of all knowledge — secular or sacred — were laid when intelligence dawned, though the superstructure remained for long ages so slight and feeble as to be compatible with the existence of almost any general view respecting the mode of governance of the universe. No doubt, from the first, there were certain phenomena which, to the rudest mind, presented a constancy of occurrence, and suggested that a fixed order ruled, among them at any rate. I doubt if the grossest of Fetish worshipers ever imagined that a stone must have a god within it to make it fall, or that a fruit had a god within it to make it taste sweet. With regard to such matters as these, it is hardly

¹ Need it be said that this is Tennyson's English for Homer's Greek? (Huxley's note.)

questionable that mankind from the first took strictly positive and scientific views.

But, with respect to all the less familiar occurrences which present themselves, uncultured man, no doubt, has always taken himself as the standard of comparison, as the centre and measure of the world; nor could he well avoid doing so. And finding that his apparently uncaused will has a powerful effect in giving rise to many occurrences, he naturally enough ascribed other and greater events to other and greater volitions, and came to look upon the world and all that therein is, as the product of the volitions of persons like himself, but stronger, and capable of being appeased or angered, as he himself might be soothed or irritated. Through such conceptions of the plan and working of the universe all mankind have passed, or are passing. And we may now consider what has been the effect of the improvement of natural knowledge on the views of men who have reached this stage, and who have begun to cultivate natural knowledge with no desire but that of "increasing God's honor and bettering man's estate."

For example: what could seem wiser, from a mere material point of view, more innocent from a theological one, to an ancient people, than that they should learn the exact succession of the seasons, as warnings for their husbandmen; or the position of the stars, as guides to their rude navigators? But what has grown out of this search for natural knowledge of so merely useful a character? You all know the reply. Astronomy—which of all sciences has filled men's minds with general ideas of a character most foreign to their daily experience, and has, more than any other, rendered it impossible for them to accept the beliefs of their fathers. Astronomy—which tells them that this so vast and seemingly solid earth is but an atom among atoms, whirling, no man knows whither, through illimitable space; which demonstrates that what we call the peaceful heaven above us, is but that space, filled by an infinitely subtle matter whose particles are seething and surging, like the waves of an angry sea; which opens up to us infinite regions where nothing is known, or ever seems to have been known, but matter and force, operating according to rigid rules; which leads us to contemplate phenomena the very nature of which demonstrates that they must have had a beginning, and that they must have an end, but the very nature of which also proves that the beginning was,

to our conceptions of time, infinitely remote, and that the end is as immeasurably distant.

But it is not alone those who pursue astronomy who ask for bread and receive ideas. What more harmless than the attempt to lift and distribute water by pumping it; what more absolutely and grossly utilitarian? But out of pumps grew the discussions about nature's abhorrence of a vacuum; and then it was discovered that nature does not abhor a vacuum, but that air has weight; and that notion paved the way for the doctrine that all matter has weight, and that the force which produces weight is co-extensive with the universe—in short, to the theory of universal gravitation and endless force. And learning how to handle gases led to the discovery of oxygen and to modern chemistry, and to the notion of the indestructibility of matter.

Again, what simpler, or more absolutely practical, than the attempt to keep the axle of a wheel from heating when the wheel turns round very fast? How useful for carters and gig drivers to know something about this; and how good were it, if any ingenious person would find out the cause of such phenomena, and thence educe a general remedy for them. Such an ingenious person was Count Rumford; and he and his successors have landed us in the theory of the persistence or indestructibility of force. And in the infinitely minute, as in the infinitely great, the seekers after natural knowledge of the kinds called physical and chemical, have everywhere found a definite order and succession of events which seem never to be infringed.

And how has it fared with "Physick" and Anatomy? Have the anatomist, the physiologist, or the physician, whose business it has been to devote themselves assiduously to that eminently practical and direct end, the alleviation of the sufferings of mankind—have they been able to confine their vision more absolutely to the strictly useful? I fear they are the worst offenders of all. For if the astronomer has set before us the infinite magnitude of space, and the practical eternity of the duration of the universe; if the physical and chemical philosophers have demonstrated the infinite minuteness of its constituent parts, and the practical eternity of matter and of force; and if both have alike proclaimed the universality of a definite and predicable order and succession of events, the workers in biology have not only accepted all these, but have added more

startling theses of their own. For, as the astronomers discover in the earth no centre of the universe, but an eccentric speck, so the naturalists find man to be no centre of the living world, but one amidst endless modifications of life; and as the astronomer observes the mark of practically endless time set upon the arrangements of the solar system, so the student of life finds the records of ancient forms of existence peopling the world for ages, which, in relation to human experience, are infinite.

Furthermore, the physiologist finds life to be as dependent for its manifestation on particular molecular arrangements as any physical or chemical phenomenon; and, wherever he extends his researches, fixed order and unchanging causation reveal themselves, as plainly as in the rest of nature.

Nor can I find that any other fate has awaited the germ of Religion. Arising, like all other kinds of knowledge, out of the action and interaction of man's mind, with that which is not man's mind, it has taken the intellectual coverings of Fetishism or Polytheism; of Theism or Atheism; of Superstition or Rationalism. With these, and their relative merits and demerits, I have nothing to do; but this it is needful for my purpose to say, that if the religion of the present differs from that of the past, it is because the theology of the present has become more scientific than that of the past; because it has not only renounced idols of wood and idols of stone, but begins to see the necessity of breaking in pieces the idols built up of books and traditions and finespun ecclesiastical cobwebs; and of cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions, by worship "for the most part of the silent sort" at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable.

Such are a few of the new conceptions implanted in our minds by the improvement of natural knowledge. Men have acquired the ideas of the practically infinite extent of the universe and of its practical eternity; they are familiar with the conception that our earth is but an infinitesimal fragment of that part of the universe which can be seen; and that, nevertheless, its duration is, as compared with our standards of time, infinite. They have further acquired the idea that man is but one of innumerable forms of life now existing on the globe, and that the present existences are but the last of an immeasurable series of predecessors. Furthermore, every step they have made in natural knowledge has tended to extend and rivet in

their minds the conception of a definite order of the universe — which is embodied in what are called, by an unhappy metaphor, the laws of nature — and to narrow the range and loosen the force of men's belief in spontaneity, or in changes other than such as arise out of that definite order itself.

Whether these ideas are well or ill founded is not the question. No one can deny that they exist, and have been the inevitable outgrowth of the improvement of natural knowledge. And if so, it cannot be doubted that they are changing the form of men's most cherished and most important convictions.

And as regards the second point — the extent to which the improvement of natural knowledge has remodelled and altered what may be termed the intellectual ethics of men — what are among the moral convictions most fondly held by barbarous and semi-barbarous people?

They are the convictions that authority is the soundest basis of belief; that merit attaches to a readiness to believe; that the doubting disposition is a bad one, and scepticism a sin; that when good authority has pronounced what is to be believed, and faith has accepted it, reason has no further duty. There are many excellent persons who yet hold by these principles, and it is not my present business, or intention, to discuss their views. All I wish to bring clearly before your minds is the unquestionable fact that the improvement of natural knowledge is affected by methods which directly give the lie to all these convictions, and assume the exact reverse of each to be true.

The improver of natural knowledge absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority, as such. For him, scepticism is the highest of duties; blind faith the one unpardonable sin. And it cannot be otherwise, for every great advance in natural knowledge has involved the absolute rejection of authority, the cherishing of the keenest scepticism, the annihilation of the spirit of blind faith; and the most ardent votary of science holds his firmest convictions, not because the men he most venerates hold them; not because their verity is testified by portents and wonders; but because his experience teaches him that whenever he chooses to bring these convictions into contact with their primary source, nature — whenever he thinks fit to test them by appealing to experiment and to observation — nature will confirm them. The man

of science has learned to believe in justification, not by faith, but by verification.

Thus, without for a moment pretending to despise the practical results of the improvement of natural knowledge, and its beneficial influence on material civilization, it must, I think, be admitted that the great ideas, some of which I have indicated, and the ethical spirit which I have endeavored to sketch, in the few moments which remained at my disposal, constitute the real and permanent significance of natural knowledge.

If these ideas be destined, as I believe they are, to be more and more firmly established as the world grows older; if that spirit be fated, as I believe it is, to extend itself into all departments of human thought, and to become co-extensive with the range of knowledge; if, as our race approaches its maturity, it discovers, as I believe it will, that there is but one kind of knowledge and but one method of acquiring it; then we, who are still children, may justly feel it our highest duty to recognize the advisableness of improving natural knowledge, and so to aid ourselves and our successors in our course towards the noble goal which lies before mankind.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION; AND WHERE TO FIND IT

1871

A lecture delivered at the South London Working Men's College, and published in *Lay Sermons*, 1871. The concluding portion of the lecture deals with conditions peculiar to England in Huxley's day.

The business which the South London Working Men's College has undertaken is a great work; indeed, I might say, that Education, with which that college proposes to grapple, is the greatest work of all those which lie ready to a man's hand just at present.

And, at length, this fact is becoming generally recognized. You cannot go anywhere without hearing a buzz of more or less confused and contradictory talk on this subject — nor can you fail to notice that, in one point at any rate, there is a very decided advance upon like discussions in former days. Nobody outside the agricultural interest now dares to say that education is a bad thing. If any representative of the once large and powerful party, which, in former days, proclaimed this opinion, still exists in a semi-fossil state, he keeps his thoughts to himself.

In fact, there is a chorus of voices, almost distressing in their harmony, raised in favor of the doctrine that education is the great panacea for human troubles, and that, if the country is not shortly to go to the dogs, everybody must be educated.

The politicians tell us, "you must educate the masses because they are going to be masters." The clergy join in the cry for education, for they affirm that the people are drifting away from church and chapel into the broadest infidelity. The manufacturers and the capitalists swell the chorus lustily. They declare that ignorance makes bad workmen; that England will soon be unable to turn out cotton goods, or steam engines, cheaper than other people; and then, Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory will be departed from us. And a few voices are lifted up in favor of the doctrine that the masses should be educated because they are men and women with unlimited capacities of being, doing, and suffering, and that it is as true now, as ever it was, that the people perish for lack of knowledge.

These members of the minority, with whom I confess I have a good deal of sympathy, are doubtful whether any of the other reasons urged in favor of the education of the people are of much value — whether, indeed, some of them are based upon either wise or noble grounds of action. They question if it be wise to tell people that you will do for them, out of fear of their power, what you have left undone, so long as your only motive was compassion for their weakness and their sorrows. And if ignorance of everything which it is needful a ruler should know is likely to do so much harm in the governing classes of the future, why is it, they ask reasonably enough, that such ignorance in the governing classes of the past has not been viewed with equal horror?

Compare the average artisan and the average country squire, and it may be doubted if you will find a pin to choose between the two in point of ignorance, class feeling, or prejudice. It is true that the ignorance is of a different sort — that the class feeling is of a different sort — and that the prejudice has a distinct savor of wrong-headedness in each case — but it is questionable if the one is either a bit better, or a bit worse, than the other. The old protectionist theory is the doctrine of trades unions as applied by the squires, and the modern trades unionism is the doctrine of the squires applied by the artisans. Why should we be

worse off under one *régime* than under the other?

Again, this sceptical minority asks the clergy to think whether it is really want of education which keeps the masses away from their ministrations — whether the most completely educated men are not as open to reproach on this score as the workmen; and whether, perchance, this may not indicate that it is not education which lies at the bottom of the matter?

Once more, these people, whom there is no pleasing, venture to doubt whether the glory, which rests upon being able to undersell all the rest of the world, is a very safe kind of glory — whether we may not purchase it too dear; especially if we allow education, which ought to be directed to the making of men, to be diverted into a process of manufacturing human tools, wonderfully adroit in the exercise of some technical industry, but good for nothing else.

And, finally, these people inquire whether it is the masses alone who need a reformed and improved education. They ask whether the richest of our public schools might not well be made to supply knowledge, as well as gentlemanly habits, a strong class feeling, and eminent proficiency in cricket. They seem to think that the noble foundations of our old universities are hardly fulfilling their functions in their present posture of half-clerical seminaries, half racecourses, where men are trained to win a senior wranglership, or a double-first, as horses are trained to win a cup, with as little reference to the needs of after-life in the case of the man as in that of the racer. And while as zealous for education as the rest, they affirm that if the education of the richer classes were such as to fit them to be the leaders and the governors of the poorer; and if the education of the poorer classes were such as to enable them to appreciate really wise guidance and good governance, the politicians need not fear mob-law, nor the clergy lament their want of flocks, nor the capitalists prognosticate the annihilation of the prosperity of the country.

Such is the diversity of opinion upon the why and the wherefore of education. And my hearers will be prepared to expect that the practical recommendations which are put forward are not less discordant. There is a loud cry for compulsory education. We English, in spite of constant experience to the contrary, preserve a touching faith in the efficacy of acts of parliament; and I believe we should have compulsory education in the

course of next session if there were the least probability that half a dozen leading statesmen of different parties would agree what that education should be.

Some hold that education without theology is worse than none. Others maintain, quite as strongly, that education with theology is in the same predicament. But this is certain, that those who hold the first opinion can by no means agree what theology should be taught; and that those who maintain the second are in a small minority.

At any rate "make people learn to read, write, and cipher," say a great many; and the advice is undoubtedly sensible as far as it goes. But, as has happened to me in former days, those who, in despair of getting anything better, advocate this measure, are met with the objection that it is very like making a child practise the use of a knife, fork, and spoon, without giving it a particle of meat. I really don't know what reply is to be made to such an objection.

But it would be unprofitable to spend more time in disentangling, or rather in showing up the knots in, the ravelled skeins of our neighbors. Much more to the purpose is it to ask if we possess any clue of our own which may guide us among these entanglements. And by way of a beginning, let us ask ourselves — What is education? Above all things, what is our ideal of a thoroughly liberal education? — of that education which, if we could begin life again, we would give ourselves — of that education which, if we could mold the fates to our own will, we would give our children? Well, I know not what may be your conceptions upon this matter, but I will tell you mine, and I hope I shall find that our views are not very discrepant.

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet, it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less,

of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated — without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win — and I should accept it as an image of human life.

Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority or of numbers upon the other side.

It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigor of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education which, if narrow, would be

thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.

And if to this solitary man entered a second Adam, or, better still, an Eve, a new and greater world, that of social and moral phenomena, would be revealed. Joys and woes, compared with which all others might seem but faint shadows, would spring from the new relations. Happiness and sorrow would take the place of the coarser monitors, pleasure and pain; but conduct would still be shaped by the observation of the natural consequences of actions; or, in other words, by the laws of the nature of man.

To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam. And then, long before we were susceptible of any other mode of instruction, Nature took us in hand, and every minute of waking life brought its educational influence, shaping our actions into rough accordance with Nature's laws, so that we might not be ended untimely by too gross disobedience. Nor should I speak of this process of education as past, for any one, be he as old as he may. For every man the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. And Nature is still continuing her patient education of us in that great university, the universe, of which we are all members — Nature having no Test-Acts.

Those who take honors in Nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the "Poll," who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as Nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed and passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of Nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience — incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

The object of what we commonly call education — that education in which man intervenes and which I shall distinguish as arti-

ficial education — is to make good these defects in Nature's methods; to prepare the child to receive Nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly, nor with wilful disobedience; and to understand the preliminary symptoms of her pleasure, without waiting for the box on the ear. In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education. And a liberal education is an artificial education, which has not only prepared a man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and to seize upon the rewards which Nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine; with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his ever-beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter. . . .

ON THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE

1868

A lecture delivered at Edinburgh, November 8, 1868, and printed in the *Fortnightly Review*, February, 1869, and in *Lay Sermons*, 1871. Huxley here defines the philosophy of science, and his own position as an agnostic, i.e., one who refuses to believe in anything that cannot be proved by scientific methods.

In order to make the title of this discourse generally intelligible, I have translated the term "Protoplasm," which is the scientific

name of the substance of which I am about to speak, by the words "the physical basis of life." I suppose that, to many, the idea that there is such a thing as a physical basis, or matter, of life may be novel — so widely spread is the conception of life as a something which works through matter, but is independent of it; and even those who are aware that matter and life are inseparably connected, may not be prepared for the conclusion plainly suggested by the phrase; "the physical basis or matter of life," that there is some one kind of matter which is common to all living beings, and that their endless diversities are bound together by a physical, as well as an ideal, unity. In fact, when first apprehended, such a doctrine as this appears almost shocking to common sense.

What, truly, can seem to be more obviously different from one another, in faculty, in form, and in substance, than the various kinds of living beings? What community of faculty can there be between the bright-colored lichen, which so nearly resembles a mere mineral incrustation of the bare rock on which it grows, and the painter, to whom it is instinct with beauty, or the botanist, whom it feeds with knowledge?

Again, think of the microscopic fungus — a mere infinitesimal ovoid particle, which finds space and duration enough to multiply into countless millions in the body of a living fly; and then of the wealth of foliage, the luxuriance of flower and fruit, which lies between this bald sketch of a plant and the giant pine of California, towering to the dimensions of a cathedral spire, or the Indian fig, which covers acres with its profound shadow, and endures while nations and empires come and go around its vast circumference. Or, turning to the other half of the world of life, picture to yourselves the great Finner whale, hugest of beasts that live, or have lived, disporting his eighty or ninety feet of bone, muscle and blubber, with easy roll, among waves in which the stoutest ship that ever left dockyard would flounder hopelessly; and contrast him with the invisible animalcules — mere gelatinous specks, multitudes of which could, in fact, dance upon the point of a needle with the same ease as the angels of the Schoolmen could, in imagination. With these images before your minds, you may well ask, what community of form, or structure, is there between the animalcule and the whale; or between the fungus and the fig-tree? And, *a fortiori*,² between all four?

¹ so much the more.

Finally, if we regard substance, or material composition, what hidden bond can connect the flower which a girl wears in her hair and the blood which courses through her youthful veins; or, what is there in common between the dense and resisting mass of the oak, or the strong fabric of the tortoise, and those broad disks of glassy jelly which may be seen pulsating through the waters of a calm sea, but which drain away to mere films in the hand which raises them out of their element?

Such objections as these must, I think, arise in the mind of every one who ponders, for the first time, upon the conception of a single physical basis of life underlying all the diversities of vital existence; but I propose to demonstrate to you that, notwithstanding these apparent difficulties, a threefold unity — namely, a unity of power or faculty, a unity of form, and a unity of substantial composition — does pervade the whole living world.

No very abstruse argumentation is needed, in the first place, to prove that the powers, or faculties, of all kinds of living matter, diverse as they may be in degree, are substantially similar in kind.

Goethe has condensed a survey of all powers of mankind into the well-known epigram:

*"Warum treibt sich das Volk so und schreit? Es
will sich ernähren,
Kinder zeugen, und die nähren so gut es vermag.
Weiter bringt es kein Mensch, stell' er sich
wie er auch will."*¹

In physiological language this means, that all the multifarious and complicated activities of man are comprehensible under three categories. Either they are immediately directed towards the maintenance and development of the body, or they effect transitory changes in the relative positions of parts of the body, or they tend towards the continuance of the species. Even those manifestations of intellect, of feeling, and of will, which we rightly name the higher faculties, are not excluded from this classification, inasmuch as to every one but the subject of them, they are known only as transitory changes in the relative positions of parts of the body. Speech, gesture, and every other

form of human action are, in the long run, resolvable into muscular contraction, and muscular contraction is but a transitory change in the relative positions of the parts of a muscle. But the scheme which is large enough to embrace the activities of the highest form of life, covers all those of the lower creatures. The lowest plant, or animalcule, feeds, grows, and reproduces its kind. In addition, all animals manifest those transitory changes of form which we class under irritability and contractility; and it is more than probable that when the vegetable world is thoroughly explored, we shall find all plants in possession of the same powers, at one time or other of their existence.

I am not now alluding to such phenomena, at once rare and conspicuous, as those exhibited by the leaflets of the sensitive plants, or the stamens of the barberry, but to much more widely spread, and at the same time, more subtle and hidden, manifestations of vegetable contractility. You are doubtless aware that the common nettle owes its stinging property to the innumerable stiff and needle-like, though exquisitely delicate, hairs which cover its surface. Each stinging-needle tapers from a broad base to a slender summit, which, though rounded at the end, is of such microscopic fineness that it readily penetrates, and breaks off in, the skin. The whole hair consists of a very delicate outer case of wood, closely applied to the inner surface of which is a layer of semifluid matter, full of innumerable granules of extreme minuteness. This semifluid lining is protoplasm, which thus constitutes a kind of bag, full of a limpid liquid, and roughly corresponding in form with the interior of the hair which it fills. When viewed with a sufficiently high magnifying power, the protoplasmic layer of the nettle hair is seen to be in a condition of unceasing activity. Local contractions of the whole thickness of its substance pass slowly and gradually from point to point, and give rise to the appearance of progressive waves, just as the bending of successive stalks of corn by a breeze produces the apparent billows of a cornfield.

But, in addition to these movements, and independently of them, the granules are driven, in relatively rapid streams, through channels in the protoplasm which seem to have a considerable amount of persistence. Most commonly, the currents in adjacent parts of the protoplasm take similar directions; and thus there is a general stream up

¹ "Why does the mass of people so push and shout? They wish to acquire a living, bring forth children, and nurture them as well as they can. . . . No man can go further, let him imagine what he will." (From the *Venetian Epigrams*.)

one side of the hair and down the other. But this does not prevent the existence of partial currents which take different routes; and sometimes trains of granules may be seen coursing swiftly in opposite directions within a twenty-thousandth of an inch of one another; while, occasionally, opposite streams come into direct collision, and, after a longer or shorter struggle, one predominates. The cause of these currents seems to lie in contractions of the protoplasm which bounds the channels in which they flow, but which are so minute that the best microscopes show only their effects, and not themselves.

The spectacle afforded by the wonderful energies prisoned within the compass of the microscopic hair of a plant, which we commonly regard as a merely passive organism, is not easily forgotten by one who has watched its display, continued hour after hour, without pause or sign of weakening. The possible complexity of many other organic forms, seemingly as simple as the protoplasm of the nettle, dawns upon one; and the comparison of such a protoplasm to a body with an internal circulation, which has been put forward by an eminent physiologist, loses much of its startling character. Currents similar to those of the hairs of the nettle have been observed in a great multitude of very different plants, and weighty authorities have suggested that they probably occur, in more or less perfection, in all young vegetable cells. If such be the case, the wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dulness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny Maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned, as with the roar of a great city.

Among the lower plants, it is the rule rather than the exception, that contractility should be still more openly manifested at some periods of their existence. The protoplasm of *Algæ* and *Fungi* becomes, under many circumstances, partially, or completely, freed from its woody case, and exhibits movements of its whole mass, or is propelled by the contractility of one or more hair-like prolongations of its body, which are called vibratile cilia. And, so far as the conditions of the manifestation of the phenomena of contractility have yet been studied, they are the same for the plant as for the animal. Heat and electric shocks influence both, and in the same way, though

it may be in different degrees. It is by no means my intention to suggest that there is no difference in faculty between the lowest plant and the highest, or between plants and animals. But the difference between the powers of the lowest plant, or animal, and those of the highest, is one of degree, not of kind, and depends, as Milne-Edwards long ago so well pointed out, upon the extent to which the principle of the division of labor is carried out in the living economy. In the lowest organism all parts are competent to perform all functions, and one and the same portion of protoplasm may successfully take on the function of feeding, moving, or reproducing apparatus. In the highest, on the contrary, a great number of parts combine to perform each function, each part doing its allotted share of the work with great accuracy and efficiency, but being useless for any other purpose.

On the other hand, notwithstanding all the fundamental resemblances which exist between the powers of the protoplasm in plants and in animals, they present a striking difference (to which I shall advert more at length presently), in the fact that plants can manufacture fresh protoplasm out of mineral compounds, whereas animals are obliged to procure it ready made, and hence, in the long run, depend upon plants. Upon what condition this difference in the powers of the two great divisions of the world of life depends, nothing is at present known.

With such qualifications as arise out of the last-mentioned fact, it may be truly said that the acts of all living things are fundamentally one. Is any such unity predicable of their forms? Let us seek in easily verified facts for a reply to this question. If a drop of blood be drawn by pricking one's finger, and viewed with proper precautions, and under a sufficiently high microscopic power, there will be seen, among the innumerable multitude of little, circular, discoidal bodies, or corpuscles, which float in it and give it its color, a comparatively small number of colorless corpuscles, of somewhat larger size and very irregular shape. If the drop of blood be kept at the temperature of the body, these colorless corpuscles will be seen to exhibit a marvellous activity, changing their forms with great rapidity, drawing in and thrusting out prolongations of their substance, and creeping about as if they were independent organisms.

The substance which is thus active is a mass of protoplasm, and its activity differs in

detail, rather than in principle, from that of the protoplasm of the nettle. Under sundry circumstances the corpuscle dies and becomes distended into a round mass, in the midst of which is seen a smaller spherical body, which existed, but was more or less hidden, in the living corpuscle, and is called its *nucleus*. Corpuscles of essentially similar structure are to be found in the skin, in the lining of the mouth, and scattered through the whole framework of the body. Nay, more; in the earliest condition of the human organism, in that state in which it has but just become distinguishable from the egg in which it arises, it is nothing but an aggregation of such corpuscles, and every organ of the body was, once, no more than such an aggregation.

Thus a nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body, in its earliest state, is a mere multiple of such units; and in its perfect condition, it is a multiple of such units, variously modified.

But does the formula which expresses the essential structural character of the highest animal cover all the rest, as the statement of its powers and faculties covered that of all others? Very nearly. Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm, and polyp, are all composed of structural units of the same character, namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus. There are sundry very low animals, each of which, structurally, is a mere colorless blood-corpuscle, leading an independent life. But, at the very bottom of the animal scale, even this simplicity becomes simplified, and all the phenomena of life are manifested by a particle of protoplasm without a nucleus. Nor are such organisms insignificant by reason of their want of complexity. It is a fair question whether the protoplasm of those simplest forms of life which people an immense extent of the bottom of the sea, would not outweigh that of all the higher living beings which inhabit the land put together. And in ancient times, no less than at the present day, such living beings as these have been the greatest of rock builders.

What has been said of the animal world is no less true of plants. Imbedded in the protoplasm at the broad, or attached, end of the nettle hair, there lies a spheroidal nucleus. Careful examination further proves that the whole substance of the nettle is made up of a repetition of such masses of nucleated protoplasm, each contained in a wooden case,

which is modified in form, sometimes into a woody fibre, sometimes into a duct or spiral vessel, sometimes into a pollen grain, or an ovule. Traced back to its earliest state, the nettle arises as the man does, in a particle of nucleated protoplasm. And in the lowest plants, as in the lowest animals, a single mass of such protoplasm may constitute the whole plant, or the protoplasm may exist without a nucleus.

Under these circumstances, it may well be asked, how is one mass of non-nucleated protoplasm to be distinguished from another? why call one "plant" and the other "animal"?

The only reply is that, so far as form is concerned, plants and animals are not separable, and that, in many cases, it is a mere matter of convention whether we call a given organism an animal or a plant. There is a living body called *Æthelium septicum*, which appears upon decaying vegetable substances, and, in one of its forms, is common upon the surfaces of tan-pits. In this condition it is, to all intents and purposes, a fungus, and formerly was always regarded as such; but the remarkable investigations of De Bary have shown that, in another condition, the *Æthelium* is an actively locomotive creature, and takes in solid matters, upon which, apparently, it feeds, thus exhibiting the most characteristic feature of animality. Is this a plant; or is it an animal? Is it both; or is it neither? Some decide in favor of the last supposition, and establish an intermediate kingdom, a sort of biological No Man's Land for all these questionable forms. But, as it is admittedly impossible to draw any distinct boundary line between this no man's land and the vegetable world on the one hand, or the animal, on the other, it appears to me that this proceeding merely doubles the difficulty which before was single.

Protoplasm, simple or nucleated, is the formal basis of all life. It is the clay of the potter: which, bake it and paint it as he will, remains clay, separated by artifice, and not by nature, from the commonest brick or sun-dried clod.

Thus it becomes clear that all living powers are cognate, and that all living forms are fundamentally of one character. The researches of the chemist have revealed a no less striking uniformity of material composition in living matter.

In perfect strictness, it is true that chemical investigation can tell us little or nothing,

directly, of the composition of living matter, inasmuch as such matter must needs die in the act of analysis — and upon this very obvious ground, objections, which I confess seem to me to be somewhat frivolous, have been raised to the drawing of any conclusions whatever respecting the composition of actually living matter, from that of the dead matter of life, which alone is accessible to us. But objectors of this class do not seem to reflect that it is also, in strictness, true that we know nothing about the composition of any body whatever, as it is. The statement that a crystal of calc-spar consists of carbonate of lime, is quite true, if we only mean that, by appropriate processes, it may be resolved into carbonic acid and quicklime. If you pass the same carbonic acid over the very quicklime thus obtained, you will obtain carbonate of lime again; but it will not be calc-spar, nor anything like it. Can it, therefore, be said that chemical analysis teaches nothing about the chemical composition of calc-spar? Such a statement would be absurd; but it is hardly more so than the talk one occasionally hears about the uselessness of applying the results of chemical analysis to the living bodies which have yielded them.

One fact, at any rate, is out of reach of such refinements, and that is, that all the forms of protoplasm which have yet been examined contain the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, in very complex union, and that they behave similarly towards several reagents. To this complex combination, the nature of which has never been determined with exactness, the name of Protein has been applied. And if we use this term with such caution as may properly arise out of our comparative ignorance of the things for which it stands, it may be truly said that all protoplasm is proteinaceous; or, as the white, or albumen, of an egg is one of the commonest examples of a nearly pure protein matter, we may say that all living matter is more or less albuminoid.

Perhaps it would not yet be safe to say that all forms of protoplasm are affected by the direct action of electric shocks; and yet the number of cases in which the contraction of protoplasm is shown to be affected by this agency increases every day.

Nor can it be affirmed with perfect confidence, that all forms of protoplasm are liable to undergo that peculiar coagulation at a temperature of 40°–50° centigrade,

which has been called "heat-stiffening," though Kühne's beautiful researches have proved this occurrence to take place in so many and such diverse living beings, that it is hardly rash to expect that the law holds good for all.

Enough has, perhaps, been said to prove the existence of a general uniformity in the character of the protoplasm, or physical basis, of life, in whatever group of living beings it may be studied. But it will be understood that this general uniformity by no means excludes any amount of special modifications of the fundamental substance. The mineral, carbonate of lime, assumes an immense diversity of characters, though no one doubts that, under all these Protean changes, it is one and the same thing.

And now, what is the ultimate fate, and what the origin, of the matter of life?

Is it, as some of the older naturalists supposed, diffused throughout the universe in molecules, which are indestructible and unchangeable in themselves, but, in endless transmigration, unite in innumerable permutations, into the diversified forms of life we know? Or, is the matter of life composed of ordinary matter, differing from it only in the manner in which its atoms are aggregated? Is it built up of ordinary matter, and again resolved into ordinary matter when its work is done?

Modern science does not hesitate a moment between these alternatives. Physiology writes over the portals of life —

*"Debemur morti nos nostraque,"*¹

with a profounder meaning than the Roman poet attached to that melancholy line. Under whatever disguise it takes refuge, whether fungus or oak, worm or man, the living protoplasm not only ultimately dies and is resolved into its mineral and lifeless constituents, but is always dying, and, strange as the paradox may sound, could not live unless it died.

In the wonderful story of the *Peau de Chagrin*,² the hero becomes possessed of a magical wild ass's skin, which yields him the means of gratifying all his wishes. But its surface represents the duration of the proprietor's life; and for every satisfied desire the skin shrinks in proportion to the intensity of fruition, until at length life, and the last

¹ "Ourselves and what we have to death are due." (Horace.)

² *The Wild Ass's Skin*, by Balzac.

handbreadth of the *peau de chagrin*, disappear with the gratification of a last wish.

Balzac's studies had led him over a wide range of thought and speculation, and his shadowing forth of physiological truth in this strange story may have been intentional. At any rate, the matter of life is a veritable *peau de chagrin*, and for every vital act it is somewhat the smaller. All work implies waste, and the work of life results, directly or indirectly, in the waste of protoplasm.

Every word uttered by a speaker costs him some physical loss; and, in the strictest sense, he burns that others may have light — so much eloquence, so much of his body resolved into carbonic acid, water, and urea. It is clear that this process of expenditure cannot go on for ever. But, happily, the protoplasmic *peau de chagrin* differs from Balzac's in its capacity of being repaired, and brought back to its full size, after every exertion.

For example, this present lecture, whatever its intellectual worth to you, has a certain physical value to me, which is, conceivably, expressible by the number of grains of protoplasm and other bodily substance wasted in maintaining my vital processes during its delivery. My *peau de chagrin* will be distinctly smaller at the end of the discourse than it was at the beginning. By and by, I shall probably have recourse to the substance commonly called mutton, for the purpose of stretching it back to its original size. Now this mutton was once the living protoplasm, more or less modified, of another animal — a sheep. As I shall eat it, it is the same matter altered, not only by death, but by exposure to sundry artificial operations in the process of cooking.

But these changes, whatever be their extent, have not rendered it incompetent to resume its old functions as matter of life. A singular inward laboratory, which I possess, will dissolve a certain portion of the modified protoplasm; the solution so formed will pass into my veins; and the subtle influences to which it will then be subjected will convert the dead protoplasm into living protoplasm, and transubstantiate sheep into man.

Nor is this all. If digestion were a thing to be trifled with, I might sup upon lobster, and the matter of life of the crustacean would undergo the same wonderful metamorphosis into humanity. And were I to return to my own place by sea, and undergo shipwreck, the crustacean might, and probably would, re-

turn the compliment, and demonstrate our common nature by turning my protoplasm into living lobster. Or, if nothing better were to be had, I might supply my wants with mere bread, and I should find the protoplasm of the wheat-plant to be convertible into man, with no more trouble than that of the sheep, and with far less, I fancy, than that of the lobster.

Hence it appears to be a matter of no great moment what animal, or what plant, I lay under contribution for protoplasm, and the fact speaks volumes for the general identity of that substance in all living beings. I share this catholicity of assimilation with other animals, all of which, so far as we know, could thrive equally well on the protoplasm of any of their fellows, or of any plant; but here the assimilative powers of the animal world cease. A solution of smelling-salts in water, with an infinitesimal proportion of some other saline matters, contains all the elementary bodies which enter into the composition of protoplasm; but, as I need hardly say, a hogshead of that fluid would not keep a hungry man from starving, nor would it save any animal whatever from a like fate. An animal cannot make protoplasm, but must take it ready-made from some other animal, or some plant — the animal's highest feat of constructive chemistry being to convert dead protoplasm into that living matter of life which is appropriate to itself.

Therefore, in seeking for the origin of protoplasm, we must eventually turn to the vegetable world. A fluid containing carbonic acid, water, and nitrogenous salts, which offers such a Barmecide feast¹ to the animal, is a table richly spread to multitudes of plants; and, with a due supply of only such materials, many a plant will not only maintain itself in vigor, but grow and multiply until it has increased a million-fold, or a million million-fold, the quantity of protoplasm which it originally possessed; in this way building up the matter of life, to an indefinite extent, from the common matter of the universe.

Thus, the animal can only raise the complex substance of dead protoplasm to the higher power, as one may say, of living protoplasm; while the plant can raise the less complex substances — carbonic acid, water, and nitrogenous salts — to the same stage of living protoplasm, if not to the same level. But the plant also has its limitations. Some

¹ A mock feast, of empty dishes (from the story of the Barmecide family in the *Arabian Nights*).

of the fungi, for example, appear to need higher compounds to start with; and no known plant can live upon the uncompounded elements of protoplasm. A plant supplied with pure carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, and the like, would as infallibly die as the animal in his bath of smelling-salts, though it would be surrounded by all the constituents of protoplasm. Nor, indeed, need the process of simplification of vegetable food be carried so far as this, in order to arrive at the limit of the plant's thaumaturgy. Let water, carbonic acid, and all the other needful constituents be supplied except nitrogenous salts, and an ordinary plant will still be unable to manufacture protoplasm.

Thus the matter of life, so far as we know it (and we have no right to speculate on any other), breaks up, in consequence of that continual death which is the condition of its manifesting vitality, into carbonic acid, water, and nitrogenous compounds, which certainly possess no properties but those of ordinary matter. And out of these same forms of ordinary matter, and from none which are simpler, the vegetable world builds up all the protoplasm which keeps the animal world a-going. Plants are the accumulators of the power which animals distribute and disperse.

But it will be observed that the existence of the matter of life depends on the pre-existence of certain compounds; namely, carbonic acid, water, and certain nitrogenous bodies. Withdraw any one of these three from the world, and all vital phenomena come to an end. They are as necessary to the protoplasm of the plant, as the protoplasm of the plant is to that of the animal. Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen are all lifeless bodies. Of these, carbon and oxygen unite in certain proportions and under certain conditions, to give rise to carbonic acid; hydrogen and oxygen produce water; nitrogen and other elements give rise to nitrogenous salts. These new compounds, like the elementary bodies of which they are composed, are lifeless. But when they are brought together, under certain conditions, they give rise to the still more complex body, protoplasm, and this protoplasm exhibits the phenomena of life.

I see no break in this series of steps in molecular complication, and I am unable to understand why the language which is applicable to any one term of the series may not be used to any of the others. We think

fit to call different kinds of matter carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and to speak of the various powers and activities of these substances as the properties of the matter of which they are composed.

When hydrogen and oxygen are mixed in a certain proportion, and an electric spark is passed through them, they disappear, and a quantity of water, equal in weight to the sum of their weights, appears in their place. There is not the slightest parity between the passive and active powers of the water and those of the oxygen and hydrogen which have given rise to it. At 32° Fahrenheit, and far below that temperature, oxygen and hydrogen are elastic gaseous bodies, whose particles tend to rush away from one another with great force. Water, at the same temperature, is a strong though brittle solid whose particles tend to cohere into definite geometrical shapes, and sometimes build up frosty imitations of the most complex forms of vegetable foliage.

Nevertheless we call these, and many other strange phenomena, the properties of the water, and we do not hesitate to believe that, in some way or another, they result from the properties of the component elements of the water. We do not assume that a something called "aquosity" entered into and took possession of the oxidated hydrogen as soon as it was formed, and then guided the aqueous particles to their places in the facets of the crystal, or amongst the leaflets of the hoar-frost. On the contrary, we live in the hope and in the faith that, by the advance of molecular physics, we shall by and by be able to see our way as clearly from the constituents of water to the properties of water, as we are now able to deduce the operations of a watch from the form of its parts and the manner in which they are put together.

Is the case in any way changed when carbonic acid, water, and nitrogenous salts disappear, and in their place, under the influence of pre-existing living protoplasm, an equivalent weight of the matter of life makes its appearance?

It is true that there is no sort of parity between the properties of the components and the properties of the resultant, but neither was there in the case of the water. It is also true that what I have spoken of as the influence of pre-existing living matter is something quite unintelligible; but does anybody quite comprehend the *modus operandi* of an electric spark, which traverses a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen?

What justification is there, then, for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative, or correlative, in the not living matter which gave rise to it? What better philosophical status has "vitality" than "aquosity"? And why should "vitality" hope for a better fate than the other "itys" which have disappeared since Martinus Scriblerus¹ accounted for the operation of the meat-jack by its inherent "meat-roasting quality," and scorned the "materialism" of those who explained the turning of the spit by a certain mechanism worked by the draught of the chimney?

If scientific language is to possess a definite and constant signification whenever it is employed, it seems to me that we are logically bound to apply to the protoplasm, or physical basis of life, the same conceptions as those which are held to be legitimate elsewhere. If the phenomena exhibited by water are its properties, so are those presented by protoplasm, living or dead, its properties.

If the properties of water may be properly said to result from the nature and disposition of its component molecules, I can find no intelligible ground for refusing to say that the properties of protoplasm result from the nature and disposition of its molecules.

But I bid you beware that, in accepting these conclusions, you are placing your feet on the first rung of a ladder which, in most people's estimation, is the reverse of Jacob's, and leads to the antipodes of heaven. It may seem a small thing to admit that the dull vital actions of a fungus, or a foraminifer, are the properties of their protoplasm, and are the direct results of the nature of the matter of which they are composed. But if, as I have endeavored to prove to you, their protoplasm is essentially identical with, and most readily converted into, that of any animal, I can discover no logical halting-place between the admission that such is the case, and the further concession that all vital action may, with equal propriety, be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it. And if so, it must be true, in the same sense and to the same extent, that the thoughts to which I am now giving utterance, and your thoughts regarding them, are the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena.

Past experience leads me to be tolerably certain that, when the propositions I have just placed before you are accessible to public comment and criticism, they will be condemned by many zealous persons, and perhaps by some few of the wise and thoughtful. I should not wonder if "gross and brute materialism" were the mildest phrase applied to them in certain quarters. And, most undoubtedly, the terms of the propositions are distinctly materialistic. Nevertheless two things are certain: the one, that I hold the statements to be substantially true; the other, that I, individually, am no materialist, but, on the contrary, believe materialism to involve grave philosophical error. . . .

What is the difference between the conception of life as the product of a certain disposition of material molecules, and the old notion of an Archæus² governing and directing blind matter within each living body, except this — that here, as elsewhere, matter and law have devoured spirit and spontaneity? And as surely as every future grows out of past and present, so will the physiology of the future gradually extend the realm of matter and law until it is co-extensive with knowledge, with feeling, and with action. The consciousness of this great truth weighs like a nightmare, I believe, upon many of the best minds of these days. They watch what they conceive to be the progress of materialism, in such fear and powerless anger as a savage feels, when, during an eclipse, the great shadow creeps over the face of the sun. The advancing tide of matter threatens to drown their souls; the tightening grasp of law impedes their freedom; they are alarmed lest man's moral nature be debased by the increase of his wisdom.

If the "New Philosophy" be worthy of the reprobation with which it is visited, I confess their fears seem to me to be well founded. While, on the contrary, could David Hume² be consulted, I think he would smile at their perplexities, and chide them for doing even as the heathen, and falling down in terror before the hideous idols their own hands have raised.

For, after all, what do we know of this terrible "matter," except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness? And what do we know of that "spirit" over whose threatened

¹ A character invented by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, whose alleged *Memoirs* (published 1741) included various satiric attacks on the abuses of learning.

² The vital principle of animal and vegetable creatures, according to the school of Paracelsus.

² Hume was regarded by Huxley as the founder of the new skeptical philosophy, which refused belief in what could not be proved.

extinction by matter a great lamentation is arising, like that which was heard at the death of Pan, except that it is also a name for an unknown and hypothetical cause, or condition, of states of consciousness? In other words, matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena.

And what is the dire necessity and "iron" law under which men groan? Truly, most gratuitously invented bugbears. I suppose if there be an "iron" law, it is that of gravitation; and if there be a physical necessity, it is that a stone, unsupported, must fall to the ground. But what is all we really know, and can know, about the latter phenomenon? Simply, that in all human experience stones have fallen to the ground under these conditions; that we have not the smallest reason for believing that any stone so circumstanced will not fall to the ground; and that we have, on the contrary, every reason to believe that it will so fall. It is very convenient to indicate that all the conditions of belief have been fulfilled in this case, by calling the statement that unsupported stones will fall to the ground, "a law of nature." But when, as commonly happens, we change *will* into *must*, we introduce an idea of necessity which most assuredly does not lie in the observed facts, and has no warranty that I can discover elsewhere. For my part, I utterly repudiate and anathematize the intruder. Fact I know; and Law I know; but what is this Necessity, save an empty shadow of my own mind's throwing?

But, if it is certain that we can have no knowledge of the nature of either matter or spirit, and that the notion of necessity is something illegitimately thrust into the perfectly legitimate conception of law, the materialistic position that there is nothing in the world but matter, force, and necessity, is as utterly devoid of justification as the most baseless of theological dogmas. The fundamental doctrines of materialism, like those of spiritualism, and most other "isms," lie outside "the units of philosophical inquiry," and David Hume's great service to humanity is his irrefragable demonstration of what these limits are. Hume called himself a "sceptic," and therefore others cannot be blamed if they apply the same title to him; but that does not alter the fact that the name, with its existing implications, does him gross injustice.

If a man asks me what the politics of the inhabitants of the moon are, and I reply that I do not know, that neither I nor any one

else, have any means of knowing; and that, under these circumstances, I decline to trouble myself about the subject at all, I do not think he has any right to call me a sceptic. On the contrary, in replying thus, I conceive that I am simply honest and truthful, and show a proper regard for the economy of time. So Hume's strong and subtle intellect takes up a great many problems about which we are naturally curious, and shows us that they are essentially questions of lunar politics, in their essence incapable of being answered, and therefore not worth the attention of men who have work to do in the world. And he thus ends one of his essays:

"If we take in hand any volume of Divinity, or school metaphysics, for instance, let us ask, *Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number?* No. *Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence?* No. Commit it then to the flames; for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion."¹

Permit me to enforce this most wise advice. Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing, and can know nothing? We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it. To do this effectually it is necessary to be fully possessed of only two beliefs: the first, that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events.

Each of these beliefs can be verified experimentally, as often as we like to try. Each, therefore, stands upon the strongest foundation upon which any belief can rest, and forms one of our highest truths. If we find that the ascertainment of the order of nature is facilitated by using one terminology, or one set of symbols, rather than another, it is our clear duty to use the former; and no harm can accrue, so long as we bear in mind that we are dealing merely with terms and symbols. In itself it is of little moment whether we express the phenomena of matter in terms of spirit, or the phenomena of spirit in terms of matter: matter may be regarded as a form of thought, thought may be regarded as a property of

¹ Hume's Essay "Of the Academical or Sceptical Philosophy," in the *Inquiry Concerning the Human Understanding*.

matter — each statement has a certain relative truth. But with a view to the progress of science, the materialistic terminology is in every way to be preferred. For it connects thought with the other phenomena of the universe, and suggests inquiry into the nature of those physical conditions, or concomitants of thought, which are more or less accessible to us, and a knowledge of which may, in future, help us to exercise the same kind of control over the world of thought as we already possess in respect of the material world; whereas the alternative, or spiritualistic, terminology is utterly barren, and leads to nothing but obscurity and confusion of ideas.

Thus there can be little doubt that, the

further science advances, the more extensively and consistently will all the phenomena of nature be represented by materialistic formulæ and symbols. But the man of science, who, forgetting the limits of philosophical inquiry, slides from these formulæ and symbols into what is commonly understood by materialism, seems to me to place himself on a level with the mathematician who should mistake the x 's and y 's with which he works his problems, for real entities — and with this further disadvantage, as compared with the mathematician, that the blunders of the latter are of no practical consequence, while the errors of systematic materialism may paralyze the energies and destroy the beauty of a life.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819-1861)

Arthur Hugh Clough was one of the pupils of Thomas Arnold at Rugby, and the friend of Matthew Arnold. He was born in 1819. After his school days at Rugby he went to Oxford in 1837, then in the full tide of the Oxford Movement led by John Henry Newman. As in the case of other young men, to Clough the revival of the medieval religious spirit caused in the end a reaction to rationalism. He left Oxford in 1848, and after visiting America, he became an Examiner in the Education Office. He died in 1861. Clough is one of the more significant minor figures in English poetry, because his poems, like those of Matthew Arnold, express the doubt and uncertainty caused by the challenge to supernatural faith made by natural science. Clough's characteristic mood, however, is not one of discouragement and pessimism, rather one of courage and joy in achievement. His verse is simple and sparing of ornament, but it has the strength of sincerity. It frequently anticipates the realism of a later day.

Clough's poems are published in one volume by Macmillan. His poems and prose remains have been edited by his wife, with a memoir, in two volumes (Macmillan).

SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main,

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

1849.

From DIPSYCHUS

Dipsychus, published after Clough's death, is a poetic play, laid in Venice. As may be gathered from the following lines, spoken by the Spirit in a dialogue with Dipsychus, it is filled with humor. In the epilogue to the play, Clough remarks, half-seriously, that his purpose was to represent "the conflict between the tender conscience and the world."

This world is very odd we see,
We do not comprehend it;
But in one fact we all agree,
God won't, and we can't, mend it.

Being common sense, it can't be sin
To take it as I find it;
The pleasure to take pleasure in;
The pain, try not to mind it.

These juicy meats, this flashing wine,
May be an unreal mere appearance;
Only — for my inside, in fine,
They have a singular coherence.

Oh, yes, my pensive youth, abstain;
 And any empty sick sensation,
 Remember, anything like pain
 Is only your imagination. 15

Trust me, I've read your German sage
 To far more purpose e'er than you did;
 You find it in his wisest page,
 Whom God deludes is well deluded.¹ 20
 1849.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS²

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day
 Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze, 5
 And all the darkling hours they plied,
 Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so — but why the tale reveal
 Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
 Brief absence joined anew to feel, 11
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
 And onward each rejoicing steered —
 Ah, neither blame, for neither willed, 15
 Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
 Through winds and tides one compass
 guides —

To that, and your own selves, be true. 20

But O blithe breeze; and O great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought, 25
 One purpose hold where'er they fare, —
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
 At last, at last, unite them there!

Pub. 1849.

THE LATEST DECALOGUE

Thou shalt have one God only; who
 Would be at the expense of two?
 No graven images may be
 Worshipped, except the currency:

¹ "Wen Gott betrügt, ist wohl betrogen." Clough used this line as the title of one of his early poems.

² The course lies as the wind blows.

Swear not at all; for, for thy curse 5
 Thine enemy is none the worse:
 At church on Sunday to attend
 Will serve to keep the world thy friend:
 Honor thy parents: that is, all
 From whom advancement may befall; 10
 Thou shalt not kill; but need'st not strive
 Officiously to keep alive:
 Do not adultery commit;
 Advantage rarely comes of it:
 Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat, 15
 When it's so lucrative to cheat:
 Bear not false witness; let the lie
 Have time on its own wings to fly:
 Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
 Approves all forms of competition. 20
 Pub. 1862.

HOPE EVERMORE AND BELIEVE

Hope evermore and believe, O man, for e'en
 as thy thought
 So are the things that thou see'st; e'en as
 thy hope and belief.

Cowardly art thou and timid? they rise to
 provoke thee against them;
 Hast thou courage? enough, see them
 exulting to yield.

Yea, the rough rock, the dull earth, the wild
 sea's fuming waters 5
 (Violent say'st thou and hard, mighty thou
 think'st to destroy),

All with ineffable longing are waiting their
 Invader,

All, with one varying voice, call to him,
 Come and subdue;

Still for their Conqueror call, and but for the
 joy of being conquered

(Rapture they will not forego), dare to
 resist and rebel; 10

Still, when resisting and raging, in soft under-
 voice say unto him,

Fear not, retire not, O man; hope evermore
 and believe.

Go from the east to the west, as the sun and
 the stars direct thee,

Go with the girdle of man, go and encom-
 pass the earth.

Not for the gain of the gold; for the getting,
 the hoarding, the having, 15

But for the joy of the deed; but for the
 Duty to do.

Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition
 and action,

With the great girdle of God, go and en-
 compass the earth.

Go; say not in thy heart, And what then
were it accomplished,
Were the wild impulse allayed, what were
the use or the good! 20

Go, when the instinct is stilled, and when the
deed is accomplished,

What thou hast done and shalt do, shall be
declared to thee then.

Go with the sun and the stars; and yet ever-
more in thy spirit

Say to thyself: It is good: yet is there
better than it.

This that I see is not all, and this that I do is
but little; 25

Nevertheless it is good, though there is
better than it.

Pub. 1862.

QUI LABORAT, ORAT¹

O only Source of all our light and life,
Whom as our truth, our strength, we see
and feel,

But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
Alone aright reveal!

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,
Thy presence owns ineffable, divine; 6
Chastised each rebel self-encentered thought,
My will adareth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly
mind

Speechless remain, or speechless e'en de-
part; 10

Nor seek to see — for what of earthly kind
Can see Thee as Thou art? —

If well-assured 'tis but profanely bold
In thought's abstractest forms to seem to
see,

It dare not dare the dread communion hold 15
In ways unworthy Thee,

O not unowned, thou shalt unnamed forgive,
In worldly walks the prayerless heart pre-
pare;

And if in work its life it seem to live,
Shalt make that work be prayer. 20

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it
plies,

Unsummoned powers the blinding film
shall part,

And scarce by happy tears made dim, the
eyes

In recognition start.

¹ He who works, prays.

But, as thou willest, give or e'en forbear 25
The beatific supersensual sight,
So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler
prayer

Approach Thee morn and night.

Pub. 1862.

ITE DOMUM SATURÆ, VENIT HESPERUS¹

The skies have sunk, and hid the upper snow
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie),²

The rainy clouds are filing fast below,
And wet will be the path, and wet shall we.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie. 5

Ah dear, and where is he, a year ago,
Who stepped beside and cheered us on and
on?

My sweetheart wanders far away from me,
In foreign land or on a foreign sea.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie. 10

The lightning zigzags shoot across the sky
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie),

And through the vale the rains go sweeping
by;

Ah me, and when in shelter shall we be?
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie. 15

Cold, dreary cold, the stormy winds feel they
O'er foreign lands and foreign seas that stray
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie).

And doth he e'er, I wonder, bring to mind
The pleasant huts and herds he left be-
hind? 20

And doth he sometimes in his slumbering see
The feeding kine, and doth he think of me,
My sweetheart wandering wheresoe'er it be?
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie.

The thunder bellows far from snow to
snow 25

(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie),

And loud and louder roars the flood below.
Heigho! but soon in shelter shall we be:
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie,

¹ Go home, well fed; evening is here.

² The names of the cows that the girl is driving home.

Or shall he find before his term be sped, 30
Some comelier maid that he shall wish to
wed?

(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie.)

For weary is work, and weary day by day
To have your comfort miles on miles away.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie. 35

Or may it be that I shall find my mate,
And he returning see himself too late?
For work we must, and what we see, we see,
And God he knows, and what must be, must
be

When sweethearts wander far away from
me. 40

Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie.

The sky behind is brightening up anew
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and
La Palie),

The rain is ending, and our journey too:
Heigho! aha! for here at home are we: — 45
In, Rose, and in, Provence and La Palie.

Pub. 1862.

LIFE IS STRUGGLE

To wear out heart, and nerves, and brain,
And give oneself a world of pain;
Be eager, angry, fierce, and hot,
Imperious, supple — God knows what, 5
For what's all one to have or not;
O false, unwise, absurd, and vain!
For 'tis not joy, it is not gain,
It is not in itself a bliss,
Only it is precisely this
That keeps us all alive. 10

To say we truly feel the pain,
And quite are sinking with the strain; —
Entirely, simply, undeceived,
Believe, and say we ne'er believed
The object, e'en were it achieved, 15
A thing we e'er had cared to keep;
With heart and soul to hold it cheap,

And then to go and try it again;
O false, unwise, absurd, and vain!
O, 'tis not joy, and 'tis not bliss, 20
Only it is precisely this
That keeps us still alive.

Pub. 1869.

IN A LONDON SQUARE

Put forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,
East wind and frost are safely gone;
With zephyr mild and balmy rain
The summer comes serenely on; 5
Earth, air, and sun and skies combine
To promise all that's kind and fair: —
But thou, O human heart of mine,
Be still, contain thyself, and bear.

December days were brief and chill,
The winds of March were wild and drear,
And, nearing and receding still, 11
Spring never would, we thought, be here.
The leaves that burst, the suns that shine,
Had, not the less, their certain date: —
And thou, O human heart of mine, 15
Be still, refrain thyself, and wait.

Pub. 1869.

ALL IS WELL

Whate'er you dream with doubt possessed,
Keep, keep it snug within your breast,
And lay you down and take your rest;
Forget in sleep the doubt and pain, 5
And when you wake, to work again.
The wind it blows, the vessel goes,
And where and whither, no one knows.

'Twill all be well: no need of care;
Though how it will, and when, and where,
We cannot see, and can't declare. 10
In spite of dreams, in spite of thought,
'Tis not in vain, and not for nought,
The wind it blows, the ship it goes,
Though where and whither, no one knows.
1869.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1806-1861)

Elizabeth Barrett Browning's name is regularly linked with her husband's, but in her own right she richly deserves the place generally accorded her as the foremost poetess of England. She began writing early, and in spite of poor health published a volume of poems, anonymously, in 1826; *Prometheus Bound* in 1835; and numerous pieces in various magazines. In 1841 appeared her famous poem, *The Cry of the Children*, followed during the next few years by two volumes of poems. In 1846 she married Robert Browning and lived with him in Italy until her death fifteen years later. During these years she published *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, 1850, a sonnet sequence (not translations as the title implies) inspired by and celebrating her love for Browning; *Casa Guidi Windows*, 1851; and a novel in verse, *Aurora Leigh*, 1856.

SONNETS FROM THE
PORTUGUESE

I

I thought once how Theocritus¹ had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for
years,

Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young;
And as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was
'ware,

So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the
hair;

And a voice said in mastery while I strove,
"Guess now who holds thee?" — "Death!"
I said. But there
The silver answer rang: "Not Death, but
Love."

3

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
Unlike our uses and our destinies.
Our ministering two angels look surprise
On one another, as they strike athwart
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee,
art

A guest for queens to social pageantries,
With gages² from a hundred brighter eyes
Than tears even can make mine, to ply thy
part

Of chief musician. What hast *thou* to do
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing
through

The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?
The chrism³ is on thine head, — on mine,
the dew, —

And Death must dig the level where these
agree.

4

Thou hast thy calling to some palace floor,
Most gracious singer of high poems, where
The dancers will break footing, from the care
Of watching up thy pregnant lips for more.
And dost thou lift this house's latch too poor
For hand of thine? and canst thou think and
bear

To let thy music drop here unaware
In folds of golden fulness at my door?
Look up and see the casement broken in,
The bats and owlets builders in the roof!
My cricket chirps against thy mandolin.
Hush, call no echo up in further proof
Of desolation! there's a voice within
That weeps as — thou must sing — alone,
aloof.

14

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say,
"I love her for her smile — her look — her
way

Of speaking gently, — for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes
brought

A sense of pleasant ease on such a day;" —
For these things in themselves, beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee, — and love
so wrought,

May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry:
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou may'st love on through love's eternity.

22

When our two souls stand up erect and
strong,

Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,
Until the lengthening wings break into fire
At either curved point, — What bitter wrong
Can the earth do to us, that we should not
long

¹ The great Greek idyllic poet of the third century, B.C.
² pledges. ³ ointment.

Be here contented? Think. In mounting
 higher,
 The angels would press on us, and aspire
 To drop some golden orb of perfect song
 Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay
 Rather on earth, beloved, — where the unfit,
 Contrarious moods of men recoil away
 And isolate pure spirits, and permit
 A place to stand and love in for a day,
 With darkness and the death-hour rounding
 it.

26

I lived with visions for my company
 Instead of men and women, years ago,
 And found them gentle mates, nor thought to
 know
 A sweeter music than they played to me.
 But soon their trailing purple was not free
 Of this world's dust, their lutes did silent
 grow,
 And I myself grew faint and blind below
 Their vanishing eyes. Then THOU didst
 come — to be,
 Beloved, what they seemed. Their shining
 fronts,
 Their songs, their splendors — better, yet the
 same,
 As river-water hallowed into fountains —
 Met in thee, and from out thee overcame
 My soul with satisfaction of all wants —
 Because God's gifts put man's best dreams to
 shame.

35

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
 And be all to me? Shall I never miss
 Home-talk and blessing and the common kiss
 That comes to each in turn, nor count it
 strange,
 When I look up, to drop on a new range
 Of walls and floors, another home than this?
 Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
 Filled by dead eyes too tender to know
 change?
 That's hardest! If to conquer love has tried,
 To conquer grief, tries more, as all things
 prove;
 For grief indeed is love and grief beside.
 Alas, I have grieved so I am hard to love.
 Yet love me — wilt thou? Open thine heart
 wide
 And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

43

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and
 height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
 I love thee to the level of every day's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
 I love thee purely, as men turn from Praise.
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's
 faith.
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints, — I love thee with the
 breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God
 choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

TO GEORGE SAND *

A RECOGNITION

True genius, but true woman! dost deny
 Thy woman's nature with a manly scorn,
 And break away the gauds and armlets worn
 By weaker women in captivity?
 Ah, vain denial! that revolted cry
 Is sobbed in by a woman's voice forlorn:
 Thy woman's hair, my sister, all unshorn,
 Floats back dishevelled strength in agony,
 Disproving thy man's name: and while before
 The world thou burnest in a poet fire,
 We see thy woman's heart beat evermore
 Through the large flame. Beat purer, heart,
 and higher,
 Till God unsex thee on the heavenly shore,
 Where unincarnate spirits purely aspire!

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

The poem is Mrs. Browning's eloquent protest against child labor.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my
 brothers,
 Ere the sorrow comes with years?
 They are leaning their young heads against
 their mothers,
 And that cannot stop their tears.
 The young lambs are bleating in the
 meadows;
 The young birds are chirping in the nest;
 The young fawns are playing with the
 shadows;
 The young flowers are blowing toward
 the west —
 But the young, young children, O my
 brothers,
 They are weeping bitterly!

* Literary pseudonym of Armandine Dupin, the French poetess, novelist, and playwright, 1804-76.

They are weeping in the playtime of the
others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in their
sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow 15
Which is lost in Long Ago;
The old tree is leafless in the forest,
The old year is ending in the frost,
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
The old hope is hardest to be lost: 20
But the young, young children, O my
brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their
mothers,
In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken
faces, 25
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and
presses
Down the cheeks of infancy;
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary,
Our young feet," they say, "are very
weak! 30
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary —
Our grave-rest is very far to seek:
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the
children,
For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our
bewildering, 35
And the graves are for the old:

"True," say the children, "it may happen
That we die before our time:
Little Alice died last year, her grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime. 40
We looked into the pit prepared to take her:
Was no room for any work in the close
clay!
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will
wake her
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and
shower, 45
With your ear down, little Alice never
cries;
Could we see her face, be sure we should not
know her,
For a smile has time for growing in her
eyes:
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled
in

The shroud by the kirk-chime: 50
It is good when it happens," say the chil-
dren,
"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life as best to have:
They are binding up their hearts away from
breaking, 55
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the
city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes
do;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips
pretty,
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let
them through! 60
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the
meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-
shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap; 65
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go; 70
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as
snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark, underground;
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron, 75
In the factories, round and round.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning,
turning;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads, with pulses
burning,
And the walls turn in their places: 80
Turns the sky in the high window, blank and
reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown
the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the
ceiling:
All are turning, all the day, and we with
all.
And all day the iron wheels are droning: 85
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad
moaning)
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other
breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth! 90
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh
wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals:
Let them prove their living souls against the
notion 95
That they live in you, or under you,
O wheels!
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling
sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark. 100

Now tell the poor young children, O my
brothers,
To look up to Him and pray;
So the blessed One who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer, "Who is God that He should
hear us, 105
While the rushing of the iron wheels is
stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures
near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a
word.
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their
resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door: 110
Is it likely God, with angels singing round
Him,
Hears our weeping any more?

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remem-
ber;
And at midnight's hour of harm,
'Our Father,' looking upward in the cham-
ber, 115
We say softly for a charm.
We know no other words, except 'Our
Father,'
And we think that, in some pause of
angels' song,
God may pluck them with the silence sweet
to gather,
And hold both within His right hand
which is strong. 120
'Our Father!' If He heard us, He would
surely
(For they call Him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very
purely,
'Come and rest with me, my child.'

"But no!" say the children, weeping
faster, 125
"He is speechless as a stone:
And they tell us, of His image is the master
Who commands us to work on.
Go to!" say the children, — "Up in Heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all
we find: 130
Do not mock us; grief has made us un-
believing:
We look up for God, but tears have
made us blind."
Do you hear the children weeping and dis-
proving,
O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God's possible is taught by His world's
loving, 135
And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the
glory
Which is brighter than the sun: 140
They know the grief of man, without its
wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its
calm;
And slaves, without the liberty in Christ-
dom,
Are martyrs, by the pang without the
palm:
Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly 145
The harvest of its memories cannot
reap, —
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up with their pale and sunken
faces,
And their look is dread to see, 150
For they mind you of their angels in high
places,
With eyes turned on Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel
nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a
child's heart, —
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpi-
tation, 155
And tread onward to your throne amid
the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses
deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath." 160

EMILY BRONTE (1818-1848)

Emily Bronte, sister of the more famous Charlotte, is the author of *Wuthering Heights*, 1848, a highly original, impressive novel, reflective in part of the life on the moors that she herself led as a child. Her poems, often halty in technique, are the remarkable outpourings of a soul sincere, aloof, and courageous.

STANZAS

Often rebuked, yet always back returning
To those first feelings that were born with
me,
And leaving busy chase of wealth and
learning
For idle dreams of things which cannot be:

To-day, I will seek not the shadowy region; 5
Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear;
And visions rising, legion after legion,
Bring the unreal world too strangely near.

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,
And not in paths of high morality, 10
And not among the half-distinguished faces,
The clouded forms of long-past history.

I'll walk where my own nature would be
leading:

It vexes me to choose another guide:
Where the grey flocks in ferny glens are
feeding; 15
Where the wild wind blows on the moun-
tain side.

THE OLD STOIC

Riches I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn;
And lust of fame was but a dream,
That vanished with the morn:

And if I pray, the only prayer 5
That moves my lips for me
Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear
And give me liberty!"

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore; 10
In life and death, a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.

LAST LINES

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled
sphere:

I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from
fear.

O God within my breast, 5
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life — that in me has rest,
As I — undying Life — have power in thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts: unutterably
vain; 10
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity;
So surely anchored on 15
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and
rears. 20

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death, 25
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou — THOU art Being and Breath,
And what THOU art may never be de-
stroyed.

EDWARD FITZGERALD (1809-1883)

Fitzgerald, an original, skeptical man of great talent, is remembered as the outspoken friend of most of the great English writers of his time; as a writer of many interesting letters; as a translator of Calderón, Æschylus, and Sophocles; and, especially, as the translator of Omar Khayyám's *Rubáiyát*. He was at Cambridge University at the same time as Thackeray and Tennyson. Most of his life thereafter, with the exception of a brief, unhappy marriage, he lived alone in and near London, studying what he liked, and writing.

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM
OF NAISHÁPÚR

I

Wake! For the Sun who scattered into
flight
The Stars before him from the Field of
Night,
Drives Night along with them from
Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

2

Before the phantom of False morning¹ died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
"When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

3

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood
before
The Tavern shouted — "Open then the door!
You know how little while we have to
stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

4

Now the New Year² reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES³ on
the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground
suspends.⁴

5

Iram⁵ indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's⁶ Sev'n-ringed Cup⁷ where
no one knows;
But still a Ruby gushes from the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

¹ The "false dawn" of the East, a light seen on the horizon about an hour before the true dawn.

² Here, springtime.

³ See Exodus, iv, 6; the reference in this and the next line is to the blossoms in spring.

⁴ "According to [the Persians] the healing power of Jesus resided in his breath." (Fitzgerald.)

⁵ A Persian garden that sank in the sands of Arabia.

⁶ Ancient king of Persia.

⁷ It "was typical of the seven heavens, seven planets, seven seas, etc., and was a divining cup." (Fitzgerald.)

6

And David's lips are lockt; but in divine
High-piping Péhlevi,¹ with "Wine! Wine!
Wine!
Red Wine!" — the Nightingale cries to the
Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine.

7

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing.

8

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run;
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by
drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

9

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you
say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yester-
day?
And this first Summer month that brings
the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

10

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?²
Let Zál and Rustum³ thunder as they
will,
Or Hátim⁴ call to Supper — heed not you.

11

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán is for-
got —
And Peace to Máhmúd⁵ on his golden
Throne!

¹ Sanscrit, the language of old Persian literature.

² Famous Persians.

³ Cf. Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum*. Rustum, Zál's son, was the Persian Hercules.

⁴ He was generosity personified.

⁵ The Sultan.

12

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

13

Some for the Glories of This World; and
some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

14

Look to the blowing Rose about us — "Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
At once the silken tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure¹ on the Garden
throw."

15

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like
Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turned
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

16

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts
upon
Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two — was gone.

17

Think, in this battered Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

18

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank
deep:
And Bahrám,² that great Hunter — the
Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his
Sleep.

19

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar
bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely
Head.

¹ "The rose's golden centre." (Fitzgerald.)

² An ancient king, who sank in a swamp while hunting.

20

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean —
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

21

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past Regret and future Fears:
To-morrow! — Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand
Years.¹

22

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time has prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two
before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

23

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of
Earth
Descend — ourselves to make a Couch — for
whom?

24

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and —
sans End!

25

Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
And those that after some To-morrow stare,
A Muezzin² from the Tower of Darkness
cries,
"Fools, your Reward is neither Here nor
There."

26

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discussed
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to
Scorn
Are scattered, and their Mouths are stopt
with Dust.

27

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

¹ "A thousand years to each planet." (Fitzgerald.)

² The crier who summons the faithful to prayer.

28

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand wrought to make it
grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I
reaped —
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

29

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing,
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

30

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence*?
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

31

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh
Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn ¹ sate,
And many a Knot unravelled by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

32

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I could not
see:
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was — and then no more of THEE and
ME.

33

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that
mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs re-
vealed
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

34

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
As from Without — "THE ME WITHIN THEE
BLIND!"

35

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I leaned, the Secret of my Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmured — "While
you live,
Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall
return."

¹ "Lord of the seventh heaven." (Fitzgerald.)

36

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answered, once did live,
And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I
kissed,
How many Kisses might it take — and give!

37

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmured — "Gently, Brother, gently
pray!" ¹

38

Listen — a moment listen! — Of the same
Poor Earth from which that Human Whisper
came
The luckless Mould in which Mankind was
cast
They did compose, and called him by the
name.

39

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, ² but may steal below
To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
There hidden — far beneath, and long ago.

40

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you like an empty Cup.

41

Perplexed no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

42

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in — Yes;
Think then you are TO-DAY what YESTER-
DAY
You were — TO-MORROW you shall not be
less.

43

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff — you shall not
shrink.

¹ "The clay from which the bowl is made was once Man." (Fitzgerald.)

² A Persian custom.

44

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Wer't not a Shame — wer't not a Shame
for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

45

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one-day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of Death address;
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrásh¹
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

46

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no
more;
The Eternal Sáki² from that Bowl has
poured
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

47

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh but the long long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the SEV'N SEAS should heed a pebble-cast.

48

A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste —
And Lo! — the phantom Caravan has
reached
The NOTHING it set out from — Oh, make
haste!

49

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About THE SECRET — quick about it, Friend!
A Hair perhaps divides the False and
True —
And upon what, prithee, does Life depend?

50

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue —
Could you but find it — to the Treasure-
house,
And peradventure to THE MASTER too;

51

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's
veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi;³ and
They change and perish all — but He re-
mains;

52

A moment guessed — then back behind the
Fold
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama rolled
Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He does Himself contrive, enact, behold.

53

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening
Door,
You gaze TO-DAY, while You are You —
how then
TO-MORROW, You when shall be You no
more?

54

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pur-
suit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

55

You know, my Friends, with what a brave
Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

56

For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though with Rule
And Line,
And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but — Wine.

57

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning?¹ —
Nay,
'Twas only striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday.

58

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel
Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas — the Grape!

59

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

¹ Servant. ² Wine-pourer.
³ "From fish to moon." (Fitzgerald.)

¹ Omar was a profound mathematician, and at Jamshyd's request helped to correct the calendar.

60

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde¹
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind
Sword.

61

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who
dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse — why, then, Who set it
there?

62

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on
trust,
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
To fill the Cup — when crumbled into Dust!

63

O threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain, — *This* Life
flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

64

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness
through
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

65

The Revelations of Devout and Learned
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burned,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from
Sleep
They told their fellows, and to Sleep returned.

66

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered "I Myself am Heav'n and
Hell."

67

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Our-
selves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

¹ "Alluding to Sultan Mahmúd's conquest of India."
(Fitzgerald.)

68

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with this Sun-illumined Lantern
held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

69

Impotent Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Checker-board of Nights and
Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and
slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

70

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;
And He that tossed you down into the
Field,
He knows about it all — HE knows — HE
knows!

71

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

72

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling cooped we live and die,
Lift not your hands to *It* for help — for *It*
As impotently rolls as you or I.

73

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last
Man knead,
And there of the Last Harvest sowed the Seed:
And the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

74

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did prepare:
TO-MORROW's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came,
nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor
where.

75

I tell you this — When, started from the
Goal,
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
Of Heav'n Parwín¹ and Mushtari² they
flung,
In my predestined Plot of Dust and Soul
¹ The Pleiades. ² Jupiter.

76

The Vine had struck a fibre: which about
If clings my Being — let the Dervish¹ flout;
Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

77

And this I know: whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
One Flash of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

78

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

79

What, from his helpless Creature be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent us dross-allayed —
Sue for a Debt we never did contract,
And cannot answer — Oh the sorry trade!

80

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

81

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blackened — Man's Forgiveness give —
and take!

82

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán² away,
Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

83

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
And some loquacious Vessels were; and
some
Listened perhaps, but never talked at all.

84

Said one among them — "Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

¹ A fervent Mohammedan.
² The month of fasting.

85

Then said a Second — "Ne'er a peevish
Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank
in joy:
And He that with his hand the Vessel
made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

86

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! did the Hand then of the Potter
shake?"

87

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot —
I think a Súfi¹ pipkin — waxing hot —
"All this of Pot and Potter — Tell me
then,
Who makes — Who sells — Who buys —
Who *is* the Pot?"

88

"Why," said another, "Some there are who
tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he marred in making —
Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

89

"Well," murmured one, "Let whoso make or
buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by."

90

So while the Vessels one by one were speak-
ing,
The little Moon² looked in that all were
seeking:
And then they jogged each other, "Bro-
ther! Brother!
Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot³
a-creaking!"

91

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has
died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

¹ A Persian pantheist. ² The end of Ramazán.
³ Used for carrying the wine-jars.

92

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air
As not a True-believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

93

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in Men's eyes much
wrong:
Have drowned my Glory in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

94

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore — but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-
in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

95

And much as Wine has played the Infidel,
And robbed me of my Robe of Honor —
Well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

96

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the
Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript
should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who
knows!

97

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse — if dimly, yet indeed, revealed,
To which the fainting Traveller might
spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

98

Would but some wingéd Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

99

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

100

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again —
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden — and for *one* in
vain!

101

And when like her, oh Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scattered on the
Grass,
And in your blissful errand reach the spot
Where I made One — turn down an empty
Glass!

TAMÁM

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828–1882)

Rossetti, poet and painter, was three-quarters Italian. His father, Professor of Italian in King's College, University of London, had come to England, a self-exiled revolutionist, four years before the poet's birth in 1828. His mother was the daughter of an Italian who had married an English girl.

Rossetti received his education at King's College School and at home, with his sister, Christina, and his brother, William Michael. At fourteen, he began the study of painting, continuing at the same time the writing of verses, which he had done since childhood. At twenty, through Ford Madox Brown, his instructor in art, he became acquainted with Holman Hunt, Millais, Woolner, and other painters. They organized the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, whose members sought to revive great painting in England by going back for instruction and inspiration to the Italian masters before Raphael. Many of the Pre-Raphaelites, like Rossetti, wrote as well as painted. For a while they published a magazine, *The Germ*, of which William Michael Rossetti was editor. Here, in 1848, appeared *The Blessed Damsel*, which Rossetti had written the year before, when he was nineteen.

In 1851, Rossetti became engaged to Elizabeth Siddal, a girl in a milliner's shop. They were not married until 1860, partly because of her poor health, partly because of lack of money. During this time, Rossetti wrote and painted, supported largely by both the patronage and encouragement of Ruskin. In 1861, he published *Dante and his Circle*, translations of early Italian poets. In 1862, his wife died from an accidental overdose of medicine. In his grief Rossetti buried with her the manuscript of all his unpublished poems. These were recovered, with his consent, some

seven years later, and printed in his *Collected Poems*, 1870. During the remainder of his life, Rossetti suffered much from ill health and from the drugs that he used to relieve his pain. He lived more and more in isolation. In 1881, he brought out *Ballads and Sonnets*, the third and last volume of his published work. He died April 10, 1882.

In Rossetti can be seen the chief qualities of Pre-Raphaelite artists. They used much detail, but it was simple, carefully selected detail that would appeal to the imagination and enhance the strange, the mystical, or the supernatural effect that they wished to produce. They were concrete in their descriptions, rich in their coloring. In short, they tried to create beauty in a world which they thought was materialistic and matter-of-fact; and this they felt they could do best when they took their themes or inspiration from the Middle Ages.

Swinburne in *Essays and Studies*, and Pater in *Appreciations*, have written excellent essays on Rossetti.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

According to Hall Caine, Rossetti said of this poem: "I saw that Poe had done the utmost it was possible to do with the grief of the lover on earth, and so I determined to reverse the conditions, and give utterance to the yearning of the loved one in heaven." The reference is, of course, to *The Raven*.

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the golden bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand, 5
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn; 10
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone 15
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
— Yet now, and in this place, 20
Surely she leaned o'er me — her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house 25
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun. 30

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge

The void, as low as where this earth 35
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names; 40
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made 45
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time, like a pulse, shake fierce 50
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon 55
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together. 60

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side 65
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven? — on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed? 70
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,

I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod, 80
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of 85
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly. 90

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause, 95
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity 100
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names 105
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret, and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded; 110
Into the fine cloth, white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robcs for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb; 115
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak;
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak. 120

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round Whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles;

And angels meeting us shall sing 125
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me: —
Only to live as once on earth
With Love, — only to be, 130
As then awhile, forever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild, —
"All this is when he comes." She ceased. 135
The light thrilled towards her, filled
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres: 140
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)
1847.

SISTER HELEN

"Why did you melt your waxen man,¹
Sister Helen?
To-day is the third since you began."
"The time was long, yet the time ran,
Little brother." 5
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Three days to-day, between Hell and Heaven!)

"But if you have done your work aright,
Sister Helen,
You'll let me play, for you said I might." 10
"Be very still in your play to-night,
Little brother."
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Third night, to-night, between Hell and Heaven!)

"You said it must melt ere vesper-bell, 15
Sister Helen;
If now it be molten, all is well."
"Even so, — nay, peace! you cannot tell,
Little brother."
(O Mother, Mary Mother, 20
What is this, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Oh the waxen knave was plump to-day,
Sister Helen;
How like dead folk he has dropped away!"
"Nay now, of the dead what can you say, 25

¹ According to an old superstition, a woman might cause her faithless lover's life to dwindle by melting a wax image of him slowly in front of a fire.

Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
What of the dead, between Hell and Heaven?)

"See, see, the sunken pile of wood,
Sister Helen,
Shines through the thinned wax red as blood!"
"Nay now, when looked you yet on blood,
Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
How pale she is, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Now close your eyes, for they're sick and
sore,

Sister Helen,
And I'll play without the gallery door."
"Aye, let me rest, — I'll lie on the floor,
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
What rest to-night, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Here high up in the balcony,
Sister Helen,
The moon flies face to face with me."
"Aye, look and say whatever you see,
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
What sight to-night, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Outside it's merry in the wind's wake,
Sister Helen;
In the shaken trees the chill stars shake."
"Hush, heard you a horse-tread as you spake,
Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
What sound to-night, between Hell and Heaven?)

"I hear a horse-tread, and I see,
Sister Helen,
Three horsemen that ride terribly."
"Little brother, whence come the three,
Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Whence should they come, between Hell and
Heaven?)

"They come by the hill-verge from Boyne
Bar,
Sister Helen,
And one draws nigh, but two are afar."
"Look, look, do you know them who they are,
Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Who should they be, between Hell and
Heaven?)

"Oh, it's Keith of Eastholm rides so fast,
Sister Helen,

For I know the white mane on the blast."

"The hour has come, has come at last,
Little brother!"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Her hour at last, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He has made a sign and called 'Halloo!'
Sister Helen,
And he says that he would speak with you."
"Oh tell him I fear the frozen dew,
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Why laughs she thus, between Hell and Heaven!)

"The wind is loud, but I hear him cry,
Sister Helen,
That Keith of Ewern's like to die."
"And he and thou, and thou and I,
Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
And they and we, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Three days ago, on his marriage-morn,
Sister Helen,
He sickened, and lies since then forlorn."
"For bridegroom's side is the bride a thorn,
Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Cold bridal cheer, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Three days and nights he has lain abed,
Sister Helen,
And he prays in torment to be dead."
"The thing may chance, if he have prayed,
Little brother!"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
If he have prayed, between Hell and Heaven!)

"But he has not ceased to cry to-day,
Sister Helen,
That you should take your curse away."
"My prayer was heard, — he need but pray,
Little brother!"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Shall God not hear, between Hell and Heaven?)

"But he says, till you take back your ban,
Sister Helen,
His soul would pass, yet never can."
"Nay then, shall I slay a living man,
Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,
A living soul, between Hell and Heaven!)

"But he calls forever on your name,
Sister Helen,
And says that he melts before a flame."
"My heart for his pleasure fared the same,

Little brother."
 (O Mother, Mary Mother, 125
Fire at the heart, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Here's Keith of Westholm riding fast,
 Sister Helen,
 For I know the white plume on the blast."
 "The hour, the sweet hour I forecast, 130
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
Is the hour sweet, between Hell and Heaven?)

"He stops to speak, and he stills his horse,
 Sister Helen; 135
 But his words are drowned in the wind's
 course."
 "Nay hear, nay hear, you must hear perforce,
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
*What word now heard, between Hell and
 Heaven?*) 140

"Oh he says that Keith of Ewern's cry,
 Sister Helen,
 Is ever to see you ere he die."
 "In all that his soul sees, there am I,
 Little brother!" 145
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
The soul's one sight, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He sends a ring and a broken coin,
 Sister Helen,
 And bids you mind the banks of Boyne." 150
 "What else he broke will he ever join,
 Little brother?"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
No, never joined, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He yields you these and craves full fain, 155
 Sister Helen,
 You pardon him in his mortal pain."
 "What else he took will he give again,
 Little brother?"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother, 160
Not twice to give, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He calls your name in an agony,
 Sister Helen,
 That even dead Love must weep to see."
 "Hate, born of Love, is blind as he, 165
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
Love turned to hate, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Oh it's Keith of Keith now that rides fast,
 Sister Helen, 170
 For I know the white hair on the blast."
 "The short, short hour will soon be past,

Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
Will soon be past, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He looks at me and he tries to speak, 176
 Sister Helen,
 But oh his voice is sad and weak!"
 "What here should the mighty Baron seek,
 Little brother?" 180
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
Is this the end, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Oh his son still cries, if you forgive,
 Sister Helen,
 The body dies, but the soul shall live." 185
 "Fire shall forgive me as I forgive,
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
As she forgives, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Oh he prays you, as his heart would
 rise, 190
 Sister Helen,
 To save his dear son's soul alive."
 "Fire cannot slay it, it shall thrive,
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother, 195
Alas, alas, between Hell and Heaven!)

"He cries to you, kneeling in the road,
 Sister Helen,
 To go with him for the love of God!"
 "The way is long to his son's abode, 200
 Little brother."
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
The way is long, between Hell and Heaven!)

"A lady's here, by a dark steed brought,
 Sister Helen, 205
 So darkly clad, I saw her not."
 "See her now or never see aught,
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
What more to see, between Hell and Heaven!) 210

"Her hood falls back, and the moon shines
 fair,
 Sister Helen,
 On the Lady of Ewern's golden hair."
 "Blest hour of my power and her despair,
 Little brother!" 215
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
*Hour blest and banned, between Hell and
 Heaven!*)

"Pale, pale her cheeks, that in pride did
 glow,
 Sister Helen,

'Neath the bridal-wreath three days ago." 220
 "One morn for pride and three days for woe,
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
Three days, three nights, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Her clasped hands stretch from her bending
 head, 225
 Sister Helen;
 With the loud wind's wail her sobs are wed."
 "What wedding-strains hath her bridal-
 bed,
 Little brother?"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother, 230
What strain but death's, between Hell and Heaven?)

"She may not speak, she sinks in a swoon,
 Sister Helen, —
 She lifts her lips and gasps on the moon."
 "Oh! might I but hear her soul's blithe
 tune, 235
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
Her woe's dumb cry, between Hell and Heaven!)

"They've caught her to Westholm's saddle-
 bow,
 Sister Helen, 240
 And her moonlit hair gleams white in its
 flow."
 "Let it turn whiter than winter snow,
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
Woe-withered gold, between Hell and Heaven!) 245

"O Sister Helen, you heard the bell,
 Sister Helen;
 More loud than the vesper-chime it fell."
 "No vesper-chime, but a dying knell,
 Little brother!" 250
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
His dying knell, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Alas! but I fear the heavy sound,
 Sister Helen;
 Is it in the sky or in the ground?" 255
 "Say, have they turned their horses round,
 Little brother?"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
What would she more, between Hell and Heaven?)

"They have raised the old man from his
 knee, 260
 Sister Helen,

And they ride in silence hastily."
 "More fast the naked soul doth flee,
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother, 265
The naked soul, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Flank to flank are the three steeds gone,
 Sister Helen,
 But the lady's dark steed goes alone."
 "And lonely her bridegroom's soul hath
 flown, 270
 Little brother."
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
The lonely ghost, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Oh the wind is sad in the iron chill,
 Sister Helen, 275
 And weary sad they look by the hill."
 "But he and I are sadder still,
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
Most sad of all, between Hell and Heaven!) 280

"See, see, the wax has dropped from its
 place,
 Sister Helen,
 And the flames are winning up apace!"
 "Yet here they burn but for a space,
 Little brother!" 285
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
Here for a space, between Hell and Heaven!)

"Ah! what white thing at the door has
 crossed,
 Sister Helen,
 Ah! what is this that sighs in the frost?" 290
 "A soul that's lost as mine is lost,
 Little brother!"
 (O Mother, Mary Mother,
Lost, lost, all lost, between Hell and Heaven!)
 Pub. 1853.

THE BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES

From FRANÇOIS VILLON

Tell me now in what hidden way is
 Lady Flora the lovely Roman?
 Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thaïs,
 Neither of them the fairer woman?
 Where is Echo, beheld of no man, 5
 Only heard on river and mere, —
 She whose beauty was more than
 human? . . .
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Héloïse, the learned nun,
 For whose sake Abeillard, I ween, 10

Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
 (From Love he won such dule and teen!¹)
 And where, I pray you, is the Queen
 Who willed that Buridan should steer
 Sewed in a sack's mouth down the
 Seine? . . .¹⁵
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
 With a voice like any mermaiden, —
 Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
 And Ermengarde the lady of Maine, —²⁰
 And that good Joan whom Englishmen
 At Rouen doomed and burned her there, —
 Mother of God, where are they then? . . .
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,²⁵
 Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
 Except with this for an overword, —
 "But where are the snows of yester-year?"

TROY TOWN

Heavenborn Helen, Sparta's queen,
 (O Troy Town!)
 Had two breasts of heavenly sheen,
 The sun and moon of the heart's desire:
 All Love's lordship lay between.⁵
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

Helen knelt at Venus' shrine,
 (O Troy Town!)
 Saying "A little gift is mine,
 A little gift for a heart's desire."¹⁰
 Hear me speak and make me a sign!
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

"Look, I bring thee a carven cup;¹⁵
 (O Troy Town!)
 See it here as I hold it up, —
 Shaped it is to the heart's desire,
 Fit to fill when the gods would sup.
 (O Troy's down,²⁰
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

"It was moulded like my breast;
 (O Troy Town!)
 He that sees it may not rest,
 Rest at all for his heart's desire."²⁵
 O give ear to my heart's behest!
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

"See my breast, how like it is;
 (O Troy Town!)³⁰
 See it bare for the air to kiss!
 Is the cup to thy heart's desire?
 O for the breast, O make it his!
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)³⁵

"Yea, for my bosom here I sue:
 (O Troy Town!)
 Thou must give it where 'tis due,
 Give it there to the heart's desire.
 Whom do I give my bosom to?⁴⁰
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

"Each twin breast is an apple sweet!
 (O Troy Town!)
 Once an apple stirred the beat⁴⁵
 Of thy heart with the heart's desire:
 Say, who brought it then to thy feet?
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

"They that claimed it then were
 three:⁵⁰
 (O Troy Town!)
 For thy sake two hearts did he
 Make forlorn of the heart's desire.
 Do for him as he did for thee!
 (O Troy's down,⁵⁵
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

"Mine are apples grown to the south,
 (O Troy Town!)
 Grown to taste in the days of drouth,
 Taste and waste to the heart's desire:⁶⁰
 Mine are apples meet for his mouth!"
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

Venus looked on Helen's gift,
 (O Troy Town!)⁶⁵
 Looked and smiled with subtle drift,
 Saw the work of her heart's desire: —
 "There thou kneel'st for Love to lift!"
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)⁷⁰

Venus looked in Helen's face,
 (O Troy Town!)
 Knew far off an hour and place,
 And fire lit from the heart's desire;
 Laughed and said, "Thy gift hath
 grace!"⁷⁵
 (O Troy's down,
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

Cupid looked on Helen's breast,
 (*O Troy Town!*)
 Saw the heart within its nest, 80
 Saw the flame of the heart's desire, --
 Marked his arrow's burning crest.
 (*O Troy's down,*
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

Cupid took another dart, 85
 (*O Troy Town!*)
 Fledged it for another heart,
 Winged the shaft with the heart's desire,
 Drew the string and said, "Depart!"
 (*O Troy's down,* 90
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

Paris turned upon his bed,
 (*O Troy Town!*)
 Turned upon his bed and said,
 Dead at heart with the heart's desire, -- 95
 "O to clasp her golden head!"
 (*O Troy's down,*
 Tall Troy's on fire!)

Pub. 1870.

THE HOUSE OF LIFE¹

THE SONNET

A Sonnet is a moment's monument, --
 Memorial from the Soul's eternity
 To one dead deathless hour. Look that it
 be,
 Whether for lustral rite² or dire portent,
 Of its own arduous fulness reverent:
 Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
 As Day or Night may rule; and let Time
 see
 Its flowering crest impearled and orient.
 A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
 The soul, -- its converse, to what Power
 'tis due: --
 Whether for tribute to the august appeals
 Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
 It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's³ cavernous
 breath,
 In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

4. LOVE-SIGHT

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
 When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
 Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
 The worship of that Love through thee made
 known?

¹ The title is taken from astrology, according to which the heavens were divided into twelve houses, the first of which, on the eastern horizon, was called the house of the ascendant, or the house of life.

² Purification.

³ At the Styx, where the soul had to pay Charon for ferrying across.

Or when in the dusk hours (we two alone),
 Close kissed and eloquent of still replies,
 Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage
 lies,
 And my soul only sees thy soul its own?
 O love, my love! if I no more should see
 Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
 Nor image of thine eyes in any spring, --
 How then should sound upon Life's darken-
 ing slope
 The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of
 Hope,
 The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

19. SILENT NOON

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, --
 The finger-points look through like rosy
 blooms:
 Your eyes smile peace. The pasture
 gleams and glooms
 'Neath billowing skies that scatter and
 amass.
 All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
 Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge,
 Where the cow-parsley skirts the haw-
 thorn-hedge.
 'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.
 Deep in the sun-searched growths the
 dragon-fly
 Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the
 sky: --
 So this winged hour is dropped to us from
 above.
 Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless
 dower,
 This close-companioned, inarticulate hour
 When twofold silence was the song of love.

71, 72, 73, THE CHOICE

Eat thou and drink; to-morrow thou shalt
 die.
 Surely the earth, that's wise being very
 old,
 Needs not our help. Then loose me, love,
 and hold
 Thy sultry hair up from my face; that I
 May pour for thee this golden wine, brim-
 high,
 Till round the glass thy fingers glow like
 gold.
 We'll drown all hours: thy song, while
 hours are tolled,
 Shall leap, as fountains veil the changing
 sky.
 Now kiss, and think that there are really
 those,

My own high-bosomed beauty, who increase
 Vain gold, vain lore, and yet might choose
 our way!
 Through many years they toil; then on
 a day
 They die not, — for their life was death, —
 but cease;
 And round their narrow lips the mould falls
 close.

2

Watch thou and fear; to-morrow thou shalt
 die.
 Or art thou sure thou shalt have time for
 death?
 Is not the day which God's word prom-
 miseth
 To come man knows not when? In yonder
 sky,
 Now while we speak, the sun speeds forth:
 can I
 Or thou assure him of his goal? God's
 breath
 Even at this moment haply quickeneth
 The air to a flame; till spirits, always nigh
 Though screened and hid, shall walk the day-
 light here.
 And dost thou prate of all that man shall do?
 Canst thou, who hast but plagues, pre-
 sume to be
 Glad in his gladness that comes after
 thee?
 Will *his* strength slay *thy* worm in Hell?
 Go to:
 Cover thy countenance, and watch, and fear.

3

Think thou and act; to-morrow thou shalt
 die.
 Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the
 shore,
 Thou say'st: "Man's measured path is all
 gone o'er;
 Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,
 Man clomb until he touched the truth; and I,
 Even I, am he whom it was destined for."
 How should this be? Art thou, then, so
 much more
 Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst
 reap thereby?
 Nay, come up hither. From this wave-
 washed mound
 Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me;
 Then reach on with thy thought till it be
 drowned.
 Miles and miles distant though the last
 line be,

And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues
 beyond,
 Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there
 is more sea.

85. VAIN VIRTUES

What is the sorriest thing that enters Hell?
 None of the sins, — but this and that fair
 deed
 Which a soul's sin at length could super-
 sede.
 These yet are virgins, whom death's timely
 knell
 Might once have sainted; whom the fiends
 compel
 Together now, in snake-bound shuddering
 sheaves
 Of anguish, while the pit's pollution leaves
 Their refuse maidenhood abominable.
 Night sucks them down, the tribute of the pit,
 Whose names, half entered in the book of
 Life,
 Were God's desire at noon. And as
 their hair
 And eyes sink last, the Torturer designs no
 whit
 To gaze, but, yearning, waits his destined
 wife,
 The Sin still blithe on earth that sent
 them there.

86. LOST DAYS

The lost days of my life until to-day,
 What were they, could I see them on the
 street
 Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of
 wheat
 Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
 Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
 Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
 Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
 The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway?
 I do not see them here; but after death
 God knows I know the faces I shall see,
 Each one a murdered self, with low last
 breath.
 "I am thyself, — what hast thou done
 to me?"
 "And I — and I — thyself" (lo! each one
 saith),
 "And thou thyself to all eternity!"

97. A SUPERScription

Look in my face; my name is Might-have-
 been;
 I am also called No-more, Too-late, Fare-
 well;
 Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell

Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between;
 Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
 Which had Life's form and Love's, but by
 my spell

Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
 Of ultimate things unuttered the frail
 screen.

Mark me, how still I am! But should there
 dart

One moment through thy soul the soft
 surprise

Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath
 of sighs, —

Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
 Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart
 Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

101. THE ONE HOPE

When vain desire at last and vain regret
 Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain,
 What shall assuage the unforgotten pain
 And teach the unforgetful to forget?
 Shall Peace be still a sunk stream long
 unmet, —

Or may the soul at once in a green plain
 Stoop through the spray of some sweet life-
 fountain

And cull the dew-drenched flowering amulet?
 Ah! when the wan soul in that golden air
 Between the scripted petals softly
 blown

Peers breathless for the gift of grace un-
 known, —

Ah! let none other alien spell soe'er
 But only the one Hope's one name be
 there, —

Not less nor more, but even that word
 alone.

THE CLOUD CONFINES

The day is dark and the night
 To him that would search their heart;
 No lips of cloud that will part

Nor morning song in the light:
 Only, gazing alone, 5

To him wild shadows are shown,
 Deep under deep unknown

And height above unknown height.

Still we say as we go, —

"Strange to think by the way, 10

Whatever there is to know,

That shall we know one day."

The Past is over and fled;
 Named new, we name it the old;

Thereof some tale hath been told 15

But no word comes from the dead;

Whether at all they be,

Or whether as bond or free,

Or whether they too were we,

Or by what spell they have sped. 20

Still we say as we go, —

"Strange to think by the way,

Whatever there is to know,

That shall we know one day."

What of the heart of hate 25

That beats in thy breast, O Time? —

Red strife from the furthest prime,

And anguish of fierce debate;

War that shatters her slain,

And peace that grinds them as grain, 30

And eyes fixed ever in vain

On the pitiless eyes of Fate.

Still we say as we go, —

"Strange to think by the way,

Whatever there is to know, 35

That shall we know one day."

What of the heart of love

That bleeds in thy breast, O Man? —

Thy kisses snatched 'neath the ban

Of fangs that mock them above; 40

Thy bells prolonged unto knells,

Thy hope that a breath dispels,

Thy bitter forlorn farewells

And the empty echoes thereof?

Still we say as we go, — 45

"Strange to think by the way,

Whatever there is to know,

That shall we know one day."

The sky leans dumb on the sea,

Aweary with all its wings; 50

And oh! the song the sea sings

Is dark everlastingly.

Our past is clean forgot,

Our present is and is not,

Our future's a sealed seedplot, 55

And what betwixt them are we? —

We who say as we go, —

"Strange to think by the way,

Whatever there is to know

That shall we know one day." 60

WILLIAM MORRIS (1834-1896)

William Morris was at Oxford in the years when Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his friends were starting their Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in London. He and his friend Edward Burne-Jones became the sponsors for a similar movement back to the Middle Ages for inspiration in art and poetry. Morris was younger than Rossetti, having been born in 1834. The two became intimate friends. Morris studied painting with Rossetti, and later, when he came to London, the two were members of a firm which Morris directed with the object of bringing beautiful design and decoration into English churches and homes. The firm dealt in carving, stained glass, metal-work, chintzes, carpets, and furniture. All his life Morris remained interested in handicrafts of all sorts. He set up looms for weaving tapestry. He set up his own printing-press. He learned to write a beautiful hand like the medieval scribes. This interest in reviving the fine traditions of industry, of which the great tradition was a workman's joy in the work of his hands, led him to protest against the modern industrial system in much the same way as Ruskin. Morris, however, believed for a time that the way to bring back medieval conditions of work inspired by art was through socialism. He joined the Social Democratic Federation in 1883, and devoted many years to speaking, writing, and editing papers in behalf of the cause of social justice. He died in 1896.

Morris began his career as poet in the full tide of the medieval revival. His first volume, *The Defence of Guenevere* (1858), contains work of extraordinary originality — bits of medieval psychology and realism which are much more penetrating than Tennyson's *Idylls*. Most of Morris's poetic achievement, however, consisted in retelling the old stories of the race. The most famous of his works is *The Earthly Paradise*. Two groups of voyagers, Greeks and Northmen, unite to exchange month by month the old myths of their people. Other longer narratives in verse to which Morris set his hand are *The Life and Death of Jason* (1867), and *Sigurd the Volsung* (1876). He translated the *Aeneid* and the *Odyssey*, as well as some of the Icelandic sagas and *Beowulf*. As a socialist he lectured on the connection between art and society, in *Hopes and Fears for Art*, and wrote a Utopian romance, *News from Nowhere*. His last phase of literary activity was marked by the prose romances, *The House of the Wolfings* (1889), and its successors, in which he pictured the early life of the Germanic tribes.

Altogether the bulk of Morris's work in prose and verse is very great. Most of it owes its inspiration to the literature of the past rather than the life of the present. To Morris, poetry was a decoration of life, and like other arts a matter of sound craftsmanship. He once wrote that, if a man could not compose an epic while he was weaving a tapestry, he was no good at all. But if Morris as a poet seems withdrawn from the life of his time, there must not be forgotten the devotion with which he set himself to work out its social problem and create a better world.

The Collected Works of William Morris are published by Longmans. The most complete biography is by J. W. Mackail, in two volumes (Longmans).

THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE

But, knowing now that they would have her
speak,

She threw her wet hair backward from her
brow,

Her hand close to her mouth touching her
cheek,

As though she had had there a shameful
blow,

And feeling it shameful to feel ought but
shame,

All through her heart, yet felt her cheek
burned so,

She must a little touch it; like one lame
She walked away from Gauwaine, with her
head

Still lifted up; and on her cheek of flame

The tears dried quick; she stopped at last
and said:

"O knights and lords, it seems but little skill
To talk of well-known things past now and
dead.

"God wot I ought to say, I have done ill,
And pray you all forgiveness heartily!
Because you must be right such great lords —
still

15

"Listen, suppose your time were come to die,
And you were quite alone and very weak;
Yea, laid a dying while very mightily

"The wind was ruffling up the narrow streak
Of river through your broad lands running
well;

20

Suppose a hush should come, then some one
speak:

"One of these cloths is heaven, and one is
hell,

Now choose one cloth for ever, which they be,
I will not tell you, you must somehow tell

10

"Of your own strength and mightiness;
here, see!" 25

Yea, yea, my lord, and you to ope your eyes,
At foot of your familiar bed to see

"A great God's angel standing, with such
dyes,

Not known on earth, on his great wings, and
hands,

Held out two ways, light from the inner
skies 30

"Showing him well, and making his com-
mands

Seem to be God's commands, moreover, too,
Holding within his hands the cloths on
wands;

"And one of these strange choosing cloths
was blue,

Wavy and long and one cut short and red; 35
No man could tell the better of the two.

"After a shivering half-hour you said,
'God help! heaven's color, the blue;' and he
said, 'hell.'

Perhaps you then would roll upon your bed,

"And cry to all good men that loved you
well, 40

'Ah Christ! if only I had known, known,
known;'

Launcelot went away, then I could tell,

"Like wisest man how all things would be;
moan,

And roll and hurt myself, and long to die,
And yet fear much to die for what was
sown. 45

"Nevertheless you, O Sir Gauwaine, lie,
Whatever may have happened through these
years,

God knows I speak truth, saying that you
lie."

Her voice was low at first, being full of tears,
But as it cleared, it grew full loud and shrill,
Growing a windy shriek in all men's ears, 51

A ringing in their startled brains, until
She said that Gauwaine lied, then her voice
sunk,

And her great eyes began again to fill,

Though still she stood right up, and never
shrunk, 55

But spoke on bravely, glorious lady fair!
Whatever tears her full lips may have drunk,

She stood, and seemed to think, and wrung
her hair,

Spoke out at last with no more trace of
shame,

With passionate twisting of her body
there: 60

"It chanced upon a day that Launcelot
came

To dwell at Arthur's court: at Christmas-
time

This happened; when the heralds sung his
name,

"'Son of King Ban of Benwick,' seemed to
rhime

Along with all the bells that rang that day, 65
O'er the white roofs, with little change of
rhyme.

"Christmas and whitened winter passed
away,

And over me the April sunshine came,
Made very awful with black hail-clouds, yea

"And in the Summer I grew white with
flame, 70

And bowed my head down — Autumn, and
the sick

Sure knowledge things would never be the
same,

"However often Spring might be most thick
Of blossoms and buds, smote on me, and I
grew

Careless of most things, let the clock tick,
tick, 75

"To my unhappy pulse, that beat right
through

My eager body; while I laughed out loud,
And let my lips curl up at false or true,

"Seemed cold and shallow without any
cloud.

Behold my judges, then the cloths were
brought; 80

While I was dizzied thus, old thoughts would
crowd,

"Belonging to the time ere I was bought
By Arthur's great name and his little love,
Must I give up for ever then, I thought,

"That which I deemed would ever round me
move 85

Glorifying all things; for a little word,
Scarce ever meant at all, must I now prove

- "Stone-cold for ever? Pray you, does the
Lord
Will that all folks should be quite happy and
good?
I love God now a little, if this cord 90
- "Were broken, once for all what striving
could
Make me love anything in earth or heaven.
So day by day it grew, as if one should
- "Slip slowly down some path worn smooth
and even,
Down to a cool sea on a summer day; 95
Yet still in slipping was there some small
heaven
- "Of stretched hands catching small stones
by the way,
Until one surely reached the sea at last,
And felt strange new joy as the worn head
lay
- "Back, with the hair like sea-weed; yea all
past 100
Sweat of the forehead, dryness of the lips,
Washed utterly out by the dear waves o'er-
cast
- "In the lone sea, far off from any ships!
Do I not know now of a day in Spring?
No minute of that wild day ever slips 105
- "From out my memory; I hear thrushes
sing,
And wheresoever I may be, straightway
Thoughts of it all come up with most fresh
sting;
- "I was half mad with beauty on that day,
And went without my ladies all alone, 110
In a quiet garden walled round every way;
- "I was right joyful of that wall of stone,
That shut the flowers and trees up with the
sky,
And trebled all the beauty: to the bone,
- "Yea right through to my heart, grown very
shy 115
With weary thoughts, it pierced, and made
me glad;
Exceedingly glad, and I knew verily,
- "A little thing just then had made me
mad;
I dared not think, as I was wont to do,
Sometimes, upon my beauty; if I had 120
- 'Held out my long hand up against the
blue,
And, looking on the tenderly darkened
fingers,
Thought that by rights one ought to see
quite through,
- "There, see you, where the soft still light
yet lingers,
Round by the edges; what should I have
done, 125
If this had joined with yellow spotted singers,
- "And startling green drawn upward by the
sun?
But shouting, loosed out, see now! all my
hair,
And trancedly stood watching the west wind
run
- "With faintest half-heard breathing sound —
why there 130
I lose my head e'en now in doing this;
But shortly listen — In that garden fair
- "Came Launcelot walking; this is true, the
kiss
Wherewith we kissed in meeting that spring
day,
I scarce dare talk of the remembered bliss,
- "When both our mouths went wandering in
one way, 136
And aching sorely, met among the leaves;
Our hands being left behind strained far
away.
- "Never within a yard of my bright sleeves
Had Launcelot come before — and now, so
nigh! 140
After that day why is it Guenevere grieves?
- "Nevertheless you, O Sir Gauwaine, lie,
Whatever happened on through all those
years,
God knows I speak truth, saying that you
lie.
- "Being such a lady could I weep these
tears 145
If this were true? A great queen such as I
Having sinned this way, straight her con-
science sears;
- "And afterwards she liveth hatefully,
Slaying and poisoning, certes never weeps, —
Gauwaine be friends now, speak me lov-
ingly. 150

"Do I not see how God's dear pity creeps
All through your frame, and trembles in your
mouth?

Remember in what grave your mother sleeps,

"Buried in some place far down in the south,
Men are forgetting as I speak to you; 155
By her head severed in that awful drouth

"Of pity that drew Agravaïne's fell blow,
I pray your pity! let me not scream out
For ever after, when the shrill winds blow

"Through half your castle-locks! let me not
shout 160

For ever after in the winter night
When you ride out alone! in battle rout

"Let not my rusting tears make your sword
light!

Ah! God of mercy how he turns away!
So, ever must I dress me to the fight, 165

"So — let God's justice work! Gauwaine,
I say,

See me hew down your proofs: yea all men
know

Even as you said how Mellyagraunce one
day,

"One bitter day in *la Fausse Garde*, for so
All good knights held it after, saw — 170
Yea, sirs, by cursed unknightly outrage;
though

"You, Gauwaine, held his word without a
flaw,

This Mellyagraunce saw blood upon my
bed —

Whose blood then pray you? is there any
law

"To make a queen say why some spots of
red 175

Lie on her coverlet? or will you say,
'Your hands are white, lady, as when you
wed,

"Where did you bleed?" and must I stam-
mer out — 'Nay,

I blush indeed, fair lord, only to rend
My sleeve up to my shoulder, where there
lay 180

"A knife-point last night: ' so must I defend
The honor of the lady Guenevere?
Not so, fair lords, even if the world should
end

"This very day, and you were judges here
Instead of God. Did you see Melly-
graunce 185

When Launcelot stood by him? what white
fear

"Curdled his blood, and how his teeth did
dance,

His side sink in? as my knight cried and said,
'Slayer of unarmed men, here is a chance!

"Setter of traps, I pray you guard your
head, 190

By God I am so glad to fight with you,
Stripper of ladies, that my hand feels lead

"For driving weight; hurrah now! draw and
do,

For all my wounds are moving in my breast,
And I am getting mad with waiting so." 195

"He struck his hands together o'er the beast,
Who fell down flat, and grovelled at his feet,
And groaned at being slain so young — 'at
least.'

"My knight said, 'Rise you, sir, who are so
fleet

At catching ladies, half-armed will I fight, 200
My left side all uncovered!' then I weet,

"Up sprang Sir Mellyagraunce with great
delight

Upon his knave's face; not until just then
Did I quite hate him, as I saw my knight

"Along the lists look to my stake and pen 205
With such a joyous smile, it made me sigh
From agony beneath my waist-chain, when

"The fight began, and to me they drew nigh;
Ever Sir Launcelot kept him on the right,
And traversed warily, and ever high 210

"And fast leapt caitiff's sword, until my
knight

Sudden threw up his sword to his left hand,
Caught it, and swung it; that was all the
fight.

"Except a spout of blood on the hot land;
For it was hottest summer; and I know 215
I wondered how the fire, while I should stand,

"And burn, against the heat, would quiver so,
Yards above my head; thus these matters
went;
Which things were only warnings of the woe

"That fell on me. Yet Mellyagraunce was
shent, 220
For Mellyagraunce had fought against the
Lord;
Therefore, my lords, take heed lest you be
blent

"With all this wickedness; say no rash word
Against me, being so beautiful; my eyes,
Wept all away to grey, may bring some
sword 225

"To drown you in your blood; see my breast
rise,
Like waves of purple sea, as here I stand;
And how my arms are moved in wonderful
wise,

"Yea also at my full heart's strong com-
mand,
See through my long throat how the words
go up 230
In ripples to my mouth; how in my hand

"The shadow lies like wine within a cup
Of marvellously colored gold; yea now
This little wind is rising, look you up,

"And wonder how the light is falling so 235
Within my moving tresses: will you dare,
When you have looked a little on my brow,

"To say this thing is vile? or will you care
For any plausible lies of cunning woof,
When you can see my face with no lie there

"For ever? am I not a gracious proof — 241
'But in your chamber Launcelot was
found' —
Is there a good knight then would stand
aloof,

"When a queen says with gentle queenly
sound:
'O true as steel come now and talk with
me, 245
I love to see your step upon the ground

"Unwavering, also well I love to see
That gracious smile light up your face, and
hear
Your wonderful words, that all mean verily

"The thing they seem to mean: good
friend, so dear 250
To me in everything, come here to-night,
Or else the hours will pass most dull and
drear;

"If you come not, I fear this time I might
Get thinking over much of times gone by,
When I was young, and green hope was in
sight; 255

"For no man cares now to know why I sigh;
And no man comes to sing me pleasant songs,
Nor any brings me the sweet flowers that lie

"So thick in the gardens; therefore one so
long
To see you, Launcelot; that we may be 260
Like children once again, free from all wrongs

"Just for one night.' Did he not come to
me?
What thing could keep true Launcelot away
If I said 'come'? there was one less than
three

"In my quiet room that night, and we were
gay; 265
Till sudden I rose up, weak, pale, and sick,
Because a bawling broke our dream up, yea

"I looked at Launcelot's face and could not
speak,
For he looked helpless too, for a little while;
Then I remember how I tried to shriek, 270

"And could not, but fell down; from tile to
tile
The stones they threw up rattled o'er my
head,
And made me dizzy; till within a while

"My maids were all about me, and my
head
On Launcelot's breast was being soothed
away; 275
From its white chattering, until Launcelot
said —

"By God! I will not tell you more to-day,
Judge any way you will — what matters it?
You know quite well the story of that fray,

"How Launcelot stilled their bawling, the
mad fit 280
That caught up Gauwaine — all, all, verily,
But just that which would save me; these
things flit.

"Nevertheless you, O Sir Gauwaine, lie,
Whatever may have happened these long
years,
God knows I speak truth, saying that you
lie! 285

"All I have said is truth, by Christ's dear tears."

She would not speak another word, but stood
Turned sideways; listening, like a man who
hears

His brother's trumpet sounding through the
wood

Of his foes' lances. She leaned eagerly, 290
And gave a slight spring sometimes, as she
could

At last hear something really; joyfully
Her cheek grew crimson, as the headlong
speed

Of the roan charger drew all men to see,
The knight who came was Launcelot at good
need. 295

Pub. 1858.

THE EVE OF CRECY

Gold on her head, and gold on her feet,
And gold where the hems of her kirtle meet,
And a golden girdle round my sweet; —
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

Margaret's maids are fair to see, 5
Freshly dressed and pleasantly;
Margaret's hair falls down to her knee; —
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

If I were rich I would kiss her feet,
I would kiss the place where the gold hems
meet, 10
And the golden girdle round my sweet —
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

Ah me! I have never touched her hand;
When the arriere-ban¹ goes through the
land,
Six basnets² under my pennon stand; — 15
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

And many an one grins under his hood:
"Sir Lambert de Bois, with all his men
good,
Has neither food nor firewood;" —
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite. 20

If I were rich I would kiss her feet,
And the golden girdle of my sweet,
And thereabouts where the gold hems
meet; —
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

¹ The summons of a French king calling his vassals
to war.
² helmets.

Yet even now it is good to think, 25
While my few poor varlets grumble and drink
In my desolate hall, where the fires sink, —
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

Of Margaret sitting glorious there,
In glory of gold and glory of hair, 30
And glory of glorious face most fair; —
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

Likewise to-night I make good cheer,
Because this battle draweth near:
For what have I to lose or fear? — 35
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

For, look you, my horse is good to prance
A right fair measure in this war-dance,
Before the eyes of Philip of France; —
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite. 40

And sometime it may hap, perdie,
While my new towers stand up three and
three,
And my hall gets painted fair to see —
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite —

That folks may say: "Times change, by the
rood, 45
For Lambert, banneret of the wood,
Has heaps of food and firewood; —
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

"And wonderful eyes, too, under the hood
Of a damsel of right noble blood:" 50
St. Ives, for Lambert of the wood! —
Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.
Pub. 1858.

THE HAYSTACK IN THE FLOODS

Had she come all the way for this,
To part at last without a kiss?
Yea, had she borne the dirt and rain
That her own eyes might see him slain
Beside the haystack in the floods? 5

Along the dripping leafless woods,
The stirrup touching either shoe,
She rode astride as troopers do;
With kirtle kilted to her knee,
To which the mud splashed wretchedly; 10
And the wet dripped from every tree
Upon her head and heavy hair,
And on her eyelids broad and fair;
The tears and rain ran down her face.
By fits and starts they rode apace, 15
And very often was his place

Far off from her; he had to ride
 Ahead, to see what might betide
 When the roads crossed; and sometimes,
 when

There rose a murmuring from his men, 20
 Had to turn back with promises;
 Ah me! she had but little ease;
 And often for pure doubt and dread
 She sobbed, made giddy in the head
 By the swift riding; while, for cold, 25
 Her slender fingers scarce could hold
 The wet reins; yea, and scarcely, too,
 She felt the foot within her shoe
 Against the stirrup: all for this,
 To part at last without a kiss 30
 Beside the haystack in the floods.

For when they neared that old soaked hay,
 They saw across the only way
 That Judas, Godmar, and the three
 Red running lions dismally 35
 Grinned from his pennon, under which,
 In one straight line along the ditch,
 They counted thirty heads.

So then,
 While Robert turned round to his men,
 She saw at once the wretched end, 40
 And, stooping down, tried hard to rend
 Her coif † the wrong way from her head,
 And hid her eyes; while Robert said:
 "Nay, love, 'tis scarcely two to one,
 At Poitiers where we made them run 45
 So fast — why, sweet my love, good cheer.
 The Gascon frontier is so near,
 Nought after this."

But, "O," she said,
 "My God! my God! I have to tread
 The long way back without you; then 50
 The court at Paris; those six men;
 The gratings of the Chatelet;
 The swift Seine on some rainy day
 Like this, and people standing by,
 And laughing, while my weak hands try 55
 To recollect how strong men swim.
 All this, or else a life with him,
 For which I should be damned at last,
 Would God that this next hour were past!"

He answered not, but cried his cry, 60
 "St. George for Marny!" cheerily;
 And laid his hand upon her rein.
 Alas! no man of all his train
 Gave back that cheery cry again;
 And, while for rage his thumb beat fast 65
 Upon his sword-hilts, some one cast

† tight-fitting cap.

About his neck a kerchief long,
 And bound him.

Then they went along
 To Godmar; who said: "Now, Jehane,
 Your lover's life is on the wane 70
 So fast, that, if this very hour
 You yield not as my paramour,
 He will not see the rain leave off —
 Nay, keep your tongue from gibe and scoff, 75
 Sir Robert, or I slay you now."

She laid her hand upon her brow,
 Then gazed upon the palm, as though
 She thought her forehead bled, and — "No."
 She said, and turned her head away,
 As there were nothing else to say, 80
 And everything were settled: red
 Grew Godmar's face from chin to head:
 "Jehane, on yonder hill there stands
 My castle, guarding well my lands:
 What hinders me from taking you, 85
 And doing that I list to do
 To your fair wilful body, while
 Your knight lies dead?"

A wicked smile
 Wrinkled her face, her lips grew thin,
 A long way out she thrust her chin: 90
 "You know that I should strangle you
 While you were sleeping; or bite through
 Your throat, by God's help — ah!" she said,
 "Lord Jesus, pity your poor maid!
 For in such wise they hem me in, 95
 I cannot choose but sin and sin,
 Whatever happens: yet I think
 They could not make me eat or drink,
 And so should I just reach my rest."
 "Nay, if you do not my behest, 100
 O Jehane! though I love you well,"
 Said Godmar, "would I fail to tell
 All that I know." "Foul lies," she said.
 "Eh? lies my Jehane? by God's head,
 At Paris folks would deem them true! 105
 Do you know, Jehane, they cry for you,
 'Jehane the brown! Jehane the brown!
 Give us Jehane to burn or drown!' —
 Eh — gag me Robert! — sweet my friend,
 This were indeed a piteous end 110
 For those long fingers, and long feet,
 And long neck, and smooth shoulders sweet;
 An end that few men would forget
 That saw it — So, an hour yet:
 Consider, Jehane, which to take 115
 Of life or death!"

So, scarce awake,
 Dismounting, did she leave that place,
 And totter some yards: with her face

Turned upward to the sky she lay,
Her head on a wet heap of hay, 120
And fell asleep: and while she slept,
And did not dream, the minutes crept
Round to the twelve again; but she,
Being waked at last, sighed quietly,
And strangely childlike came, and said: 125
"I will not." Straightway Godmar's head,
As though it hung on strong wires, turned
Most sharply round, and his face burned.

For Robert — both his eyes were dry,
He could not weep, but gloomily 130
He seemed to watch the rain; yea, too,
His lips were firm; he tried once more
To touch her lips; she reached out, sore
And vain desire so tortured them,
The poor grey lips, and now the hem 135
Of his sleeve brushed them.

With a start

Up Godmar rose, thrust them apart;
From Robert's throat he loosed the bands
Of silk and mail; with empty hands
Held out, she stood and gazed, and saw, 140
The long bright blade without a flaw
Glide out from Godmar's sheath, his hand
In Robert's hair; she saw him bend
Back Robert's head; she saw him send
The thin steel down; the blow told well, 145
Right backward the knight Robert fell,
And moaned as dogs do, being half dead,
Unwitting, as I deem: so then
Godmar turned grinning to his men,
Who ran, some five or six, and beat 150
His head to pieces at their feet.

Then Godmar turned again and said:
"So, Jehane, the first fitte¹ is read!
Take note, my lady, that your way
Lies backward to the Chatelet!" 155
She shook her head and gazed awhile
At her cold hands with a rueful smile,
As though this thing had made her mad.

This was the parting that they had
Beside the haystack in the floods. 160
Pub. 1858.

AN APOLOGY

PROLOGUE TO THE EARTHLY PARADISE

Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears, 5

1 canto.

Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.¹

But rather, when, aweary of your mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth, 10
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days
die —

Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care 15
That weighs us down who live and earn our
bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite
away 20
From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due
time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked
straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory
gate, 25
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did
show, 30
That through one window men beheld the
spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted
way,
Piped the drear wind of that December
day. 35

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must
be; 40
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall
slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

Pub. 1868.

1 Note that the stanza is the rime royal.

L'ENVOI to THE EARTHLY PARADISE

Here are we for the last time face to face,
Thou and I, Book, before I bid thee speed
Upon thy perilous journey to that place
For which I have done on thee pilgrim's
weed,

Striving to get thee all things for thy need —
I love thee, whatso time or men may say 6
Of the poor singer of an empty day.

Good reason why I love thee, e'en if thou
Be mocked or clean forgot as time wears on;
For ever as thy fashioning did grow, 10
Kind word and praise because of thee I won
From those without whom were my world all
gone,

My hope fallen dead, my singing cast away,
And I set soothly in an empty day.

I love thee; yet this last time must it be 15
That thou must hold thy peace and I must
speak,

Lest if thou babble I begin to see
Thy gear too thin, thy limbs and heart too
weak,

To find the land thou goest forth to seek —
Though what harm if thou die upon the
way, 20

Thou idle singer of an empty day?

But though this land desired thou never
reach,

Yet folk who know it mayst thou meet, or
death;

Therefore a word unto thee would I teach
To answer these, who, noting thy weak
breath, 25

Thy wandering eyes, thy heart of little faith,
May make thy fond desire a sport and play
Mocking the singer of an empty day.

That land's name, say'st thou? and the road
thereto?

Nay, Book, thou mockest, saying thou
know'st it not; 30

Surely no book of verse I ever knew
But ever was the heart within him hot
To gain the Land of Matters Unforgot —
There, now we both laugh — as the whole
world may,

At us poor singers of an empty day. 35

Nay, let it pass, and harken! Hast thou
heard

That therein I believe I have a friend,
Of whom for love I may not be afeared?

It is to him indeed I bid thee wend;
Yea, he perchance may meet thee ere thou
end, 40

Dying so far off from the hedge of bay,
Thou idle singer of an empty day!

Well, think of him, I bid thee, on the road,
And if it hap that midst of thy defeat,
Fainting beneath thy follies' heavy load, 45
My Master, GEOFFREY CHAUCER, thou do
meet,

Then shalt thou win a space of rest full
sweet;

Then be thou bold, and speak the words I say,
The idle singer of an empty day!

"O Master, O thou great of heart and
tongue; 50

Thou well mayst ask me why I wander here,
In raiment rent of stories oft besung!

But of thy gentleness draw thou anear,
And then the heart of one who held thee dear
Mayst thou behold! So near as that I lay 55
Unto the singer of an empty day.

"For this he ever said, who sent me forth
To seek a place amid thy company:

That howsoever little was my worth,
Yet was he worth e'en just so much as I; 60
He said that rhyme hath little skill to lie;
Nor feigned to cast his worser part away;
In idle singing for an empty day.

"I have beheld him tremble oft enough
At things he could not choose but trust to
me, 65

Although he knew the world was wise and
rough;

And never did he fail to let me see
His love, — his folly and faithlessness,
maybe;

And still in turn I gave him voice to pray
Such prayers as cling about an empty day. 70

"Thou, keen-eyed, reading me, mayst read
him through,

For surely little is there left behind;
No power great deeds unnameable to do;
No knowledge for which words he may not
find, 74

No love of things as vague as autumn wind —
Earth of the earth lies hidden by my clay,
The idle singer of an empty day!

"Children we twain are, saith he, late made
wise

In love, but in all else most childish still,
And seeking still the pleasure of our eyes, 80

And what our ears with sweetest sounds may
fill;
Not fearing Love, lest these things he should
kill;

Howe'er his pain by pleasure doth he lay,
Making a strange tale of an empty day.

"Death have we hated, knowing not what it
meant; 85

Life have we loved, through green leaf and
through sere,

Though still the less we knew of its intent;
The Earth and Heaven through countless
year on year,

Slow changing, were to us but curtains
fair, 89

Hung around about a little room, where play
Weeping and laughter of man's empty day.

"O Master, if thine heart could love us yet,
Spite of things left undone, and wrongly done,
Some place in loving hearts then should we
get,

For thou, sweet-souled, didst never stand
alone, 95

But knew'st the joy and woe of many an one—

By lovers dead, who live through thee, we
pray,
Help thou us singers of an empty day!"

Fearest thou, Book, what answer thou
mayst gain

Lest he should scorn thee, and thereof thou
die? 100

Nay, it shall not be. — Thou mayst toil in
vain,

And never draw the House of Fame anigh;
Yet he and his shall know whereof we cry,
Shall call it not ill done to strive to lay
The ghosts that crowd about life's empty
day. 105

Then let the others go! and if indeed
In some old garden thou and I have wrought,
And made fresh flowers spring up from
hoarded seed,

And fragrance of old days and deeds have
brought 109

Back to folk weary; all was not for nought.
— No little part it was for me to play —
The idle singer of an empty day.

Pub. 1870.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837-1909)

By birth, Swinburne was an aristocrat. His father, an admiral in the British navy, was the son of a baronet, his mother the daughter of an earl. He was born in London, April 5, 1837; reared by his mother and his father's father, who together gave him rigid training in Italian and French; and formally educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, where he added a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek literature to his accomplishments. To a non-conformer like Swinburne, a voracious reader, a sensitive and very able student whose passion already was the study and practice of poetic expression, formal education, like any restraint, was an irritant. After four years at Oxford, during the last terms of which his attendance was desultory, he left without a degree. The very next year, 1860, he published a volume containing two poetic plays, *The Queen Mother*, and *Rosamund*. In 1864, he made an extended trip on the Continent, meeting and spending much time with Landor in Florence. Returning to London in 1865, he took up his residence with Meredith and Rossetti in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London. Morris, Burne-Jones, and other Pre-Raphaelites became his close friends. In this year he published two volumes, each containing a poetic play, *Atalanta in Calydon* and *Chastelard*. The first established Swinburne as a poet; the second play (the first in a trilogy, later completed by *Bothwell*, 1874, and *Mary Stuart*, 1881) was condemned by many as immoral. The following year, 1866, all England became aroused by the publication of his *Poems and Ballads*. Many readers were thrilled by his remarkable skill in versifying; more were shocked by what they considered his immorality. In 1878, he published a second, and in 1889, a third series of *Poems and Ballads*. Among his other works may be mentioned *Erechtheus*, 1876, and *Tristram of Lyonesse*, 1882. As a critic, Swinburne wrote studies of Blake, 1867, Chapman, 1875, Shakespeare, 1879, Victor Hugo, 1886, and Ben Jonson, 1889. Most of his criticism is impressionistic.

As a man, Swinburne was erratic. He lived a Bohemian life in London, associating mainly with the Pre-Raphaelites, the influence of whose romanticism and modern social ideas is evident in his writings. When Swinburne was in danger of wasting himself in unrestrained living, Theodore Watts-Dunton brought him to his own home in Putney. There he lived for thirty-odd years until his death in 1909. He never married.

As a poet, Swinburne is approached by few in his remarkable mastery of technique. None of his contemporaries could make words sing as he could. At times his facility in verse is almost fatal to any ideas that he may have had in mind. The charge, however, that his poems are

merely full of sound, signifying nothing, is greatly exaggerated. In Swinburne can be found the nineteenth-century struggle over religion, indignant cries at the existing social order, and above all, a deep feeling for nature, especially the sea.

Harpers publish the complete works of Swinburne. For his life, see the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

CHORUSES *from* ATALANTA IN CALYDON

I

When the hounds of spring are on winter's
traces,

The mother of months¹ in meadow or
plain

Fills the shadows and windy places

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale² amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,³ 6

For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of
quivers,

Maiden most perfect,⁴ lady of light, 10
With a noise of winds and many rivers,

With a clamor of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet;

For the faint east quickens, the wan west
shivers, 15

Round the feet of the day and the feet of
the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to
her,

Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could
spring to her,

Fire, or the strength of the streams that
spring! 20

For the stars and the winds are unto her

As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;

For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,

And the southwest-wind and the west-
wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over, 25

And all the season of snows and sins;

The days dividing lover and lover,

The light that loses, the night that wins;

And time remembered is grief forgotten,

And frosts are slain and flowers begotten, 30

¹ Diana or Artemis, goddess of the moon as well as of the chase.

² Philomela, who was changed into a nightingale when King Tereus pursued her.

³ Son of Tereus and Procne. Procne killed him and fed him to his father when Tereus violated her sister, Philomela.

⁴ Diana.

And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,

Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year
flushes 35

From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;

And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,

And the oat is heard above the lyre,

And the hooped heel of a satyr crushes

The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root. 40

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,

Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,

Follows with dancing and fills with delight

The Mænad¹ and the Bassarid;¹

And soft as lips that laugh and hide, 45

The laughing leaves of the trees divide,

And screen from seeing and leave in sight

The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair

Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes; 50

The wild vine slipping down leaves bare

Her bright breast shortening into sighs;

The wild vine slips with the weight of its
leaves,

But the berried ivy catches and cleaves

To the limbs that glitter, the feet that
scare 55

The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

2

Before the beginning of years

There came to the making of man

Time, with a gift of tears;

Grief, with a glass that ran; 60

Pleasure, with pain for leaven;

Summer, with flowers that fell;

Remembrance fallen from heaven,

And madness risen from hell;

Strength without hands to smite; 65

Love that endures for a breath:

Night, the shadow of light,

And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand

Fire, and the falling of tears, 70

And a measure of sliding sand

From under the feet of the years;

¹ Bacchantes, female devotees of Bacchus and Pan.

And froth and drift of the sea;
 And dust of the laboring earth;
 And bodies of things to be 75
 In the houses of death and of birth;
 And wrought with weeping and laughter,
 And fashioned with loathing and love,
 With life before and after
 And death beneath and above, 80
 For a day and a night and a morrow,
 That his strength might endure for a
 span
 With travail and heavy sorrow,
 The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the
 south 85
 They gathered as unto strife;
 They breathed upon his mouth,
 They filled his body with life;
 Eyesight and speech they wrought
 For the veils of the soul therein, 90
 A time for labor and thought,
 A time to serve and to sin:
 They gave him light in his ways,
 And love, and a space for delight,
 And beauty and length of days, 95
 And night, and sleep in the night.
 His speech is a burning fire;
 With his lips he travaileth;
 In his heart is a blind desire,
 In his eyes foreknowledge of death; 100
 He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
 Sows, and he shall not reap;
 His life is a watch or a vision
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

Pub. 1865.

HYMN TO PROSERPINE¹

AFTER THE PROCLAMATION IN ROME OF
 THE CHRISTIAN FAITH

*Vicisti, Galilæe*²

I have lived long enough, having seen one
 thing, that love hath an end;
 Goddess and maiden and queen, be near me
 now and befriend.
 Thou art more than the day or the morrow,
 the seasons that laugh or that weep;
 For these give joy and sorrow; but thou,
 Proserpina, sleep.
 Sweet is the treading of wine, and sweet the
 feet of the dove; 5
 But a goodlier gift is thine than foam of the
 grapes or love.

¹ Proserpine or Persephone was queen of the lower regions.

² Thou hast conquered, O Galilean.

Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and harp-
 string of gold,
 A bitter God to follow, a beautiful God to
 behold?
 I am sick of singing: the bays burn deep and
 chafe: I am fain
 To rest a little from praise and grievous
 pleasure and pain. 10
 For the Gods we know not of, who give us our
 daily breath,
 We know they are cruel as love or life, and
 lovely as death.
 O Gods dethroned and deceased, cast forth,
 wiped out in a day!
 From your wrath is the world released,
 redeemed from your chains, men
 say.
 New Gods are crowned in the city; their
 flowers have broken your rods; 15
 They are merciful, clothed with pity, the
 young compassionate Gods.
 But for me their new device is barren, the
 days are bare;
 Things long past over suffice, and men for-
 gotten that were.
 Time and the Gods are at strife; ye dwell in
 the midst thereof,
 Draining a little life from the barren breasts
 of love. 20
 I say to you, cease, take rest; yea, I say to
 you all be at peace,
 Till the bitter milk of her breast and the
 barren bosom shall cease.
 Wilt thou yet take all, Galilean? but these
 thou shalt not take,
 The laurel, the palms and the pæan, the
 breast of the nymphs in the brake;
 Breasts more soft than a dove's, that tremble
 with tenderer breath; 25
 And all the wings of the Loves, and all the
 joy before death;
 All the feet of the hours that sound as a
 single lyre,
 Dropped and deep in the flowers, with strings
 that flicker like fire,
 More than these wilt thou give, things fairer
 than all these things?
 Nay, for a little we live, and life hath mutable
 wings. 30
 A little while and we die; shall life not thrive
 as it may?
 For no man under the sky lives twice, out-
 living his day.
 And grief is a grievous thing, and a man hath
 enough of his tears:
 Why should he labor, and bring fresh grief to
 blacken his years?
 Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the

world has grown gray from thy
 breath; 35
 We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed
 on the fulness of death.
 Laurel is green for a season, and love is sweet
 for a day;
 But love grows bitter with treason, and
 laurel outlives not May.
 Sleep, shall we sleep after all? for the world
 is not sweet in the end;
 For the old faiths loosen and fall, the new
 years ruin and rend. 40
 Fate is a sea without shore, and the soul is a
 rock that abides;
 But her ears are vexed with the roar and her
 face with the foam of the tides.
 O lips that the live blood faints in, the leav-
 ings of rack and rods!
 O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of
 gibbeted Gods!
 Though all men abase them before you in
 spirits, and all knees bend, 45
 I kneel not neither adore you, but standing,
 look to the end.
 All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits and
 sorrows are cast
 Far out with the foam of the present that
 sweeps to the surf of the past:
 Where beyond the extreme sea-wall, and
 between the remote sea-gates,
 Waste water washes, and tall ships founder,
 and deep death waits: 50
 Where, mighty with deepening sides, clad
 about with the seas as with wings,
 And impelled of invisible tides, fulfilled of
 unspeakable things,
 White-eyed and poisonous-finned, shark-
 toothed and serpentine-curved,
 Rolls, under the whitening wind of the
 future, the wave of the world.
 The depths stand naked in sunder behind it,
 the storms flee away; 55
 In the hollow before it the thunder is taken
 and snared as a prey;
 In its sides is the north-wind bound; and its
 salt is of all men's tears;
 With light of ruin, and sound of changes, and
 pulse of years:
 With travail of day after day, and with
 trouble of hour upon hour;
 And bitter as blood is the spray; and the
 crests are as fangs that devour: 60
 And its vapor and storm of its steam as the
 sighing of spirits to be;
 And its noise as the noise in a dream; and its
 depth as the roots of the sea:
 And the height of its head as the height of the
 utmost stars of the air:

And the ends of the earth at the might thereof
 tremble, and time is made bare.
 Will ye bridle the deep sea with reins, will ye
 chasten the high sea with rods? 65
 Will ye take her to chain her with chains,
 who is older than all ye Gods?
 All ye as a wind shall go by, as a fire shall ye
 pass and be past;
 Ye are Gods, and behold, ye shall die, and the
 waves be upon you at last.
 In the darkness of time, in the deeps of the
 years, in the changes of things,
 Ye shall sleep as a slain man sleeps, and the
 world shall forget you for kings. 70
 Though the feet of thine high priests tread
 where thy lords and our forefathers
 trod,
 Though these that were Gods are dead, and
 thou being dead art a God,
 Though before thee the throned Cytherean
 be fallen, and hidden her head,
 Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean, thy
 dead shall go down to the dead.
 Of the maiden thy mother men sing as a
 goddess with grace clad around; 75
 Thou art throned where another was king;
 where another was queen she is
 crowned.
 Yea, once we had sight of another: but now
 she is queen, say these.
 Not as thine, not as thine was our mother, a
 blossom of flowering seas,
 Clothed round with the world's desire as
 with raiment, and fair as the foam,
 And fleeter than kindled fire, and a goddess-
 and mother of Rome. 80
 For thine came pale and a maiden, and sister
 to sorrow; but ours,
 Her deep hair heavily laden with odor, and
 color of flowers,
 White rose of the rose-white water, a silver
 splendor, a flame,
 Bent down into us that besought her, and
 earth grew sweet with her name.
 For thine came weeping, a slave among
 slaves, and rejected; but she 85
 Came flushed from the full-flushed wave, and
 imperial, her foot on the sea.
 And the wonderful waters knew her, the
 winds and the viewless ways,
 And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the sea-
 blue stream of the bays.
 Ye are fallen, our lords, by what token? ye
 wist that ye should not fall.
 Ye were all so fair that are broken; and one
 more fair than ye all. 90
 But I turn to her still, having seen she shall
 surely abide in the end;

Goddess and maiden and queen, be near me
 now and befriend.
 O daughter of earth, of my mother, her
 crown and blossom of birth,
 I am also, I also thy brother; I go as I came
 unto earth.
 In the night where thine eyes are as moons
 are in heaven, the night where thou
 art, 95
 Where the silence is more than all tunes,
 where sleep overflows from the heart,
 Where the poppies are sweet as the rose in
 our world, and the red rose is white,
 And the wind falls faint as it blows with the
 fume of the flowers of the night,
 And the murmur of spirits that sleep in the
 shadow of Gods from afar
 Grows dim in thine ears and deep as the deep
 dim soul of a star, 100
 In the sweet low light of thy face, under
 heavens untrod by the sun,
 Let my soul with their souls find place, and
 forget what is done and undone.
 Thou art more than the Gods who number
 the days of our temporal breath;
 For these give labor and slumber; but thou,
 Proserpina, death.
 Therefore now at thy feet I abide for a season
 in silence. I know 105
 I shall die as my fathers died, and sleep as
 they sleep; even so.
 For the glass of the years is brittle wherein
 we gaze for a span;
 A little soul for a little bears up this corpse
 which is man.¹
 So long I endure, no longer; and laugh not
 again, neither weep.
 For there is no God found stronger than
 death; and death is a sleep. 110

A MATCH

This poem is a kind of *rondeau* or *rondel*, the chief characteristic of which is the repetition, at the end of each stanza, of the first two lines.

If love were what the rose is,
 And I were like the leaf,
 Our lives would grow together
 In sad or singing weather,
 Blown fields or flowerful closes, 5
 Green pleasure or gray grief;
 If love were what the rose is,
 And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
 And love were like the tune, 10

ἡ ψυχὰριον εἰς βαστάζον νεκρόν. EPICTETUS.

With double sound and single
 Delight our lips would mingle,
 With kisses glad as birds are
 That get sweet rain at noon;
 If I were what the words are, 15
 And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
 And I your love were death,
 We'd shine and snow together
 Ere March made sweet the weather 20
 With daffodil and starling
 And hours of fruitful breath;
 If you were life, my darling,
 And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow, 25
 And I were page to joy,
 We'd play for lives and seasons
 With loving looks and treasons
 And tears of night and morrow
 And laughs of maid and boy; 30
 If you were thrall to sorrow,
 And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May,
 We'd throw with leaves for hours 35
 And draw for days with flowers,
 Till day like night were shady
 And night were bright like day;
 If you were April's lady,
 And I were lord in May. 40

If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain,
 We'd hunt down love together,
 Pluck out his flying-feather,
 And teach his feet a measure, 45
 And find his mouth a rein;
 If you were queen of pleasure,
 And I were king of pain.

A BALLAD OF BURDENS

This poem is a *ballade*, a French verse-form, which usually consists of three or more eight-line stanzas rhyming *ababbcb* and a refrain or *envoy* of four lines, *bcb*. The last line of each stanza is always the same, and often the same rhymes for *a*, *b*, and *c* are kept throughout the *ballade*. Swinburne allows himself variations.

The burden of fair women. Vain delight,
 And love self-slain in some sweet shameful
 way,
 And sorrowful old age that comes by night
 As a thief comes that has no heart by day,

And change that finds fair cheeks and
 leaves them gray, 5
 And weariness that keeps awake for hire,
 And grief that says what pleasure used to
 say:
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of bought kisses. This is sore,
 A burden without fruit in childbearing; 10
 Between the nightfall and the dawn three-
 score,
 Threescore between the dawn and evening.
 The shuddering in thy lips, the shuddering
 In thy sad eyelids tremulous like fire,
 Makes love seem shameful and a wretched
 thing 15
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of sweet speeches. Nay, kneel
 down,
 Cover thy head, and weep; for verily
 These market-men that buy thy white and
 brown
 In the last days shall take no thought for
 thee; 20
 In the last days like earth thy face shall
 be,
 Yea, like sea-marsh made thick with brine
 and mire,
 Sad with sick leavings of the sterile sea:
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of long living. Thou shalt
 fear 25
 Waking, and sleeping mourn upon thy
 bed;
 And say at night, "Would God the day were
 here!"
 And say at dawn, "Would God the day
 were dead!"
 With weary days thou shalt be clothed and
 fed,
 And wear remorse of heart for thine attire, 30
 Pain for thy girdle, and sorrow upon thine
 head:
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of bright colors. Thou shalt
 see
 Gold tarnished, and the gray above the
 green;
 And as the thing thou seest thy face shall
 be, 35
 And no more as the thing beforetime seen.
 And thou shalt say of mercy, "It hath
 been;"
 And living, watch the old lips and loves
 expire,

And talking, tears shall take thy breath
 between:
 This is the end of every man's desire. 40

The burden of sad sayings. In that day
 Thou shalt tell all thy days and hours, and
 tell
 Thy times and ways and words of love, and
 say
 How one was dear, and one desirable.
 And sweet was life to hear and sweet to
 smell; 45
 But now with lights reverse the old hours
 retire,
 And the last hour is shod with fire from
 hell:
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of four seasons. Rain in spring,
 White rain and wind among the tender
 trees; 50
 A summer of green sorrows gathering;
 Rank autumn in a mist of miseries,
 With sad face set towards the year, that
 sees
 The charred ash drop out of the dropping
 pyre,
 And winter wan with many maladies; 55
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of dead faces. Out of sight
 And out of love, beyond the reach of
 hands,
 Changed in the changing of the dark and
 light,
 They walk and weep about the barren
 lands 60
 Where no seed is, nor any garner stands,
 Where in short breaths the doubtful days
 respire,
 And time's turned glass lets through the
 sighing sands:
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of much gladness. Life and
 lust 65
 Forsake thee, and the face of thy de-
 light;
 And underfoot the heavy hour strews dust,
 And overhead strange weathers burn and
 bite;
 And where the red was, lo the bloodless
 white;
 And where truth was, the likeness of a
 liar; 70
 And where day was, the likeness of the
 night:
 This is the end of every man's desire.

L'ENVOY

Princes,¹ and ye whom pleasure quickeneth,
 Heed well this rhyme before your pleasure
 tire;
 For life is sweet, but after life is death. 75
 This is the end of every man's desire.

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

Here, where the world is quiet,
 Here, where all trouble seems
 Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
 In doubtful dreams of dreams,
 I watch the green field growing 5
 For reaping folk and sowing,
 For harvest time and mowing,
 A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
 And men that laugh and weep, 10
 Of what may come hereafter
 For men that sow to reap:
 I am weary of days and hours,
 Blown buds of barren flowers,
 Desires and dreams and powers, 15
 And every thing but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbor,
 And far from eye or ear
 Wan waves and wet winds labor,
 Weak ships and spirits steer; 20
 They drive adrift, and whither
 They wot not who make thither;
 But no such winds blow hither,
 And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice, 25
 No heather-flower or vine,
 But bloomless buds of poppies,
 Green grapes of Proserpine,
 Pale beds of blowing rushes
 Where no leaf blooms or blushes 30
 Save this whereout she crushes
 For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
 In fruitless fields of corn,
 They bow themselves and slumber 35
 All night till light is born;
 And like a soul belated,
 In hell and heaven unmated,
 By cloud and mist abated
 Comes out of darkness morn. 40

Though one were strong as seven,
 He too with death shall dwell,

Nor wake with wings in heaven,
 Nor weep for pains in hell;
 Though one were fair as roses, 45
 His beauty clouds and closes;
 And well though love repose,
 In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
 Crowned with calm leaves, she
 stands 50
 Who gathers all things mortal
 With cold immortal hands;
 Her languid lips are sweeter
 Than Love's, who fears to greet her,
 To men that mix and meet her 55
 For many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
 She waits for all men born;
 Forgets the earth her mother,¹
 The life of fruits and corn; 60
 And spring and seed and swallow
 Take wing for her, and follow
 Where summer song rings hollow,
 And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither, 65
 The old loves with wearier wings,
 And all dead years draw thither,
 And all disastrous things;
 Dead dreams of days forsaken,
 Blind buds that snows have shaken, 70
 Wild leaves that winds have taken,
 Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
 And joy was never sure;
 To-day will die to-morrow; 75
 Time stoops to no man's lure;
 And love, grown faint and fretful,
 With lips but half regretful
 Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
 Weeps that no loves endure. 80

From too much love of living,
 From hope and fear set free,
 We thank with brief thanksgiving
 Whatever gods may be 85
 That no life lives forever;
 That dead men rise up never;
 That even the weariest river
 Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
 Nor any change of light; 90
 Nor sound of waters shaken,
 Nor any sound or sight;

¹ Originally, in the *ballade*, the envoy was a kind of dedication, usually addressed to a prince.

¹ Proserpine's mother was Demeter, goddess of fruitfulness.

Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal:
Only the sleep eternal 95
In an eternal night.

Pub. 1866.

HERTHA ¹

I am that which began;
Out of me the years roll;
Out of me God and man;
I am equal and whole;
God changes, and man, and the form of them
bodily; I am the soul. 5

Before ever land was,
Before ever the sea,
Or soft hair of the grass,
Or fair limbs of the tree,
Or the flesh-colored fruit of my branches, I
was, and thy soul was in me. 10

First life on my sources
First drifted and swam;
Out of me are the forces
That save it or damn;
Out of me man and woman, and wild-beast
and bird; before God was, I am. 15

Beside or above me
Nought is there to go;
Love or unlove me,
Unknow me or know,
I am that which unloves me and loves; I am
stricken, and I am the blow. 20

I the mark that is missed
And the arrows that miss,
I the mouth that is kissed
And the breath in the kiss,
The search, and the sought, and the seeker,
the soul and the body that is. 25

I am that thing which blesses
My spirit elate;
That which caresses
With hands uncreate
My limbs unbegotten that measure the
length of the measure of fate. 30

But what thing dost thou now,
Looking Godward, to cry
"I am I, thou art thou,
I am low, thou art high"?
I am thou, whom thou seekest to find him;
find thou but thyself, thou art I. 35

¹ The Teutonic earth-goddess.

I the grain and the furrow,
The plough-cloven clod
And the ploughshare drawn thorough,
The germ and the sod,
The deed and the doer, the seed and the
sower, the dust which is God. 40

Hast thou known how I fashioned thee,
Child, underground?
Fire that impassioned thee,
Iron that bound,
Dim changes of water, what thing of all
these hast thou known of or found? 45

Canst thou say in thine heart
Thou hast seen with thine eyes
With what cunning of art
Thou wast wrought in what wise,
By what force of what stuff thou wast shapen,
and shown on my breast to the skies?

Who hath given, who hath sold it thee,
Knowledge of me? 52
Has the wilderness told it thee?
Hast thou learnt of the sea?
Hast thou communed in spirit with night?
have the winds taken counsel with
thee? 55

Have I set such a star
To show light on thy brow
That thou sawest from afar
What I show to thee now?
Have ye spoken as brethren together, the sun
and the mountains and thou? 60

What is here, dost thou know it?
What was, hast thou known?
Prophet nor poet
Nor tripod nor throne
Nor spirit nor flesh can make answer, but
only thy mother alone. 65

Mother, not maker,
Born, and not made;
Though her children forsake her,
Allured or afraid,
Praying prayers to the God of their fashion,
she stirs not for all that have prayed.

A creed is a rod, 71
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy
spirit, and live out thy life as the
light. 75

I am in thee to save thee,
 As my soul in thee saith;
 Give thou, as I gave thee,
 Thy life-blood and breath,
Green leaves of thy labor, white flowers of
 thy thought, and red fruit of thy
 death. 80

Be the ways of thy giving
 As mine were to thee;
 The free life of thy living,
 Be the gift of it free;
Not as servant to lord, nor as master to
 slave, shalt thou give thee to me. 85

O children of banishment,
 Souls overcast,
 Were the lights ye see vanish meant
 Always to last,
Ye would know not the sun overshadowing the
 shadows and stars overpast. 90

I that saw where ye trod
 The dim paths of the night
 Set the shadow called God
 In your skies to give light;
But the morning of manhood is risen, and
 the shadowless soul is in sight. 95

The tree many-rooted
 That swells to the sky
 With frondage red-fruited,
 The life-tree am I;
In the buds of your lives is the sap of my
 leaves: ye shall live and not die. 100

But the gods of your fashion
 That take and that give,
 In their pity and passion
 That scourge and forgive,
They are worms that are bred in the bark
 that falls off; they shall die and not
 live. 105

My own blood is what stanches
 The wounds in my bark;
 Stars caught in my branches
 Make day of the dark,
And are worshipped as suns till the sunrise
 shall tread out their fires as a spark.

Where dead ages hide under 111
 The live roots of the tree,
 In my darkness the thunder
 Makes utterance of me;
In the clash of my boughs with each other
 ye hear the waves sound of the sea. 115

That noise is of Time,
 As his feathers are spread
 And his feet set to climb
 Through the boughs overhead,
And my foliage rings round him and rus-
 tles, and branches are bent with his
 tread.

The storm-winds of ages 121
 Blow through me and cease,
 The war-wind that rages,
 The spring-wind of peace,
Ere the breath of them roughen my tresses,
 ere one of my blossoms increase. 125

All sounds of all changes,
 All shadows and lights
 On the world's mountain-ranges
 And stream-riven heights,
Whose tongue is the wind's tongue and
 language of storm-clouds on earth-
 shaking nights; 130

All forms of all faces,
 All works of all hands
 In unsearchable places
 Of time-stricken lands,
All death and all life, and all reigns and all
 ruins, drop through me as sands. 135

Though sore be my burden
 And more than ye know,
 And my growth have no guerdon
 But only to grow,
Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings above
 me or deathworms below. 140

These too have their part in me,
 As I too in these;
 Such fire is at heart in me,
 Such sap is this tree's,
Which hath in it all sounds and all secrets of
 infinite lands and of seas. 145

In the spring-colored hours
 When my mind was as May's
 There brake forth of me flowers
 By centuries of days,
Strong blossoms with perfume of manhood
 shot out from my spirit as rays. 150

And the sound of them springing
 And smell of their shoots
 Were as warmth and sweet singing
 And strength to my roots;
And the lives of my children made perfect
 with freedom of soul were my fruits.

I bid you but be; 156
 I have need not of prayer;
 I have need of you free
 As your mouths of mine air;
 That my heart may be greater within me,
 beholding the fruits of me fair. 160

More fair than strange fruit is
 Of faiths ye espouse;
 In me only the root is
 That blooms in your boughs;
 Behold now your God that ye made you, to
 feed him with faith of your vows. 165

In the darkening and whitening
 Abysses adored,
 With dayspring and lightning
 For lamp and for sword,
 God thunders in heaven, and his angels are
 red with the wrath of the Lord. 170

O my sons, O too dutiful
 Toward gods not of me,
 Was not I enough beautiful?
 Was it hard to be free?
 For behold, I am with you, am in you and
 of you; look forth now and see. 175

Lo, winged with world's wonders,
 With miracles shod,
 With the fires of his thunders
 For raiment and rod,
 God trembles in heaven, and his angels are
 white with the terror of God. 180

For his twilight is come on him,
 His anguish is here;
 And his spirits gaze dumb on him,
 Grown gray from his fear;
 And his hour taketh hold on him stricken,
 the last of his infinite year. 185

Thought made him and breaks him,
 Truth slays and forgives;
 But to you, as time takes him,
 This new thing it gives,
 Even love, the beloved Republic, that feeds
 upon freedom and lives. 190

For truth only is living,
 Truth only is whole,
 And the love of his giving
 Man's polestar and pole;
 Man, pulse of my centre, and fruit of my
 body, and seed of my soul. 195

One birth of my bosom;
 One beam of mine eye;

One topmost blossom
 That scales the sky;
 Man, equal and one with me, man that is
 made of me, man that is I. 200
 Pub. 1871.

TO WALT WHITMAN IN AMERICA

Send but a song oversea for us,
 Heart of their hearts who are free,
 Heart of their singer, to be for us
 More than our singing can be;
 Ours, in the tempest at error, 5
 With no light but the twilight of terror;
 Send us a song oversea!

Sweet-smelling of pine-leaves and grasses,
 And blown as a tree through and through
 With the winds of the keen mountain-
 passes, 10
 And tender as sun-smitten dew;
 Sharp-tongued as the winter that shakes
 The wastes of your limitless lakes,
 Wide-eyed as the sea-line's blue.

O strong-winged soul with prophetic 15
 Lips hot with the bloodbeats of song,
 With tremor of heartstrings magnetic,
 With thoughts as thunders in throng,
 With consonant ardors of chords
 That pierce men's souls as with swords 20
 And hale them hearing along,

Make us too music, to be with us
 As a word from a world's heart warm,
 To sail the dark as a sea with us,
 Full-sailed, outsinging the storm, 25
 A song to put fire in our ears
 Whose burning shall burn up tears,
 Whose sign bid battle reform;

A note in the ranks of a clarion,
 A word in the wind of cheer, 30
 To consume as with lightning the carrion
 That makes time foul for us here;
 In the air that our dead things infest
 A blast of the breath of the west,
 Till east way as west way is clear. 35

Out of the sun beyond sunset,
 From the evening whence morning shall be,
 With the rollers in measureless onset,
 With the van of the storming sea,
 With the world-wide wind, with the breath 40
 That breaks ships driven upon death,
 With the passion of all things free,

With the sea-steeds footless and frantic,
 White myriads for death to bestride
 In the charge of the ruining Atlantic 45
 Where deaths by regiments ride,
 With clouds and clamors of waters,
 With a long note shriller than slaughter's
 On the furrowless fields world-wide,

With terror, with ardor and wonder, 50
 With the soul of the season that wakes
 When the weight of a whole year's thunder
 In the tidestream of autumn breaks,
 Let the flight of the wide-winged word
 Come over, come in and be heard, 55
 Take form and fire for our sakes.

For a continent bloodless with travail
 Here toils and brawls as it can,
 And the web of it who shall unravel
 Of all that peer on the plan; 60
 Would fain grow men, but they grow not,
 And fain be free, but they know not
 One name for freedom and man?

One name, not twain for division;
 One thing, not twain, from the birth; 65
 Spirit and substance and vision,
 Worth more than worship is worth;
 Unbeheld, unadored, undivined,
 The cause, the center, the mind,
 The secret and sense of the earth. 70

Here as a weakling in irons,
 Here as a weanling in bands,
 As a prey that the stake-net environs,
 Our life that we looked for stands;
 And the man-child naked and dear, 75
 Democracy, turns on us here
 Eyes trembling with tremulous hands.

It sees not what season shall bring to it
 Sweet fruit of its bitter desire;
 Few voices it hears yet sing to it, 80
 Few pulses of hearts reaspire;
 Foresees not time, nor forehears
 The noises of imminent years,
 Earthquake, and thunder, and fire:

When crowned and weaponed and curbless
 It shall walk without helm or shield 86
 The bare burnt furrows and herbless
 Of war's last flame-stricken field,
 Till godlike, equal with time,
 It stand in the sun sublime, 90
 In the godhead of man revealed.

Round your people and over them
 Light like raiment is drawn,

Close as a garment to cover them
 Wrought not of mail nor of lawn; 95
 Here, with hope hardly to wear,
 Naked nations and bare
 Swim, sink, strike out for the dawn.

Chains are here, and a prison,
 Kings, and subjects, and shame. 100
 If the God upon you be arisen,
 How should our songs be the same?
 How, in confusion of change,
 How shall we sing, in a strange
 Land, songs praising his name? 105

God is buried and dead to us,
 Even the spirit of earth,
 Freedom; so have they said to us,
 Some with mocking and mirth,
 Some with heartbreak and tears; 110
 And a God without eyes, without ears,
 Who shall sing of him, dead in the birth?

The earth-god Freedom, the lonely
 Face lightening, the footprint unshod,
 Not as one man crucified only 115
 Nor scourged with but one life's rod;
 The soul that is substance of nations,
 Reincarnate with fresh generations;
 The great god Man, which is God.

But in weariest of years and obscurest 120
 Doth it live not at heart of all things,
 The one God and one spirit, a purest
 Life, fed from unstanachable springs?
 Within love, within hatred it is,
 And its seed in the stripe as the kiss, 125
 And in slaves is the germ, and in kings.

Freedom we call it, for holier
 Name of the soul's there is none;
 Surelier its labors, if slower,
 Than the meters of star or of sun; 130
 Slowlier than life into breath,
 Surelier than time into death,
 It moves till its labor be done.

Till the motion be done and the measure
 Circling through season and clime, 135
 Slumber and sorrow and pleasure,
 Vision of virtue and crime;
 Till consummate with conquering eyes,
 A soul disembodied, it rise
 From the body transfigured of time. 140

Till it rise and remain and take station
 With the stars of the worlds that rejoice;
 Till the voice of its heart's exultation
 Be as theirs an invariable voice;

By no discord of evil estranged, 145
 By no pause, by no breach in it changed,
 By no clash in the chord of its choice.

It is one with the world's generations,
 With the spirit, the star, and the sod;
 With the kingless and king-stricken na-
 tions, 150
 With the cross, and the chain, and the
 rod;
 The most high, the most secret, most lonely,
 The earth-soul Freedom, that only
 Lives, and that only is God.

A BALLAD OF FRANÇOIS VILLON †

PRINCE OF ALL BALLAD-MAKERS

Bird of the bitter bright gray golden morn,
 Scarce risen upon the dusk of dolorous
 years,
 First of us all and sweetest singer born,
 Whose far shrill note the world of new men
 hears
 Cleave the cold shuddering shade as
 twilight clears; 5
 When song new-born put off the old world's
 attire
 And felt its tune on her changed lips ex-
 pire,
 Writ foremost on the roll of them that
 came
 Fresh girt for service of the latter lyre,
 Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's
 name! 10

Alas, the joy, the sorrow, and the scorn,
 That clothed thy life with hopes and sins
 and fears,
 And gave thee stones for bread and tares for
 corn
 And plume-plucked gaol-birds for thy
 starveling peers,
 Till death clipt close their flight with
 shameful shears; 15
 Till shifts came short and loves were hard to
 hire,
 When lilt of song nor twitch of twangling
 wire
 Could buy thee bread or kisses; when light
 fame
 Spurned like a ball and haled through brake
 and briar,
 Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's
 name! 20

Poor splendid wings so frayed and soiled and
 torn!
 Poor kind wild eyes so dashed with light
 quick tears!
 Poor perfect voice, most blithe when most
 forlorn,
 That rings athwart the sea whence no man
 steers,
 Like joy-bells crossed with death-bells in
 our ears! 25
 What far delight has cooled the fierce desire
 That, like some ravenous bird, was strong
 to tire
 On that frail flesh and soul consumed with
 flame,
 But left more sweet than roses to respire,
 Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's
 name? 30

ENVOI

Prince of sweet songs made out of tears and
 fire,
 A harlot was thy nurse, a God thy sire;
 Shame soiled thy song, and song assoiled
 thy shame.
 But from thy feet now death has washed the
 mire,
 Love reads out first at head of all our
 quire, 35
 Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's
 name.

September, 1877.

ON THE DEATHS OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND GEORGE ELIOT †

Two souls diverse out of our human sight
 Pass, followed one with love and each with
 wonder:
 The stormy sophist with his mouth of
 thunder,
 Clothed with loud words and mantled in the
 night
 Of darkness and magnificence of night; 5
 And one whose eye could smite the night
 in sunder,
 Searching if light or no light were there-
 under,
 And found in love of loving-kindness light.
 Duty divine and Thought with eyes of fire
 Still following Righteousness with deep
 desire 10
 Shone sole and stern before her and above

† George Eliot died December 22, 1880; Carlyle,
 February 5, 1881.

† The madcap poet of France.

Sure stars and sole to steer by; but more sweet
Shone lower the loveliest lamp for earthly
feet, —

The light of little children, and their love.

Pub. 1882.

HOPE AND FEAR

Beneath the shadow of dawn's ærial cope,
With eyes enkindled as the sun's own
sphere,

Hope from the front of youth in godlike
cheer

Looks Godward, past the shades where blind
men grope

Round the dark door that prayers nor dreams
can ope,

And makes for joy the very darkness dear
That gives her wide wings play; nor dreams
that Fear

At noon may rise and pierce the heart of
Hope.

Then, when the soul leaves off to dream and
yearn,

May Truth first purge her eyesight to dis-
cern

What once being known leaves time no
power to appal;

Till youth at last, ere yet youth be not, learn
The kind wise word that falls from years
that fall —

"Hope thou not much, and fear thou not
at all."

Pub. 1882.

A CHILD'S FUTURE

What will it please you, my darling, here-
after to be?

Fame upon land will you look for, or glory
by sea?

Gallant your life will be always, and all of it
free.

Free as the wind when the heart of the twi-
light is stirred

Eastward, and sounds from the springs of the
sunrise are heard:

Free — and we know not another as infinite
word.

Darkness or twilight or sunlight may com-
pass us round,

Hate may arise up against us, or hope may
confound;

Love may forsake us; yet may not the spirit
be bound.

Free in oppression of grief as in ardor of
joy

Still may the soul be, and each to her
strength as a toy:

Free in the glance of the man as the smile of
the boy.

Freedom alone is the salt and the spirit that
gives

Life, and without her is nothing that verily
lives:

Death cannot slay her: she laughs upon
death and forgives.

Brightest and hardiest of roses anear and
afar

Glitters the blithe little face of you, round as
a star:

Liberty bless you and keep you to be as you
are.

England and liberty bless you and keep you
to be

Worthy the name of their child and the sight
of their sea;

Fear not at all; for a slave, if he fears not, is
free.

Pub. 1882.

WALTER PATER (1839–1894)

Walter Horatio Pater was born in London, August 4, 1839. He took his B.A. at Queen's College, Oxford, and, elected fellow of Brasenose in 1864, he spent the rest of his life in scholarly seclusion, writing about art and literature of which he was a brilliant critic. His *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* appeared in 1873, *Marius the Epicurean*, 1885, *Appreciations*, a volume of critical essays, in 1889. He died in 1894.

Pater applied the philosophy of Epicurus to modern life in the recognition that all we know is limited to the impressions which we receive of the world without, and that it is the part of wisdom to multiply these and cherish the most exquisite of them. This pagan attitude is in sharp contrast to Stevenson's strenuous defense of duty to others. Pater, however, experienced a revulsion to the Christian doctrine of sacrifice, which marks the dénouement of his chief work, *Marius the Epicurean*.

The standard biography of Pater is that by Thomas Wright. Shorter lives are those by Ferris Greenslet and A. C. Benson (English Men of Letters series). An excellent volume of selections is that by E. E. Hale, Jr., (Henry Holt & Co.)

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE RENAISSANCE

CONCLUSION

1873

This chapter was omitted from the second edition in 1877, but restored in 1888 with the note: "This brief Conclusion was omitted in the second edition of this book, as I conceived it might possibly mislead some of those young men into whose hands it might fall. On the whole, I have thought it best to reprint it here, with some slight changes which bring it closer to my original meaning." One of the changes, perhaps significant of some change in Pater's own attitude, is the introduction of the parenthetical clause, "at least among 'the children of this world,'" in the final paragraph.

*Λέγει πον' Ἡράκλειτος ὅτι πάντα Σῶρει καὶ οὐδὲν μένει.*¹

To regard all things and principles of things as inconstant modes or fashions has more and more become the tendency of modern thought. Let us begin with that which is without — our physical life. Fix upon it in one of its more exquisite intervals, — the moment, for instance, of delicious recoil from the flood of water in summer heat. What is the whole physical life in that moment but a combination of natural elements to which science gives their names? But these elements, phosphorus and lime and delicate fibres, are present not in the human body alone: we detect them in places most remote from it. Our physical life is a perpetual motion of them — the passage of the blood, the wasting and repairing of the lenses of the eye, the modification of the tissues of the brain by every ray of light and sound — processes which science reduces to simpler and more elementary forces. Like the elements of which we are composed, the action of these forces extends beyond us; it rusts iron and ripens corn. Far out on every side of us those elements are broadcast, driven by many forces; and birth and gesture and death and the springing of violets from the grave are but a few out of ten thousand resultant combinations. That clear, perpetual outline of face and limb is but an image of ours, under which we group them — a design in a web, the actual threads of which pass out beyond it. This at least of flame-

like our life has, that it is but the concurrence, renewed from moment to moment, of forces parting sooner or later on their ways.

Or if we begin with the inward whirl of thought and feeling, the whirlpool is still more rapid, the flame more eager and devouring. There it is no longer the gradual darkening of the eye and fading of color from the wall, — the movement of the shore-side, where the water flows down indeed, though in apparent rest, — but the race of the mid-stream, a drift of momentary acts of sight and passion and thought. At first sight experience seems to bury us under a flood of external objects, pressing upon us with a sharp and importunate reality, calling us out of ourselves in a thousand forms of action. But when reflection begins to act upon those objects they are dissipated under its influence; the cohesive force seems suspended like a trick of magic; each object is loosed into a group of impressions — color, odor, texture — in the mind of the observer. And if we continue to dwell in thought on this world, not of objects in the solidity with which language invests them, but of impressions unstable, flickering, inconsistent, which burn and are extinguished with our consciousness of them, it contracts still further; the whole scope of observation is dwarfed to the narrow chamber of the individual mind. Experience, already reduced to a swarm of impressions, is ringed round for each one of us by that thick wall of personality through which no real voice has ever pierced on its way to us, or from us to that which we can only conjecture to be without. Every one of those impressions is the impression of the individual in his isolation, each mind keeping as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world.

Analysis goes a step farther still, and assures us that those impressions of the individual mind to which, for each one of us, experience dwindles down, are in perpetual flight; that each of them is limited by time, and that as time is infinitely divisible, each of them is infinitely divisible also; all that is actual in it being a single moment, gone while we try to apprehend it, of which it may ever be more truly said that it has ceased to be than that it is. To such a tremulous wisp constantly reforming itself on the stream, to a single sharp impression, with a sense in it —

¹ "Heraclitus says that all things give way and nothing remains." (From Plato's *Cratylus*.)

a relic more or less fleeting — of such moments gone by, what is real in our life fines itself down. It is with this movement, with the passage and dissolution of impressions, images, sensations, that analysis leaves off — that continual vanishing away, that strange, perpetual weaving and unweaving of ourselves.

Philosophiren, says Novalis, *ist dephlegmatisiren, vivificiren*.¹ The service of philosophy, of speculative culture, towards the human spirit is to rouse, to startle it into sharp and eager observation. Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or the sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive for us, — but for that moment only. Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated, dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the finest senses? How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?

To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. In a sense it might even be said that our failure is to form habits: for, after all, habit is relative to a stereotyped world, and meantime it is only the roughness of the eye that makes any two persons, things, situations, seem alike. While all melts under our feet, we may well catch at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colors, and curious odors, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend. Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening. With this sense of the splendor of our experience and of its awful brevity, gathering all we are into one desperate effort to see and touch, we shall hardly have time to make theories about the things we see and touch. What we have to do is to be for ever curiously testing new opinions and courting new impressions, 55

never acquiescing in a facile orthodoxy of Comte, or of Hegel, or of our own. Philosophical theories or ideas, as points of view, instruments of criticism, may help us to gather up what might otherwise pass unregarded by us. "Philosophy is the microscope of thought." The theory or idea or system which requires of us the sacrifice of any part of this experience, in consideration of some interest into which we cannot enter, or some abstract theory we have not identified with ourselves, or what is only conventional, has no real claim upon us.

One of the most beautiful passages in the writings of Rousseau is that in the sixth book of the *Confessions*, where he describes the awakening in him of the literary sense. An undefinable taint of death had always clung about him, and now in early manhood he believed himself smitten by mortal disease. He asked himself how he might make as much as possible of the interval that remained; and he was not biased by anything in his previous life when he decided that it must be by intellectual excitement, which he found just then in the clear, fresh writings of Voltaire. Well! we are all *condamnés*, as Victor Hugo says: we are all under sentence of death but with a sort of indefinite reprieve — *les hommes sont tous condamnés à mort avec des sursis indéfinis*; we have an interval, and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions, the wisest — at least among "the children of this world" — in art and song. For our one chance lies in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time. Great passions may give us this quickened sense of life, ecstasy and sorrow of love, the various forms of enthusiastic activity, disinterested or otherwise, which come naturally to many of us. Only be sure it is passion — that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness. Of this wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for art's sake, has most; for art comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake.

SANDRO BOTTICELLI

1870

¹ "To be a philosopher is to cease to be sluggish, to become alive." Novalis was the pseudonym of Friedrich von Hardenberg (died 1801).

This essay on the famous Italian painter of the fifteenth century appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, for August, 1870. It was re-

printed in *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, 1873.

In Leonardo's treatise on painting only one contemporary is mentioned by name — Sandro Botticelli. This preëminence may be due to chance only, but to some will rather appear a result of deliberate judgment; for people have begun to find out the charm of Botticelli's work, and his name, little known in the last century, is quietly becoming important. In the middle of the fifteenth century he had already anticipated much of that meditative subtlety, which is sometimes supposed peculiar to the great imaginative workmen of its close. Leaving the simple religion which had occupied the followers of Giotto for a century, and the simple naturalism which had grown out of it, a thing of birds and flowers only, he sought inspiration in what to him were works of the modern world, the writings of Dante and Boccaccio, and in new readings of his own of classical stories: or, if he painted religious incidents, painted them with an undercurrent of original sentiment, which touches you as the real matter of the picture through the veil of its ostensible subject. What is the peculiar sensation, what is the peculiar quality of pleasure, which his work has the property of exciting in us, and which we cannot get elsewhere? For this, especially when he has to speak of a comparatively unknown artist, is always the chief question which a critic has to answer.

In an age when the lives of artists were full of adventure, his life is almost colorless. Criticism, indeed, has cleared away much of the gossip which Vasari accumulated, has touched the legend of Lippo and Lucrezia, and rehabilitated the character of Andrea del Castagno. But in Botticelli's case there is no legend to dissipate. He did not even go by his true name: Sandro is a nickname, and his true name is Filipepi, Botticelli being only the name of the goldsmith who first taught him art. Only two things happened to him, two things which he shared with other artists: — he was invited to Rome to paint in the Sistine Chapel, and he fell in later life under the influence of Savonarola, passing apparently almost out of men's sight in a sort of religious melancholy, which lasted till his death in 1515, according to the received date. Vasari says that he plunged into the study of Dante, and even wrote a comment on the *Divine Comedy*. But it seems strange that he should have lived on

inactive so long; and one almost wishes that some document might come to light, which, fixing the date of his death earlier, might relieve one, in thinking of him, of his dejected old age.

He is before all things a poetical painter, blending the charm of story and sentiment, the medium of the art of poetry, with the charm of line and color, the medium of abstract painting. So he becomes the illustrator of Dante. In a few rare examples of the edition of 1481, the blank spaces, left at the beginning of every canto for the hand of the illuminator, have been filled, as far as the nineteenth canto of the *Inferno*, with impressions of engraved plates, seemingly by way of experiment, for in the copy in the Bodleian Library, one of the three impressions it contains has been printed upside down, and much awry, in the midst of the luxurious printed page. Giotto, and the followers of Giotto, with their almost childish religious aim, had not learned to put that weight of meaning into outward things, light, color, everyday gesture, which the poetry of the *Divine Comedy* involves, and before the fifteenth century Dante could hardly have found an illustrator. Botticelli's illustrations are crowded with incident, blending, with a naïve carelessness of pictorial propriety, three phases of the same scene into one plate. The grotesques, so often a stumbling-block to painters, who forget that the words of a poet, which only feebly present an image to the mind, must be lowered in key when translated into visible form, make one regret that he has not rather chosen for illustration the more subdued imagery of the *Purgatorio*. Yet in the scene of those who "go down quick into hell," there is an inventive force about the fire taking hold on the upturned soles of the feet, which proves that the design is no mere translation of Dante's words, but a true painter's vision; while the scene of the Centaurs wins one at once, for, forgetful of the actual circumstances of their appearance, Botticelli has gone off with delight on the thought of the Centaurs themselves, bright, small creatures of the woodland, with arch baby faces and mignon forms, drawing tiny bows.

Botticelli lived in a generation of naturalists, and he might have been a mere naturalist among them. There are traces enough in his work of that alert sense of outward things, which, in the pictures of that period, fills the lawns with delicate living creatures, and the

hillsides with pools of water, and the pools of water with flowering reeds. But this was not enough for him; he is a visionary painter, and in his visionariness he resembles Dante. Giotto, the tried companion of Dante, Masaccio, Ghirlandajo even, do but transcribe, with more or less refining, the outward image; they are dramatic, not visionary painters; they are almost impassive spectators of the action before them. But the genius of which Botticelli is the type usurps the data before it as the exponent of ideas, moods, visions of its own; in this interest it plays fast and loose with those data, rejecting some and isolating others, and always combining them anew. To him, as to Dante, the scene, the color, the outward image or gesture, comes with all its incisive and importunate reality; but awakes in him, moreover, by some subtle law of his own structure, a mood which it awakes in no one else, of which it is the double or repetition, and which it clothes, that all may share it, with visible circumstance.

But he is far enough from accepting the conventional orthodoxy of Dante which, referring all human action to the simple formula of purgatory, heaven and hell, leaves an insoluble element of prose in the depths of Dante's poetry. One picture of his, with the portrait of the donor, Matteo Palmieri, below, had the credit or discredit of attracting some shadow of ecclesiastical censure. This Matteo Palmieri (two dim figures move under that name in contemporary history) was the reputed author of a poem, still unedited, "*La Città Divina*," which represented the human race as an incarnation of those angels who, in the revolt of Lucifer, were neither for Jehovah nor for His enemies, a fantasy of that earlier Alexandrian philosophy about which the Florentine intellect in that century was so curious. Botticelli's picture may have been only one of those familiar compositions in which religious reverie has recorded its impressions of the various forms of beatified existence — *Glorias*, as they were called, like that in which Giotto painted the portrait of Dante; but somehow it was suspected of embodying in a picture the wayward dream of Palmieri, and the chapel where it hung was closed. Artists so entire as Botticelli are usually careless about philosophical theories, even when the philosopher is a Florentine of the fifteenth century, and his work a poem in *terza rima*. But Botticelli, who wrote a commentary on Dante, and became the dis-

ciple of Savonarola, may well have let such theories come and go across him. True or false, the story interprets much of the peculiar sentiment with which he infuses his profane and sacred persons, comely, and in a certain sense like angels, but with a sense of displacement or loss about them — the wistfulness of exiles, conscious of a passion and energy greater than any known issue of them explains, which runs through all his varied work with a sentiment of ineffable melancholy.

So just what Dante scorns as unworthy alike of heaven and hell, Botticelli accepts, that middle world in which men take no side in great conflicts, and decide no great causes, and make great refusals. He thus sets for himself the limits within which art, undisturbed by any moral ambition, does its most sincere and surest work. His interest is neither in the untempered goodness of Angelico's saints, nor the untempered evil of Orcagna's *Inferno*; but with men and women, in their mixed and uncertain condition, always attractive, clothed sometimes by passion with a character of loveliness and energy, but saddened perpetually by the shadow upon them of the great things from which they shrink. His morality is all sympathy; and it is this sympathy, conveying into his work somewhat more than is usual of the true complexion of humanity, which makes him, visionary as he is, so forcible a realist.

It is this which gives to his Madonnas their unique expression and charm. He has worked out in them a distinct and peculiar type, definite enough in his own mind, for he has painted it over and over again, sometimes one might think almost mechanically, as a pastime during that dark period when his thoughts were so heavy upon him. Hardly any collection of note is without one of these circular pictures, into which the attendant angels depress their heads so naïvely. Perhaps you have sometimes wondered why those peevish-looking Madonnas, conformed to no acknowledged or obvious type of beauty, attract you more and more, and often come back to you when the Sistine Madonna and the Virgins of Fra Angelico are forgotten. At first, contrasting them with those, you may have thought that there was something in them mean or abject even, for the abstract lines of the face have little nobleness, and the color is wan. For with Botticelli she too, though she holds in her hands the "*Desire of all nations*," is one of those who are neither

for Jehovah nor for His enemies; and her choice is on her face. The white light on it is cast up hard and cheerless from below, as when snow lies upon the ground, and the children look up with surprise at the strange whiteness of the ceiling. Her trouble is in the very caress of the mysterious child, whose gaze is always far from her, and who has already that sweet look of devotion which men have never been able altogether to love, and which still makes the born saint an object almost of suspicion to his earthly brethren. Once, indeed, he guides her hand to transcribe in a book the words of her exaltation, the *Ave*, and the *Magnificat*, and the *Gaude Maria*, and the young angels, glad to rouse her for a moment from her dejection, are eager to hold the inkhorn and to support the book. But the pen almost drops from her hand, and the high cold words have no meaning for her, and her true children are those others, among whom, in her rude home, the intolerable honor came to her, with that look of wistful inquiry on their irregular faces which you see in startled animals — gipsy children, such as those who, in Apennine villages, still hold out their long, brown arms to beg of you, but on Sundays become *enfants du chœur*,¹ with their thick black hair nicely combed, and fair white linen on their sunburnt throats.

What is strangest is that he carries this sentiment into classical subjects, its most complete expression being a picture in the *Uffizi*, of Venus rising from the sea, in which the grotesque emblems of the middle age, and a landscape full of its peculiar feeling, and even its strange draperies, powdered all over in the Gothic manner with a quaint conceit of daisies, frame a figure that reminds you of the faultless nude studies of Ingres. At first, perhaps, you are attracted only by a quaintness of design, which seems to recall all at once whatever you have read of Florence in the fifteenth century; afterwards you may think that this quaintness must be incongruous with the subject, and that the color is cadaverous or at least cold. And yet, the more you come to understand what imaginative coloring really is, that all color is no mere delightful quality of natural things, but a spirit upon them by which they become expressive to the spirit, the better you will like this peculiar quality of color; and you will find that quaint design of Botticelli's a more direct inlet into the Greek temper than the works of the Greeks them-

selves even of the finest period. Of the Greeks as they really were, of their difference from ourselves, of the aspects of their outward life, we know far more than Botticelli, or his most learned contemporaries; but for us long familiarity has taken off the edge of the lesson, and we are hardly conscious of what we owe to the Hellenic spirit. But in pictures like this of Botticelli's you have a record of the first impression made by it on minds turned back towards it, in almost painful aspiration, from a world in which it had been ignored so long; and in the passion, the energy, the industry of realization, with which Botticelli carries out his intention, is the exact measure of the legitimate influence over the human mind of the imaginative system of which this is perhaps the central myth. The light is indeed cold — mere sunless dawn; but a later painter would have cloyed you with sunshine; and you can see the better for that quietness in the morning air each long promontory, as it slopes down to the water's edge. Men go forth to their labors until the evening; but she is awake before them, and you might think that the sorrow in her face was at the thought of the whole long day of love yet to come. An emblematical figure of the wind blows hard across the grey water, moving forward the dainty-lipped shell on which she sails, the sea "showing his teeth," as it moves, in thin lines of foam, and sucking in, one by one, the falling roses, each severe in outline, plucked off short at the stalk, but embrowned a little, as Botticelli's flowers always are. Botticelli meant all this imagery to be altogether pleasurable; and it was partly an incompleteness of resources, inseparable from the art of that time, that subdued and chilled it. But this predilection for minor tones counts also; and what is unmistakable is the sadness with which he has conceived the goddess of pleasure, as the depository of a great power over the lives of men.

I have said that the peculiar character of Botticelli is the result of a blending in him of a sympathy for humanity in its uncertain condition, its attractiveness, its investiture at rarer moments in a character of loveliness and energy, with his consciousness of the shadow upon it of the great things from which it shrinks, and that this conveys into his work somewhat more than painting usually attains of the true complexion of humanity. He paints the story of the goddess of pleasure in other episodes besides that of her birth from the sea, but never without some shadow

¹ choir boys.

of death in the grey flesh and wan flowers. He paints Madonnas, but they shrink from the pressure of the divine child, and plead in unmistakable undertones for a warmer, lower humanity. The same figure — tradition connects it with Simonetta, the Mistress of Giuliano de' Medici — appears again as Judith, returning home across the hill country, when the great deed is over, and the moment of revulsion come, when the olive branch in her hand is becoming a burthen; as *Justice*, sitting on a throne, but with a fixed look of self-hatred which makes the sword in her hand seem that of a suicide; and again as *Veritas*, in the allegorical picture of *Calumnia*, where one may note in passing the suggestiveness of an accident which identifies the image of Truth with the person of Venus. We might trace the same sentiment through his engravings; but his share in them is doubtful, and the object of this brief study has been attained, if I have defined aright the temper in which he worked.

But, after all, it may be asked, is a painter like Botticelli — a secondary painter, a proper subject for general criticism? There are a few great painters, like Michelangelo or Leonardo, whose work has become a force in general culture, partly for this very reason that they have absorbed into themselves all such workmen as Sandro Botticelli; and, over and above mere technical or antiquarian criticism, general criticism may be very well employed in that sort of interpretation which adjusts the position of these men to general culture, whereas smaller men can be the proper subjects only of technical or antiquarian treatment. But, besides those great men, there is a certain number of artists who have a distinct faculty of their own by which they convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure which we cannot get elsewhere; and these, too, have their place in general culture, and must be interpreted to it by those who have felt their charm strongly, and are often the object of a special diligence and a consideration wholly affectionate, just because there is not about them the stress of a great name and authority. Of this select number Botticelli is one. He has the freshness, the uncertain and diffident promise, which belong to the earlier Renaissance itself, and make it perhaps the most interesting period in the history of the mind. In studying his work one begins to understand to how great a place in human culture the art of Italy had been called.

THE CHILD IN THE HOUSE

1878

Published in *Macmillan's Magazine* for August, with the words "Imaginary Portrait" prefixed to the title. The sketch is generally assumed to be to some extent spiritually, though by no means literally, autobiographical.

As Florian Deleal walked, one hot afternoon, he overtook by the wayside a poor aged man, and, as he seemed weary with the road, helped him on with the burden which he carried, a certain distance. And as the man told his story, it chanced that he named the place, a little place in the neighborhood of a great city, where Florian had passed his earliest years, but which he had never since seen, and, the story told, went forward on his journey comforted. And that night, like a reward for his pity, a dream of that place came to Florian, a dream which did for him the office of the finer sort of memory, bringing its object to mind with a great clearness, yet, as sometimes happens in dreams, raised a little above itself, and above ordinary retrospect. The true aspect of the place, especially of the house there in which he had lived as a child, the fashion of its doors, its hearths, its windows, the very scent upon the air of it, was with him in sleep for a season; only, with tints more musically blent on wall and floor, and some finer light and shadow running in and out along its curves and angles, and with all its little carvings daintier. He awoke with a sigh at the thought of almost thirty years which lay between him and that place, yet with a flutter of pleasure still within him at the fair light, as if it were a smile, upon it. And it happened that this accident of his dream was just the thing needed for the beginning of a certain design he then had in view, the noting, namely, of some things in the story of his spirit — in that process of brain-building by which we are, each one of us, what we are. With the image of the place so clear and favorable upon him, he fell to thinking of himself therein, and how his thoughts had grown up to him. In that half-spiritualized house he could watch the better, over again, the gradual expansion of the soul which had come to be there — of which, indeed, through the law which makes the material objects about them so large an element in children's lives, it had actually become a part; inward and outward being woven through and through each other into one inextricable texture — half, tint and trace and accident of homely color and form,

from the wood and the bricks; half, mere soul-stuff, floated thither from who knows how far. In the house and garden of his dream he saw a child moving, and could divide the main streams at least of the winds that had played on him, and study so the first stage in that mental journey.

The *old house*, as when Florian talked of it afterwards he always called it (as all children do, who can recollect a change of home, soon enough but not too soon to mark a period in their lives), really was an old house; and an element of French descent in its inmates — descent from Watteau, the old court-painter, one of whose gallant pieces still hung in one of the rooms — might explain, together with some other things, a noticeable trimness and comely whiteness about everything there — the curtains, the couches, the paint on the walls with which the light and shadow played so delicately; might explain also the tolerance of the great poplar in the garden, a tree most often despised by English people, but which French people love, having observed a certain fresh way its leaves have of dealing with the wind, making it sound, in never so slight a stirring of the air, like running water.

The old-fashioned, low wainscoting went round the rooms, and up the staircase with carved balusters and shadowy angles, landing half-way up at a broad window, with a swallow's nest below the sill, and the blossom of an old pear-tree showing across it in late April, against the blue, below which the perfumed juice of the find of fallen fruit in autumn was so fresh. At the next turning came the closet which held on its deep shelves the best china. Little angel faces and reedy flutings stood out round the fireplace of the children's room. And on the top of the house, above the large attic, where the white mice ran in the twilight — an infinite, unexplored wonderland of childish treasures, glass beads, empty scent-bottles still sweet, thrum of colored silks, among its lumber — a flat space of roof, railed round, gave a view of the neighboring steeples; for the house, as I said, stood near a great city, which sent up heavenwards, over the twisting weather-vanes, not seldom, its beds of rolling cloud and smoke, touched with storm or sunshine. But the child of whom I am writing did not hate the fog because of the crimson lights which fell from it sometimes upon the chimneys, and the whites which gleamed through its openings, on summer mornings, on turret or pavement. For it is

false to suppose that a child's sense of beauty is dependent on any choiceness of special fineness in the objects which present themselves to it, though this indeed comes to be the rule with most of us in later life; earlier, in some degree, we see inwardly; and the child finds for itself, and with unstinted delight, a difference for the sense, in those whites and reds through the smoke on very homely buildings, and in the gold of the dandelions at the roadside, just beyond the houses, where not a handful of earth is virgin and untouched, in the lack of better ministries to its desire of beauty.

This house then stood not far beyond the gloom and rumors of the town, among high garden-walls, bright all summer-time with golden-rod and brown-and-golden wall-flower — *flos parietis*, as the children's Latin-reading father taught them to call it, while he was with them. Tracing back the threads of his complex spiritual habit, as he was used in after years to do, Florian found that he owed to the place many tones of sentiment afterwards customary with him, certain inward lights under which things most naturally presented themselves to him. The coming and going of travellers to the town along the way, the shadow of the streets, the sudden breath of the neighboring gardens, the singular brightness of bright weather there, its singular darknesses which linked themselves in his mind to certain engraved illustrations in the old big Bible at home, the coolness of the dark, cavernous shops round the great church, with its giddy winding stair up to the pigeons and the bells — a citadel of peace in the heart of the trouble — all this acted on his childish fancy, so that ever afterwards the like aspects and incidents never failed to throw him into a well-recognized imaginative mood, seeming actually to have become a part of the texture of his mind. Also, Florian could trace home to this point a pervading preference in himself for a kind of comeliness and dignity, an *urbanity* literally, in modes of life, which he connected with the pale people of towns, and which made him susceptible to a kind of exquisite satisfaction in the trimness and well-considered grace of certain things and persons he afterwards met with, here and there, in his way through the world.

So the child of whom I am writing lived on there quietly; things without ministering to him, as he sat daily at the window with the bird-cage hanging below it, and his mother taught him to read, wondering at the

ease with which he learned, and at the quick-
ness of his memory. The perfume of the
little flowers of the lime-tree fell through the
air upon them like rain; while time seemed to
move ever more slowly to the murmur of the
bees in it, till it almost stood still on June
afternoons. How insignificant, at the mo-
ment, seem the influences of the sensible
things which are tossed and fall and lie about
us, so, or so, in the environment of early child-
hood. How indelibly, as we afterwards dis-
cover, they affect us; with what capricious
attractions and associations they figure them-
selves on the white paper, the smooth wax, of
our ingenuous souls, as "with lead in the
rock for ever," giving form and feature, and
as it were assigned house-room in our
memory, to early experiences of feeling and
thought, which abide with us ever after-
wards, thus, and not otherwise. The real-
ities and passions, the rumors of the greater
world without, steal in upon us, each by its
own special little passage-way, through the
wall of custom about us; and never after-
wards quite detach themselves from this or
that accident, or trick, in the mode of their
first entrance to us. Our susceptibilities,
the discovery of our powers, manifold ex-
periences — our various experiences of the
coming and going of bodily pain, for instance
— belong to this or the other well-remem-
bered place in the material habitation —
that little white room with the window across
which the heavy blossoms could beat so peev-
ishly in the wind, with just that particular
catch or throb, such a sense of teasing in it,
on gusty mornings; and the early habitation
thus gradually becomes a sort of material
shrine or sanctuary of sentiment; a system of
visible symbolism interweaves itself through
all our thoughts and passions; and irresist-
ibly, little shapes, voices, accidents — the
angle at which the sun in the morning fell
on the pillow — become parts of the great
chain wherewith we are bound.

Thus far, for Florian, what all this had de-
termined was a peculiarly strong sense of
home — so forcible a motive with all of us —
prompting to us our customary love of the
earth, and the larger part of our fear of death,
that revulsion we have from it, as from some-
thing strange, untried, unfriendly; though
life-long imprisonment, they tell you, and
final banishment from home is a thing bit-
terer still; the looking forward to but a short
space, a mere childish *goûter*¹ and dessert of
it, before the end, being so great a resource

¹ lunch.

of effort to pilgrims and wayfarers, and the
soldier in distant quarters, and lending, in
lack of that, some power of solace to the
thought of sleep in the home churchyard, at
least — dead cheek by dead cheek, and with
the rain soaking in upon one from above.

So powerful is this instinct, and yet acci-
dents like those I have been speaking of so
mechanically determine it; its essence being
indeed the early familiar, as constituting our
ideal, or typical conception, of rest and se-
curity. Out of so many possible conditions,
just this for you and that for me, brings ever
the unmistakable realization of the delight-
ful *chez soi*; this for the Englishman, for me
and you, with the closely drawn white cur-
tain and the shaded lamp; that, quite other,
for the wandering Arab, who folds his tent
every morning, and makes his sleeping-place
among haunted ruins or in old tombs.

With Florian then the sense of home became
singularly intense, his good fortune being
that the special character of his home was in
itself so essentially homelike. As after many
wanderings I have come to fancy that some
parts of Surrey and Kent are, for Englishmen,
the true landscape, true home-counties, by
right, partly, of a certain earthy warmth in
the yellow of the sand below their gorse-
bushes, and of a certain gray-blue mist after
rain, in the hollows of the hills there, wel-
come to fatigued eyes, and never seen farther
south; so I think that the sort of house I
have described, with precisely those propor-
tions of red-brick and green, and with a just
perceptible monotony in the subdued order
of it, for its distinguishing note, is for English-
men at least typically homelike. And so for
Florian that general human instinct was re-
inforced by this special home-likeness in the
place his wandering soul had happened to
light on, as, in the second degree, its body
and earthly tabernacle; the sense of harmony
between his soul and its physical environ-
ment became, for a time at least, like per-
fectly played music; and the life led there
singularly tranquil and filled with a curious
sense of self-possession. The love of security,
of an habitually undisputed standing-ground
or sleeping-place, came to count for much in
the generation and correcting of his thoughts,
and afterwards as a salutary principle of re-
straint in all his wanderings of spirit. The
wistful yearning towards home, in absence
from it, as the shadows of evening deepened,
and he followed in thought what was doing
there from hour to hour, interpreted to him
much of a yearning and regret he experienced

afterwards, towards he knew not what, out of strange ways of feeling and thought in which, from time to time, his spirit found itself alone; and in the tears shed in such absences there seemed always to be some soul-subduing foretaste of what his last tears might be.

And the sense of security could hardly have been deeper, the quiet of the child's soul being one with the quiet of its home, a place "inclosed" and "sealed." But upon this assured place, upon the child's assured soul which resembled it, there came floating in from the larger world without, as at windows left ajar unknowingly, or over the high garden walls, two streams of impressions, the sentiments of beauty and pain — recognitions of the visible, tangible, audible loveliness of things, as a very real and somewhat tyrannous element in them — and of the sorrow of the world, of grown people and children and animals, as a thing not to be put by in them. From this point he could trace two predominant processes of mental change in him — the growth of an almost diseased sensibility to the spectacle of suffering, and, parallel with this, the rapid growth of a certain capacity of fascination by bright color and choice form — the sweet curvings, for instance, of the lips of those who seemed to him comely persons, modulated in such delicate unison to the things they said or sang, — marking early the activity in him of a more than customary sensuousness, "the lust of the eye," as the Preacher says, which might lead him, one day, how far! Could he have foreseen the weariness of the way! In music sometimes the two sorts of impressions came together, and he would weep, to the surprise of older people. Tears of joy too the child knew, also to older people's surprise; real tears, once, of relief from long-strung, childish expectation, when he found returned at evening, with new roses in her cheeks, the little sister who had been to a place where there was a wood, and brought back for him a treasure of fallen acorns, and black crow's feathers, and his peace at finding her again near him mingled all night with some intimate sense of the distant forest, the rumor of its breezes, with the glossy black-birds aslant and the branches lifted in them, and of the perfect nicety of the little cups that fell. So those two elementary apprehensions of the tenderness and of the color in things grew apace in him, and were seen by him afterwards to send their roots back into the beginnings of life.

Let me note first some of the occasions of his recognition of the element of pain in things — incidents, now and again, which seemed suddenly to awake in him the whole force of that sentiment which Goethe has called the *Weltschmerz*, and in which the concentrated sorrow of the world seemed suddenly to lie heavy upon him. A book lay in an old book-case, of which he cared to remember one picture — a woman sitting, with hands bound behind her, the dress, the cap, the hair, folded with a simplicity which touched him strangely, as if not by her own hands, but with some ambiguous care at the hands of others — Queen Marie Antoinette, on her way to execution — we all remember David's drawing, meant merely to make her ridiculous. The face that had been so high had learned to be mute and resistless; but out of its very resistlessness seemed now to call on men to have pity, and forbear; and he took note of that, as he closed the book, as a thing to look at again, if he should at any time find himself tempted to be cruel. Again, he would never quite forget the appeal in the small sister's face, in the garden under the lilacs, terrified at a spider lighted on her sleeve. He could trace back to the look then noted a certain mercy he conceived always for people in fear, even of little things, which seemed to make him, though but for a moment, capable of almost any sacrifice of himself. Impressible, susceptible persons, indeed, who had had their sorrows, lived about him; and this sensibility was due in part to the tacit influence of their presence, enforcing upon him habitually the fact that there are those who pass their days, as a matter of course, in a sort of "going quietly." Most poignantly of all he could recall, in unfading minutest circumstance, the cry on the stair, sounding bitterly through the house, and struck into his soul for ever, of an aged woman, his father's sister, come now to announce his death in distant India; how it seemed to make the aged woman like a child again; and, he knew not why, but this fancy was full of pity to him. There were the little sorrows of the dumb animals too — of the white angora, with a dark tail like an ermine's, and a face like a flower, who fell into a lingering sickness, and became quite delicately human in its valetudinarianism, and came to have a hundred different expressions of voice — how it grew worse and worse, till it began to feel the light too much for it, and at last, after one wild morning of pain, the little soul flickered away from the

body, quite worn to death already, and now but feebly retaining it.

So he wanted another pet; and as there were starlings about the place, which could be taught to speak, one of them was caught, and he meant to treat it kindly; but in the night its young ones could be heard crying after it, and the responsive cry of the mother-bird towards them; and at last, with the first light, though not till after some debate with himself, he went down and opened the cage, and saw a sharp bound of the prisoner up to her nestlings; and therewith came the sense of remorse, — that he too was become an accomplice in moving, to the limit of his small power, the springs and handles of that great machine in things, constructed so ingeniously to play pain-fugues on the delicate nerve-work of living creatures.

I have remarked how, in the process of our brain-building, as the house of thought in which we live gets itself together, like some airy bird's-nest of floating thistle-down and chance straws, compact at last, little accidents have their consequence; and thus it happened that as he walked one evening, a garden gate, usually closed, stood open; and lo! within, a great red hawthorn in full flower, embossing heavily the bleached and twisted trunk and branches, so aged that there were but few green leaves thereon — a plumage of tender, crimson fire out of the heart of the dry wood. The perfume of the tree had now and again reached him, in the currents of the wind, over the wall, and he had wondered what might be behind it, and was now allowed to fill his arms with the flowers — flowers enough for all the old blue-china pots along the chimney-piece, making *fête* in the children's room. Was it some periodic moment in the expansion of soul within him, or mere trick of heat in the heavily laden summer air? But the beauty of the thing struck home to him feverishly; and in dreams at night he loitered along a magic roadway of crimson flowers, which seemed to open ruddily in thick, fresh masses about his feet, and fill softly all the little hollows in the banks on either side. Always afterwards, summer by summer, as the flowers came on, the blossom of the red hawthorn still seemed to him absolutely the reddest of all things; and the goodly crimson, still alive in the works of old Venetian masters or old Flemish tapestries, called out always from afar the recollection of the flame in those perishing little petals, as it pulsed gradually out of them, kept long in the drawers of an old

cabinet. Also then, for the first time, he seemed to experience a passionateness in his relation to fair outward objects, an inexplicable excitement in their presence, which disturbed him, and from which he half longed to be free. A touch of regret or desire mingled all night with the remembered presence of the red flowers, and their perfume in the darkness about him: and the longing for some undivined, entire possession of them was the beginning of a revelation to him, growing ever clearer, with the coming of the gracious summer guise of fields and trees and persons in each succeeding year, of a certain, at times seemingly exclusive, predominance in his interests, of beautiful physical things, a kind of tyranny of the senses over him.

In later years he came upon philosophies which occupied him much in the estimate of the proportion of the sensuous and the ideal elements in human knowledge, the relative parts they bear in it; and, in his intellectual scheme, was led to assign very little to the abstract thought, and much to its sensible vehicle or occasion. Such metaphysical speculation did but reinforce what was instinctive in his way of receiving the world, and for him, everywhere, that sensible vehicle or occasion became, perhaps only too surely, the necessary concomitant of any perception of things, real enough to be of any weight or reckoning, in his house of thought. There were times when he could think of the necessity he was under of associating all thoughts to touch and sight, as a sympathetic link between himself and actual, feeling, living objects; a protest in favor of real men and women against mere grey, unreal abstractions; and he remembered gratefully how the Christian religion, hardly less than the religion of the ancient Greeks, translating so much of its spiritual verity into things that may be seen, condescends in part to sanction this infirmity, if so it be, of our human existence, wherein the world of sense is so much with us, and welcomed this thought as a kind of keeper and sentinel over his soul therein. But certainly he came more and more to be unable to care for or think of soul but as in an actual body, or of any world but that wherein are water and trees, and where men and women look so or so, and press actual hands. It was the trick even his pity learned, fastening those who suffered in any wise to his affections by a kind of sensible attachments. He would think of Julian, fallen into incurable sickness, as spoiled in the sweet blossom of his skin

like pale amber, and his honey-like hair; of Cecil, early dead, as cut off from the lilies, from golden summer days, from women's voices; and then what comforted him a little was the thought of the turning of the child's flesh to violets in the turf above him. And thinking of the very poor, it was not the things which most men care most for that he yearned to give them; but fairer roses, perhaps, and power to taste quite as they will, at their ease and not task-burdened, a certain desirable clear light in the new morning, through which sometimes he had noticed them, quite unconscious of it, on their way to their early toil.

So he yielded himself to these things, to be played upon by them like a musical instrument, and began to note with deepening watchfulness, but always with some puzzled, unutterable longing in his enjoyment, the phases of the seasons and of the growing or waning day, down even to the shadowy changes wrought on bare wall or ceiling — the light cast up from the snow, bringing out their darkest angles; the brown light in the cloud, which meant rain; that almost too austere clearness, in the protracted light of the lengthening day, before warm weather began, as if it lingered but to make a severer work-day, with the school-books opened earlier and later; that beam of June sunshine, at last, as he lay awake before the time, a way of gold-dust across the darkness; all the humming, the freshness, the perfume of the garden seemed to lie upon it — and coming in one afternoon in September, along the red gravel walk, to look for a basket of yellow crab-apples left in the cool, old parlor, he remembered it the more, and how the colors struck upon him, because a wasp on one bitten apple stung him, and he felt the passion of sudden, severe pain. For this too brought its curious reflections; and, in relief from it, he would wonder over it — how it had then been with him — puzzled at the depth of the charm or spell over him, which lay, for a little while at least, in the mere absence of pain; once, especially, when an older boy taught him to make flowers of sealing-wax, and he had burnt his hand badly at the lighted taper, and been unable to sleep. He remembered that also afterwards, as a sort of typical thing — a white vision of heat about him, clinging closely, through the languid scent of the ointments put upon the place to make it well.

Also, as he felt this pressure upon him of the sensible world, then, as often afterwards,

there would come another sort of curious questioning how the last impressions of eye and ear might happen to him, how they would find him — the scent of the last flower, the soft yellowness of the last morning, the last recognition of some object of affection, hand or voice; it could not be but that the latest look of the eyes, before their final closing, would be strangely vivid; one would go with the hot tears, the cry, the touch of the wistful bystander, impressed how deeply on one! or would it be, perhaps, a mere frail retiring of all things, great or little, away from one, into a level distance?

For with this desire of physical beauty mingled itself early the fear of death — the fear of death intensified by the desire of beauty. Hitherto he had never gazed upon dead faces, as sometimes, afterwards, at the Morgue in Paris, or in that fair cemetery at Munich, where all the dead must go and lie in state before burial, behind glass windows, among the flowers and incense and holy candles — the aged clergy with their sacred ornaments, the young men in their dancing-shoes and spotless white linen — after which visits, those waxen, resistless faces would always live with him for many days, making the broadest sunshine sickly. The child had heard indeed of the death of his father, and how, in the Indian station, a fever had taken him, so that though not in action he had yet died as a soldier; and hearing of the "resurrection of the just," he could think of him as still abroad in the world, somehow, for his protection — a grand though perhaps rather terrible figure, in beautiful soldier's things, like the figure in the picture of Joshua's Victory in the Bible — and of that round which the mourners moved so softly, and afterwards with such solemn singing, as but a worn-out garment left at a deserted lodging. So it was, until on a summer day he walked with his mother through a fair churchyard. In a bright dress he rambled among the graves, in the gay weather, and so came, in one corner, upon an open grave for a child — a dark space on the brilliant grass — the black mould heaped up round it, weighing down the little jeweled branches of the dwarf rosebushes in flower. And therewith came, full-grown, never wholly to leave him, with the certainty that even children do sometimes die, the physical horror of death, with its wholly selfish recoil from the association of lower forms of life, and the suffocating weight above. No benign, grave figure in beautiful soldier's things any longer abroad

in the world for his protection! only a few poor, piteous bones; and above them, possibly, a certain sort of figure he hoped not to see. For sitting one day in the garden below an open window, he heard people talking, and could not but listen, how, in a sleepless hour, a sick woman had seen one of the dead sitting beside her, come to call her hence; and from the broken talk evolved with much clearness the notion that not all those dead people had really departed to the churchyard, nor were quite so motionless as they looked, but led a secret, half-fugitive life in their old homes, quite free by night, though sometimes visible in the day, dodging from room to room, with no great goodwill towards those who shared the place with them. All night the figure sat beside him in the reveries of his broken sleep, and was not quite gone in the morning — an odd, irreconcilable new member of the household, making the sweet familiar chambers unfriendly and suspect by its uncertain presence. He could have hated the dead he had pitied so, for being thus. Afterwards he came to think of those poor, home-returning ghosts, which all men have fancied to themselves — the *revenants* — pathetically, as crying, or beating with vain hands at the doors, as the wind came, their cries distinguishable in it as a wilder inner note. But, always making death more unfamiliar still, that old experience would ever, from time to time, return to him; even in the living he sometimes caught its likeness; at any time or place, in a moment, the faint atmosphere of the chamber of death would be breathed around him, and the image with the bound chin, the quaint smile, the straight stiff feet, shed itself across the air upon the bright carpet, amid the gayest company, or happiest communing with himself.

To most children the sombre questionings to which impressions like these attach themselves, if they come at all, are actually suggested by religious books, which therefore they often regard with much secret distaste, and dismiss, as far as possible, from their habitual thoughts as a too depressing element in life. To Florian such impressions, these misgivings as to the ultimate tendency of the years, of the relationship between life and death, had been suggested spontaneously in the natural course of his mental growth by a strong innate sense for the soberer tones in things, further strengthened by actual circumstances; and religious sentiment, that system of biblical ideas in which he had been

brought up, presented itself to him as a thing that might soften and dignify, and light up as with a "lively hope," a melancholy already deeply settled in him. So he yielded himself easily to religious impressions, and with a kind of mystical appetite for sacred things, the more as they came to him through a saintly person who loved him tenderly, and believed that this early preoccupation with them already marked the child out for a saint. He began to love, for their own sakes, church lights, holy days, all that belonged to the comely order of the sanctuary, the secrets of its white linen, and holy vessels, and fonts of pure water; and its hieratic purity and simplicity became the type of something he desired to have about him in actual life. He pored over the pictures in religious books, and knew by heart the exact mode in which the wrestling angel grasped Jacob, how Jacob looked in his mysterious sleep, how the bells and pomegranates were attached to the hem of Aaron's vestment, sounding sweetly as he glided over the turf of the holy place. His way of conceiving religion came then to be in effect what it ever afterwards remained — a sacred history indeed, but still more a sacred ideal, a transcendent version or representation, under intense and more expressive light and shade, of human life and its familiar or exceptional incidents, birth, death, marriage, youth, age, tears, joy, rest, sleep, waking — a mirror, towards which men might turn away their eyes from vanity and dullness, and see themselves therein as angels, with their daily meat and drink, even, become a kind of sacred transaction — a complementary strain or burden,¹ applied to our every-day existence, whereby the stray snatches of music in it re-set themselves, and fall into the scheme of some higher and more consistent harmony. A place adumbrated itself in his thoughts, wherein those sacred personalities, which are at once the reflex and the pattern of our nobler phases of life, housed themselves; and this region in his intellectual scheme all subsequent experience did but tend still further to realize and define. Some ideal, hieratic persons he would always need to occupy it and keep a warmth there. And he could hardly understand those who felt no such need at all, finding themselves quite happy without such heavenly companionship, and sacred double of their life, beside them.

Thus a constant substitution of the typical for the actual took place in his thoughts.

¹ bass under-part.

Angels might be met by the way, under English elm or beech-tree; mere messengers seemed like angels, bound on celestial errands; a deep mysticity brooded over real meetings and partings; marriages were made in heaven; and deaths also, with hands of angels thereupon, to bear soul and body quietly asunder, each to its appointed rest. All the acts and accidents of daily life borrowed a sacred color and significance; the very colors of things became themselves weighty with meanings like the sacred stuffs of Moses' tabernacle, full of penitence or peace. Sentiment, congruous in the first instance only with those divine transactions, the deep, effusive unction of the House of Bethany, was assumed as the due attitude for the reception of our every-day existence; and for a time he walked through the world in a sustained, not unpleasurable awe, generated by the habitual recognition, beside every circumstance and event of life, of its celestial correspondent.

Sensibility — the desire of physical beauty — a strange biblical awe, which made any reference to the unseen act on him like solemn music — these qualities the child took away with him, when, at about the age of twelve years, he left the old house, and was taken to live in another place. He had never left his home before, and, anticipating much from this change, had long dreamed over it, jealously counting the days till the time fixed for departure should come; had been a little care-
less about others even, in his strong desire for it — when Lewis fell sick, for instance, and they must wait still two days longer. At last the morning came, very fine; and all things — the very pavement with its dust, at the roadside — seemed to have a white, pearl-like lustre in them. They were to travel by a favorite road on which he had often walked a certain distance, and on one of those two prisoner days, when Lewis was sick, had walked farther than ever before, in his great desire to reach the new place. They had started and gone a little way when a pet bird was found to have been left behind, and must even now — so it presented itself to him — have already all the appealing fierceness and wild self-pity at heart of one left by others to perish of hunger in a closed house; and he returned to fetch it, himself in hardly less stormy distress. But as he passed in search of it from room to room, lying so pale, with a look of meekness in their denudation, and at last through that little stripped white room, the aspect of the place touched him like the face of one dead; and a clinging back towards it came over him, so intense that he knew it would last long, and spoiling all his pleasure in the realization of a thing so eagerly anticipated. And so, with the bird found, but himself in an agony of homesickness, thus capriciously sprung up within him, he was driven quickly away, far into the rural distance, so fondly speculated on, of that favorite country road.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)

Robert Louis Stevenson, the son of Thomas Stevenson, a civil engineer, was born at Edinburgh, November 13, 1850. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh and studied both engineering and law. His bent was strongly toward writing, and in the early seventies he began to contribute essays to the *Cornhill* and other magazines. He took two unconventional journeys, one by canoe through the rivers and canals of Belgium and France, and another by donkey through the Cévennes Mountains, which became the material of two books, *An Inland Voyage* (1878), and *Travels with a Donkey* (1879). In the latter year Stevenson journeyed to San Francisco to marry Mrs. Osbourne whom he had known at Fontainebleau. His health had been precarious from childhood, and now followed a number of years of invalidism at Davos, Hyères, and Bournemouth. In these years he made his literary reputation with *Treasure Island* (1882), *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886), and *Kidnapped* (1886). In 1887 he returned to America, and, after a winter at Saranac Lake, he chartered a vessel for a cruise to the South Seas. This led him eventually to Samoa, where he settled in 1890 at Vailima. He died in 1894.

Stevenson was a versatile writer in fiction, essay, poetry, and drama. More than most English writers he was animated by sheer æsthetic enthusiasm for literature as a fine art. He held that romance was a necessary element in life, and that fiction was as necessary to grown people as play to children. The highest point of romance to him was fine conduct, springing from loyalty and a sense of duty. In the latter days of the nineteenth century, when men were driven to despair of a world in which faith had been killed by science and the joy of life by industrialism, Stevenson continued to uphold the principle of life as worth while for its own sake, and struggle as justifying itself without question of reward. He belongs among the neo-stoics, in opposition to Walter Pater, who represents the neo-epicurean position.

The chief edition of Stevenson's works is the Biographical in twenty-seven volumes. His letters were edited by Sidney Colvin (1900) and his life was written by his cousin, Graham Balfour, in 1901. There are brief studies by Lloyd Osbourne and Frank A. Swinnerton. Essays on Stevenson to be noted are those by Henry James in *Partial Portraits*, and by Leslie Stephen in *Studies of a Biographer*.

A GOSSIP ON ROMANCE

1882

Published in *Longman's Magazine* for November, and later in the collection called *Memories and Portraits*. The essay is of special value as presenting the principles which underlay Stevenson's work as a reviver of the prose romance.

In anything fit to be called by the name of reading, the process itself should be absorbing and voluptuous; we should gloat over a book, be rapt clean out of ourselves, and rise from the perusal, our mind filled with the busiest kaleidoscopic dance of images, incapable of sleep or of continuous thought. The words, if the book be eloquent, should run thenceforward in our ears like the noise of breakers, and the story — if it be a story — repeat itself in a thousand colored pictures to the eye. It was for this last pleasure that we read so closely, and loved our books so dearly, in the bright, troubled period of boyhood. Eloquence and thought, character and conversation, were but obstacles to brush aside as we dug blithely after a certain sort of incident, like a pig for truffles. For my part, I liked a story to begin with an old wayside inn where, "towards the close of the year 17—," several gentlemen in three-cocked hats were playing bowls. A friend of mine preferred the Malabar coast in a storm, with a ship beating to westward, and a scowling fellow of herculean proportions strolling along the beach; he, to be sure, was a pirate. This was further afield than my home-keeping fancy loved to travel, and designed altogether for a larger canvas than the tales that I affected. Give me a highwayman and I was full to the brim; a Jacobite would do, but the highwayman was my favorite dish. I can still hear that merry clatter of the hoofs along the moonlit lane; night and the coming of day are still related in my mind with the doings of John Rann or Jerry Abershaw;¹ and the words "postchaise," the "great North road," "ostler," and "nag," still sound in my ears like poetry. One and all, at least, and each with his particular fancy, we read story-books in childhood, not for eloquence or character or thought, but for

some quality of the brute incident. That quality was not mere bloodshed or wonder. Although each of these was welcome in its place, the charm for the sake of which we read depended on something different from either. My elders used to read novels aloud; and I can still remember four different passages which I heard, before I was ten, with the same keen and lasting pleasure. One I discovered long afterwards to be the admirable opening of *What will he Do with It?*² It was no wonder that I was pleased with that. The other three still remain unidentified. One is a little vague; it was about a dark, tall house at night, and people groping on the stairs by the light that escaped from the open door of a sickroom. In another, a lover left a ball, and went walking in a cool, dewy park, whence he could watch the lighted windows and the figures of the dancers as they moved. This was the most sentimental impression I think I had yet received, for a child is somewhat deaf to the sentimental. In the last, a poet, who had been tragically wrangling with his wife, walked forth on the sea-beach on a tempestuous night and witnessed the horrors of a wreck.² Different as they are, all these early favorites have a common note — they have all a touch of the romantic.

Drama is the poetry of conduct, romance the poetry of circumstance. The pleasure that we take in life is of two sorts — the active and the passive. Now we are conscious of a great command over our destiny; anon we are lifted up by circumstance, as by a breaking wave, and dashed we know not how into the future. Now we are pleased by our conduct, anon merely pleased by our surroundings. It would be hard to say which of these modes of satisfaction is the more effective, but the latter is surely the more constant. Conduct is three parts of life, they say; but I think they put it high. There is a vast deal in life and letters both which is not immoral, but simply a-moral; which either does not regard the human will at all, or deals with it in obvious and healthy relations; where the interest turns, not upon

¹ By Bulwer-Lytton (1858).

² Since traced by many obliging correspondents to the gallery of Charles Kingsley. (Stevenson's note.)

what a man shall choose to do, but on how he manages to do it; not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean, open-air adventure, the shock of arms or the diplomacy of life. With such material as this it is impossible to build a play, for the serious theatre exists solely on moral grounds, and is a standing proof of the dissemination of the human conscience. But it is possible to build upon this ground the most joyous of verses, and the most lively, beautiful, and buoyant tales.

One thing in life calls for another; there is a fitness in events and places. The sight of a pleasant arbor puts it in our mind to sit there. One place suggests work, another idleness, a third early rising and long rambles in the dew. The effect of night, of any flowing water, of lighted cities, of the peep of day, of ships, of the open ocean, calls up in the mind an army of anonymous desires and pleasures. Something, we feel, should happen; we know not what, yet we proceed in quest of it. And many of the happiest hours of life fleet by us in this vain attendance on the genius of the place and moment. It is thus that tracts of young fir, and low rocks that reach into deep soundings, particularly torture and delight me. Something must have happened in such places, and perhaps ages back, to members of my race; and when I was a child I tried in vain to invent appropriate games for them, as I still try, just as vainly, to fit them with the proper story. Some places speak distinctly. Certain dank gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck. Other spots again seem to abide their destiny, suggestive and impenetrable, "miching mallecho." The inn at Burford Bridge, with its arbors and green garden and silent, eddying river — though it is known already as the place where Keats wrote some of his *Endymion* and Nelson parted from his Emma — still seems to wait the coming of the appropriate legend. Within these ivied walls, behind these old green shutters, some further business smolders, waiting for its hour. The old Hawes Inn at the Queen's Ferry makes a similar call upon my fancy. There it stands, apart from the town, beside the pier, in a climate of its own, half inland, half marine — in front, the ferry bubbling with the tide and the guardship swinging to her anchor; behind, the old garden with the trees. Americans

seek it already for the sake of Lovel and Oldbuck, who dined there at the beginning of *The Antiquary*. But you need not tell me — that is not all; there is some story, unrecorded or not yet complete, which must express the meaning of that inn more fully. So it is with names and faces; so it is with incidents that are idle and inconclusive in themselves, and yet seem like the beginning of some quaint romance, which the all-careless author leaves untold. How many of these romances have we not seen determined at their birth; how many people have met us with a look of meaning in their eye, and sunk at once into trivial acquaintances; to how many places have we not drawn near, with express intimations — "here my destiny awaits me" — and we have but dined there and passed on! I have lived both at the Hawes and Burford in a perpetual flutter, on the heels, as it seemed, of some adventure that should justify the place; but though the feeling had me to bed at night and called me again at morning in one unbroken round of pleasure and suspense, nothing befell me in either worth remark. The man of the hour had not yet come; but some day, I think, a boat shall put off from the Queen's Ferry, fraught with a dear cargo, and some frosty night a horseman, on a tragic errand, rattle with his whip upon the green shutters of the inn at Burford.¹

Now this is one of the natural appetites with which any lively literature has to count. The desire for knowledge, I had almost added the desire for meat, is not more deeply seated than this demand for fit and striking incident. The dullest of clowns tells, or tries to tell, himself a story, as the feeblest of children uses invention in his play; and even as the imaginative grown person, joining in the game, at once enriches it with many delightful circumstances, the great creative writer shows us the realization and the apotheosis of the day-dreams of common men. His stories may be nourished with the realities of life, but their true mark is to satisfy the nameless longings of the reader, and to obey the ideal laws of the day-dream. The right kind of thing should fall out in the right kind of place; the right kind of thing should follow; and not only the characters talk aptly and think naturally, but all the circumstances in a tale answer one to another like notes in music. The threads of a story

¹ Since the above was written I have tried to launch the boat with my own hand in *Kidnapped*. Some day, perhaps, I may try a rattle at the shutters. (Stevenson's note.)

come from time to time together, and make a picture in the web; the characters fall from time to time into some attitude to each other or to nature, which stamps the story home like an illustration. Crusoe recoiling from the footprint, Achilles shouting over against the Trojans, Ulysses bending the great bow, Christian running with his fingers in his ears, — these are each culminating moments in the legend, and each has been printed on the mind's eye forever. Other things we may forget; we may forget the words, although they are beautiful; we may forget the author's comment, although perhaps it was ingenious and true; but these epoch-making scenes, which put the last mark of truth upon a story and fill up at one blow our capacity for sympathetic pleasure, we so adopt into the very bosom of our mind that neither time nor tide can efface or weaken the impression. This, then, is the plastic part of literature: to embody character, thought, or emotion in some act or attitude that shall be remarkably striking to the mind's eye. This is the highest and hardest thing to do in words; the thing which, once accomplished, equally delights the schoolboy and the sage, and makes, in its own right, the quality of epics. Compared with this, all other purposes in literature, except the purely lyrical or the purely philosophic, are bastard in nature, facile of execution, and feeble in result. It is one thing to write about the inn at Burford, or to describe scenery with the word-painters; it is quite another to seize on the heart of the suggestion and make a country famous with a legend. It is one thing to remark, to dissect, with the most cutting logic, the complications of life and of the human spirit; it is quite another to give them body and blood in the story of Ajax or of Hamlet. The first is literature, but the second is something besides, for it is likewise art.

English people of the present day are apt, I know not why, to look somewhat down on incident, and reserve their admiration for the clink of teaspoons and the accents of the curate. It is thought clever to write a novel with no story at all, or at least with a very dull one. Reduced even to the lowest terms, a certain interest can be communicated by the art of narrative, a sense of human kinship stirred; and a kind of monotonous fitness, comparable to the words and air of "Sandy's Mull," preserved among the infinitesimal occurrences recorded. Some people work in this manner, with even a

strong touch. Mr. Trollope's inimitable clergymen arise to the mind in this connection. But even Mr. Trollope does not confine himself to chronicling small beer. Mr. Crawley's collision with the bishop's wife, Mr. Melnotte dallying in the deserted banquet-room,¹ are typical incidents, epically conceived, fitly embodying a crisis. Or again look at Thackeray. If Rawdon Crawley's blow were not delivered, *Vanity Fair* would cease to be a work of art. That scene is the chief ganglion of the tale; and the discharge of energy from Rawdon's fist is the reward and consolation of the reader. The end of *Esmond* is a yet wider excursion from the author's customary fields; the scene at Castlewood is pure Dumas; the great and wily English borrower has here borrowed from the great unblushing French thief; as usual, he has borrowed admirably well, and the breaking of the sword rounds off the best of all his books with a manly, martial note. But perhaps nothing can more strongly illustrate the necessity for marking incident than to compare the living fame of *Robinson Crusoe* with the discredit of *Clarissa Harlowe*. *Clarissa* is a book of a far more startling import, worked out, on a great canvas, with inimitable courage and unflagging art. It contains wit, character, passion, plot, conversations full of spirit and insight, letters sparkling with unstrained humanity; and if the death of the heroine be somewhat frigid and artificial, the last days of the hero strike the only note of what we now call Byronism, between the Elizabethans and Byron himself. And yet a little story of a shipwrecked sailor, with not a tenth part of the style nor a thousandth part of the wisdom, exploring none of the arcana of humanity and deprived of the perennial interest of love, goes on from edition to edition, while *Clarissa* lies upon the shelves unread. A friend of mine, a Welsh blacksmith, was twenty-five years old and could neither read nor write, when he heard a chapter of *Robinson* read aloud in a farm kitchen. Up to that moment he had sat content, huddled in his ignorance, but he left that farm another man. There were day-dreams, it appeared, divine day-dreams, written and printed and bound, and to be bought for money and enjoyed at pleasure. Down he sat that day, painfully learned to read Welsh, and returned to borrow the book. It had been lost, nor could he find another copy but one that was in English. Down he

¹ Crawley in *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, Melnotte in *The Way We Live Now*.

sat once more, learned English, and at length, and with entire delight, read *Robinson*. It is like the story of a love-chase. If he had heard a letter from *Clarissa*, would he have been fired with the same chivalrous ardor? I wonder. Yet *Clarissa* has every quality that can be shown in prose, one alone excepted — pictorial or picture-making romance. While *Robinson* depends, for the most part and with the overwhelming majority of its readers, on the charm of circumstance.

In the highest achievements of the art of words, the dramatic and the pictorial, the moral and romantic interest, rise and fall together by a common and organic law. Situation is animated with passion, passion clothed upon with situation. Neither exists for itself, but each inheres indissolubly with the other. This is high art; and not only the highest art possible in words, but the highest art of all, since it combines the greatest mass and diversity of the elements of truth and pleasure. Such are epics, and the few prose tales that have the epic weight. But as from a school of works, aping the creative, incident and romance are ruthlessly discarded, so may character and drama be omitted or subordinated to romance. There is one book, for example, more generally loved than Shakespeare, that captivates in childhood, and still delights in age — I mean the *Arabian Nights* — where you shall look in vain for moral or for intellectual interest. No human face or voice greets us among that wooden crowd of kings and genies, sorcerers and beggarmen. Adventure, in the most naked terms, furnishes forth the entertainment, and is found enough. Dumas approaches perhaps nearest of any modern to these Arabian authors, in the purely material charm of some of his romances. The early part of *Monte Cristo*, down to the finding of the treasure, is a piece of perfect storytelling; the man never breathed who shared these moving incidents without a tremor; and yet Faria is a thing of packthread and Dantès little more than a name. The sequel is one long-drawn error, gloomy, bloody, unnatural and dull; but as for these early chapters, I do not believe there is another volume extant where you can breathe the same unmingled atmosphere of romance. It is very thin and light, to be sure, as on a high mountain; but it is brisk and clear and sunny in proportion. I saw the other day, with envy, an old and very clever lady setting forth on a second or third voyage into *Monte Cristo*.

Here are stories which powerfully affect the reader, which can be reperused at any age, and where the characters are no more than puppets. The bony fist of the showman visibly propels them; their springs are an open secret; their faces are of wood; their bellies filled with bran; and yet we thrillingly partake of their adventures. And the point may be illustrated still further. The last interview between Lucy and Richard Feveril¹ is pure drama; more than that, it is the strongest scene, since Shakespeare, in the English tongue. Their first meeting by the river, on the other hand, is pure romance; it has nothing to do with character; it might happen to any other boy and maiden, and be none the less delightful for the change. And yet I think he would be a bold man who should choose between these passages. Thus in the same book we may have two scenes, each capital in its order: in the one, human passion, deep calling unto deep, shall utter its genuine voice; in the second, according to circumstances, like instruments in tune, shall build up a trivial but desirable incident, such as we love to prefigure for ourselves; and in the end, in spite of the critics, we may hesitate to give the preference to either. The one may ask more genius — I do not say it does; but at least the other dwells as clearly in the memory.

True romantic art, again, makes a romance of all things. It reaches into the highest abstraction of the ideal; it does not refuse the most pedestrian realism. *Robinson Crusoe* is as realistic as it is romantic; both qualities are pushed to an extreme, and neither suffers. Nor does romance depend upon the material importance of the incidents. To deal with strong and deadly elements, banditti, pirates, war and murder, is to conjure with great names, and, in the event of failure, to double the disgrace. The arrival of Haydn and Consuelo at the Canon's villa² is a very trifling incident; yet we may read a dozen boisterous stories from beginning to end, and not receive so fresh and stirring an impression of adventure. It was the scene of *Crusoe* at the wreck, if I remember rightly, that so bewitched my blacksmith. Nor is the fact surprising. Every single article the castaway recovers from the hulk is "a joy for ever" to the man who reads of them. They are the things that should be found, and bare enumeration stirs the blood. I found a glimmer of the same interest the other day in a

¹ In Meredith's *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*.

² In George Sand's *Consuelo*.

new book, *The Sailor's Sweetheart*, by Mr. Clark Russell. The whole business of the brig *Morning Star* is very rightly felt and spiritedly written; but the clothes, the books, and the money satisfy the reader's mind like things to eat. We are dealing here with the old cut-and-dry, legitimate interest of treasure trove. But even treasure trove can be made dull. There are few people who have not groaned under the plethora of goods that fell to the lot of the Swiss Family Robinson, that dreary family. They found article after article, from milk kine to pieces of ordnance, a whole consignment; but no informing taste had presided over the selection, — there was no smack or relish in the invoice, and these riches left the fancy cold. The box of goods in Verne's *Mysterious Island* is another case in point: there was no gusto and no glamour about that; it might have come from a shop. But the two hundred and seventy-eight Australian sovereigns on board the *Morning Star* fell upon me like a surprise that I had expected; whole vistas of secondary stories, besides the one in hand, radiated forth from that discovery, as they radiate from a striking particular in life; and I was made for the moment as happy as a reader has a right to be.

To come at all at the nature of this quality of romance, we must bear in mind the peculiarity of our attitude to any art. No art produces illusion; in the theatre we never forget that we are in the theatre; and while we read a story, we sit wavering between two minds, now merely clapping our hands at the merit of the performance, now condescending to take an active part in fancy with the characters. This last is the triumph of romantic story-telling: when the reader consciously plays at being the hero, the scene is a good scene. Now in character studies the pleasure that we take is critical; we watch, we approve, we smile at incongruities, we are moved to sudden heats of sympathy for courage, suffering, or virtue. But the characters are still themselves, they are not us; the more clearly they are depicted, the more widely do they stand away from us, the more imperiously do they thrust us back into our place as a spectator. I cannot identify myself with Rawdon Crawley or with Eugène de Rastignac,¹ for I have scarce a hope or fear in common with them. It is not character but incident that woos us out of our reserve. Something happens as we desire to have it

happen to ourselves; some situation, that we have long dallied with in fancy, is realized in the story with enticing and appropriate details. Then we forget the characters; then we push the hero aside; then we plunge into the tale in our own person and bathe in fresh experience; and then, and then only, do we say we have been reading a romance. It is not only pleasurable things that we imagine in our day-dreams; there are lights in which we are willing to contemplate even the idea of our own death, — ways in which it seems as if it would amuse us to be cheated, wounded, or calumniated. It is thus possible to construct a story, even of tragic import, in which every incident, detail, and trick of circumstance shall be welcome to the reader's thoughts. Fiction is to the grown man what play is to the child; it is there that he changes the atmosphere and tenor of his life; and when the game so chimes with his fancy that he can join in it with all his heart, when it pleases him at every turn, when he loves to recall it and dwells upon its recollection with entire delight, fiction is called romance.

Walter Scott is out and away the king of the romantics. *The Lady of the Lake* has no indisputable claim to be a poem beyond the inherent fitness and desirability of the tale. It is just such a story as a man would make up for himself, walking, in the best health and temper, through just such scenes as it is laid in. Hence it is that a charm dwells undefinable among these slovenly verses, as the unseen cuckoo fills the mountains with his note; hence, even after we have flung the book aside, the scenery and adventures remain present to the mind, a new and green possession, not unworthy of that beautiful name, *The Lady of the Lake*, or that direct, romantic opening — one of the most spirited and poetical in literature — "The stag at eve had drunk his fill." The same strength and the same weaknesses adorn and disfigure the novels. In that ill-written, ragged book, *The Pirate*, the figure of Cleveland — cast up by the sea on the resounding foreland of Dunrossness — moving, with the blood on his hands and the Spanish words on his tongue, among the simple islanders — singing a serenade under the window of his Shetland mistress — is conceived in the very highest manner of romantic invention. The words of his song, "Through groves of palm," sung in such a scene and by such a lover, clench, as in a nutshell, the emphatic contrast upon which the tale is built. In *Guy Mannering*,

¹ Crawley in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*; Rastignac in Balzac's *Père Goriot* and other tales

again, every incident is delightful to the imagination; and the scene when Harry Bertram lands at Ellangowan is a model instance of romantic method.

"'I remember the tune well,' he says, 'though I cannot guess what should at present so strongly recall it to my memory.' He took his flageolet from his pocket and played a simple melody. Apparently the tune awoke the corresponding associations of a damsel. . . . She immediately took up the song —

"'Are these the links of Forth,' she said;
'Or are they the crooks of Dee,
Or the bonny woods of Warroch Head
That I so fain would see?'

"'By heaven!' said Bertram, 'it is the very ballad.'"

On this quotation two remarks fall to be made. First, as an instance of modern feeling for romance, this famous touch of the flageolet and the old song is selected by Miss Braddon for omission. Miss Braddon's idea of a story, like Mrs. Todgers's idea of a wooden leg, were something strange to have expounded. As a matter of personal experience, Meg's appearance to old Mr. Bertram on the road, the ruins of Dorncleugh, the scene of the flageolet, and the Dominie's recognition of Harry, are the four strong notes that continue to ring in the mind after the book is laid aside. The second point is still more curious. The reader will observe a mark of excision in the passage as quoted by me. Well, here is how it runs in the original: "A damsel who, close behind a fine spring about half-way down the descent, and which had once supplied the castle with water, was engaged in bleaching linen." A man who gave in such copy would be discharged from the staff of a daily paper. Scott has forgotten to prepare the reader for the presence of the "damsel"; he has forgotten to mention the spring and its relation to the ruin; and now, face to face with his omission, instead of trying back and starting fair, crams all this matter, tail foremost, into a single shambling sentence. It is not merely bad English, or bad style; it is abominably bad narrative besides.

Certainly the contrast is remarkable; and it is one that throws a strong light upon the subject of this paper. For here we have a man of the finest creative instinct touching with perfect certainty and charm the romantic junctures of his story; and we find him utterly careless, almost, it would seem, incapable, in the technical matter of style, and

not only frequently weak, but frequently wrong in points of drama. In character parts, indeed, and particularly in the Scotch, he was delicate, strong, and truthful; but the trite, obliterated features of too many of his heroes have already wearied two generations of readers. At times his characters will speak with something far beyond propriety with a true heroic note; but on the next page they will be wading wearily forward with an ungrammatical and undramatic rigmarole of words. The man who could conceive and write the character of Elspeth of the Craighburnfoot, as Scott has conceived and written it, had not only splendid romantic, but splendid tragic gifts. How comes it, then, that he could so often fob us off with languid, inarticulate twaddle?

It seems to me that the explanation is to be found in the very quality of his surprising merits. As his books are play to the reader, so were they play to him. He conjured up the romantic with delight, but he had hardly patience to describe it. He was a great day-dreamer, a seer of fit and beautiful and humorous visions, but hardly a great artist; hardly, in the manful sense, an artist at all. He pleased himself, and so he pleases us. Of the pleasures of his art he tasted fully; but of its toils and vigils and distresses never man knew less. A great romantic — an idle child.

THE LANTERN-BEARERS

1888

Published in *Scribner's Magazine* for February, 1888, and reprinted in *Across the Plains*, 1892. It contains an amplification of Stevenson's doctrine of romance, and his attitude toward the realistic school of fiction.

I

These boys congregated every autumn about a certain easterly fisher-village, where they tasted in a high degree the glory of existence. The place was created seemingly on purpose for the diversion of young gentlemen. A street or two of houses, mostly red and many of them tiled; a number of fine trees clustered about the manse and the kirk-yard, and turning the chief street into a shady alley; many little gardens more than usually bright with flowers; nets a-drying, and fisher-wives scolding in the backward parts; a smell of fish, a genial smell of seaweed; whiffs of blowing sand at the street corners; shops with golf-balls and bottled

lollipops; another shop with penny pickwicks (that remarkable cigar) and the *London Journal*, dear to me for its startling pictures, and a few novels, dear for their suggestive names: such, as well as memory serves me, were the ingredients of the town. These, you are to conceive posted on a spit between two sandy bays, and sparsely flanked with villas — enough for the boys to lodge in with their subsidiary parents, not enough (not yet enough) to cocknify the scene: a haven in the rocks in front: in front of that, a file of grey islets: to the left, endless links and sand-wreaths, a wilderness of hiding-holes, alive with popping rabbits and soaring gulls; to the right, a range of seaward crags, one rugged brow beyond another; the ruins of a mighty and ancient fortress on the brink of one; coves between — now charmed into sunshine quiet, now whistling with wind and clamorous with bursting surges; the dens and sheltered hollows redolent of thyme and southernwood, the air at the cliff's edge brisk and clean and pungent of the sea — in front of all, the Bass Rock, tilted seaward like a doubtful bather, the surf ringing it with white, the solan-geese hanging round its summit like a great and glittering smoke. This choice piece of sea-board was sacred, besides, to the wrecker; and the Bass, in the eye of fancy, still flew the colors of King James; and in the ear of fancy the arches of Tantallon still rang with horse-shoe iron, and echoed to the commands of Bell-the-Cat.¹

There was nothing to mar your days, if you were a boy summering in that part, but the embarrassment of pleasure. You might golf if you wanted; but I seem to have been better employed. You might secrete yourself in the Lady's Walk, a certain sunless dingle of elders, all mossed over by the damp as green as grass, and dotted here and there by the stream-side with roofless walls, the cold homes of anchorites. To fit themselves for life, and with a special eye to acquire the art of smoking, it was even common for the boys to harbor there; and you might have seen a single penny pickwick, honestly shared in lengths with a blunt knife, bestrew the glen with these apprentices. Again, you might join our fishing-parties, where we sat perched as thick as solan-geese, a covey of little anglers, boy and girl, angling over each other's heads, to the much entanglement of lines and loss of podleys and consequent

shrill recrimination — shrill as the geese themselves. Indeed, had that been all, you might have done this often; but though fishing be a fine pastime, the podley is scarce to be regarded as a dainty for the table; and it was a point of honor that a boy should eat all that he had taken. Or again, you might climb the Law, where the whale's jawbone stood landmark in the buzzing wind, and behold the face of many counties, and the smoke and spires of many towns, and the sails of distant ships. You might bathe, now in the flaws of fine weather, that we pathetically call our summer, now in a gale of wind, with the sand scourging your bare hide, your clothes thrashing abroad from underneath their guardian stone, the froth of the great breakers casting you headlong ere it had drowned your knees. Or you might explore the tidal rocks, above all in the ebb of spring, when the very roots of the hills were for the nonce discovered; following my leader from one group to another, groping in slippery tangle for the wreck of ships, wading in pools after the abominable creatures of the sea, and ever with an eye cast backward on the march of the tide and the menaced line of your retreat. And then you might go Crusoeing, a word that covers all extempore eating in the open air: digging perhaps a house under the margin of the links, kindling a fire of the sea-ware, and cooking apples there — if they were truly apples, for I sometimes suppose the merchant must have played us off with some inferior and quite local fruit, capable of resolving, in the neighborhood of fire, into mere sand and smoke and iodine; or perhaps pushing to Tantallon, you might lunch on sandwiches and visions in the grassy court, while the wind hummed in the crumbling turrets; or clambering along the coast, eat geans¹ (the worst, I must suppose, in Christendom) from an adventurous gean-tree that had taken root under a cliff, where it was shaken with an ague of east wind, and silvered after gales with salt, and grew so foreign among its bleak surroundings that to eat of its produce was an adventure in itself.

There are mingled some dismal memories with so many that were joyous. Of the fisher-wife, for instance, who had cut her throat at Canty Bay; and of how I ran with the other children to the top of the Quadrant, and beheld a posse of silent people escorting a cart, and on the cart, bound in a chair, her throat bandaged, and the bandage all bloody — horror! — the fisher-wife her-

¹ The nickname of Archibald Douglas, fifth Earl of Angus, died 1514. He entertained Marmion, in Scott's poem, at his castle of Tantallon.

¹ wild cherries.

self, who continued thenceforth to hag-ride my thoughts, and even to-day (as I recall the scene) darkens daylight. She was lodged in the little old jail in the chief street; but whether or no she died there, with a wise terror of the worst, I never inquired. She had been tipling; it was but a dingy tragedy; and it seems strange and hard that, after all these years, the poor crazy sinner should be still pilloried on her cart in the scrap-book of my memory. Nor shall I readily forget a certain house in the Quadrant where a visitor died, and a dark old woman continued to dwell alone with the dead body; nor how this old woman conceived a hatred to myself and one of my cousins, and in the dread hour of the dusk, as we were clambering on the garden-walls, opened a window in that house of mortality and cursed us in a shrill voice and with a marrowy choice of language. It was a pair of very colorless urchins that fled down the lane from this remarkable experience! But I recall with a more doubtful sentiment, compounded out of fear and exultation, the coil of equinoctial tempests; trumpeting squalls, scouring flaws of rain; the boats with their reefed lug-sails scudding for the harbor mouth, where danger lay, for it was hard to make when the wind had any east in it; the wives clustered with blowing shawls at the pierhead, where (if fate was against them) they might see boat and husband and sons — their whole wealth and their whole family — engulfed under their eyes; and (what I saw but once) a troop of neighbors forcing such an unfortunate homeward, and she squalling and battling in their midst, a figure scarcely human, a tragic Mænad.

These are things that I recall with interest; but what my memory dwells upon the most I have been all this while withholding. It was a sport peculiar to the place, and indeed to a week or so of our two months' holiday there. Maybe it still flourishes in its native spot; for boys and their pastimes are swayed by periodic forces inscrutable to man; so that tops and marbles reappear in their due season, regular like the sun and moon; and the harmless art of knucklebones has seen the fall of the Roman Empire and the rise of the United States. It may still flourish in its native spot, but nowhere else, I am persuaded; for I tried myself to introduce it on Tweedside, and was defeated lamentably; its charm being quite local, like a country wine that cannot be exported.

The idle manner of it was this:

Toward the end of September, when school-time was drawing near and the nights were already black, we would begin to sally from our respective villas, each equipped with a tin bull's-eye lantern. The thing was so well known that it had worn a rut in the commerce of Great Britain; and the grocers, about the due time, began to garnish their windows with our particular brand of luminary. We wore them buckled to the waist upon a cricket belt, and over them, such was the rigor of the game, a buttoned top-coat. They smelled noisomely of blistered tin; they never burned aright, though they would always burn our fingers; their use was naught; the pleasure of them merely fanciful; and yet a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat asked for nothing more. The fishermen used lanterns about their boats, and it was from them, I suppose, that we had got the hint; but theirs were not bull's-eyes, nor did we ever play at being fishermen. The police carried them at their belts, and we had plainly copied them in that; yet we did not pretend to be policemen. Burglars, indeed, we may have had some haunting thoughts of; and we had certainly an eye to past ages when lanterns were more common, and to certain story-books in which we had found them to figure very largely. But take it for all in all, the pleasure of the thing was substantive; and to be a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat was good enough for us.

When two of these asses met, there would be an anxious "Have you got your lantern?" and a gratified "Yes!" That was the shibboleth, and very needful too; for, as it was the rule to keep our glory contained, none could recognize a lantern-bearer, unless (like the pole-cat) by the smell. Four or five would sometimes climb into the belly of a ten-man lugger, with nothing but the thwarts above them — for the cabin was usually locked; or choose out some hollow of the links where the wind might whistle overhead. There the coats would be unbuttoned and the bull's-eye discovered; and in the chequering glimmer, under the huge windy hall of the night, and cheered by a rich steam of toasting tinware, these fortunate young gentlemen would crouch together in the cold sand of the links or on the scaly bilges of the fishing-boat, and delight themselves with inappropriate talk. Woe is me that I may not give some specimens — some of their foresights of life, or deep inquiries into the rudiments of man and nature, these were so fiery and so innocent, they were so

richly silly, so romantically young. But the talk, at any rate, was but a condiment; and these gatherings themselves only accidents in the career of the lantern-bearer. The essence of this bliss was to walk by yourself in the black night; the slide shut, the top-coat buttoned; not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to make your glory public; a mere pillar of darkness in the dark; and all the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge.

2

It is said that a poet has died young in the breast of the most stolid. It may be contended, rather, that this (somewhat minor) bard in almost every case survives, and is the spice of life to his possessor. Justice is not done to the versatility and the unplumbed childishness of man's imagination. His life from without may seem but a rude mound of mud; there will be some golden chamber at the heart of it, in which he dwells delighted; and for as dark as his pathway seems to the observer, he will have some kind of a bull's-eye at his belt.

It would be hard to pick out a career more cheerless than that of Dancer, the miser, as he figures in the "Old Bailey Reports," a prey to the most sordid persecutions, the butt of his neighborhood, betrayed by his hired man, his house beleaguered by the impish school-boy, and he himself grinding and fuming and impotently fleeing to the law against these pin-pricks. You marvel at first that anyone should willingly prolong a life so destitute of charm and dignity; and then you call to memory that had he chosen, had he ceased to be a miser, he could have been freed at once from these trials, and might have built himself a castle and gone escorted by a squadron. For the love of more recondite joys, which we cannot estimate, which, it may be, we should envy, the man had willingly forgone both comfort and consideration. "His mind to him a kingdom was"; and sure enough, digging into that mind, which seems at first a dust-heap, we unearth some priceless jewels. For Dancer must have had the love of power and the disdain of using it, a noble character in itself; disdain of many pleasures, a chief part of what is commonly called wisdom; disdain of the inevitable end, that finest trait of mankind; scorn of men's opinions, another

element of virtue; and at the back of all, a conscience just like yours and mine, whining like a cur, swindling like a thimble-rigger, but still pointing (there or thereabout) to some conventional standard. Here were a cabinet portrait to which Hawthorne perhaps had done justice; and yet not Hawthorne either, for he was mildly minded, and it lay not in him to create for us that throb of the miser's pulse, his fretful energy of gusto, his vast arms of ambition clutching in he knows not what: insatiable, insane, a god with a muck-rake. Thus, at least, looking in the bosom of the miser, consideration detects the poet in the full tide of life, with more, indeed, of the poetic fire than usually goes to epics; and tracing that mean man about his cold hearth, and to and fro in his discomfortable house, spies within him a blazing bonfire of delight. And so with others, who do not live by bread alone, but by some cherished and perhaps fantastic pleasure; who are meat salesmen to the external eye, and possibly to themselves are Shakespeares, Napoleons, or Beethovens; who have not one virtue to rub against another in the field of active life, and yet perhaps, in the life of contemplation, sit with the saints. We see them on the street, and we can count their buttons; but Heaven knows in what they pride themselves! Heaven knows where they have set their treasure!

There is one fable that touches very near the quick of life; the fable of the monk who passed into the woods, heard a bird break into song, hearkened for a trill or two, and found himself on his return a stranger at his convent gates; for he had been absent fifty years, and of all his comrades there survived but one to recognize him. It is not only in the woods that this enchanter carols, though perhaps he is native there. He sings in the most doleful places. The miser hears him and chuckles, and the days are moments. With no more apparatus than an ill-smelling lantern I have evoked him on the naked links. All life that is not merely mechanical is spun out of two strands: seeking for that bird and hearing him. And it is just this that makes life so hard to value, and the delight of each so incommunicable. And just a knowledge of this, and a remembrance of those fortunate hours in which the bird has sung to us, that fills us with such wonder when we turn the pages of the realist. There, to be sure, we find a picture of life in so far as it consists of mud and of old iron, cheap desires and cheap fears, that which we are

ashamed to remember and that which we are careless whether we forget; but of the note of that time-devouring nightingale we hear no news.

The case of these writers of romance is most obscure. They have been boys and youths; they have lingered outside the window of the beloved, who was then most probably writing to someone else; they have sat before a sheet of paper, and felt themselves mere continents of congested poetry, not one line of which would flow; they have walked alone in the woods, they have walked in cities under the countless lamps; they have been to sea, they have hated, they have feared, they have longed to knife a man, and maybe done it; the wild taste of life has stung their palate. Or, if you deny them all the rest, one pleasure at least they have tasted to the full — their books are there to prove it — the keen pleasure of successful literary composition. And yet they fill the globe with volumes, whose cleverness inspires me with despairing admiration, and whose consistent falsity to all I care to call existence, with despairing wrath. If I had no better hope than to continue to revolve among the dreary and petty businesses, and to be moved by the paltry hopes and fears with which they surround and animate their heroes, I declare I would die now. But there has never an hour of mine gone quite so dully yet; if it were spent waiting at a railway junction, I would have some scattering thoughts, I could count some grains of memory, compared to which the whole of one of these romances seems but dross.

These writers would retort (if I take them properly) that this was very true; that it was the same with themselves and other persons of (what they call) the artistic temperament; that in this we were exceptional, and should apparently be ashamed of ourselves; but that our works must deal exclusively with (what they call) the average man, who was a prodigious dull fellow, and quite dead to all but the paltriest considerations. I accept the issue. We can only know others by ourselves. The artistic temperament (a plague on the expression!) does not make us different from our fellowmen, or it would make us incapable of writing novels; and the average man (a murrain on the word!) is just like you and me, or he would not be average. It was Whitman who stamped a kind of Birmingham sacredness upon the latter phrase; but Whitman knew very well, and showed very nobly, that the average man was full of joys

and full of poetry of his own. And this harping on life's dulness and man's meanness is a loud profession of incompetence; it is one of two things: the cry of the blind eye, *I cannot see*, or the complaint of the dumb tongue, *I cannot utter*. To draw a life without delights is to prove I have not realized it. To picture a man without some sort of poetry — well, it goes near to prove my case, for it shows an author may have little enough. To see Dancer only as a dirty, old, small-minded, impotently fuming man, in a dirty house, besieged by Harrow boys, and probably beset by small attorneys, is to show myself as keen an observer as . . . the Harrow boys. But these young gentlemen (with a more becoming modesty) were content to pluck Dancer by the coat-tails; they did not suppose they had surprised his secret or could put him living in a book: and it is there my error would have lain. Or say that in the same romance — I continue to call these books romances, in the hope of giving pain — say that in the same romance, which now begins really to take shape, I should leave to speak of Dancer, and follow instead the Harrow boys; and say that I came on some such business as that of my lantern-bearers on the links, and described the boys as very cold, spat upon by flurries of rain, and drearily surrounded, all of which they were; and their talk as silly and indecent, which it certainly was. I might upon these lines, and had I Zola's genius, turn out, in a page or so, a gem of literary art, render the lantern-light with the touches of a master, and lay on the indecency with the ungrudging hand of love; and when all was done, what a triumph would my picture be of shallowness and dulness! how it would have missed the point! how it would have belied the boys! To the ear of the stenographer, the talk is merely silly and indecent; but ask the boys themselves, and they are discussing (as it is highly proper they should) the possibilities of existence. To the eye of the observer they are wet and cold and drearily surrounded; but ask themselves, and they are in the heaven of recondite pleasure, the ground of which is an ill-smelling lantern.

3

For, to repeat, the ground of a man's joy is often hard to hit. It may hinge at times upon a mere accessory, like the lantern, it may reside, like Dancer's in the mysterious inwards of psychology. It may consist with perpetual failure, and find exercise in the continued chase. It has so little bond with ex-

ternals (such as the observer scribbles in his note-book) that it may even touch them not; and the man's true life, for which he consents to live; lie altogether in the field of fancy. The clergyman, in his spare hours, may be winning battles, the farmer sailing ships, the banker reaping triumph in the arts: all leading another life, plying another trade from that they chose; like the poet's house-builder, who, after all, is cased in stone,

"By his fireside, as impotent fancy prompts,
Rebuilds it to his liking."

In such a case the poetry runs underground. The observer (poor soul, with his documents!) is all abroad. For to look at the man is but to court deception. We shall see the trunk from which he draws his nourishment; but he himself is above and abroad in the green dome of foliage, hummed through by winds and nested in by nightingales. And the true realism were that of the poets, to climb up after him like a squirrel, and catch some glimpse of the heaven for which he lives. And the true realism, always and everywhere, is that of the poets to find out where joy resides, and give it a voice far beyond singing.

For to miss the joy is to miss all. In the joy of the actors lies the sense of any action. That is the explanation, that the excuse. To one who has not the secret of the lanterns, the scene upon the links is meaningless. And hence the haunting and truly spectral unreality of realistic books. Hence, when we read the English realists, the incredulous wonder with which we observe the hero's constancy under the submerging tide of dullness, and how he bears up with his jibbing sweetheart, and endures the chatter of idiot girls, and stands by his whole unfeatured wilderness of an existence, instead of seeking relief in drink or foreign travel. Hence in the French, in that meat-market of middle-aged sensuality, the disgusted surprise with which we see the hero drift sidelong, and practically quite untempted, into every description of misconduct and dishonor. In each, we miss the personal poetry, the enchanted atmosphere, that rainbow work of fancy that clothes what is naked and seems to ennoble what is base; in each, life falls dead like dough, instead of soaring away like a balloon into the colors of the sunset; each is true, each inconceivable; for no man lives in the external truth, among salts and acids, but in the warm, phantasmagoric chamber of his brain, with the painted windows and the storied walls.

Of this falsity we have had a recent example from a man who knows far better — Tolstoy's *Powers of Darkness*. Here is a piece full of force and truth, yet quite untrue. For before Mikita was led into so dire a situation he was tempted, and temptations are beautiful at least in part; and a work which dwells on the ugliness of crime and gives no hint of any loveliness in the temptation, sins against the modesty of life, and even when a Tolstoy writes it, sinks to melodrama. The peasants are not understood; they saw their life in fairer colors; even the deaf girl was clothed in poetry for Mikita, or he had never fallen. And so, once again, even an Old Bailey melodrama, without some brightness of poetry and lustre of existence, falls into the inconceivable and ranks with fairy tales.

4

In nobler books we are moved with something like the emotions of life; and this emotion is very variously provoked. We are so moved when Levine labors in the field,¹ when André² sinks beyond emotion, when Richard Feverel and Lucy Desborough meet beside the river,³ when Antony, "not cowardly, puts off his helmet,"⁴ when Kent has infinite pity on the dying Lear, when, in Dostoeffsky's *Despised and Rejected*, the uncomplaining hero drains his cup of suffering and virtue. These are notes that please the great heart of man. Not only love, and the fields, and the bright face of danger, but sacrifice and death and unmerited suffering humbly supported, touch in us the vein of the poetic. We love to think of them, we long to try them, we are humbly hopeful that we may prove heroes also.

We have heard, perhaps, too much of lesser matters. Here is the door, here is the open air.

*Itur in antiquam silvam.*⁵

PULVIS ET UMBRA

1888

Published in *Scribner's Magazine* for April, 1888, and reprinted in the 1892 collection called *Across the Plains*. The title ("Dust and a Shadow") is from an ode of Horace's (IV, 7): "When we descend where father Æneas, rich

¹ In Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*.

² In Tolstoy's *War and Peace*.

³ In Meredith's *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*.

⁴ In Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

⁵ Let us go into the ancient wood.

Tullus, and Ancus abide, we become dust and a shade." This essay, like Pater's Conclusion to *Studies in the Renaissance*, suggests a reconstruction of ethical thought in the light of the discoveries of science, but along very different lines.

We look for some reward of our endeavors and are disappointed; not success, not happiness, not even peace of conscience, crowns our ineffectual efforts to do well. Our frailties are invincible, our virtues barren; the battle goes sore against us to the going down of the sun. The canting moralist tells us of right and wrong; and we look abroad, even on the face of our small earth, and find them change with every climate, and no country where some action is not honored for a virtue and none where it is not branded for a vice; and we look in our experience, and find no vital congruity in the wisest rules, but at the best a municipal fitness. It is not strange if we are tempted to despair of good. We ask too much. Our religions and moralities have been trimmed to flatter us, till they are all emasculate and sentimentalized, and only please and weaken. Truth is of a rougher strain. In the harsh face of life, faith can read a bracing gospel. The human race is a thing more ancient than the Ten Commandments; and the bones and revolutions of the Kosmos, in whose joints we are but moss and fungus, more ancient still.

Of the Kosmos in the last resort, science reports many doubtful things and all of them appalling. There seems no substance to this solid globe on which we stamp, — nothing but symbols and ratios. Symbols and ratios carry us and bring us forth and beat us down; gravity, that swings the incommensurable suns and worlds through space, is but a figment varying inversely as the squares of distances; and the suns and worlds themselves, imponderable figures of abstraction — NH_3 and H_2O . Consideration dares not dwell upon this view; that way madness lies; science carries us into zones of speculation where there is no habitable city for the mind of man.

But take the Kosmos with a grosser faith, as our senses give it us. We behold space sown with rotatory islands, suns and worlds and the shards and wrecks of systems; some, like the sun, still blazing; some rotting, like the earth; others, like the moon, stable in desolation. All of these we take to be made of something we call matter — a thing which no analysis can help us to conceive, to whose

incredible properties no familiarities can reconcile our minds. This stuff, when not purified by the lustration of fire, rots uncleanly into something we call life; seized through all its atoms with a pediculous malady; swelling in tumors that become independent, sometimes even (by an abhorrent prodigy) locomotory; one splitting into millions, millions cohering into one, as the malady proceeds through varying stages. This vital putrescence of the dust, used as we are to it, yet strikes us with occasional disgust, and the profusion of worms in a piece of ancient turf, or the air of a marsh darkened with insects, will sometimes check our breathing so that we aspire for cleaner places. But none is clean: the moving sand is infected with lice; the pure spring, where it bursts out of the mountain, is a mere issue of worms; even in the hard rock the crystal is forming.

In two main shapes this eruption covers the countenance of the earth: the animal and the vegetable; one in some degree the inversion of the other: the second rooted to the spot; the first coming detached out of its natal mud, and scurrying abroad with the myriad feet of insects, or towering into the heavens on the wings of birds — a thing so incomprehensible that, if it be well considered, the heart stops. To what passes with the anchored vermin, we have little clue: doubtless they have their joys and sorrows, their delights and killing agonies — it appears not how. But of the locomotory, to which we ourselves belong, we can tell more. These share with us a thousand miracles: the miracles of sight, of hearing, of the projection of sound, things that bridge space; the miracles of memory and reason, by which the present is conceived, and when it is gone its image kept living in the brains of man and brute; the miracle of reproduction, with its imperious desires and staggering consequences. And to put the last touch upon this mountain mass of the revolting and the inconceivable, all these prey upon each other, lives tearing other lives in pieces, cramming them inside themselves, and by that summary process growing fat: the vegetarian, the whale, perhaps the tree, not less than the lion of the desert — for the vegetarian is only the eater of the dumb.

Meanwhile our rotary island loaded with predatory life, and more drenched with blood, both animal and vegetable, than ever mutinied ship, scuds through space with unimaginable speed, and turns alternate cheeks

to the reverberation of a blazing world ninety million miles away.

What a monstrous spectre is this man, the disease of the agglutinated dust, lifting alternate feet or lying drugged with slumber; killing, feeding, growing, bringing forth small copies of himself; grown upon with hair like grass, fitted with eyes that move and glitter in his face; a thing to set children screaming; 10 — and yet looked at nearer, known as his fellows know him, how surprising are his attributes! Poor soul, here for so little, cast among so many hardships, filled with desires so incommensurate and so inconsistent, savagely surrounded, savagely descended, irremediably condemned to prey upon his fellow lives: who should have blamed him had he been of a piece with his destiny and a being merely barbarous? And we look and behold 20 him instead filled with imperfect virtues: infinitely childish, often admirably valiant, often touchingly kind; sitting down, amidst his momentary life, to debate of right and wrong and the attributes of the deity; rising 25 up to do battle for an egg or die for an idea; singling out his friends and his mate with cordial affection; bringing forth in pain, rearing with long-suffering solicitude, his young. To touch the heart of his mystery, we find in 30 him one thought, strange to the point of lunacy: the thought of duty; the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbor, to his God; an ideal of decency, to which he would rise if it were possible; a limit of shame 35 below which, if it be possible, he will not stoop. The design in most men is one of conformity; here and there, in picked natures, it transcends itself and soars on the other side, arming martyrs with independence; but in 40 all, in their degrees, it is a bosom thought: — not in man alone, for we trace it in dogs and cats whom we know fairly well, and doubtless some similar point of honor sways the elephant, the oyster, and the louse, of whom 45 we know so little: — but in man, at least, it sways with so complete an empire that merely selfish things come second, even with the selfish; that appetites are starved, fears are conquered, pains supported; that almost 50 the dullest shrinks from the reproof of a glance, although it were a child's; and all but the most cowardly stand amid the risks of war; and the more noble, having strongly conceived an act as due to their ideal, affront 55 and embrace death. Strange enough if, with their singular origin and perverted practice, they think they are to be rewarded in some

future life; stranger still, if they are persuaded of the contrary, and think this blow which they solicit will strike them senseless for eternity. I shall be reminded what a tragedy of misconception and misconduct man at large presents — of organized injustice, cowardly violence, and treacherous crime, and of the damning imperfections of the best. They cannot be too darkly drawn. Man is indeed marked for failure in his efforts to do right. But where the best consistently miscarry, how tenfold more remarkable that all should continue to strive; and surely we should find it both touching and inspiring, that in a field from which success is banished, our race should not cease to labor. 2

If the first view of this creature, stalking in his rotatory isle, be a thing to shake the courage of the stoutest, on this nearer sight he startles us with an admiring wonder. 10 It matters not where we look, under what climate we observe him, in what state of society, in what depth of ignorance, burthened with what erroneous morality; by campfires in Assiniboia, the snow powdering his shoulders, the wind plucking his blanket, as he sits, passing the ceremonial calumet and uttering his grave opinions like a Roman senator; in ships at sea, a man inured to hard- 15 ship and vile pleasures, his brightest hope a fiddle in a tavern and a bedizened trull who sells herself to rob him, and he for all that simple, innocent, cheerful, kindly like a child, constant to toil, brave to drown, for others; in the slums of cities, moving among indifferent millions to mechanical employments, without hope of change in the future, with scarce a pleasure in the present, and yet 20 true to his virtues, honest up to his lights, kind to his neighbors, tempted perhaps in vain by the bright gin-palace, perhaps long suffering with the drunken wife that ruins him; in India (a woman this time) kneeling with broken cries and streaming tears, as she drowns her child in the sacred river; in the brothel, the discard of society, living mainly on strong drink, fed with affronts, a fool, a thief, the comrade of thieves, and even here 25 keeping the point of honor and the touch of pity, often repaying the world's scorn with service, often standing firm upon a scruple, and at a certain cost rejecting riches: — everywhere some virtue cherished or affected, everywhere some decency of thought and carriage, everywhere the ensign of man's in- 30 effectual goodness: — ah! if I could show you this! If I could show you these men and

women, all the world over, in every stage of history, under every abuse of error, under every circumstance of failure, without hope, without help, without thanks, still obscurely fighting the lost fight of virtue, still clinging, in the brothel or on the scaffold, to some rag of honor, the poor jewel of their souls! They may seek to escape, and yet they cannot; it is not alone their privilege and glory, but their doom; they are condemned to some nobility, all their lives long, the desire of good is at their heels, the implacable hunter.

Of all earth's meteors, here at least is the most strange and consoling: that this ennobled lemur, this hair-crowned bubble of the dust, this inheritor of a few years and sorrows, should yet deny himself his rare delights, and add to his frequent pains, and live for an ideal, however misconceived. Nor can we stop with man. He stands no longer like a thing apart. Close at his heels we see the dog, prince of another genus; and in him too we see dumbly testified the same cultus of an unattainable ideal, the same constancy in failure. Does it stop with the dog? We look at our feet where the ground is blackened with the swarming ant; a creature so small, so far from us in the hierarchy of brutes, that we can scarce trace and scarce comprehend his doings; and here also, in his ordered politics and rigorous justice, we see confessed the law of duty and the fact of individual sin. Does it stop, then, with the ant? Rather this desire of well-doing and this doom of frailty run through all the grades of life: rather is this earth, from the frosty top of Everest to the next margin of the internal fire, one stage of ineffectual virtues and one temple of pious tears and perseverance. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together. It is the common and the god-like law of life. The browsers, the biters, the barkers, the hairy coats of field and forest, the squirrel in the oak, the thousand-footed creeper in the dust, as they share with us the gift of life, share with us the love of an ideal; strive like us — like us are tempted to grow weary of the struggle — to do well; like us receive at times unmerited refreshment, visitings of support, returns of courage; and are condemned like us to be crucified between that double law of the members and the will. Are they like us, I wonder, in the timid hope of some reward, some sugar with the drug? do they, too, stand aghast at unrewarded virtues, at the sufferings of those whom, in our partiality, we take to be just, and the prosperity of such as in

our blindness we call wicked? It may be, and yet God knows what they should look for. Even while they look, even while they repent, the foot of man treads them by thousands in the dust, the yelping hounds burst upon their trail, the bullet speeds, the knives are heating in the den of the vivisectionist; or the dew falls, and the generation of a day is blotted out. For these are creatures compared with whom our weakness is strength, our ignorance wisdom, our brief span eternity.

And as we dwell, we living things, in our isle of terror and under the imminent hand of death, God forbid it should be man the erected, the reasoner, the wise in his own eyes — God forbid it should be man that wearies in well-doing, that despairs of unrewarded effort, or utters the language of complaint. Let it be enough for faith, that the whole creation groans in mortal frailty, strives with unconquerable constancy: surely not all in vain.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON

1888

Published in *Scribner's Magazine* for December, 1888. As a statement of philosophy of life, it may be taken as in the highest sense autobiographical.

By the time this paper appears, I shall have been talking for twelve months; and it is thought I should take my leave in a formal and seasonable manner. Valedictory eloquence is rare, and death-bed sayings have not often hit the mark of the occasion. Charles Second, wit and skeptic, a man whose life had been one long lesson in human incredulity, an easy-going comrade, a maneuvering king — remembered and embodied all his wit and skepticism along with more than his usual good-humor in the famous "I am afraid, gentlemen, I am an unconscionable time a-dying."

I

An unconscionable time a-dying — there is the picture ("I am afraid, gentlemen,") of your life and of mine. The sands run out, and the hours are "numbered and imputed," and the days go by; and when the last of these finds us, we have been a long time dying, and what else? The very length is something, if we reach that hour of separation undishonored; and to have lived at all is

doubtless (in the soldierly expression) to have served. There is a tale in Tacitus of how the veterans mutinied in the German wilderness; of how they mobbed Germanicus, clamoring to go home; and of how, seizing their general's hand, these old war-worn exiles passed his finger along their toothless gums. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum:*¹ this was the most eloquent of the songs of Simeon. And when a man has lived to a fair age, he bears his marks of service. He may have never been remarked upon the breach at the head of the army; at least he shall have lost his teeth on the camp bread.

The idealism of serious people in this age of ours is of a noble character. It never seems to them that they have served enough; they have a fine impatience of their virtues. It were perhaps more modest to be singly thankful that we are no worse. It is not only our enemies, those separate characters — it is we ourselves who know not what we do; — thence springs the glimmering hope that perhaps we do better than we think: that to scramble through this random business with hands reasonably clean, to have played the part of a man or woman with some reasonable fulness, to have often resisted the diabolic, and at the end to be still resisting it, is for the poor human soldier to have done right well. To ask to see some fruit of our endeavor is but a transcendental way of serving for reward; and what we take to be contempt of self is only greed of hire.

And again if we require so much of ourselves, shall we not require much of others? If we do not genially judge our own deficiencies, is it not to be feared we shall be even stern to the trespasses of others? And he who (looking back upon his own life) can see no more than that he has been unconscionably long a-dying, will he not be tempted to think his neighbor unconscionably long of getting hanged? It is probable that nearly all who think of conduct at all, think of it too much; it is certain we all think too much of sin. We are not damned for doing wrong, but for not doing right; Christ would never hear of negative morality; *thou shalt* was ever his word, with which he superseded *thou shalt not*. To make our idea of morality centre on forbidden acts is to defile the imagination and to introduce into our judgments of our fellow-men a secret element of gusto. If a thing is wrong for us, we should not dwell upon the thought of it; or we shall soon dwell upon it with inverted pleasure.

¹ Our history has its tragedies (literally, tears).

If we cannot drive it from our minds — one thing of two: either our creed is in the wrong and we must more indulgently remodel it; or else, if our morality be in the right, we are criminal lunatics and should place our persons in restraint. A mark of such unwholesomely divided minds is the passion for interference with others: the Fox without the Tail was of this breed, but had (if his biographer is to be trusted) a certain antique civility now out of date. A man may have a flaw, a weakness, that unfits him for the duties of life, that spoils his temper, that threatens his integrity, or that betrays him into cruelty. It has to be conquered; but it must never be suffered to engross his thoughts. The true duties lie all upon the farther side, and must be attended to with a whole mind so soon as this preliminary clearing of the decks has been effected. In order that he may be kind and honest, it may be needful he should become a total abstainer; let him become so then, and the next day let him forget the circumstance. Trying to be kind and honest will require all his thoughts; a mortified appetite is never a wise companion; in so far as he has had to mortify an appetite, he will still be the worse man; and of such an one a great deal of cheerfulness will be required in judging life, and a great deal of humility in judging others.

It may be argued again that dissatisfaction with our life's endeavor springs in some degree from dulness. We require higher tasks, because we do not recognize the height of those we have. Trying to be kind and honest seems an affair too simple and too inconsequential for gentlemen of our heroic mold; we had rather set ourselves to something bold, arduous, and conclusive; we had rather found a schism or suppress a heresy, cut off a hand or mortify an appetite. But the task before us, which is to co-endure with our existence, is rather one of microscopic fineness, and the heroism required is that of patience. There is no cutting of the Gordian knots of life; each must be smilingly unravelled.

To be honest, to be kind — to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation — above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself — here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. He has an ambitious soul who would ask more; he has a

hopeful spirit who should look in such an enterprise to be successful. There is indeed one element in human destiny that not blindness itself can controvert: whatever else we are intended to do, we are not intended to succeed; failure is the fate allotted. It is so in every art and study; it is so above all in the continent art of living well. Here is a pleasant thought for the year's end or for the end of life: Only self-deception will be satisfied, and there need be no despair for the despairer.

2

But Christmas is not only the mile-mark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination: it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. A man dissatisfied with his endeavors is a man tempted to sadness. And in the midst of the winter, when his life runs lowest and he is reminded of the empty chairs of his beloved, it is well he should be condemned to this fashion of the smiling face. Noble disappointment, noble self-denial are not to be admired, not even to be pardoned, if they bring bitterness. It is one thing to enter the kingdom of heaven maim; another to maim yourself and stay without. And the kingdom of heaven is of the childlike, of those who are easy to please, who love and who give pleasure. Mighty men of their hands, the smiters and the builders and the judges, have lived long and done sternly and yet preserved this lovely character; and among our carpet interests and twopenny concerns, the shame were indelible if we should lose it. Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. And it is the trouble with moral men that they have neither one nor other. It was the moral man, the Pharisee, whom Christ could not away with. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say "give them up," for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.

A strange temptation attends upon man: to keep his eye on pleasures, even when he will not share in them; to aim all his morals against them. This very year a lady (singular iconoclast!) proclaimed a crusade against dolls; and the racy sermon against lust is a feature of the age. I venture to call such moralists insincere. At any excess or perversion of a natural appetite, their lyre

sounds of itself with relishing denunciations; but for all displays of the truly diabolic — envy, malice, the mean lie, the mean silence, the calumnious truth, the backbiter, the petty tyrant, the peevish poisoner of family life — their standard is quite different. These are wrong, they will admit, yet somehow not so wrong; there is no zeal in their assault on them, no secret element of gusto warms up the sermon; it is for things not wrong in themselves that they reserve the choicest of their indignation. A man may naturally disclaim all moral kinship with the Reverend Mr. Zola or the hobgoblin old lady of the dolls; for these are gross and naked instances. And yet in each of us some similar element resides. The sight of a pleasure in which we cannot or else will not share moves us to a particular impatience. It may be because we are envious, or because we are sad, or because we dislike noise and romping — being so refined, or because — being so philosophic — we have an overwhelming sense of life's gravity: at least, as we go on in years, we are all tempted to frown upon our neighbor's pleasures. People are nowadays so fond of resisting temptations; here is one to be resisted. They are fond of self-denial; here is a propensity that cannot be too peremptorily denied. There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy — if I may.

3

Happiness and goodness, according to canting moralists, stand in the relation of effect and cause. There was never anything less proved or less probable: our happiness is never in our own hands; we inherit our constitution; we stand buffet among friends and enemies; we may be so built as to feel a sneer or an aspersion with unusual keenness, and so circumstanced as to be unusually exposed to them; we may have nerves very sensitive to pain, and be afflicted with a disease very painful. Virtue will not help us, and it is not meant to help us. It is not even its own reward, except for the self-centred and — I had almost said — the unamiable. No man can pacify his conscience; if quiet be what he want, he shall do better to let that organ perish from disuse. And to avoid the penalties of the law, and the minor *capitis diminutio* ¹ of

¹ loss of prestige.

social ostracism, is an affair of wisdom — of cunning, if you will — and not of virtue.

In his own life, then, a man is not to expect happiness, only to profit by it gladly when it shall arise; he is on duty here; he knows not how or why, and does not need to know; he knows not for what hire, and must not ask. Somehow or other, though he does not know what goodness is, he must try to be good; somehow or other, though he cannot tell what will do it, he must try to give happiness to others. And no doubt there comes in here a frequent clash of duties. How far is he to make his neighbor happy? How far must he respect that smiling face, so easy to cloud, so hard to brighten again? And how far, on the other side, is he bound to be his brother's keeper and the prophet of his own morality? How far must he resent evil?

The difficulty is that we have little guidance; Christ's sayings on the point being hard to reconcile with each other, and (the most of them) hard to accept. But the truth of his teaching would seem to be this: in our own person and fortune, we should be ready to accept and to pardon all; it is *our* cheek we are to turn, *our* coat that we are to give away to the man who has taken *our* cloak. But when another's face is buffeted, perhaps a little of the lion will become us best. That we are to suffer others to be injured, and stand by, is not conceivable and surely not desirable. Revenge, says Bacon, is a kind of wild justice; its judgments at least are delivered by an insane judge; and in our own quarrel we can see nothing truly and do nothing wisely. But in the quarrel of our neighbor, let us be more bold. One person's happiness is as sacred as another's; when we cannot defend both, let us defend one with a stout heart. It is only in so far as we are doing this, that we have any right to interfere: the defence of B is our only ground of action against A. A has as good a right to go to the devil, as we to go to glory; and neither knows what he does.

The truth is that all these interventions and denunciations and militant mongerings of moral half-truths, though they be sometimes needful, though they are often enjoyable, do yet belong to an inferior grade of duties. Ill-temper and envy and revenge find here an arsenal of pious disguises; this is the playground of inverted lusts. With a little more patience and a little less temper, a gentler and wiser method might be found in almost every case; and the knot that we cut by some fine heady quarrel-scene in private

life, or, in public affairs, by some denunciatory act against what we are pleased to call our neighbor's vices, might yet have been unwoven by the hand of sympathy.

4

To look back upon the past year, and see how little we have striven and to what small purpose; and how often we have been cowardly and hung back, or temerarious and rushed unwisely in; and how every day and all day long we have transgressed the law of kindness: — it may seem a paradox, but in the bitterness of these discoveries, a certain consolation resides. Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity. He goes upon his long business most of the time with a hanging head, and all the time like a blind child. Full of rewards and pleasures as it is — so that to see the day break or the moon rise, or to meet a friend, or to hear the dinner-call when he is hungry, fills him with surprising joys — this world is yet for him no abiding city. Friendships fall through, health fails, weariness assails him; year after year, he must thumb the hardly varying record of his own weakness and folly. It is a friendly process of detachment. When the time comes that he should go, there need be few illusions left about himself. *Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much:* — surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed. Nor will he complain at the summons which calls a defeated soldier from the field: defeated, ay, if he were Paul or Marcus Aurelius! — but if there is still one inch of fight in his old spirit, undishonored. The faith which sustained him in his life-long blindness and life-long disappointment will scarce even be required in this last formality of laying down his arms. Give him a march with his old bones; there, out of the glorious sun-colored earth, out of the day and the dust and the ecstasy — there goes another Faithful Failure!

From a recent book of verse, where there is more than one such beautiful and manly poem, I take this memorial piece: it says better than I can, what I love to think; let it be our parting word:

"A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, grey city
An influence luminous and serene.
A shining peace.

"The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night, with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

"So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death."¹

¹ From *A Book of Verses*, by William Ernest Henley.
D. Nutt, 1888. (Stevenson's note.)

JAMES THOMSON (1834-1882)

Thomson was at different times army-schoolmaster, general agent in Colorado for a mine, correspondent in Spain for the *New York World*, and contributor to various magazines. He is generally known by the initials 'B. V.,' which stand for Bysshe, Shelley's name, and Vanolis, an anagram of Novalis, the pen name of the German romanticist von Hardenberg.

The epithet "pessimistic" is regularly attached to the writings of James Thomson. His best poems, the product of a life harassed by poverty and disease, are assuredly despairing in subject-matter, but illuminated by the imagination of a genius. He has, however, written delightful poems in a lighter vein, and some discriminating literary studies in prose.

Selections from Thomson have been made and excellently edited by G. T. Gerould (Holt). The standard biography is by H. S. Salt.

MATER TENEBRARUM¹

In the endless nights, from my bed, where
sleepless in anguish I lie,
I startle the stillness and gloom with a bitter
and strong cry:
O Love! O Beloved long lost! come down
from thy Heaven above,
For my heart is wasting and dying in utter-
most famine for love!
Come down for a moment! oh, come! Come
serious and mild
And pale, as thou wert on this earth, thou
adorable Child!
Or come as thou art, with thy sanctitude,
triumph and bliss,
For a garment of glory about thee; and give
me one kiss,
One tender and pitying look of thy tenderest
eyes,
One word of solemn assurance and truth
that the soul with its love never
dies!

In the endless nights, from my bed, where
sleepless in frenzy I lie,
I cleave through the crushing gloom with a
bitter and deadly cry:
Oh! where have they taken my Love from
our Eden of bliss on this earth,
Which now is a frozen waste of sepulchral
and horrible dearth?

Have they killed her indeed? Is her soul as
her body, which long
Has moldered away in the dust where the
foul worms throng?
O'er what abhorrent Lethes, to what remot-
est star,
Is she rapt away from my pursuit through
cycles and systems far?
She is dead, she is utterly dead; for her life
would hear and speed
To the wild imploring cry of my heart that
cries in its dreadful need.

In the endless nights, on my bed, where
sleeplessly brooding I lie,
I burden the heavy gloom with a bitter and
weary sigh:
No hope in this worn-out world, no hope be-
yond the tomb;
No living and loving God, but blind and
stony Doom.
Anguish and grief and sin, terror, disease, and
despair:
Why throw not off this life, this garment of
torture I wear,
And go down to sleep in the grave in ever-
lasting rest?
What keeps me yet in this life, what spark in
my frozen breast?
A fire of dread, a light of hope, kindled, O
Love, by thee;
For thy pure and gentle and beautiful soul, it
must immortal be.

¹ Mother of darkness.

From SUNDAY AT HAMPSTEAD

I

This is the Heath of Hampstead,¹
 There is the dome of Saint Paul's;
 Beneath, on the serried house-tops,
 A chequered lustre falls:

And the mighty city of London, 5
 Under the clouds and the light,
 Seems a low wet beach, half shingle,²
 With a few sharp rocks upright.

Here will we sit, my darling,
 And dream an hour away: 10
 The donkeys are hurried and worried,
 But we are not donkeys today:

Through all the weary week, dear,
 We toil in the murk down there,
 Tied to a desk and a counter, 15
 A patient stupid pair!

But on Sunday we slip our tether,
 And away from the smoke and the smirch;
 Too grateful to God for His Sabbath
 To shut its hours in a church. 20

Away to the green, green country,
 Under the open sky;
 Where the earth's sweet breath is incense
 And the lark sings psalms on high.

On Sunday we're Lord and Lady, 25
 With ten times the love and glee
 Of those pale and languid rich ones
 Who are always and never free.

They drawl and stare and simper,
 So fine and cold and staid, 30
 Like exquisite waxwork figures
 That must be kept in the shade:

We can laugh out loud when merry,
 We can romp at kiss-in-the-ring,
 We can take our beer at a public, 35
 We can loll on the grass and sing. . . .

Would you grieve very much, my darling,
 If all yon low wet shore
 Were drowned by a mighty flood-tide,
 And we never toiled there more? 40

Wicked? — There is no sin, dear,
 In an idle dreamer's head;

¹ Hampstead Heath, on the edge of London and part of the city, is a favorite playground of the working people of London, especially on bank holidays.
² coarse gravel.

He turns the world topsy-turvy
 To prove that his soul's not dead.

I am sinking, sinking, sinking; 45
 It is hard to sit upright!
 Your lap is the softest pillow!
 Good night, my love, good night!

1863-65.

From THE CITY OF DREADFUL
NIGHT

4

He stood alone within the spacious square
 Declaiming from the central grassy mound,
 With head uncovered and with streaming
 hair,

As if large multitudes were gathered round:
 A stalwart shape, the gestures full of might, 5
 The glances burning with unnatural
 light: —

As I came through the desert thus it was,
 As I came through the desert: All was black,
 In heaven no single star, on earth no track;
 A brooding hush without a stir or note, 10
 The air so thick it clotted in my throat;
 And thus for hours; then some enormous
 things
 Swooped past with savage cries and clanking
 wings:

But I strode on austere;
 No hope could have no fear. 15

As I came through the desert thus it was,
 As I came through the desert: Eyes of fire
 Glared at me throbbing with a starved desire;
 The hoarse and heavy and carnivorous
 breath

Was hot upon me from deep jaws of death; 20
 Sharp claws, swift talons, fleshless fingers
 cold

Plucked at me from the bushes, tried to hold:
 But I strode on austere;
 No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was, 25
 As I came through the desert: Lo you, there,
 That hillock burning with a brazen glare;
 Those myriad dusky flames with points
 a-glow

Which writhed and hissed and darted to and
 fro;

A Sabbath of the Serpents, heaped pell-
 mell 30

For Devil's roll-call and some fête of Hell:

Yet I strode on austere;
 No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,
 As I came through the desert: Meteors
 ran 35
 And crossed their javelins on the black sky-
 span;
 The zenith opened to a gulf of flame,
 The dreadful thunderbolts jarred earth's
 fixed frame;
 The ground all heaved in waves of fire that
 surged
 And weltered round me sole there unsub-
 merged: 40
 Yet I strode on austere;
 No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,
 As I came through the desert: Air once
 more,
 And I was close upon a wild sea-shore; 45
 Enormous cliffs arose on either hand,
 The deep tide thundered up a league-broad
 strand;
 White foambelts seethed there, wan spray
 swept and flew;
 The sky broke, moon and stars and clouds
 and blue:
 And I strode on austere; 50
 No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,
 As I came through the desert: On the left,
 The sun arose and crowned a broad crag-
 cleft;
 There stopped and burned out black, except
 a rim, 55
 A bleeding eyeless socket, red and dim;
 Whereon the moon fell suddenly south-
 west,
 And stood above the right-hand cliffs at
 rest:
 Still I strode on austere;
 No hope could have no fear. 60

As I came through the desert thus it was,
 As I came through the desert: From the
 right
 A shape came slowly with a ruddy light;
 A woman with a red lamp in her hand,
 Bareheaded and barefooted on that strand;
 O desolation moving with such grace! 66
 O anguish with such beauty in thy face!
 I fell as on my bier,
 Hope travailed with such fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was, 70
 As I came through the desert: I was twain,
 Two selves distinct that cannot join again;
 One stood apart and knew but could not stir,
 And watched the other stark in swoon and
 her;
 And she came on, and never turned aside, 75
 Between such sun and moon and roaring
 tide:
 And as she came more near
 My soul grew mad with fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,
 As I came through the desert: Hell is mild 80
 And piteous matched with that accursed
 wild;
 A large black sign was on her breast that
 bowed,
 A broad black band ran down her snow-white
 shroud;
 That lamp she held was her own burning
 heart,
 Whose blood-drips trickled step by step
 apart: 85
 The mystery was clear:
 Mad rage had swallowed fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,
 As I came through the desert: By the sea
 She knelt and bent above that senseless me;
 Those lamp-drops fell upon my white brow
 there, 91
 She tried to cleanse them with her tears and
 hair;
 She murmured words of pity, love, and woe,
 She heeded not the level rushing flow:
 And mad with rage and fear, 95
 I stood stonebound so near.

As I came through the desert thus it was,
 As I came through the desert: When the tide
 Swept up to her there kneeling by my side,
 She clasped that corpse-like me, and they
 were borne 100
 Away, and this vile me was left forlorn;
 I know the whole sea cannot quench that
 heart,
 Or cleanse that brow, or wash those two
 apart:
 They love; their doom is drear,
 Yet they nor hope nor fear; 105
 But I, what do I here?

FRANCIS THOMPSON (1860-1907)

Francis Thompson is the great Roman Catholic poet of the nineteenth century. He was educated at Ushaw College, a Catholic college near Durham, and later studied medicine at Owens College, Manchester. He never practiced, however. During a life made painful by disease and personal sorrows, he was befriended and encouraged by Wilfred and Alice Meynell, who, after his death, edited his poems.

Thompson is usually regarded as a literary descendant of the metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century, especially Crashaw. This is only partly true. In his religious mysticism, his delight in conceits and in strange words, many of which he coined himself, he does resemble them; but he has an originality all his own. His literary idol was Shelley, about whom he wrote a now-famous essay. Besides his poems, he has written critical and familiar essays, which for freshness and charm rank among the best of the century.

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;

I fled Him down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.

Up vistaed hopes I sped; 6

And shot, precipitated,

Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed,
followed after.

But with unhurrying chase, 10

And unperturbèd pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,

They beat — and a Voice beat

More instant than the Feet —

"All things betray thee, who betrayest
Me." 15

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,

By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;

(For, though I knew His love Who followèd,
Yet was I sore adread 20

Lest, having Him, I must have naught be-
side);

But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.

Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to
pursue.

Across the margent of the world I fled, 25

And troubled the gold gateways of the
stars,

Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars

And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the
moon.

I said to dawn, Be sudden; to eve, Be soon; 30
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me
over

From this tremendous Lover!

Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!

I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy, 35

In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal
deceit.

To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every
wind.

But whether they swept, smoothly
fleet, 40

The long savannahs of the blue;

Or whether, Thunder-driven,

They clanged his chariot 'thwart a
heaven

Plashy with flying lightnings round the
spurn o' their feet: —

Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to
pursue. 45

Still with unhurrying chase,

And unperturbèd pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,

Came on the following Feet,

And a Voice above their beat — 50

"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not
shelter Me."

I sought no more that after which I strayed
In face of man or maid;

But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that

replies; 55

They at least are for me, surely for me!

I turned me to them very wistfully;

But, just as their young eyes grew sudden
fair

With dawning answers there,

Their angel plucked them from me by the
hair. 60

"Come then, ye other children, Nature's —
share

With me" (said I) "your delicate fellowship;
Let me greet you lip to lip,

Let me twine with you caresses,
 Wantoning 65
 With our Lady-Mother's vagrant
 tresses,
 Banqueting
 With her in her wind-walled palace,
 Underneath her azured daïs,
 Quaffing, as your taintless way is, 70
 From a chalice
 Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."
 So it was done:
I in their delicate fellowship was one —
 Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies. 75
I knew all the swift importings
 On the wilful face of skies;
 I knew how the clouds arise
 Spumèd of the wild sea-snortings;
 All that's born or dies 80
 Rose and drooped with — made them
 shapers
 Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine —
 With them joyed and was bereaven.
 I was heavy with the even,
 When she lit her glimmering tapers 85
 Round the day's dead sanctities.
 I laughed in the morning's eyes.
 I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
 Heaven and I wept together,
 And its sweet tears were salt with mortal
 mine; 90
 Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
 I laid my own to beat,
 And share commingling heat;
 But not by that, by that, was eased my
 human smart.
 In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey
 cheek. 95
 For ah! we know not what each other
 says,
 These things and I; in sound *I*
 speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by
 silences.
 Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my
 drouth;
 Let her, if she would owe me, 100
 Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show
 me
 The breasts o' her tenderness:
 Never did any milk of hers once bless
 My thirsting mouth.
 Nigh and nigh draws the chase, 105
 With unperturbèd pace,
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;
 And past those noisèd Feet
 A voice comes yet more fleet —
 "Lo! naught contents thee, who, con-
 tent'st not Me." 110

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
 My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn
 from me,
 And smitten me to my knee;
 I am defenceless utterly.
 I slept, methinks, and woke, 115
 And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
 In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
 I shook the pillaring hours
 And pulled my life upon me; grimed with
 smears,
 I stand amid the dust o' the mounded
 years — 120
 My mangled youth lies dead beneath the
 heap
 My days have crackled and gone up in
 smoke,
 Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a
 stream.
 Yea, faileth now even dream
 The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist; 125
 Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy
 twist
 I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
 Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
 For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.
 Ah! is Thy love indeed 130
 A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
 Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?
 Ah! must —
 Designer infinite! —
 Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou
 canst limn with it? 135
 My freshness spent its wavering shower i'
 the dust;
 And now my heart is as a broken fount,
 Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down
 ever
 From the dank thoughts that shiver
 Upon the sighful branches of my mind. 140
 Such is; what is to be?
 The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
 I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
 Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
 From the hid battlements of Eternity; 145
 Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
 Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly wash
 again.
 But not ere him who summoneth
 I first have seen, enwound
 With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-
 crowned; 150
 His name I know, and what his trumpet
 saith.
 Whether man's heart or life it be which
 yields
 Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
 Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit. 155
Comes on at hand the bruit;
That Voice is round me like a bursting
sea:
"And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest
Me! 160
Strange, piteous, futile thing,
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught"
(He said),
"And human love needs human meriting:
How hast thou merited — 165
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee
Save Me, save only Me? 170
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My
arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at
home: 175
Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"

Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched
caressingly?

"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest, 180
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest
Me."

ENVOY

Go, songs, for ended is our brief, sweet
play;
Go, children of swift joy and tardy sor-
row:
And some are sung, and that was yester-
day,
And some unsung, and that may be to-
morrow.

Go forth; and if it be o'er stony way, 5
Old joy can lend what newer grief must
borrow:
And it was sweet, and that was yesterday,
And sweet is sweet, though purchasèd with
sorrow.

Go, songs, and come not back from your far
way;
And if men ask you why ye smile and
sorrow, 10
Tell them ye grieve, for your hearts know
To-day,
Tell them ye smile, for your eyes know
To-morrow.

GEORGE MEREDITH (1828-1909)

George Meredith was born in Portsmouth, February 12, 1828. He was educated at Neuwied, on the Rhine. On his return to England he was articled as clerk to a solicitor, but his passion was for literature. He lived for a while by journalism, and later for many years acted as reader of manuscripts for a London publisher. He began his literary career with a volume of poetry in 1851. His first marriage was unhappy and ended in separation, and the suicide of his wife — a situation which suggests the subject of his longest poem, a sequence of poems of sixteen lines called *Modern Love* published in 1862. Meanwhile Meredith, while not abandoning poetry, had begun to produce that remarkable series of novels which are among the chief glories of English fiction, some of them being *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (1859), *Evan Harrington* (1861), *Beauchamp's Career* (1875), *The Egoist* (1879), *Diana of the Crossways* (1885). He died in 1909.

Meredith's prose is marked by certain eccentricities of style which make his novels difficult reading. Still more is this true of his poetry. The extreme concentration, rapid changes of subject, and unusual use of words call for the closest attention. But both Meredith's novels and poetry repay this effort. Meredith is one of the writers who have given to the chief intellectual concept of the age, the theory of evolution, a genuine imaginative treatment. Meredith's philosophy is one of optimism. He sees the long evolution of physical life continuing into higher forms of intellectual life. To this result the work of Nature is directed and to it hardship and trial constitute a discipline. He is like Browning, both in his difficulty of style and in the energy and hopefulness of his message. Added to this, Meredith had a sense of the communion between man and his mother Nature and likewise a perception of the external phenomena of Nature which puts him among the greatest of Nature poets.

The complete works of George Meredith are published by Charles Scribner's Sons, through whose kind permission the following poems are reprinted.

MODERN LOVE

The fifty poems that make up *Modern Love* are regarded by some critics as a sonnet-sequence. Note, however, that the poems have sixteen lines (a length not unusual in the early history of the sonnet), and that, unlike most sonnet-sequences, they tell a connected, complex story.

I

By this he knew she wept with waking eyes:
That, at his hand's light quiver by her head,
The strange low sobs that shook their common bed,

Were called into her with a sharp surprise,
And strangled mute, like little gaping snakes,
Dreadfully venomous to him. She lay
Stone-still, and the long darkness flowed
away

With muffled pulses. Then, as midnight
makes
Her giant heart of Memory and Tears
Drink the pale drug of silence, and so beat
Sleep's heavy measure, they from head to
feet

Were moveless, looking through their dead
black years,

By vain regret scrawled over the blank wall.
Like sculptured effigies they might be seen
Upon their marriage-tomb, the sword between;

Each wishing for the sword that severs all.

2

It ended, and the morrow brought the task.
Her eyes were guilty gates, that let him in
By shutting all too zealous for their sin:
Each sucked a secret, and each wore a mask.
But, oh, the bitter taste her beauty had!
He sickened as at breath of poison-flowers:
A languid humor stole among the hours,
And if their smiles encountered, he went mad,
And raged deep inward, till the light was
brown

Before his vision, and the world forgot,
Looked wicked as some old dull murder-spot.
A star with lurid beams, she seemed to crown
The pit of infamy: and then again
He fainted on his vengefulness, and strove
To ape the magnanimity of love,
And smote himself, a shuddering heap of
pain.

48

Their sense is with their senses all mixed in,
Destroyed by subtleties these women are!
More brain, O Lord, more brain! or we shall
mar

Utterly this fair garden we might win.

Behold! I looked for peace, and thought it
near.

Our inmost hearts had opened, each to each.
We drank the pure daylight of honest speech.
Alas! that was the fatal draught, I fear.

For when of my lost Lady¹ came the word,
This woman, O this agony of flesh!

Jealous devotion bade her break the mesh,
That I might seek that other like a bird.

I do adore the nobleness! despise

The act! She has gone forth, I know not
where.

Will the hard world my sentence of her
share?

I feel the truth; so let the world surmise.

49

He² found her³ by the ocean's moaning
verge,

Nor any wicked change in her discerned;
And she believed his old love had returned,
Which was her exultation, and her scourge.
She took his hand, and walked with him, and
seemed

The wife he sought, though shadow-like and
dry.

She had one terror, lest her heart should
sigh,

And tell her loudly she no longer dreamed.
She dared not say, "This is my breast: look
in."

But there's a strength to help the desperate
weak.

That night he learned how silence best can
speak

The awful things when Pity pleads for Sin.
About the middle of the night her call
Was heard, and he came wondering to the
bed.

"Now kiss me, dear! it may be, now!" she
said.

Lethe had passed those lips,⁴ and he knew
all.

50

Thus piteously Love closed what he begat:
The union of this ever-diverse pair!

These two were rapid falcons in a snare,
Condemned to do the flitting of the bat.
Lovers beneath the singing sky of May,
They wandered once; clear as the dew on
flowers:

But they fed not on the advancing hours:
Their hearts held cravings for the buried
day.

¹ The woman with whom the husband has been carrying on a flirtation.

² The husband.

³ The wife.

⁴ i.e., she had killed herself.

Then each applied to each that fatal knife,
Deep questioning, which probes to endless
dole.

Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life! —
In tragic hints here see what evermore
Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's
force,
Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior
horse,
To throw that faint thin line upon the
shore!

LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT

On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.
Tired of his dark dominion swung the
fiend
Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,
Where sinners hugged their spectre of re-
pose.
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
And now upon his western wing he leaned,
Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands ca-
reened,
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic
snows.
Soaring through wider zones that pricked
his scars
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
He reached a middle height, and at the
stars,
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and
sank.
Around the ancient track marched, rank on
rank,
The army of unalterable law.

A CERTAIN PEOPLE

As Puritans they prominently wax,
And none more kindly gives and takes hard
knocks.
Strong psalmic chanting, like to nasal cocks,
They join to thunderings of their hearty
thwacks.
But naughtiness, with hoggery, not lacks
When Peace another door in them unlocks,
Where conscience shows the eyeing of an ox
Grown dully apprehensive of an Axe.
Graceless they are when gone to frivolous-
ness,
Fearing the God they flout, the God they
glut.
They need their pious exercises less
Than schooling in the Pleasures: fair belief
That these are devilish only to their thief,
Charged with an Axe nigh on the occiput.

A STAVE OF ROVING TIM

The wind is East, the wind is West,
Blows in and out of haven;
The wind that blows is the wind that's best,
And croak, my jolly raven!
If here awhile we jigged and laughed, 5
The like we will do yonder;
For he's the man who masters a craft,
And light as a lord can wander.
So, foot the measure, Roving Tim,
And croak, my jolly raven! 10
The wind according to its whim
Is in and out of haven.

You live in rows of snug abodes,
With gold, maybe, for counting;
And mine's the beck of the rainy roads 15
Against the sun a-mounting.
I take the day as it behaves,
Nor shiver when 'tis airy;
But comes a breeze, all you are on waves,
Sick chickens o' Mother Carey! 20
So, now for next, cries Roving Tim,
And croak, my jolly raven!
The wind according to its whim
Is in and out of haven.

Sweet lass, you screw a lovely leer, 25
To make a man consider.
If you were up with the auctioneer,
I'd be a handsome bidder.
But wedlock clips the rover's wing;
She tricks him fly to spider; 30
And when we get to fights in the Ring,
It's trumps when you play outsider.
So, wrench and split, cries Roving Tim,
And croak, my jolly raven!
The wind according to its whim 35
Is in and out of haven.

Along my winding way I know
A shady dell that's winking;
The very corner for Self and Co
To do a world of thinking. 40
And shall I this? and shall I that?
Till Nature answers, n'ether!
Strike match and light your pipe in your hat,
Rejoicing in sound shoe-leather!
So, lead along, cries Roving Tim, 45
And croak, my jolly raven!
The wind according to its whim
Is in and out of haven.

A cunning hand 'll hand you bread,
With freedom for your capers. 50
I'm not so sure of a cunning head;
It steers to pits or vapors.

But as for Life, we'll hear in sight
 The lesson Nature teaches;
 Regard it in a sailing light, 55
 And treat it like thirsty leeches.
 So fly your jib, cries Roving Tim,
 And top your boom, old raven!
 The wind according to its whim
 Is in and out of haven. 60

She'll take, to please her dame and dad,
 The shopman nicely shaven.
 She'll learn to think o' the marching lad
 When perchers show they're craven.
 You say the shopman piles a heap, 65
 While I perhaps am fasting;
 And bless your wits, it haunts him in sleep,
 His tin-kettle chance of lasting!
 So hail the road, cried Roving Tim,
 And hail the rain, old raven! 70
 The wind according to its whim
 Is in and out of haven.

He's half a wife, yon pecker bill;
 A book and likewise preacher.
 With any soul, in a game of skill, 75
 He'll prove your over-reacher.
 The reason is, his brains are bent
 On doing things right single.
 You'd wish for them when pitching your tent
 At night in a whirly dingle! 80
 So, off we go, cries Roving Tim,
 And on we go, old raven!
 The wind according to its whim
 Is in and out of haven.

Lord, no, man's lot is not for bliss; 85
 To call it woe is blindness:
 It's here a kick, and it's there a kiss,
 And here and there a kindness.
 He starts a hare and calls her joy;
 He runs her down to sorrow: 90
 The dogs within him bother the boy,
 But 'tis a new day to-morrow.
 So, I at helm, cries Roving Tim,
 And you at bow, old raven!
 The wind according to its whim 95
 Is in and out of haven.

HARD WEATHER

Bursts from a rending East in flaws
 The young green leaflet's harrier, sworn
 To strew the garden, strip the shaws,¹
 And show our Spring with banner torn.
 Was ever such virago morn? 5
 The wind has teeth, the wind has claws.

All the wind's wolves through woods are
 loose
 The wild wind's falconry aloft.
 Shrill underfoot the grassblade shrews,
 At gallop, clumped, and down the croft 10
 Bestrid by shadows, beaten, tossed;
 It seems a scythe, it seems a rod.
 The howl is up at the howl's accost;
 The shivers greet and the shivers nod.

Is the land ship? we are rolled, we drive 15
 Tritonly, cleaving hiss and hum;
 Whirl with the dead, or mount or dive,
 Or down in dregs, or on in scum.
 And drums the distant, pipes the near,
 And vale and hill are grey in grey, 20
 As when the surge is crumbling sheer,
 And sea-mews wing the haze of spray.
 Clouds — are they bony witches? — swarms
 Darting swift on the robber's flight,
 Hurry an infant sky in arms: 25
 It peeps, it becks; 'tis day, 'tis night.
 Black while over the loop of blue
 The swathe is closed, like shroud on corse.
 Lo, as if swift the Furies flew,
 The Fates at heel at a cry to horse! 30

Interpret me the savage whirr:
 And is it Nature scourged, or she,
 Her offspring's executioner,
 Reducing land to barren sea?
 But is there meaning in a day 35
 When this fierce angel of the air,
 Intent to throw, and haply slay,
 Can, for what breath of life we bear,
 Exact the wrestle? Call to mind
 The many meanings glistening up 40
 When Nature to her nurslings kind,
 Hands them the fruitage and the cup!
 And seek we rich significance
 Not elsewhere than with those tides
 Of pleasure on the sunned expanse, 45
 Whose flow deludes, whose ebb derides?

Look in the face of men who fare
 Lock-mouthed, a match in lungs and thews
 For this fierce angel of the air,
 To twist with him and take his bruise. 50
 That is the face beloved of old
 Of Earth, young mother of her brood:
 Nor broken-for us shows the mold
 When muscle is in mind renewed:
 Though farther from her nature rude, 55
 Yet nearer to her spirit's hold.
 And though of gentler mood serene,
 Still forceful of her fountain-jet.
 So shall her blows be shrewdly met,
 Be luminously read the scene 60

¹ The tops of potatoes and similar tubers or roots.

Where Life is at her grindstone set,
That she may give us edgeing keen,
String us for battle, till as play
The common strokes of fortune shower.
Such meaning in a dagger-day 65
Our wits may clasp to wax in power.
Yea, feel us warmer at her breast,
By spin of blood in lusty drill,
Than when her honeyed hands caressed,
And Pleasure, sapping, seemed to fill. 70

Behold the life at ease; it drifts.
The sharpened life commands its course.
She winnows, winnows roughly; sifts,
To dip her chosen in her source:
Contention is the vital force, 75
Whence pluck they brain, her prize of gifts,
Sky of the senses! on which height,
Not disconnected, yet released,
They see how spirit comes to light,
Through conquest of the inner beast, 80
Which Measure tames to movement sane,
In harmony with what is fair.
Never is Earth misread by brain:
That is the welling of her, there
The mirror: with one step beyond, 85
For likewise is it voice; and more,
Benignest kinship bids respond,
When wail the weak, and then restore
Whom days as fell as this may rive.
While Earth sits ebon in her gloom, 90
Us atomies of life alive
Unheeding, bent on life to come.
Her children of the laboring brain,
These are the champions of the race,
True parents, and the sole humane, 95
With understanding for their base.
Earth yields the milk, but all her mind
Is vowed to thresh for stouter stock.
Her passion for old giantkind,
That scaled the mount, uphurled the rock, 100
Devolves on them who read aright
Her meaning and devoutly serve;
Nor in her starlessness of night
Peruse her with the craven nerve:
But even as she from grass to corn, 105
To eagle high from grubbing mole,
Prove in strong brain her noblest born,
The station for the flight of soul.

ODE TO THE COMIC SPIRIT

This poem must be read thoughtfully, and allowance should be made for abruptness and circumlocution in both the ideas and imagery. Compare also Meredith's *Essay on Comedy*.

Sword of Common Sense! —
Our surest gift: the sacred chain

Of man to man: firm earth for trust
In structures vowed to permanence: —
Thou guardian issue of the harvest brain! 5
Implacable perforce of just;
With that good treasure in defence,
Which is our gold crushed out of joy and
pain
Since first men planted foot and hand was
king:
Bright, nimble of the marrow-nerve 10
To wield thy double edge, retort
Or hold the deadlier reserve,
And through thy victim's weapon sting:
Thine is the service; thine the sport
This shifty heart of ours to hunt 15
Across its webs and round the many a ring
Where fox it is, or snake, or mingled seeds
Occasion heats to shape, or the poor smoke
Struck from a puff-ball, or the troughster's
grunt;
Once lion of our desert's trodden weeds; 20
And but for thy straight finger at the yoke,
Again to be the lordly paw,
Naming his appetites his needs,
Behind a decorative cloak:
Thou, of the highest, the unwritten Law 25
We read upon that building's architrave
In the mind's firmament, by men upraised
With sweat of blood when they had quitted
cave
For fellowship, and rearward looked amazed,
Where the prime motive gapes a lurid jaw, 30
Thou, soul of wakened heads, art armed to
warn,
Restrain, lest we backslide on whence we
sprang,
Scarce better than our dwarf beginning
shoot,
Of every gathered pearl and blossom shorn;
Through thee, in novel wiles to win dis-
guise, 35
Seen are the pits of the disruptor, seen
His rebel agitation at our root:
Thou hast him out of hawking eyes;
Nor ever morning of the clang
Young Echo sped on hill from horn 40
In forest blown when scent was keen
Off earthly dews besprinkling blades
Of covert grass more merrily rang
The yelp of chase down alleys green,
Fourth of the headlong-pouring glades, 45
Over the dappled fallows wild away,
Than thy fine unaccented scorn
At sight of man's old secret brute,
Devout for pasture on his prey,
Advancing, yawning to devour; 50
With step of deer, with voice of flute,
Haply with visage of the lily flower.

Let the cock crow and ruddy morn
His handmaiden appear! Youth claims his
hour.

The generously ludicrous 55
Espouses it. But see we sons of day,
On whom Life leans for guidance in our fight,
Accept the throb for lord of us;
For lord, for the main central light
That gives direction, not the eclipse; — 60
Or dost thou look where niggard Age,
Demanding reverence for wrinkles, whips
A tumbled top to grind a wolf's worn
tooth; —

Hoar despot on our final stage,
In dotage of a stunted Youth; — 65
Or it may be some venerable sage,
Not having thee awake in him, compact
Of wisdom else, the breast's old tempter
trips;

Or see we ceremonial state,
Robing the gilded beast, exact 70
Abjection, while the crackskull name of Fate
Is used to stamp and hallow printed fact;
A cruel corner lengthens up thy lips;
These are thy game wherever men engage:
These and, majestic in a borrowed shape, 75
The major and the minor potentate,
Creative of their various ape; —
The tiptoe mortals triumphing to write
Upon a perishable page
An inch above their fellows' height; — 80
The criers of foregone wisdom, who impose
Its slough on live conditions, much for the
greed

Of our first hungry figure wide agape; —
Call up thy hounds of laughter to their run.
These, that would have men still of men be
foes, 85

Eternal fox to prowl and pike to feed;
Would keep our life the whirly pool
Of turbid stuff dishonoring History;
The herd the drover's herd, the fool the fool,
Ourselves our slavish self's infernal sun; 90
These are the children of the heartuntaught
By thy quick founts to beat abroad, by thee
Untamed to tone its passions under thought,
The rich humaneness reading in thy fun.
Of them a world of coltish heels for school, 95
We have; a world with driving wrecks be-
strewn.

'Tis written of the Gods of human mold,
Those Nectar Gods, of glorious stature hewn
To quicken hymns, that they did hear in-
censed,
Satiric comments overbold, 100
From one whose part was by decree
The jester's; but they boiled to feel him bite.

Better for them had they with Reason
fenced

Or smiled corrected! They in the great
Gods' might,

Their proper crushed, as fingers flea. 105
Crumbled Olympus when the sovereign sire
His fatal kick to Momus gave, albeit
Men could behold the sacred Mount aspire,
The Satirist pass by on limping feet.
Those Gods who saw the ejected laugh
alight 110

Below, had then their last of airy glee;
They in the cup sought Laughter's drowned
sprite,

Fed to dire fatness off uncurbed conceit.
Eyes under saw them waddle on their Mount,
And drew them down; to flattest earth they
rolled. 115

This know we veritable. O Sage of Mirth!
Can it be true, the story men recount
Of the fall'n plight of the great Gods on
earth?

How they being deathless, though of human
mold,

With human cravings, undecaying frames, 120
Must labor for subsistence; are a band
Whom a loose-cheeked, wide-lipped gay
cripple leads

At haunts of holiday on summer sand:
And lightly he will hint to one that heeds,
Names in pained designation of them,
names 125

Ensphered on blue skies and on black, which
twirl

Our hearing madly from our seeing dazed,
Add Bacchus unto both; and he entreats
(His baby dimples in maternal chaps
Running wild labyrinths of line and curl) 130

Compassion for his masterful Trombone,
Whose thunder is the brass of how he blazed
Of old: for him of the mountain-muscle feats,
Who guts a drum to fetch a snappish groan:
For his fierce bugler horning onset, whom
A truncheon-battered helmet caps. . . . 136

The creature is of earnest mien
To plead a sorrow darker than the tomb.
His Harp and Triangle, in tone subdued,
He names; they are a rayless red and
white; 140

The dawn-hued libertine, the gibbous prude.
And, if we recognize his Tambourine,
He asks; exhausted names her: she has be-
come

A globe in cupolas; the blowsiest queen
Of overflowing dome on dome; 145
Redundancy contending with the tight,
Leaping the dam! He fondly calls, his girl,
The buxom tripper with the goblet-smile,

Refreshful. O but now his brows are dun,
Bunched are his lips, as when distilling
guile, 150

To drop his venomous: the Dame of dames,
Flower of the world, that honey one,
She of the earthly rose in the sea-pearl,
To whom the world ran ocean for her kiss;
He names her, as a worshipper he names, 155
And indicates with a contemptuous thumb.
The lady meanwhile lures the mob, alike
Ogles the bursters of the horn and drum.
Curtain her close! her open arms
Have suckers for beholders: she to this? 160
For that she could not, save in fury, hear
A sharp corrective utterance flick
Her idle manners, for the laugh to strike
Beauty so breeding beauty, without peer
Above the snows, among the flowers? She
reaps 165

This moldy garner of the fatal kick?
Gross with the sacrifice of Circe-swarms,
Astarte¹ of vile sweets that slay, malign,
From Greek resplendent to Phœnician foul,
The trader in attractions sinks, all brine 170
To thoughts of taste; is 't love? — bark, dog!
hoot, owl!

And she is blushless: ancient worship weeps.
Suicide Graces dangle down the charms
Sprawling like gourds on outer garden-heaps.
She stands in her unholy oily leer 175
A statue losing feature, weather-sick
Mid draggled creepers of twined ivy sere.
The curtain cried for magnifies to see! —
We cannot quench our one corrupting glance:
The vision of the rumor will not flee. 180
Doth the Boy own such Mother? — shoot
his dart

To bring her, countless as the crested deeps,
Her subjects of the uncorrected heart?
False is that vision, shrieks the devotee;
Incredible, we echo; and anew 185
Like a far growling lightning-cloud it leaps.
Low humorist this leader seems; perchance
Pitched from his University career,
Adept at classic fooling. Yet of mold
Human those Gods were: deathless too: 190
On high they not as meditatives paced:
Prodigiously they did the deeds of flesh:
Descending, they would touch the lowest
here:

And she, that lighted form of blue and gold,
Whom the seas gave, all earth, all earth em-
braced; 195

Exulting in the great hauls of her mesh;
Desired and hated, desperately dear;
Most human of them was. No more pursue!
Enough that the black story can be told.

¹ The Phœnician goddess of love.

It preaches to the eminently placed: 200
For whom disastrous wreckage is nigh due,
Paints omen. Truly they our throbbler had;
The passions plumping, passions playing
leech,

Cunning to trick us for the day's good
cheer.

Our uncorrected human heart will swell 205
To notions monstrous, doings mad
As billows on a foam-lashed beach;
Borne on the tides of alternating heats,
Will drug the brain, will doom the soul as
well;

Call the closed mouth of that harsh final
Power 210

To speak in judgement: Nemesis, the fell:
Of those bright Gods assembled, offspring
sour;

The last surviving on the upper seats;
As with men Reason when their hearts rebel.

Ah, what a fruitless breeder is this heart, 215
Full of the mingled seeds, each eating each.

Not wiser of our mark than at the start,
It surges like the wrath-faced father-Sea
To countering winds; a force blind-eyed,
On endless rounds of aimless reach; 220

Emotion for the source of pride,
The grounds of faith in fixity
Above our flesh; its cravings urging speech,
Inspiring prayer; by turns a lump
Swung on a time-piece, and by turns 225
A quivering energy to jump

For seats angelical: it shrinks, it yearns,
Loves, loathes; is flame or cinders; lastly
cloud

Capping a sullen crater: and mankind
We see cloud-capped, an army of the
dark, 230

Because of thy straight leadership declined;
At heels of this or that delusive spark:
Now when the multitudinous races press
Elbow to elbow hourly more,
A thickened host; when now we hear
aloud 235

Life for the very life implore
A signal of a visioned mark;
Light of the mind, the mind's discourse,
The rational in graciousness,
Thee by acknowledgement enthroned, 240
To tame and lead that blind-eyed force
In harmony of harness with the crowd,
For payment of their dues; as yet disowned,
Save where some dutiful lone creature,
vowed

To holy work, deems it the heart's intent; 245
Or where a silken circle views it cowed,
The seeming figure of concordance, bent

On satiating tyrant lust
Or barren fits of sentiment.

Thou wilt not have our paths befouled 250
By simulation; are we vile to view,
The heavens shall see us clean of our own dust,
Beneath thy breezy flitting wing:
They make their mirror upon faces true; 254
And where they win reflection, lucid heave
The under tides of this hot heart seen through.
Beneficently wilt thou clip
All oversteppings of the plumed,
The puffed, and bid the masker strip,
And into the crowned windbag thrust, 260
Tearing the mortal from the vital thing,
A lightning o'er the half-illumed,
Who to base brute-dominion cleave,
Yet mark effects, and shun the flash,
Till their drowsed wits a beam conceive, 265
To spy a wound without a gash,
The magic in a turn of wrist,
And how are wedded heart and head regaled
When Wit o'er Folly blows the mort,
And their high note of union spreads 270
Wide from the timely word with conquest
charged;

Victorious laughter, of no loud report,
If heard; derision as divinely veiled
As terrible Immortals in rose-mist,
Given to the vision of arrested men: 275
Whereat they feel within them weave
Community its closer threads,
And are to our fraternal state enlarged;
Like warm fresh blood is their enlivened ken;
They learn that thou art not of alien sort, 280
Speaking the tongue by vipers hissed,
Or of the frosty heights unscaled,
Or of the vain who simple speech distort,
Or of the vapors pointing on to nought
Along cold skies; though sharp and high thy
pitch: 285

As when sole homeward the belated treads,
And hears aloft a clamor wailed,
That once had seemed the broomstick witch
Horribly violating cloud for drought:
He from the rub of minds dispersing fears, 290
Hears migrants marshalling their midnight
train;

Homeliest order in black sky appears,
Not less than in the lighted village steads.
So do those half-illumed wax clear to share
A cry that is our common voice; the note 295
Of fellowship upon a loftier plane,
Above embattled castle-wall and moat;
And toning drops as from pure heaven it
sheds.

So thou for washing a phantasmal air,
For thy sweet singing keynote of the wise, 300

Laughter — the joy of Reason seeing fade
Obstruction into Earth's renewing beds,
Beneath the stroke of her good servant's
blade —

Thenceforth art as their earth-star hailed;
Gain of the years, conjunction's prize. 305
The greater heart in thy appeal to heads,
They see, thou Captain of our civil Fort!
By more elusive savages assailed
On each ascending stage; untired
Both inner foe and outer to cut short, 310
And blow to chaff pretenders void of grist:
Showing old tiger's claws, old crocodile's
Yard-grin of eager grinders, slim to sight,
Like forms in running water, oft when smiles,
When pearly tears, when fluent lips de-
light: 315

But never with the slayer's malice fired:
As little as informs an infant's fist
Clenched at the sneeze! Thou would'st but
have us be

Good sons of mother soil, whereby to grow
Branching on fairer skies, one stately tree; 320
Broad of the tilth for flowering at the Court:
Which is the tree bound fast to wave it
tress;

Of strength controlled sheer beauty to be-
stow.

Ambrosial heights of possible acquit,
Where souls of men with soul of man con-
sort, 325

And all look higher to new loveliness
Begotten of the look: thy mark is there;
While on our temporal ground alive,
Rightly though fearfully thou wieldest
sword,

Of finer temper now a numbered learn 330
That they resisting thee themselves resist;
And not thy bigger joy to smite and drive,
Prompt the dense herd to butt, and set the
snare

Witching them into pitfalls for hoarse shouts.
More now, and hourly more, and of the
Lord 335

Thou lead'st to, doth this rebel heart dis-
cern,

When pinched ascetic and red sensualist
Alternately recurrent freeze or burn,
And of its old religions it has doubts.

It fears thee less when thou hast shown it
bare; 340

Less hates, part understands, nor much
resents,

When the prized objects it has raised for
prayer,

For fitful prayer; — repentance dreading fire,
Impelled by aches; the blindness which re-
pents.

Like the poor trampled worm that writhes in
mire; — 345
Are sounded by thee, and thou darest probe
Old Institutions and Establishments,
Once fortresses against the floods of sin,
For what their worth; and questioningly prod
For why they stand upon a racing globe, 350
Impeding blocks, less useful than the clod;
Their angel out of them, a demon in.

This half-enlightened heart, still doomed to
fret,
To hurl at vanities, to drift in shame!
Of gain or loss, bewailing the sure rod, 355
Shall of predestination wed thee yet.
Something it gathers of what things should
drop
At entrance on new times; of how thrice
broad
The world of minds communicative; how
A straggling Nature classed in school, and
scored 360
With stripes admonishing, may yield to
plough

Fruitfullest furrows, nor for waxing tame
Be feeble on an Earth whose gentler crop
Is its most living, in the mind that steers,
By Reason led, her way of tree and flame, 365
Beyond the genuflexions and the tears;
Upon an Earth that cannot stop,
Where upward is the visible aim,
And ever we espy the greater God,
For simple pointing at a good adored; 370
Proof of the closer neighbourhood. Head on,
Sword of the many, light of the few! untwist
Or cut our tangles till fair space is won
Beyond a briared wood of austere brow,
Relieved of discord by thy timely word 375
At intervals refreshing life: for thou
Art verily Keeper of the Muse's Key;
Thyself no vacant melodist;
On lower land elective even as she;
Holding, as she, all dissonance abhorred; 380
Advising to her measured steps in flow;
And teaching how for being subjected free
Past thought of freedom we may come to
know
The music of the meaning of Accord.

LOVE IN THE VALLEY

Under yonder beech-tree single on the green-
sward,
Couched with her arms behind her golden
head,
Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple
idly,
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.

Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath her, 5
Press her parting lips as her waist I gather
slow,
Waking in amazement she could not but em-
brace me:
Then would she hold me and never let me
go?

Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the
swallow,
Swift as the swallow along the river's
light 10
Circling the surface to meet his mirrored
winglets,
Fleeter she seems in her stay than in her
flight.
Shy as the squirrel that leaps among the pine-
tops,
Wayward as the swallow overhead at set
of sun,
She whom I love is hard to catch and con-
quer, 15
Hard, but O the glory of the winning were
she won!

When her mother tends her before the
laughing mirror,
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
Often she thinks, were this wild thing
wedded,
More love should I have, and much less
care. 20
When her mother tends her before the lighted
mirror,
Loosening her laces, combing down her
curls,
Often she thinks, were this wild thing
wedded,
I should miss but one for many boys and
girls.

Heartless she is as the shadow in the
meadows 25
Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy
noon.
No, she is athirst and drinking up her
wonder:
Earth to her is young as the slip of the new
moon.
Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid
measure,
Even as in a dance; and her smile can heal
no less: 30
Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts the
flowers with hailstones
Off a sunny border, she was made to bruise
and bless.

Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweep-
 ing
 Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star.
 Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note un-
 varied, 35
 Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown
 eve-jar.
 Darker grows the valley, more and more for-
 getting:
 So were it with me if forgetting could be
 willed.
 Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bub-
 bling well-spring,
 Tell it to forget the source that keeps it
 filled. 40

 Stepping down the hill with her fair com-
 panions,
 Arm in arm, all against the raying
 West,
 Boldly she sings, to the merry tune she
 marches,
 Brave in her shape, and sweeter unpos-
 sessed.
 Sweeter, for she is what my heart first awak-
 ing 45
 Whispered the world was; morning light
 is she.
 Love that so desires would fain keep her
 changeless;
 Fain would fling the net, and fain have her
 free.

 Happy happy time, when the white star
 hovers
 Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy
 dew, 50
 Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart
 the darkness,
 Threading it with color, like yewberries the
 yew.
 Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East
 deepens
 Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud
 swells.
 Maiden still the morn is; and strange she is,
 and secret; 55
 Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as
 cold sea-shells.

 Sunrays, leaning on our southern hills and
 lighting
 Wild cloud-mountains that drag the hills
 along,
 Oft ends the day of your shifting brilliant
 laughter
 Chill as a dull face frowning on a
 song. 60

Ay, but shows the South-West a ripple-
 feathered bosom
 Blown to silver while the clouds are shaken
 and ascend
 Scaling the mid-heavens as they stream,
 there comes a sunset
 Rich, deep like love in beauty without end.
 When at dawn she sighs, and like an infant
 to the window 65
 Turns grave eyes craving light, released
 from dreams,
 Beautiful she looks, like a white water-lily
 Bursting out of bud in havens of the
 streams.
 When from bed she rises clothed from neck
 to ankle
 In her long nightgown sweet as boughs of
 May, 70
 Beautiful she looks, like a tall garden lily
 Pure from the night, and splendid for the
 day.

 Mother of the dews, dark eye-lashed twi-
 light,
 Low-lidded twilight, o'er the valley's brim,
 Rounding on thy breast sings the dew-
 delighted skylark, 75
 Clear as though the dewdrops had their
 voice in him.
 Hidden where the rose-flush drinks the ray-
 less planet,
 Fountain-full he pours the spraying
 fountain-showers.
 Let me hear her laughter, I would have her
 ever
 Cool as dew in twilight, the lark above the
 flowers. 80

 All the girls are out with their baskets for
 the primrose;
 Up lanes, woods through, they troop in
 joyful bands.
 My sweet leads: she knows not why, but now
 she loiters,
 Eyes the bent anemones, and hangs her
 hands.
 Such a look will tell that the violets are
 peeping, 85
 Coming the rose: and unaware a cry
 Springs in her bosom for odors and for color,
 Covert and the nightingale; she knows not
 why.

 Kerchiefed head and chin she darts between
 her tulips,
 Streaming like a willow gray in arrowy
 rain: 90

Some bend beaten cheek to gravel, and their
angel
She will be; she lifts them, and on she
speeds again.
Black the driving raincloud breasts the iron
gateway:
She is forth to cheer a neighbor lacking
mirth.
So when sky and grass met rolling dumb for
thunder 95
Saw I once a white dove, sole light of earth.
Prim little scholars are the flowers of her
garden,
Trained to stand in rows, and asking if
they please.
I might love them well but for loving more
the wild ones.
O my wild ones! they tell me more than
these. 100
You, my wild one, you tell of honeyed field-
rose,
Violet, blushing eglantine in life; and even
as they,
They by the wayside are earnest of your
goodness,
You are of life's, on the banks that line the
way.
Peering at her chamber the white crowns the
red rose, 105
Jasmine winds the porch with stars two
and three.
Parted is the window; she sleeps; the starry
jasmine
Breathes a falling breath that carries
thoughts of me.
Sweeter unpossessed, have I said of her my
sweetest?
Not while she sleeps: while she sleeps the
jasmine breathes, 110
Luring her to love; she sleeps; the starry jas-
mine
Bears me to her pillow under white rose-
wreaths.
Yellow with birdfoot-trefoil are the grass-
glades;
Yellow with cinquefoil of the dew-gray
leaf;
Yellow with stonecrop; the moss-mounds are
yellow; 115
Blue-necked the wheat sways, yellowing
to the sheaf.
Green-yellow bursts from the copse the
laughing yaffle;
Sharp as a sickle is the edge of shade and
shine:

Earth in her heart laughs looking at the
heavens,
Thinking of the harvest: I look and think
of mine. 120
This I may know: her dressing and un-
dressing
Such a change of light shows as when the
skies in sport
Shift from cloud to moonlight; or edging over
thunder
Slips a ray of sun; or sweeping into
port
White sails furl; or on the ocean bor-
ders 125
White sails lean along the waves leaping
green.
Visions of her shower before me, but from
eyesight
Guarded she would be like the sun were she
seen.
Front door and back of the mossed old farm-
house
Open with the morn, and in a breezy
link 130
Freshly sparkles garden to stripe-shadowed
orchard,
Green across a rill where on sand the min-
nows wink.
Busy in the grass the early sun of summer
Swarms, and the blackbird's mellow fluting
notes
Call my darling up with round and roguish
challenge: 135
Quaintest, richest carol of all the singing
throats!
Cool was the woodside; cool as her white
dairy
Keeping sweet the cream-pan; and there
the boys from school,
Cricketing below, rushed brown and red with
sunshine;
O the dark translucence of the deep-eyed
cool! 140
Spying from the farm, herself she fetched a
pitcher
Full of milk, and tilted for each in turn the
beak.
Then a little fellow, mouth up and on tip-
toe,
Said, "I will kiss you": she laughed and
leaned her cheek.
Doves of the fir-wood walling high our red
roof 145
Through the long noon coo, crooning
through the coo.

Loose droop the leaves; and down the sleepy
roadway

Sometimes pipes a chaffinch; loose droops
the blue.

Cows flap a slow tail knee-deep in the river,
Breathless, given up to sun and gnat and
fly. 150

Nowhere is she seen; and if I see her no-
where,

Lightning may come, straight rains and
tiger sky.

O the golden sheaf, the rustling treasure-
armful!

O the nutbrown tresses nodding interlaced!

O the treasure-tresses one another over 155
Nodding! O the girdle slack about the
waist!

Slain are the poppies that shot their random
scarlet

Quick amid the wheatears: wound about
the waist,

Gathered, see these brides of Earth one
blush of ripeness!

O the nutbrown tresses nodding inter-
laced! 160

Large and smoky red the sun's cold disk drops,
Clipped by naked hills, on violet shaded
snow:

Eastward large and still lights up a bower of
moonrise,

Whence at her leisure steps the moon
aglow.

Nightlong on black print-branches our beech-
tree 165

Gazes in this whiteness: nightlong could I.
Here may life on death or death on life be
painted.

Let me clasp her soul to know she cannot
die!

Gossips count her faults; they scour a narrow
chamber

Where there is no window, read not heaven
or her. 170

"When she was tiny," one aged woman
quavers,

Plucks at my heart and leads me by the
ear.

Faults she had once as she learned to run and
tumbled:

Faults of feature some see, beauty not
complete.

Yet, good gossips, beauty that makes holy 175
Earth and air, may have faults from head
to feet.

Hither she comes; she comes to me; she
lingers,

Deepens her brown eyebrows, while in new
surprise

High rise the lashes in wonder of a stranger;
Yet am I the light and living of her eyes.

Something friends have told her fills her
heart to brimming, 181

Nets her in her blushes, and wounds her,
and tames. —

Sure of her haven, O like a dove alighting,
Arms up, she dropped: our souls were in
our names.

Soon will she lie like a white-frost sunrise. 185

Yellow oats and brown wheat, barley pale
as rye,

Long since your sheaves have yielded to the
thresher,

Felt the girdle loosened, seen the tresses
fly.

Soon will she lie like a blood-red sunset.

Swift with the to-morrow, green-winged
Spring! 190

Sing from the South-West, bring her back the
truants,

Nightingale and swallow, song and dip-
ping wing.

Soft new beech-leaves, up to beamy April
Spreading bough on bough a primrose
mountain, you,

Lucid in the moon, raise lilies to the sky-
fields, 195

Youngest green transfused in silver shining
through:

Fairer than the lily, than the wild white
cherry:

Fair as in image my seraph love appears
Borne to me by dreams when dawn is at my
eyelids:

Fair as in the flesh she swims to me on
tears. 200

Could I find a place to be alone with heaven,
I would speak my heart out: heaven is my
need.

Every woodland tree is flushing like the dog-
wood,

Flashing like the whitebeam, swaying like
the reed.

Flushing like the dogwood crimson in
October; 205

Streaming like the flag-reed South-West
blown;

Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted
whitebeam:

All seem to know what is for heaven
alone.

THOMAS HARDY (1840-1928)

Thomas Hardy forms with George Meredith one of the most interesting contrasts of modern literature. He was born in Dorchester, and there spent most of his life. He was apprenticed to an architect, but like Meredith broke away into literature. Although he wrote verse as a boy, his first publications were novels, among the most important of which are: *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874), *The Return of the Native* (1878), *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886), *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1891), *Jude the Obscure* (1895). After the last mentioned of these Hardy gave himself for years to the production of a vast drama in verse based on the Napoleonic wars, called *The Dynasts*. In later years he has written a large body of miscellaneous verse. Hardy's contrast with Meredith is seen both in his novels and in his poetry. Meredith believes above all in conscious intelligence. The characters of his novels are drawn from the walks of life where consciousness is clearest. Hardy, on the contrary, deals with life where it is least intelligent, most instinctive. Both Meredith and Hardy are poets of nature, but to the former nature is a kind if stern mother; to the latter a symbol of the crass indifference of the universe. In his fiction Hardy is fond of dwelling on the accidents and coincidences of life which seem the result of a stupid or malevolent power at work behind the scenes. Many of his poems are based on episodes of the same sort. Above all Hardy is a stern realist in his poetry with none of the radiant hope which Meredith displays. The two writers represent two different phases of the effect of science upon the human spirit in the later nineteenth century.

The complete works of Thomas Hardy are published by The Macmillan Company, through whose kindness the following poems are reprinted.

HER DILEMMA

(IN ——— CHURCH)

The two were silent in a sunless church,
Whose mildewed walls, uneven paving-
stones,
And wasted carvings passed antique re-
search;
And nothing broke the clock's dull mono-
tones.

Leaning against a wormy poppy-head, 5
So wan and worn that he could scarcely
stand,
—For he was soon to die,—he softly
said,
"Tell me you love me!"—holding long her
hand.

She would have given a world to breathe
"yes" truly,
So much his life seemed hanging on her
mind, 10
And hence she lied, her heart persuaded
thoroughly
'Twas worth her soul to be a moment
kind.

But the sad need thereof, his nearing
death,
So mocked humanity that she shamed to
prize
A world conditioned thus, or care for
breath. 15
Where Nature such dilemmas could de-
vise.

1866.

REVULSION

Though I waste watches framing words to
fetter
Some unknown spirit to mine in clasp and
kiss,
Out of the night there looms a sense 'twere
better
To fail obtaining whom one fails to miss.

For winning love we win the risk of losing, 5
And losing love is as one's life were riven;
It cuts like contumely and keen ill-using
To cede what was superfluously given.

Let me then never feel the fateful thrilling
That devastates the love-worn wooer's
frame, 10
The hot ado of fevered hopes, the chilling
That agonizes disappointed aim!
So may I live no junctive law fulfilling,
And my heart's table bear no woman's
name.

1866.

HER INITIALS

Upon a poet's page I wrote
Of old two letters of her name;
Part seemed she of the effulgent thought
Whence that high singer's rapture came.
—When now I turn the leaf the same 5
Immortal light illumines the lay,
But from the letters of her name
The radiance has waned away!

1869.

ROME

AT THE PYRAMID OF CESTIUS NEAR THE
GRAVES OF SHELLEY AND KEATS

(1887)

Who, then, was Cestius,
And what is he to me? —
Amid thick thoughts and memories multitudinous
One thought alone brings he.

I can recall no word
Of anything he did; 5
For me he is a man who died and was interred
To leave a pyramid

Whose purpose was exprest
Not with its first design, 10
Nor till, far down in Time, beside it found
their rest
Two countrymen of mine.

Cestius in life, maybe,
Slew, breathed out threatening;
I know not. This I know: in death all silently 15
He does a finer thing,

In beckoning pilgrim feet
With marble finger high
To where, by shadowy wall and history-haunted street,
Those matchless singers lie. . . . 20

— Say, then, he lived and died
That stones which bear his name
Should mark, through Time, where two immortal Shades abide;
It is an ample fame.

LAUSANNE

IN GIBBON'S OLD GARDEN: 11-12 P.M.

June 27, 1897

(The 110th anniversary of the completion of the
"Decline and Fall" at the same hour and place)

A spirit seems to pass,
Formal in pose, but grave withal and grand:
He contemplates a volume in his hand,
And far lamps flick him through the thin acacias.

Anon the book is closed, 5
With "It is finished!" And at the alley's end

He turns, and when on me his glances bend

As from the Past comes speech — small,
muted, yet composed.

"How fares the Truth now? — Ill?
— Do pens but slily further her advance? 10

May one not speed her but in phrase askance?
Do scribes aver the Comic to be Reverend still?

"Still rule those minds on earth
At whom sage Milton's wormwood words were hurled:
'Truth like a bastard comes into the world
Never without ill-fame to him who gives her birth'?" 16

AN AUGUST MIDNIGHT

I

A shaded lamp and a waving blind,
And the beat of a clock from a distant floor:
On this scene enter — winged, horned, and spined —

A longlegs, a moth, and a dumbledore;
While 'mid my page there idly stands 5
A sleepy fly, that rubs its hands . . .

2

Thus meet we five, in this still place,
At this point of time, at this point in space.
— My guests besmear my new-penned line,
Or bang at the lamp and fall supine. 10
"God's humblest, they!" I muse. Yet why?
They know Earth-secrets that know not I.

MAX GATE, 1899.

EMBARCATION

(SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS: OCTOBER 1899)

Here, where Vespasian's legions struck the sands,
And Cerdic with his Saxons entered in,
And Henry's army leapt afloat to win
Convincing triumphs over neighbor lands,

Vaster battalions press for further strands, 5
To argue in the selfsame bloody mode
Which this late age of thought, and pact, and code,
Still fails to mend. — Now deckward tramp the bands,

Yellow as autumn leaves, alive as spring;
And as each host draws out upon the sea 10
Beyond which lies the tragical To-be,
None dubious of the cause, none murmur-
ing,

Wives, sisters, parents, wave white hands
and smile,
As if they knew not that they weep the
while.

A CHRISTMAS GHOST-STORY

South of the Line, inland from far Durban,
A moldering soldier lies — your country-
man.

Awry and doubled up are his gray bones,
And on the breeze his puzzled phantom
moans

Nightly to clear Canopus: "I would know 5
By whom and when the All-Earth-gladdening
Law

Of Peace, brought in by that Man Crucified,
Was ruled to be inept, and set aside?
And what of logic or of truth appears
In tacking 'Anno Domini' to the years? 10
Near twenty-hundred liveried thus have
hied,

But tarries yet the Cause for which He
died."

Christmas-eve 1899.

"I SAID TO LOVE"

I said to Love,
"It is not now as in old days
When men adored thee and thy ways
All else above;
Named thee the Boy, the Bright, the One 5
Who spread a heaven beneath the sun,"
I said to Love.

I said to him,
"We now know more of thee than then;
We were but weak in judgment when, 10
With hearts abrim,
We clamored thee that thou would'st please
Inflict on us thine agonies,"
I said to him.

I said to Love, 15
"Thou art not young, thou art not fair,
No elfin darts, no cherub air,
Nor swan, nor dove
Are thine; but features pitiless,
And iron daggers of distress," 20
I said to Love.

"Depart then, Love! . . .
— Man's race shall perish, threatenest thou,
Without thy kindling coupling-vow?
The age to come the man of now 25
Know nothing of? —
We fear not such a threat from thee;
We are too old in apathy!
Mankind shall cease. — So let it be,"
I said to Love. 30

Pub. 1901.

TO LIFE

O Life with the sad seared face,
I weary of seeing thee,
And thy draggled cloak, and thy hobbling
pace,
And thy too-forced pleasantry!

I know what thou would'st tell 5
Of Death, Time, Destiny —
I have known it long, and know, too, well
What it all means for me.

But canst thou not array
Thyself in rare disguise, 10
And feign like truth, for one mad day,
That Earth is Paradise?

I'll tune me to the mood,
And mumm with thee till eve;
And maybe what as interlude 15
I feign, I shall believe!

Pub. 1901.

AT CASTERBRIDGE FAIR

I

THE BALLAD-SINGER

Sing, Ballad-singer, raise a hearty tune;
Make me forget that there was ever a one
I walked with in the meek light of the moon
When the day's work was done.

Rhyme, Ballad-rhymer, start a country
song; 5
Make me forget that she whom I loved well
Swore she would love me dearly, love me
long,
Then — what I cannot tell!

Sing, Ballad-singer, from your little book;
Make me forget those heart-breaks, achings,
fears; 10
Make me forget her name, her sweet sweet
look —
Make me forget her tears.

II

FORMER BEAUTIES

These market-dames, mid-aged, with lips
thin-drawn,
And tissues sere,
Are they the ones we loved in years ago,
And courted here?

Are these the muslined pink young things to
whom 5
We vowed and swore
In nooks on summer Sundays by the Froom,
Or Budmouth shore?

Do they remember those gay tunes we trod
Clasped on the green; 10
Aye, trod till moonlight set or the beaten
sod
A satin sheen?

They must forget, forget! They cannot
know
What once they were,
Or memory would transfigure them, and
show 15
Them always fair.

III

AFTER THE CLUB-DANCE

Black'on frowns east on Maidon,
And westward to the sea,
But on neither is his frown laden
With scorn, as his frown on me!

At dawn my heart grew heavy, 5
I could not sip the wine,
I left the jocund bevy
And that young man o' mine.

The roadside elms pass by me, —
Why do I sink with shame? 10
When the birds a-perch there eye me?
They, too, have done the same!

IV

THE MARKET-GIRL

Nobody took any notice of her as she stood
on the causey kerb,
All eager to sell her honey and apples and
bunches of garden herb;
And if she had offered to give her wares and
herself with them too that day,
I doubt if a soul would have cared to take a
bargain so choice away.

But chancing to trace her sunburnt grace
that morning as I passed nigh, 5
I went and I said "Poor maids dear! —
and will none of the people buy?"
And so it began; and soon we knew what the
end of it all must be,
And I found that though no others had bid,
a prize had been won by me.

V

THE INQUIRY

And are ye one of Hermitage —
Of Hermitage, by Ivel Road,
And do ye know, in Hermitage
A thatch-roofed house where sengreens grow?
And does John Waywood live there still —
He of the name that there abode 6
When father hurdled on the hill
Some fifteen years ago?

Does he now speak o' Patty Beech,
The Patty Beech he used to — see, 10
Or ask at all if Patty Beech
Is known or heard of out this way?
— Ask if ever she's living yet,
And where her present home may be,
And how she bears life's fag and fret 15
After so long a day?

In years ago at Hermitage
This faded face was counted fair,
None fairer; and at Hermitage
We swore to wed when he should thrive. 20
But never a chance had he or I,
And waiting made his wish outwear,
And Time, that dooms man's love to die,
Preserves a maid's alive.

VI

A WIFE WAITS

Will's at the dance in the Club-room below,
Where the tall liquor-cups foam;
I on the pavement up here by the Bow,¹
Wait, wait, to steady him home.

Will and his partner are treading a tune, 5
Loving companions they be;
Willy, before we were married in June,
Said he loved no one but me;

Said he would let his old pleasures all go
Ever to live with his Dear. 10
Will's at the dance in the Club-room below,
Shivering I wait for him here.

¹ The old name for the curved corner by the cross-streets in the middle of Casterbridge. (Hardy.)

VII

AFTER THE FAIR

The singers are gone from the Cornmarket-
place
With their broadsheets of rhymes,
The street rings no longer in treble and
bass
With their skits on the times,
And the Cross, lately thronged, is a dim
naked space⁵
That but echoes the stammering
chimes.¹

From Clock-corner steps, as each quarter
ding-dongs,
Away the folk roam
By the "Hart" and Grey's Bridge into by-
ways and "dongs,"
Or across the ridged loam;¹⁰

¹ "The Chimes" will be listened for in vain here at mid-
night now, having been abolished some years ago. (Hardy.)

The younger ones shrilling the lately heard
songs,
The old saying, "Would we were home."

The shy-seeming maiden so mute in the fair
Now rattles and talks,
And that one who looked the most swagger-
ing there¹⁵
Grows sad as she walks,
And she who seemed eaten by cankering care
In statuesque sturdiness stalks.

And midnight clears High Street of all but
the ghosts
Of its buried burghees,²⁰
From the latest far back to those old Roman
hosts
Whose remains one yet sees,
Who loved, laughed, and fought, hailed their
friends, drank their toasts
At their meeting-times here, just as these!
1902.

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-

Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay, India, in 1865; and in India, while a young newspaper man, he burst into world-wide fame with his short stories of Indian life and his songs of the British army, *Barrack Room Ballads*. From that time on, until a score of years ago when his steady, vigorous production slowed down, he was the most prominent, as he has been among the ablest, of British writers, as a poet, a novelist, and a master of the short story.

Kipling is the singer of the widespread British Empire. He is also the singer of Tommy Atkins, and as such has not hesitated to have a good-natured fling at the Crown. Nor did he refrain, during the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897, to sound a warning, in his *Recessional*, against an unsound imperialism.

All of Kipling is good reading. No student should miss his novel *Kim*, the poetry in *Barrack Room Ballads* and *The Seven Seas*, the beast tales in the *Jungle Books*, and the masterful short stories in *The Day's Work*. In them he will see Kipling's originality and extraordinary skill, both in technique and in insight into the souls of men.

A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and
never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at
God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West,
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to
face, tho' they come from the ends of
the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the
Border side,⁵
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is
the Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door be-
tween the dawn and the day,

And turned the calkins upon her feet, and
ridden her far away.
Then up spoke the Colonel's son that led a
troop of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say
where Kamal hides?"¹⁰
Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the
son of the Ressaldar,
"If ye know the track of the morning-mist,
ye know where his pickets are.
At dusk he harries the Abazai — at dawn he
is into Bonair,
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own
place to fare,
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird
can fly,¹⁵
By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere
he win to the Tongue of Jagai.

But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right
 swiftly turn ye then,
 For the length and the breadth of that grisly
 plain is sown with Kamal men.
 There is rock to the left, and rock to the right,
 and low lean thorn between,
 And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where
 never a man is seen." 20
 The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a
 raw rough dun was he,
 With a mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell,
 and the head of the gallows-tree.
 The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they
 bid him stay to eat —
 Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he
 sits not long at his meat.
 He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast
 as he can fly. 25
 Till he was aware of his father's mare in the
 gut of the Tongue of Jagai.
 Till he was aware of his father's mare with
 Kamal upon her back.
 And when he could spy the white of her eye,
 he made the pistol crack.
 He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the
 whistling ball went wide.
 "Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said, "show
 now if ye can ride." 30
 It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as
 blown dust-devils go;
 The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the
 mare like a barren doe.
 The dun he leaned against the bit and
 slugged his head above,
 But the red mare played with snaffle-bars, as
 a maiden plays with a glove.
 There was rock to the left and rock to the right,
 and low lean thorn between 35
 And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho'
 never a man was seen.
 They had ridden the low moon out of the sky,
 their hoofs drum up the dawn;
 The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the
 mare like a new-roused fawn.
 The dun he fell at a water-course — in a woe-
 ful heap fell he,
 And Kamal has turned the red mare back,
 and pulled the rider free. 40
 He has knocked the pistol out of his hand —
 small room was there to strive,
 "'Twas only by favor of mine," quoth he,
 "ye rode so long alive:
 There was not a rock for twenty mile, there
 was not a clump of tree,
 But covered a man of my own men with his
 rifle cocked on his knee.
 If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held
 it low, 45

The little jackals that flee so fast, were feast-
 ing all in a row:
 If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I
 have held it high,
 The kite that whistles above us now were
 gorged till she could not fly."
 Lightly answered the Colonel's son: — "Do
 good to bird and beast,
 But count who come from the broken meats
 before thou makest a feast. 50
 If there should follow a thousand swords to
 carry my bones away,
 Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more
 than a thief could pay.
 They will feed their horse on the standing
 crop, their men on the garnered grain,
 The thatch of the byres will serve their fires
 when all the cattle are slain.
 But if thou thinkest the price be fair, — thy
 brethren wait to sup, 55
 The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn, —
 howl, dog, and call them up!
 And if thou thinkest the price be high, in
 steer and gear and stack,
 Give me my father's mare again, and I'll
 fight my own way back!"
 Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set
 him upon his feet.
 "No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when
 wolf and gray wolf meet. 60
 May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed
 or breath;
 What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest
 at the dawn with Death?"
 Lightly answered the Colonel's son, "I hold
 by the blood of my clan:
 Take up the mare for my father's gift — by
 God, she has carried a man!"
 The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and
 nuzzled against his breast, 65
 "We be two strong men," said Kamal then,
 "but she loveth the younger best.
 So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my
 turquoise-studded rein,
 My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and
 silver stirrups twain."
 The Colonel's son a pistol drew, and held it
 muzzle-end;
 "Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he;
 "will ye take the mate from a friend?"
 "A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a
 limb for the risk of a limb. 71
 Thy father has sent his son to me; I'll send
 my son to him!
 With that he whistled his only son, that
 dropped from a mountain-crest —
 He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he
 looked like a lance in rest.

"Now here is thy master," Kamal said,
 "who leads a troop of the Guides," 75
 And thou must ride at his left side as shield
 on shoulder rides.
 Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and
 board and bed
 Thy life is his — thy fate it is to guard him
 with thy head.
 So thou must eat the White Queen's meat,
 and all her foes are thine,
 And thou must harry any father's hold for the
 peace of the Border-line, 80
 And thou must make a trooper tough and
 hack thy way to power —
 Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when
 I am hanged in Peshawur."
 They have looked each other between the
 eyes, and there they have found no
 fault;
 They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-
 Blood on leavened bread and salt:
 They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-
 Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod, 85
 On the hilt and haft of the Khyber knife,
 and the wondrous names of God.
 The Colonel's son he rides the mare and
 Kamal's boy the dun,
 And two have come to Fort Bukloh where
 there went forth but one.
 And when they drew to the Quarter-guard,
 full twenty swords flew clear —
 There was not a man but carried his feud
 with the blood of the mountaineer. 90
 "Ha' done, Ha' done!" said the Colonel's
 son. "Put up the steel at your sides!
 Last night ye had struck at a Border thief —
 tonight 'tis a man of the Guides!"

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and
 never the two shall meet,
 Till Earth and Sky stand presently at
 God's great Judgment Seat;
 But there is neither East nor West,
 Border, nor Breed, nor Birth, 95
 When two strong men stand face to face,
 tho' they come from the ends of the
 earth.

FUZZY-WUZZY

(SOUDAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE)

We've fought with many men acrost the
 seas,
 An' some of 'em was brave an' some was
 not:
 The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
 But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.

We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im: 5
 'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our
 'orses,
 'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,
 An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our
 forces.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your
 'ome in the Sowdan;
 You're a poor benighted 'eathen, but a
 first-class fightin' man; 10
 We gives you your certifikit, an' if you
 want it signed,
 We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you
 whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Khyber hills,
 The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
 The Burman guv us Irriwaddy chills, 15
 An' a Zulu *impi* dishd us up in style;
 But all we ever got from such as they
 Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us
 swaller;
 We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
 But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us
 'oller. 20

Then 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the
 missis an' the kid,
 Our orders was to break you, an' of
 course we went an' did.
 We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it
 wasn't 'ardly fair;
 But for all the odds agin you, Fuzzy
 Wuz, you bruk the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own, 25
 'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
 So we must certify the skill 'e's shown
 In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords;
 When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
 With 'is coffin-headed shield an' shovel-
 spear, 30
 A 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
 Will last a 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your
 friends which is no more,
 If we 'adn't lost some messmates we
 would 'elp you to deplore;
 But give an' take 's the gospel, an' we'll
 call the bargain fair, 35
 For if you 'ave lost more than us, you
 crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke, when we let drive,
 An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our
 'ead;

'E's all 'ot sand an ginger when alive,
 An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
 'E's a daisy, 'e's a duck, 'e's a lamb! 41
 'E's a Injun-rubber idiot on the spree,
 'E's the on'y thing that doesn't care a clam
 For the Regiment o' British Infantree.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your
 'ome in the Sowdan; 45
 You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a
 first-class fightin' man;
 An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with
 your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air —
 You big black boundin' beggar — for
 you bruk a British square.

GUNGA DIN

You may talk o' gin an' beer
 When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
 An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot
 it:
 But if it comes to slaughter,
 You will do your work on water, 5
 An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's
 got it.
 Now in Injia's sunny clime,
 Where I used to spend my time
 A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
 Of all them black-faced crew 10
 The finest man I knew
 Was our regimental Bhisti, Gunga Din,
 He was "Din! Din! Din!"
 You limping lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!
 Hi! slippery hitherao! 15
 Water! Get it! Panee lao!
 You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"

The uniform 'e wore
 Was nothin' much before,
 An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind; 20
 For a twisty piece o' rag
 An' a goatskin water-bag
 Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
 When the sweatin' troop-train lay
 In a sidin' through the day, 25
 Where the 'eat would make your bloomin'
 eyebrows crawl.
 We shouted "Harry By!"
 Till our throats were bricky-dry,
 Then we wopped 'in cause 'e couldn't serve
 us all.
 It was "Din! Din! Din!" 30
 You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you
 been?
 You put some juldee in it,
 Or I'll marrow you this minute
 If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one 35
 Till the longest day was done,
 An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
 If we charged or broke or cut,
 You could bet your bloomin' nut,
 'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear. 40
 With 'is mussick on 'is back,
 'E would skip with our attack,
 An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire,"
 An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
 'E was white, clear white, inside, 45
 When 'e went to tend the wounded under
 fire!
 It was "Din! Din! Din!"
 With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the
 green.
 When the cartridges ran out,
 You could 'ear the front-files shout: 50
 "Hi! ammunition mules an' Gunga Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night
 When I dropped be'ind the fight
 With a bullet where my belt-plate should a'
 been.
 I was chokin' mad with thirst, 55
 An' the man that spied me first
 Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga
 Din.
 'E lifted up my 'ead,
 An' 'e guv me 'arf a pint o' water — green:
 It was crawlin' and it stunk, 60
 But of all the drinks I've drunk,
 I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.
 It was "Din! Din! Din!"
 'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is
 spleen;
 'E's chawin' up the ground an' 'e's kickin' all
 around: 65
 Foi Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away
 To where a dooli lay,
 An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
 'E put me safe inside, 70
 An' just before 'e died:
 "I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.
 So I'll meet 'im later on
 In the place where 'e is gone —
 Where it's always double drill and no can-
 teen; 75
 'E'll be squattin' on the coals
 Givin' drink to pore damned souls,
 An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din.
 Din! Din! Din!
 You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din! 80
 Tho' I've belted you an' flayed you,
 By the livin' God that made you,
 You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din.

L'ENVOI

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the
tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the
youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it —
lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall
set us to work anew!

And those who were good shall be happy:
they shall sit in a golden chair; 5
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with
brushes of comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from —
Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and
never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only
the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one
shall work for fame; 10
But each for the joy of the working, and
each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God
of Things as They Are!

RECESSIONAL

"Reverence is the master-key of knowledge."

God of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle-line —

Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet 5
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —
The captains and the kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart. 10
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away —
On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday 15
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in
awe — 20
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust 25
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord!
Amen. 30

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN (1859-)

Housman was born in 1859, graduated from Oxford, and is at present Professor of Latin in Cambridge University. He won high recognition as a poet in 1896, with a small volume of poems, *A Shropshire Lad*. Not until 1922 did he publish any more verse, when another thin volume, *Last Poems*, appeared. The poems below are from *A Shropshire Lad*.

Housman's poems have a simplicity that defies analysis, a simplicity that we find in the best of Wordsworth and of Heine. They deal mainly with the life of Ludlow. They are at times pessimistic or fatalistic, but genial, always lyrical, with an evasive quality that is Housman's alone.

OH, WHEN I WAS IN LOVE
WITH YOU

Oh, when I was in love with you,
Then I was clean and brave,
And miles around the wonder grew
How well did I behave.

And now the fancy passes by,
And nothing will remain,
And miles around they'll say that I
Am quite myself again.

TO AN ATHLETE DYING YOUNG

The time you won your town the race
We chaired you through the market-place;
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder-
high.

To-day, the road all runners come, 5
Shoulder-high we bring you home.
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsmen of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
 From fields where glory does not stay, 10
 And early though the laurel grows
 It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut
 Cannot see the record cut,
 And silence sounds no worse than cheers 15
 After earth has stopped the ears.

Now you will not swell the rout
 Of lads that wore their honors out,
 Runners whom renown outran
 And the name died before the man. 20

So set, before its echoes fade,
 The fleet foot on the sill of shade.
 And hold to the low lintel up
 The still-defended challenge-cup.

And round that early-laurelled head 25
 Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
 And find unwithered on its curls
 The garland briefer than a girl's.

WHITE IN THE MOON THE LONG ROAD LIES

White in the moon the long road lies,
 The moon stands blank above;
 White in the moon the long road lies
 That leads me from my love.

Still hangs the hedge without a gust, 5
 Still, still the shadows stay:
 My feet upon the moonlit dust
 Pursue the ceaseless way.

The world is round, so travellers tell,
 And straight though reach the track, 10
 Trudge on, trudge on, 'twill all be well,
 The way will guide one back.

But ere the circle homeward hies
 Far, far must it remove:
 White in the moon the long road lies 15
 That leads me from my love.

INTO MY HEART AN AIR THAT KILLS

Into my heart an air that kills
 From yon far country blows:
 What are those blue remembered hills,
 What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content, 5
 I see it shining plain,
 The happy highways where I went
 And cannot come again. 10

THINK NO MORE, LAD; LAUGH, BE JOLLY

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly:
 Why should men make haste to die?
 Empty heads and tongues a-talking
 Make the rough road easy walking,
 And the feather pate of folly 5
 Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
 Spins the heavy world around.
 If young hearts were not so clever,
 Oh, they would be young for ever: 10
 Think no more; 'tis only thinking
 Lays lads underground.

WHEN I CAME LAST TO LUDLOW

When I came last to Ludlow
 Amidst the moonlight pale,
 Two friends kept step beside me,
 Two honest lads and hale.

Now Dick lies long in the churchyard, 5
 And Ned lies long in jail,
 And I come home to Ludlow
 Amidst the moonlight pale.

THE CARPENTER'S SON

"Here the hangman stops his cart:
 Now the best of friends must part.
 Fare you well, for ill fare I:
 Live, lads, and I will die.

"Oh, at home had I but stayed 5
 'Prenticed to my father's trade,
 Had I stuck to plane and adze
 I had not been lost, my lads.

"Then I might have built perhaps
 Gallows-trees for other chaps, 10
 Never dangled on my own,
 Had I but left ill alone.

"Now, you see, they hang me high,
 And the people passing by
 Stop to shake their fists and curse; 15
 So 'tis come from ill to worse.

"Here hang I, and right and left
Two poor fellows hang for theft:
All the same's the luck we prove,
Though the midmost hangs for love. 20

"Comrades all, that stand and gaze,
Walk henceforth in other ways;

See my neck and save your own:
Comrades all, leave ill alone.

"Make some day a decent end,
Shrewder fellows than your friend. 25

Fare you well, for ill fare I:
Live, lads, and I will die."

JOHN MASEFIELD (1874-)

John Masefield was born in 1874. He went to sea at fourteen, and later was a worker in a factory and a general assistant in a New York City barroom. These facts are not so important as the statement ascribed to him that on a Sunday afternoon, during his factory period, he read Chaucer and was inflamed with the desire to be a poet. Whether or not this statement is literally true, it is obvious that Masefield has been greatly influenced by Chaucer.

Masefield stands high among British poets, not only of to-day, but of all time. He writes in the old tradition, but achieves remarkable freshness and life within accepted forms like the sonnet and rime royal. Many of his lyrics, particularly those in *Salt Water Ballads*, have almost become classic. As a story-teller in verse he has few equals. Especially vivid and at the same time poetic are *The Widow in Bye Street*, *The Everlasting Mercy*, *Dauber*, *Daffodil Fields*, and *Reynard the Fox*. Masefield is also a playwright. His *Tragedy of Nan*, modern and severely realistic, has the intensity and restraint of a Greek play. Among his prose works may be mentioned *A Mainsail Haul* and *Gallipoli*. The latter, an account of the disastrous Dardanelles campaign during the Great War, in which Masefield describes how the British almost accomplished the impossible, rises to the heights of the medieval *Song of Roland* — with a quotation from which Masefield prefaces his book.

A CONSECRATION¹

Not of the princes and prelates with peri-
wigged charioteers
Riding triumphantly laurelled to lap the fat
of the years, —
Rather the scorned — the rejected — the
men hemmed in with the spears;

The men of the tattered battalion which
fights till it dies,
Dazed with the dust of the battle, the din
and the cries, — 5
The men with the broken heads and the
blood running into their eyes.

Not the be-medalled Commander, beloved of
the throne,
Riding cock-horse to parade when the bugles
are blown,
But the lads who carried the koppie and can-
not be known.

Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the
tramp of the road, — 10
The slave with the sack on his shoulders
pricked on with the goad,
The man with too weighty a burden, too
weary a load.

The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man
with a clout,
The chantyman bent at the halliards putting
a tune to the shout,
The drowsy man at the wheel and the tired
lookout. 15

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth
and the mirth,
The portly presence of potentates goodly in
girth; —
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and
scum of the earth!

Theirs be the music, the color, the glory, the
gold;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of
mold. — 20
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in
the rain and the cold —

Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my
tales be told.

Amen.

CARGOES¹

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,

¹ From *Salt Water Ballads*. Copyright, 1916, by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.

¹ From *The Story of a Round-House*. Copyright, 1918, by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.

With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white
wine. 5

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the
Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-
green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moi-
dores. 10

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke
stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad
March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays. 15

ROADWAYS¹

One road leads to London,
One road runs to Wales,
My road leads me seawards
To the white dipping sails.

One road leads to the river, 10
As it goes singing slow;
My road leads to shipping,
Where the bronzed sailors go.

Leads me, lures me, calls me
To salt green tossing sea; 10
A road without earth's road-dust
Is the right road for me.

A wet road heaving, shining,
And wild with seagulls' cries,
A mad salt sea-wind blowing 15
The salt spray in my eyes.

My road calls me, lures me
West, east, south, and north;
Most roads lead men homewards,
My road leads me forth 20

To add more miles to the tally
Of grey miles left behind,
In quest of that one beauty
God put me here to find.

THE WEST WIND¹

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds'
cries;
I never hear the west wind but tears are in
my eyes.
For it comes from the west lands, the old
brown hills,
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as
tired as mine; 5
Apple orchards blossom there, and the air's
like wine.
There is cool green grass there, where men
may lie at rest;
And the thrushes are in song there, fluting
from the nest.

"Will you not come home, brother? You
have been long away.
It's April, and blossom time, and white is the
spray: 10
And bright is the sun, brother, and warm is
the rain;
Will you not come home, brother, home to us
again?

"The young corn is green, brother, where the
rabbits run;
It's blue sky, and white clouds, and warm
rain and sun.
It's song to a man's soul, brother, fire to a
man's brain, 15
To hear the wild bees and see the merry
spring again.

"Larks are singing in the west, brother,
above the green wheat,
So will you not come home, brother, and rest
your tired feet?
I've a balm for bruised hearts, brother, sleep
for aching eyes,"
Says the warm wind, the west wind, full of
birds' cries. 20

It's the white road westwards is the road that
I must tread
To the green grass, the cool grass, and rest
for heart and head,
To the violets and the brown brooks and the
thrushes' song
In the fine land, the west land, the land
where I belong.

¹ From *The Story of a Round-House*. Copyright, 1918,
by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.

¹ From *The Story of a Round-House*. Copyright, 1918,
by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.

SEA-FEVER¹

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely
 sea and the sky,
 And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer
 her by,
 And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and
 the white sail's shaking,
 And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey
 dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of
 the running tide⁵
 Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be
 denied;
 And all I ask is a windy day with the white
 clouds flying,
 And the flung spray and the blown spume,
 and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again to the vagrant
 gypsy life,
 To the gull's way and the whale's way where
 the wind's like a whetted knife;¹⁰
 And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing
 fellow-rover,
 And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the
 long trick's over.

ON GROWING OLD²

Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying;
 My dog and I are old, too old for roving.
 Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift
 flying,
 Is soon too lame to march, too cold for
 loving.

¹ From *The Story of a Round-House*. Copyright, 1918,
 by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.
² From *Enslaved*. Copyright, 1920, by The Macmillan
 Company. Reprinted by permission.

I take the book and gather to the fire,⁵
 Turning old yellow leaves; minute by min-
 ute
 The clock ticks to my heart; a withered
 wire
 Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.

I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander
 Your cornland nor your hill-land nor your
 valleys¹⁰
 Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
 Where the young knight the broken squadron
 rallies;

Only stay quiet, while my mind remem-
 bers
 The beauty of fire from the beauty of em-
 bers.

Beauty, have pity, for the strong have
 power,¹⁵
 The rich their wealth, the beautiful their
 grace,
 Summer of man its sunlight and its flower,
 Springtime of man all April in a face.

Only, as in the jostling in the Strand,
 Where the mob thrusts or loiters or is
 loud,²⁰
 The beggar with the saucer in his hand
 Asks only a penny from the passing crowd,

So, from this glittering world with all its
 fashion,
 Its fire and play of men, its stir, its march,
 Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom and
 passion,²⁵
 Bread to the soul, rain where the summers
 parch.

Give me but these, and though the darkness
 close
 Even the night will blossom as the rose.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865-)

Yeats has been the foremost figure in the remarkable literary renaissance which has accompanied the national aspirations of Ireland during the last generation. He is essentially a poet, a mystic who firmly believes that truth may be reached through beauty, that the imagination and faith are more powerful than reason. Other Irish writers may surpass Yeats in special fields. Yeats, however, like his compatriot, Goldsmith, has touched nothing that he did not adorn. In 1901, with Lady Gregory, he instituted the Irish National Theater at the Abbey Theater, in Dublin. This gave impulse and direction to many Irish dramatists, notably Synge. Besides his plays and poems, Yeats has done splendid work in collecting and retelling the ancient legends of Ireland.

The complete works of Yeats are published by Macmillan. A good survey of modern Irish literature may be found in Lloyd Morris, *The Celtic Dawn* (Macmillan).

WHEN YOU ARE OLD¹

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows
deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or
true;

But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

THE VOICE¹

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered away.
While the faeries dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
For they hear the wind laugh and murmur
and sing

Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
"When the wind has laughed and murmured
and sung
The lonely of heart is withered away!"

THE SONG OF THE HAPPY
SHEPHERD¹

The woods of Arcady are dead,
And over is their antique joy;
Of old the world on dreaming fed;
Gray Truth is now her painted toy;
Yet still she turns her restless head:
But O, sick children of the world,
Of all the many changing things
In dreary dancing past us whirled,
To the cracked tune that Chronos sings,
Words alone are certain good.
Where are now the warring kings,
Word be-mockers? — By the Rood
Where are now the warring kings?
An idle word is now their glory,
By the stammering schoolboy said,
Reading some entangled story:
The kings of the old time are fled
The wandering earth herself may be

Only a sudden flaming word
In clanging space a moment heard,
Troubling the endless reverie.

Then nowise worship dusty deeds,
Nor seek; for this is also sooth;
To hunger fiercely after truth,
Lest all thy toiling only breeds
New dreams, new dreams; there is no truth
Saving in thine own heart. Seek, then,
No learning from the starry men,
Who follow with the optic glass
The whirling ways of stars that pass —
Seek, then, for this is also sooth,
No word of theirs — the cold star-bane
Has cloven and rent their hearts in twain,
And dead is all their human truth.
Go gather by the humming-sea
Some twisted, echo-harboring shell,
And to its lips thy story tell,
And they thy comforters will be,
Rewarding in melodious guile,
Thy fretful words a little while,
Till they shall singing fade in ruth,
And die a pearly brotherhood;
For words alone are certain good:
Sing, then, for this is also sooth.
I must be gone: there is no grave
Where daffodil and lily wave,
And I would please the hapless faun,
Buried under the sleepy ground,
With mirthful songs before the dawn.
His shouting days with mirth were crowned;
And still I dream he treads the lawn,
Walking ghostly in the dew,
Pierced by my glad singing through,
My songs of old earth's dreamy youth:
But ah! she dreams not now; dream thou!
For fair are poppies on the brow:
Dream, dream, for this is also sooth.

THE FALLING OF THE
LEAVES¹

Autumn is over the long leaves that love us,
And over the mice in the barley sheaves;
Yellow the leaves of the rowan above us,
And yellow the wet wild-strawberry leaves.

The hour of the waning of love has beset
us,
And weary and worn are our sad souls now;
Let us part, ere the season of passion forget
us,
With a kiss and a tear on thy drooping brow.

¹ From *Early Poems and Stories*. Copyright, 1906, by
The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.

¹ From *Early Poems and Stories*. Copyright, 1906, by
The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by permission.

INDEXES

INDEX TO THE MAP

These places are named on the map printed as the frontispiece. The letters (e.g., Ca) correspond with those in the margin of the map, and indicate the blocks formed by meridians and parallels within which the places are included.

Abbotsford, Ca.	Cooper's Hill, Dc.	Harwich, Ec.	Naseby, Db.	Solway Firth, Ca.
Aldborough, Eb.	Cornwall, Bc.	Hastings, Ec.	Naze, The, Ec.	Somersby, Eb.
Alderney, Cd.	Coventry, Db.	Hawarden, Cb.	Nen River, Db.	Somerset, Cc.
Allington, Ec.	Coxwold, Da.	Hawkeshead, Ca.	Nether Stowey, Cc.	South Downs, Dc.
Alloway Kirk, Ba.	Craigpenputtock, Ca.	Haworth, Db.	Newark, Db.	Southampton, Dc.
Amesbury, Dc.	Cumberland, Ca.	Hawthornden, Ca.	Newcastle, Da.	Stafford, Cb.
Angeley, Bb.	Cumbrian Mts., Ca.	Helvellyn Mount, Ca.	New Forest, Dc.	Stamford Bridge, Db.
Anion River, Dc.		Hereford, Cb.	New Radnor, Cb.	Start Point, Cc.
Annan, Ca.	Dartmoor, Cc.	Hertford, Dc.	Newstead Abbey, Db	Stillington, Da.
Appleby, Ca.	Dartmouth, Cc.	Hipswell, Da.	Newton, Cc.	Stoke Poges, Dc.
Arran, Island of, Ba.	Dean, Forest of, Cc.	Hitchin, Dc.	Nith River, Ca.	Stonehenge, Dc.
Auchinleck, Ba.	Dean Prior, Cc.	Holyhead, Bb.	Norfolk, Eb.	Stour River, Cc.
Avon River, Cb.	Dee River, Cb.	Horsham, Dc.	Northallerton, Da.	Strait of Dover, Ec.
Ayr, Ba.	Denbigh, Cb.	Horton, Dc.	Northampton, Db.	Stratford on Avon, Db.
	Deptford, Ec.	Hull, Db.	North Channel, Ba.	Strawberry Hill, Dc.
Banbury, Db.	Derby, Db.	Humber River, Dc.	North Downs, Dc.	Suffolk, Eb.
Bangor, Bb.	Derwent River, Db.	Huntingdon, Db.	North Foreland, Ec.	Surrey, Dc.
Barsey Island, Bb.	Derwent Water, Ca.	Hursley, Dc.	Northumberland, Ca-	Sussex, Dc-Ec.
Barnstaple, Bc.	Devon, Bc-Cc.		Da.	Sutton, Da.
Barnstaple Bay, Bc.	Dolgelly, Cb.	Islington, Cc.	North York Moors, Da.	Sutton Gold Field, Db.
Bath, Cc.	Don River, Db.	Ipswich, Eb.	Norwich, Eb.	Swale River, Da.
Battle Abbey, Ec.	Doon River, Ba.	Irish Sea, Bb.	Nottingham, Db.	Swansea, Cc.
Beachey Head, Ec.	Dorchester, Cc.	Island of Bute, Aa.	Nuneaton, Db.	Swineshead Abbey, Db
Beaconsfield, Dc.	Dorset, Cc.	Islay, Aa.		
Bedford, Db.	Douglas, I. of Man, Ba.	Isle of Man, Ba.	Olney, Db.	Taff River, Cc.
Bemerton, Dc.	Dover, Ec.	Isle of Wight, Dc.	Ouse River, (Norfolk)	Tamar River, Bc.
Berkshire, Dc.	Dryburgh Abbey, Ca.		Eb.	Taunton, Cc.
Berwick-upon-Tweed,	Dublin, Ab.	Jarrow, Da.	Ouse R. (Yorkshire), Db.	Tavistock, Bc.
Ca.	Dulwich, Dc.	Jersey, Cd.	Ottery, Cc.	Taw River, Bc-Cc.
Bideford, Bc.	Dumfries, Ca.	Jura, Aa-Ba.	Oxford, Dc.	Tees River, Da.
Bilton, Db.	Dunwich, Eb.			Teifi River, Bb.
Binfield, Dc.	Durham, Da.	Kenilworth, Db.	Paston, Eb.	Teign River, Cc.
Birkenhead, Cb.		Keswick, Ca.	Peak, The, Db.	Tewkesbury, Cc.
Birmingham, Db.	Ecclefechan, Ca.	Kilmarnock, Ba.	Pembroke, Bc.	Thames River, Ec.
Blyth, Da.	Eddystone Light House,	Kings Lynn, Eb.	Pennine Range, Ca.	Tintagel, Bc.
Boston, Db.	Bc.	Kintyre, Ba.	Penshurst, Ec.	Tintern Abbey, Cc.
Bosworth Field, Db.	Edinburgh, Ca.	Kirkcudbright, Ba.	Penzance, Bc.	Tone River, Cc.
Bournemouth, Dc.	Ednam, Ca.	Kirkby Wiske, Da.	Peterborough, Db.	Towy River, Cb.
Bradford, Db.	Egdon Heath, Cc.	Knutsford, Cb.	Petersfield, Dc.	Trent River, Db.
Braich-y-Pwll, Bb.	Elstow, Db.		Pevensey, Ec.	Tunbridge Wells, Ec.
Brantwood, Ca.	Elvington, Db.	Lammermoor Hills, Ca.	Plymouth, Bc.	Tweed River, Ca.
Brecknock, C bc.	Ely, Eb.	Lancashire, Cb.	Portland Bill, Cc.	Twickenham, Dc.
Brecon, Cc.	Ernley, Cb.	Lancaster, Ca.	Portsmouth, Dc.	Twyford, Dc.
Bridgewater, Cc.	Essex, Ec.	Land's End, Bc.		Tyne River, Ca.
Brighton, Dc.	Eton, Dc.	Landport, Dc.	Quantock Hills, Cc.	Tynemouth, Da.
Bristol, Cc.	Ettrick, Ca.	Leeds, Db.		
Bristol Channel, Cc.	Eversley, Dc.	Leicester, Db.	Radnor, Cb.	Ullswater, Ca.
Brue River, Cc.	Exeter, Cc.	Lichfield, Db.	Reading, Dc.	Ure River, Da.
Brunne, Db.	Exmoor, Bc-Cc.	Ligger or Perran Bay,	Richmond, Dc.	Usk River, Cc.
Buckhurst, Dc.		Bc.	Rochester, Ec.	
Buckingham, Dc.	Falmouth, Bc.	Lincoln, Db.	Rothley Temple, Db.	Wakefield, Db.
Budleigh, Cc.	Farne Islands, Da.	Lindisfarne, Da.	Rugby, Db.	Walsingham, Eb.
Bursley, Dc.	Farringford, Dc.	Littlemore, Dc.	Runnimead, Dc.	Waltham Abbey, Ec.
Bury St. Edmunds, Eb.	Firth of Clyde, Ba.	Liverpool, Cb.	Rutland, Db.	Wantage, Dc.
Bute, Ba.	Flamborough Head, Da.	Lizard Point, Bd.	Rydal Mount, Ca.	Ware, Ec.
	Flint, Cb.	London, Dc.	Ryeland, Dc.	Warkworth Castle, Da.
Cader Idris, Cb.	Flodden Field, Da.	Louth, Db.		Warwick, Db.
Caerleon, Cc.	Forest of Dean, Cc.	Lowestoft, Eb.	Saffron Walden, Ec.	Wash, The, Eb.
Caermarthen, Bc.	Formby Point, Cb.	Ludlow, Cb.	St. Albans, Dc.	Wareney River, Eb.
Caernarvon, Bb.		Lundy Island, Bc.	St. Asaph, Cb.	Waverley, Dc.
Cam River, Eb.	Gadshill, Ec.	Lutterworth, Db.	St. Bees Head, Ca.	Wear River, Da.
Cambridge, Eb.	Glamorgan, Cc.		St. David's Head, Bc.	Welland River, Db.
Camelford, Bc.	Glasgow, Ba.	Maidstone, Ec.	St. George's Channel,	Wells Next the Sea, Eb
Canterbury, Ec.	Glastonbury, Cc.	Maldon, Ec.	Bb.	West Moreland, Ca.
Cardiff, Cc.	Gloucester, Cc.	Malmesbury, Cc.	Salisbury, Dc.	Westbury, Cc.
Cardigan, Bb.	Goodrich Castle, Cc.	Malvern Hills, Cb.	Sark, Cd.	Wey River, Dc.
Cardigan Bay, Bb.	Grasmere, Ca.	Man, Isle of, Ba.	Scarborough, Da.	Whitby, Da.
Carisbrooke, Dc.	Great Grimsby, Db.	Manchester, Cb.	Sea Fell, Ca.	Wight, Isle of, Dc.
Carlisle, Ca.	Great Marlow, Dc.	Medway River, Ec.	Selborne, Dc.	Wilton, Dc.
Castlet'n, I. of Man, Ba.	Great Yarmouth, Eb.	Melrose Abbey, Ca.	Selkirk, Ca.	Wiltshire, Dc.
Chalfont St. Giles, Dc.	Greenock, Ba.	Menai Strait, Bb.	Selsey Bill, Dc.	Winchester, Dc.
Channel Islands, Cd.	Greenwich, Dc.	Merioneth, Cb.	Severn, The, Cc.	Windermere, Ca.
Chelmsford, Ec.	Gretna Green, Ca.	Mersey River, Cb.	Sharpham Park, Cc.	Windsor, Dc.
Chertsey, Dc.	Guernsey, Cd.	Middlesex, Dc.	Sheffield, Db.	Winstead, Db.
Chester, Cb.	Guildford, Dc.	Milford Haven, Bc.	Sherwood Forest, Db.	Witham River, Db.
Cheviot Hills, Ca.		Monkwearmouth, Da.	Shrewsbury, Cb.	Wolds, The, Db.
Chichester, Dc.	Halifax, Db.	Monmouth, Cc.	Shropshire, Cb.	Woodstock, Dc.
Clebury Mortimer, Cb.	Hampole, Db.	Montgomery, Cb.	Sittingbourne, Ec.	Worcester, Cb.
Clevedon, Cc.	Hampshire, Dc.	Moor Park, Dc.	Skiddaw, Mount, Ca.	Wye River, Cb.
Clovelly, Bc.	Harrow, Dc.	Morecambe Bay, Cb.	Snafell, Ba.	
Clyde River, Ba.	Hartland Point, Bc.	Mounts Bay, Bc.	Snowdon, mountain, Bb.	Yarrow River, Ca.
Cockermouth, Ca.	Hartlepool, Da.	Mull of Galloway, Ba.	Solent, The, Dc.	York, Cc, Db.

INDEX

OF AUTHORS, TITLES, AND FIRST LINES OF POETRY

Authors' names are printed in capitals and small capitals; the titles of both poetry and prose selections, in italic type, and the first lines of the poetry selections, in roman type.

- A band of military officers, 697
A Certain People, 1323
 A Fox, in life's extreme decay, 551
 A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine, 169
 A Monkey, to reform the times, 550
 A poore widwe, somdel stape in age, 60
 A shaded lamp and a waving blind, 1334
 A Sonnet is a moment's monument, 1261
 A spirit seems to pass, 1334
 A sweet disorder in the dress, 334
 A thing of beauty is a joy for ever, 832
 A wanderer is man from his birth, 1175
Achilles (song from), 552
Acis and Galatea (songs from), 552
Across the Plains (essays from), 1304-12
 ADDISON, JOSEPH, and STEELE, RICHARD, 499-519
 Adieu, farewell earth's bliss! 276
Adonais, 819-28
Ae Fond Kiss, 671
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever! 671
After the Club-Dance, 1336
After the Fair, 1337
 Ah, Ben! 337
 Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh, 771
 Ah, did you once see Shelley plain, 1107
Ah, How Sweet it Is to Love! 434
 Ah, what avails the sceptred race, 855
 "Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight;" 844
 Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing, 270
 Alas, so all things now do hold their peace! 160
 Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there, 287
Alexander's Feast; or, the Power of Music, 432-34
Alfred, a Masque (song from), 557
 ALFRED THE GREAT, KING, 31-33
 All human things are subject to decay, 428
 All in the Downs the fleet was moored, 549
All is Well, 1242
 All June I bound the rose in sheaves, 1106
 All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair, 749
 All the flowers of the spring, 281
 All ye that lovely lovers be, 268
Alysoun, 42
Amoretti, 250
An August Midnight, 1334
Anacreontics, 364
 And are ye one of Hermitage, 1336
 And did those feet in ancient time, 679
 And do I see some cause a hope to feed, 260
 And in the frosty season, when the sun, 697
 And wilt thou leave me thus? 157
Andrea Del Sarto, 1122-25
 Anonymous, 3-27, 30-31, 33-38, 42-49, 105-45, 270-71
Apelles' Song, 267
Apologia Pro Vita Sua (excerpt from), 1039-44
Apology, An, 1271
Applications, 998-1001
Areopagitica, 399-423
Argument of His Book, The, 330
Aristocracies, 975-80
 ARNOLD, MATTHEW, 1166-1215
Arraignment of Paris, The (excerpt from), 268
Art of Walking the Streets of London, The, 547-49
 As an unperfect actor on the stage, 283
 As I was walking all alane, 136
 As Puritans they prominently wax, 1323
 As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay, 1240
 As virtuous men pass mildly away, 327
 As when a ship, that flies fayre under sayle, 202
As You Like It (songs from), 289
 ASCHAM, ROGER, 162-65
 Ask me no more where Jove bestows, 316
 Ask me why I send you here, 334
Aspatia's Song, 279
Astrophel and Stella, 259
At Casterbridge Fair, 1335
 At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay, 1092
 At Francis Allen's on the Christmas eve, 1066
At the Grave of Burns, 704
 At the midnight in the silence of the sleeptime, 1126
At the Play-House, 618-20
Atalanta in Calydon (choruses from), 1274
 Athelstan, King, 33
Auld Lang Syne, 670
Autobiography (Huxley), 1215-20
 Autumn is over the long leaves that love us, 1346
 Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered Saints, whose bones, 374
 Awake, Æolian lyre, awake, 573
 Awake, awake, my Lyre! 366
 Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things, 535
Away, Delights! 279
 Away, delights! go seek some other dwelling, 279
 Ay me! how many perils doe enfold, 215

- Babylon; or, The Bonnie Banks o' Fordie*, 132
Bacchanalian Verse, A, 332
Back and Side, Go Bare, Go Bare, 271
 BACON, FRANCIS, 298-314
Bacon, Francis, 1026-38
Ballad of Agincourt (excerpt from), 273-75
Ballad of Burdens, A, 1277-79
Ballad of Dead Ladies, The, 1259
Ballad of East and West, A, 1337-39
Ballad of François Villon, A, 1284
 BALLADS, POPULAR, 129-45
Ballad-Singer, The, 1335
Bard, The, 574-76
 Bards of Passion and of Mirth, 841
Bargain, The, 258
Battle of Brunanburh, The, 33-35
Battle of Maldon, The, 35-38
 Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying, 1345
Beau Tibbs at Home, 623-25
Beau Tibbs at Vauxhall, 625-27
Beau Tibbs, The Character of, 622
 BEAUMONT, FRANCIS, 280
Bede's Account of the Poet Cædmon, 28
 Before the beginning of years, 1274
Beggar's Opera (songs from), 552
 Behind yon hills where Lugar flows, 668
 Behold her, single in the field, 705
 Behold him, priests, and though he stink of sweat, 266
 Behold! I see the haven nigh at hand, 244
 Beneath the shadow of dawn's aerial cope, 1285
Beowulf, 2-27
 Bid me to live, and I will live, 332
Biographia Literaria, 749-66
 Bird of the bitter bright gray golden morn, 1284
Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint Praxed's Church, The, 1101-03
 Black'on frowns east on Maidon, 1336
 BLAKE, WILLIAM, 675-79
Blessed Damozel, The, 1255
Bloody Brother, The (song from), 279
 Blow, blow, thou winter wind! 289
Boat Song, 768
Bonny Dundee, 771
Bookseller, The, 621
Boot and Saddle, 1098
 Boot, saddle, to horse, and away! 1098
Bossuet and the Duchess De Fontanges, 862
 BOSWELL, JAMES, 589-611
Botticelli, Sandro, 1287-91
Bracelet to Julia, The, 334
 Brave infant of Saguntum, clear, 292
Break, Break, Break, 1076
Bridge of Sighs, The, 869
 Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art, 854
Brignall Banks, 769
 Bring the bowl which you boast, 772
 BRONTE, EMILY, 1247
 Brook and road were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass, 690
 BROWNE, SIR THOMAS, 347-55
 BROWNE, WILLIAM, 316
 BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT, 1243-46
 BROWNING, ROBERT, 1096-1126
 BUNYAN, JOHN, 443-55
Buried Life, The, 1173
 BURKE, EDMUND, 628-38
 BURNS, ROBERT, 651-75
 Bursts from a rending East in flaws, 1324
 Bury the Great Duke, 1084
Busy Life of a Young Lady, The, 586-88
 But do not let us quarrel any more, 1122
 But, knowing now that they would have her speak, 1264
 By this he knew she wept with waking eyes, 1322
 By this the Northerne wagoner had set, 176
 Byrhtnoth encouraged his comrades heartily, 35
 BYRON, LORD, 773-811
 Bytuene Mersh and Averil, 42
 Calme was the day, and through the trembling ayre, 250
Campaspe (excerpts from), 267
 CAMPION, THOMAS, 277-78
Canonization, The, 329
Canterbury Tales, The, 50-91
 Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms, 374
Captain, The (song from), 279
 Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night, 272
 Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes, 279
 CAREW, THOMAS, 316-17
Cargoes, 1343
 CARLYLE, THOMAS, 947-80
Carpenter's Son, The, 1342
Castaway, The, 651
Castle of Indolence, The (excerpt from), 558-68
Cavalier Tunes, 1097
Centre of Indifference, The, 951-56
Chance and Change, 278
Character of Beau Tibbs, The, 622
Character of the Happy Warrior, 708
Character of the Late Elia, A, 897-99
Character of Sir Timothy Tittle, 504-06
Character of the Upholsterer, 503
Charge of the Light Brigade, The, 1087
 Charm me asleep, and melt me so, 333
 CHAUCER, GEOFFREY, 47-100
Cherry-Ripe (Campion), 278
Cherry-Ripe (Herrick), 331
 Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry, 331
Chevy Chase, 139-42
Child in the House, The, 1291-98
Child's Future, A, 1285
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage (selections from), 775-93
 "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," 1114-17
Childhood and School-Time, 697
Choice, The, 1261
Choric Song, 1064-66
Choruses from Atalanta in Calydon, 1274
Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago, 872-78
Christabel, 740-47
Christianity in England, 489-95
Christmas Ghost-Story, A, 1335

Christmas Sermon, A, 1312-16
Citizen of the World, The (essays from), 618-28
City of Dreadful Night, The (excerpt from), 1317
Clarion, 770
Clod and the Pebble, The, 678
Cloud Confines, The, 1263
Cloud, The, 816
 CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH, 1239-42
 Coldly, sadly descends, 1181
 COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, 729-66
Collar, The, 341
 COLLINS, WILLIAM, 576-79
 Come away, come away, death, 289
 Come, dear children, let us away, 1167
 Come into the garden, Maud, 1088
 Come live with me, and be my love, 276, 346
 Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace, 259
 Come, sons of summer, by whose toil, 336
Come, Sweet Lass, 552
 Come thou, who art the wine and wit, 338
Complaint by Night of the Lover not Beloved, A, 160
Complaint of a Lover Rebuked, 160
Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham, 265
Compleat Angler, The (excerpt from), 342-46
Complaint of Chaucer to His Empty Purse, The, 100
Composed by the Seaside Near Calais, 702
Composed upon an Evening of Extraordinary Splendor and Beauty, 717
Composed upon Westminster Bridge, 702
 Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn, 1072
Confessio Amantis (excerpt from), 100-04
Consecration, A, 1343
Constant Lover, The, 319
Contemplations of the State of Man (excerpt from), 359-362
 COOK, ALBERT S., 28
Corinna's Going A-Maying, 331
Coronach, 769
Cotter's Saturday Night, The, 655-58
Country Life, The, 335
County Guy, 771
 "Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land, 1064
 COWLEY, ABRAHAM, 362-66
 COWPER, WILLIAM, 638-51
Crabbed Age and Youth (Anonymous), 270
Crabbed Age and Youth (Johnson), 584-86
Cradle Song, A (Blake), 677
Cradle Song (Blake), (from *Songs of Experience*), 678
 CRASHAW, RICHARD, 319-21
 Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud, 374
Crossing the Bar, 1096
Cry of the Children, The, 1244-46
Culture and Anarchy (excerpt from), 1198-1206
 Cupid and my Campaspe played, 267
Cymbeline (songs from), 290
Cynthia's Revels (excerpt from), 291
 Cynthus pluck ye by the ear, 337

Dæmon Lover, The, 138
 DANIEL, SAMUEL, 271-72
 DAVENANT, SIR WILLIAM, 317
 Dear and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave, 1107
 Dear, had the world in its caprice, 1106
Death, 328
 Death, be not proud, though some have called thee, 328
Death Bed, The, 871
Decay of Friendship, The, 588
Defense of Guenevere, 1264-69
Defense of Poetry, The (excerpt from), 260-65
Dejection: An Ode, 747-49
Delia (sonnets from), 272
Delight in Disorder, 334
Democracy, 969-75
Departed Friends, 326
 DE QUINCEY, THOMAS, 926-42
Description of Spring, 160
Deserted Village, The, 612-18
Destruction of Sennacherib, The, 774
Diary of Samuel Pepys, 423-28
Dipsychus (excerpt from), 1239
Dirge, A, 831
Dirge in Cymbeline, 579
Discovery of Guiana, The (excerpt from), 255-57
Dissection of a Beau's Head, 514
Dissection of a Coquette's Heart, 516
Dissertation upon Roast Pig, A, 887-90
Dissuasions from Idleness, 337
 Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers, 1244
Don Juan (selections from), 805-10
 DONNE, JOHN, 326-30
Doubt of Martyrdom, A, 319
Douglas Tragedy, The, 130
Dover Beach, 1181
 DRAYTON, MICHAEL, 272-75
Dream Children: A Reverie, 885-87
Dream-Fugue, 939-42
 Drink to me only with thine eyes, 291
Drink To-Day, 279
 Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow, 279
Drinking, 364
 DRYDEN, JOHN, 428-43
 DYER, SIR EDWARD, 266

Early Rising, 506-08
Earnest Suit to His Unkind Mistress not to Forsake Him, An, 157
 Earth has not anything to show more fair, 702
Earthly Paradise, The, L'Envoi to, 1272
Earthly Paradise, The Prologue to, 1271
 Eat thou and drink; tomorrow thou shalt die, 1261
Edward, 131
Elegiac Stanzas, 706
Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog, 618
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard, 571-73
Eloisa to Abelard, 530-34
Embarcation, 1334
Empedocles on Etna (song from), 1168-72
Empedocles' Song, 1168-72

- Empress Catharine and Princess Dashkof*, 866
Endymion (Proem to Book I), 832
English Mail Coach, The, 930-42
 Enough; and leave the rest to Fame! 324
Envoy, 1321
Epic, The, 1066
Epicæne (excerpt from), 291
Epicure, The, 365
Epigram on Milton, 434
Epilogue, 1126
Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, 541-46
Epistle to J. Lapraik, 659
Epitaph (Carew), 317
Epitaph, An (Marvell), 324
Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H., 294
Essay of Dramatic Poesy, An, 435-43
Essay on Man, An, 534-38
Essay on Wordsworth, 1206-15
Essays (Johnson), 580-89
Essays in Criticism (selected), 1183-98
Essays of Elia, 872-99
Essays or Counsels Civil and Moral, 299-314
 Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind! 793
Eve of Crecy, The, 1269
Eve of St. Agnes, The, 835-40
 Even such is time, that takes in trust, 254
 Ever let the Fancy roam, 834
Everlasting No, The, 948-51
Everlasting Yea, The, 956-61
Expostulation and Reply, 686
- Fables* (Gay), (selections from), 550-52
Faerie Queene, The, 166-250
 Fair and fair, and twice so fair, 268
 Fair Daffodils, we weep to see, 335
 Fair pledges of a fruitful tree, 337
 Fair star of evening, Splendor of the west, 702
 Fair stood the wind for France, 274
Falling of the Leaves, The, 1346
 False world, good night! since thou hast brought,
 294
Fame (Two Sonnets by Keats), 844
 Fame, like a wayward Girl, will still be coy, 844
Fancy, 834
 Farewell, Love, and all thy laws for ever! 157
Farewell to Arms, 268
Farewell to Essay-Writing, A, 922-26
Farewell to Folly, The (song from), 268
Farewell to the World, A, 294
 Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat, 1125
 Fear no more the heat o' th' sun, 290
Fiesolan Idyl, A, 855
Fight, The, 914-22
 Fill me a mighty bowl, 332
 FITZGERALD, EDWARD, 1248-54
 Five years have passed; five summers, with the
 length, 687
 Flee fro the prees, and dwelle with sothfast-
 nesse, 99
 FLETCHER, JOHN, 279-80
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green
 braes! 671
 For auld lang syne, my dear, 670
 For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me
 love, 329
- For Her Gait, If She Be Walking*, 316
 Forget not yet the tried intent, 157
Former Beauties, 1336
Fors Clavigera (letter from), 1159-65
Forsaken Merman, The, 1167
 Four and twenty bonny boys, 138
Fox at the Point of Death, The, 551
Fra Lippo Lippi, 1117-22
France, 699
Francis Bacon, 1026-38
Franklin's Tale, The, 81-91
 Fresh morning gusts have blown away all fear,
 845
Friar's Tale, The, 76-81
 Friendship, like love, is but a name, 551
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony, 431
 From low to high doth dissolution climb, 718
 From the dull confines of the drooping West,
 339
 From you have I been absent in the spring, 286
Frost at Midnight, 739
 Full fathom five thy father lies, 290
 Full many a glorious morning have I seen, 284
 FULLER, THOMAS, 356-59
Function of Criticism at the Present Time, 1185-
 98
Funeral, The, 328
Future, The, 1175
Fuzzy-Wuzzy, 1339
- Galatea*, 552
Gammer Gurton's Needle (song from), 271
Garden, The, 324
Garden of Proserpine, The, 1279
 GASCOIGNE, GEORGE, 265
 Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, 332
Gay Goss-Hawk, The, 135
 GAY, JOHN, 547-52
Gentillesse, 99
 Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn,
 331
Give a Rouse, 1097
 Give me my scallop-shell of quiet, 254
 Go and catch a falling star, 327
 Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, 669
 Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill,
 1176
Go, Lovely Rosel 318
 Go, songs, for ended is our brief, sweet play,
 1321
 Go, Soul, the body's guest, 255
 Go thou forth, my book, though late, 340
 God Lyæus ever young, 279
 God of our fathers, known of old, 1341
 God prosper long our noble king, 139
 Gold on her head, and gold on her feet, 1269
 GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, 612-28
 Good morrow to the day so fair, 336
 Good people all, of every sort, 618
 GORDON, GEORGE, LORD BYRON, 773-811
Gossip on Romance, A, 1299-1304
 GOWER, JOHN, 100-04
Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners, 444-55
Grace for a Child, A, 335
Grammarians' Funeral, A, 1109

- GRAY, THOMAS, 568-76
Green Grow the Rashers, O, 668
 GREENE, ROBERT, 268-70
 Gr-r-r — there go, my heart's abhorrence! 1099
Guardian-Angel, The, (excerpt from) 1107
Gulliver's Travels (excerpt from), 462-89
Gunga Din, 1340
- Had I but plenty of money, money enough and
 to spare, 1104
 Had she come all the way for this, 1269
 Had this effulgence disappeared, 717
 Had we but world enough, and time, 323
Hag, The, 338
 Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!
 768
 Hail to thee, blithe Spirit! 817
 Half a league, half a league, 1087
 Happy those early days, when I, 325
 Happy ye leaves! when as those lilly hands, 250
Hard Weather, 1324
 HARDY, THOMAS, 1333-37
Hare and Many Friends, The, 551
 Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings, 290
 Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
 639
 Harp of the North! that moldering long hast
 hung, 767
Harvestmen A-Singing, 268
 Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance,
 259
Haystack in the Floods, The, 1269-71
 HAZLITT, WILLIAM, 899-926
 He found her by the ocean's moaning verge,
 1322
 He is gone on the mountain, 769
 He stood alone within the spacious square, 1317
 He that loves a rosy cheek, 317
 He that of such a height hath built his mind,
 271
Heart of Midlothian, The (song from), 771
 Heavenborn Helen, Sparta's queen, 1260
Hellas, The Final Chorus from, 828-30
 Hence, all you vain delights, 279
 Hence, loathed Melancholy, 367
 Hence, vain deluding Joys, 369
Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, 860
Her Dilemma, 1333
 Her eyes the giow-worm lend thee, 336
Her Initials, 1333
 Her pretty feet, 333
 HERBERT, GEORGE, 340-42
 Here a little child I stand, 335
 Here a pretty baby lies, 336
 Here are we for the last time face to face, 1272
 Here lies Jonson with the rest, 337
 "Here the hangman stops his cart," 1342
 Here, where precipitate Spring with one light
 bound, 855
 Here, where the world is quiet, 1279
 Here, where Vespasian's legions struck the
 sands, 1334
Here's a Health to King Charles, 772
 HERRICK, ROBERT, 330-40
Hertha, 1280-82
- Hey Nonny No! 270
 High in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate,
 713
 High on a throne of royal state, which far, 387
 High time now gan it wax for Una fayre, 237
Higher Pantheism, The, 1092
Highland Mary, 673
 His golden locks time hath to silver turned, 268
His Litany to the Holy Spirit, 339
His Pilgrimage, 254
His Prayer to Ben Jonson, 336
His Request to Julia, 332
His Return to London, 339
His Tears to Thamesis, 334
His Winding-Sheet, 338
History of the World, The (excerpt from), 257
Hock Cart; or, Harvest Home, The, 336
Holy State, The (excerpt from), 356-59
Home-Thoughts, from Abroad, 1101
 HOOD, THOMAS, 869-71
Hope and Fear, 1285
Hope Evermore and Believe, 1240
 Hope evermore and believe, O man, for e'en as
 thy thought, 1240
*Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from
 Ireland*, 322
Hound of Heaven, The, 1319-21
House of Life, The (sonnets from), 1261-63
 HOUSMAN, ALFRED EDWARD, 1341-43
 How do I love thee? Let me count the ways,
 1244
 How like a winter hath my absence been, 286
 How sleep the brave, who sink to rest, 579
 How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 374
 How sweet I roamed from field to field, 676
 How vainly men themselves amaze, 324
 HOWARD, HENRY, EARL OF SURREY, 160-62
Hugh of Lincoln, 138
 HUXLEY, THOMAS HENRY, 1215-39
Hymn to Diana, 291
Hymn to God the Father, A, 329
Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, 812
Hymn to Proserpine, 1275-77
- I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave! 1117
 I am that which began, 1280
 I arise from dreams of Thee, 815
 I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 816
 I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house, 1060
 I can love both fair and brown, 327
 I dare not ask a kiss, 333
 I fled Him, down the nights and down the days,
 1319
 I have lived long enough, having seen one thing,
 that love hath an end, 1275
 I have lost, and lately, these, 330
 "I have no name," 677
 I hear some say, "This man is not in love!" 273
 I heard a thousand blended notes, 685
 I held it truth, with him who sings, 1078
 I lived with visions for my company, 1244
 I long to talk with some old lover's ghost, 329
I Loved a Lass, 315

- I loved a lass, a fair one, 315
 I married a wife of late, 346
 I met a traveler from an antique land, 813
 I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely
 sea and the sky, 1345
 I said — Then, dearest, since 'tis so, 1108
 "I Said to Love," 1335
 I saw Eternity the other night, 325
 I send, I send here my supremest kiss, 334
 I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold, 704
 I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
 330
 I strove with none, for none was worth my strife,
 856
 I struck the board, and cried, "No more; I will
 abroad!" 341
 I thought once how Theocritus had sung, 1243
 I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud, 706
 I was thy neighbor once, thou rugged Pile! 706
 I weep for Adonais — he is dead! 820
 I will no longer kiss, 340
 Idea (sonnets from), 273
 Idea of a University, The, 1044-53
 Idler, The (paper from), 588
 If all the world and love were young, 346
 If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song, 577
 If from the public way you turn your steps, 691
 If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange, 1244
 If love were what the rose is, 1277
 If the quick spirits in your eye, 316
 If thou must love me, let it be for nought, 1243
 If thou survive my well-contented day, 284
 Il Penseroso, 369
 Imaginary Conversations (selections from), 856-
 69
 Impeachment of Warren Hastings, The, 635-38
 Imperfect Sympathies, 882-85
 In a drear-nighted December, 833
 In a London Square, 1242
 In a summer season, when soft was the sun, 43
 In Armorik, that called is Britayne, 81
 In Flaundes whylom was a companye, 68
 In Memoriam A. H. H., 1078-84
 In Praise of Chimney-Sweepers, 891-94
 In sober mornings do not thou rehearse, 330
 In the endless nights, from my bed, where sleep-
 less in anguish I lie, 1316
 In the hour of my distress, 339
 In these deep solitudes and awful cells, 530
 In this lone, open glade I lie, 1174
 In vain to me the smiling mornings shine, 570
 In Xanadu did Kubla Khan, 730
 Indian Serenade, The, 815
 Indifferent, The, 327
 Infant Joy, 677
 Ingrateful Beauty Threatened, 316
 Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood, 703
 Inquiry, The, 1336
 Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, 718
 Into My Heart an Air That Kills, 1342
 Into these loves, who but for passion looks, 273
 Introduction to Toxophilus, 162-65
 Invocation to Sleep, 279
 Is There for Honest Poverty, 674
 Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child! 775
 Isolation, 1180
 It ended, and the morrow brought the task, 1322
 It is a Beauteous Evening Calm and Free, 702
 It is an ancient Mariner, 731
 It little profits that an idle king, 1071
 It was a lover and his lass, 289
 Ite Domum Saturæ, Venit Hesperus, 1241
 It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds'
 cries, 1344
 It's Lamkin was a mason good, 134
 Jock of Hazeldean, 770
 John Anderson My Jo, 670
 John Anderson my jo, John, 670
 JOHNSON, SAMUEL, 579-89
 Jolly Beggars, The, 663-68
 JONSON, BEN, 290-94
 Joy of my life! full oft for loving you, 250
 Julia, if I chance to die, 332
 Just for a handful of silver he left us, 1100
 KEATS, JOHN, 831-54
 Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King, 1097
 King Charles, and who'll do him right now? 1097
 KIPLING, RUDYARD, 1337-41
 Know, Celia, since thou art so proud, 316
 Kubla Khan; or, A Vision in a Dream, 730
 L'Allegro, 367-69
 La Belle Dame Sans Merci, 844
 Lady of Shalott, The, 1055-57
 Lady of the Lake, The (excerpts from), 767-769
 Lady of the Lake, The, Prologue to, 767
 LAMB, CHARLES, 872-99
 Lamb, The, 676
 Lamia, 845-54
 Lamkin, 134
 LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE, 854-69
 Lantern-Bearers, The, 1304-09
 Laodamia, 714-17
 Last Lines, 1247
 Last May a Braw Wooer, 672
 Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang
 glen, 672
 Last Ride Together, The, 1108
 Latest Decalogue, The, 1240
 Lausanne, 1334
 Lay a garland on my hearse, 279
 Lay Sermons (essays from), 1220-39
 Le Morte Darthur, 146-52
 Leofric and Godiva, 857
 Let me not to the marriage of true minds, 287
 Let others sing of Knights and Paladins, 272
 Let Taylor preach upon a morning breezy, 871
 Let those who are in favor with their stars, 283
 Let us begin and carry up this corpse, 1109
 L'Envoi, 1341
 L'Envoi to The Earthly Paradise, 1272
 Letter of the Authors, A, 166-68
 Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow, 927-30
 Liberal Education, and Where to Find It, A,
 1227-30
 Liberal Knowledge Its Own End, 1044-53
 Lie, The, 255
 Life is Struggle, 1242

- Life of Samuel Johnson, The* (excerpts from), 590-611
Life of Sir Francis Drake, The, 356-59
 Light flows our war of mocking words, and yet, 1173
 Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore, 285
Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey, 687
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern, 834
Lines: When the Lamp is Shattered, 830
Lines Written in Early Spring, 685
Lines Written in Kensington Gardens, 1174
 List to an old-time lay of the Spear-Danes, 3
Litany in Time of Plague, 276
Little Black Boy, The, 677
Little Boy Lost, A, 678
 Little Lamb, who made thee? 676
 Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske, 168
 Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours, 569
Lochinvar, 766
Locksley Hall, 1071-76
London, 1802, 703
London Shop-Keeper, The, 627
 Look in my face: My name is Might-have-been, 1262
Lord Thomas and Fair Annet, 132-34
 Lord, Thou hast given me a cell, 338
 "Lordlings," quod he, "in chirches whan I preche," 67
Lost Days, 1262
Lost Leader, The, 1100
Lotos-Eaters, The, 1064-66
Love, 340
Love among the Ruins, 1103
 Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back, 340
 Love built a stately house, where Fortune came, 342
 Love in her eyes sits playing, 552
Love in the Valley, 1329-32
Love is a Sickness, 271
 Love is a sickness full of woes, 271
Love is Dead, 260
 "Love seeketh not itself to please," 678
Love-Sight, 1261
 Love, that liveth and reigneth in my thought, 160
Love's Deity, 329
Love's Emblems, 280
Love's Labour's Lost (song from), 288
Love's Resort, 552
Love's Secret, 679
 LOVELACE, RICHARD, 321
Lover Beseecheth His Mistress Not to Forget His Steadfast Faith and True Intent, The, 157
Lover Compareth His State to a Ship in Perilous Storm Tossed on the Sea, The, 157
Lover Complaineth the Unkindness of His Love, The, 158
Lover Having Dreamed of Enjoying of His Love, Complaineth that the Dream is Not Either Longer or Truer, The, 157
 Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show, 259
Lucifer in Starlight, 1323
Lucy, 688
Lucy Gray, 690
Lullaby of an Infant Chief, 770
Lycidas, 370-73
 Lyke as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde, 250
 LYL, JOHN, 267
Lyric to Mirth, A, 332
Lyrical Ballads, Preface to, 718-29
Lyrics from Maud, 1088-90
 MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, 1001-38
Mac Flecknoe, 428-31
Mad Maid's Song, The, 336
Mad Song, 675
Maid's Tragedy, The (song from), 279
 MALORY, SIR THOMAS, 146-52
 Many a lonely man at last comes to honor, 30
Marcellus and Hannibal, 856
Marching Along, 1097
Market-Girl, The, 1336
 MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER, 275-76
Marmion (excerpt from), 766
 Martial, the things that do attain, 161
 MARVELL, ANDREW, 322-24
Mary Hamilton, 145
Mary Morison, 674
 MASEFIELD, JOHN, 1343-45
Master Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson, 280
Match, A, 1277
Mater Tenebrarum, 1316
Maud, Lyrics from, 1088-90
Mazeppa, 797-805
Means to Attain Happy Life, The, 161
Measure for Measure (song from), 290
Meeting at Night, 1100
Melancholy, 279
Memorabilia, 1107
Memories and Portraits (essay from), 1299-1304
 Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it, 250
Menaphon (excerpts from), 269
Menaphon's Song, 269
Merchant of Venice, The (song from), 288
 MEREDITH, GEORGE, 1321-32
 Methought I saw my late espoused saint, 375
 Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay, 253
Michael, 691-96
Milk-Maid's Mother's Answer, The, 346
Milk-Maid's Song, The, 346
 MILL, JOHN STUART, 981-1001
Milton (Macaulay), 1002-26
Milton (Tennyson), 1090
 MILTON, JOHN, 366-423
Milton (stanzas from), 679
 Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour, 703
Modern Love (sonnets from), 1322
Modern Novel, The, 580-82
Modest Proposal, A, 495-99
Monkey Who had Seen the World, The, 550
Moral Essays, 538-41
Morality, 1173

Morning Meditations, 871
 MORRIS, WILLIAM, 1264-73
 Mortality, behold and fear! 280
Morte D'Arthur, 1067-71
Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist, 878-81
Much Ado about Nothing (song from), 289
 Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 832
Mutability (Shelley), 819
Mutability (Wordsworth), 718
 My boat is on the shore, 797
My First Acquaintance with Poets, 900-09
 My first thought was, he lied in every word,
 1114
 My galley charged with forgetfulness, 157
 My hair is gray, but not with years, 793
 My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains,
 842
 My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie, 670
My Heart Leaps Up, 699
 My heart leaps up when I behold, 699
My Last Duchess, 1098
 My loved, my honored, much respected friend!
 655
 My lute, awake, perform the last, 158
My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is, 266
 My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun, 288
 My mother bore me in the southern wild, 677
 My mother's maids, when they did sew and
 spin, 158
My Nanie, O, 668
 My silks and fine array, 675
My Sweetest Lesbia, 277
 My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love, 277
 My true love hath my heart, and I have his, 258
 NASH, THOMAS, 276-77
Natural Supernaturalism, 961-65
Nature of Gothic, The, 1127-52
Near Dover, September, 1802, 703
Never Love unless You Can, 278
 Never seek to tell thy love, 679
 NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY, 1039-53
Nice Valour, The (excerpt from), 279
Night, 678
Night-Piece, to Julia, The, 336
 No coward soul is mine, 1247
 No longer mourn for me when I am dead, 285
 No more, my dear, no more these counsels try,
 259
 No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist, 843
 No! those days are gone away, 833
 Nobody took any notice of her as she stood on
 the causey kerb, 1336
Northern Farmer, Old Style, 1090
 Not marble, nor the gilded monuments, 284
 Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul, 287
 Not of the princes and prelates with periwigged
 charioteers, 1343
 Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
 182
 "Nought loves another as itself," 678
 Now is the time for mirth, 333
 Now the lusty spring is seen, 280
Nun's Priest's Tale, The, 60-66

O blithe New-comer! I have heard, 700
 O, Brignall banks are wild and fair, 769
 O! for a closer walk with God, 639
 O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide, 287
 O for some honest lover's ghost, 319
 O Friend! I know not which way I must look,
 703
 O goodly golden chayne, wherewith yfere, 221
 O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 284
 O hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
 770
 O Life with the sad seared face, 1335
 O Lord our lord, thy name how mervellous,
 73
 O Mary, at thy window be! 674
 O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies, 1090
 O, mistress mine, where are you roaming? 289
 O mortal man! who livest here by toil, 558
 O, my luvè is like a red, red rose, 672
 O, never say that I was false of heart, 287
 O only Source of all our light and life, 1241
 O pleasant exercise of hope and joy! 699
 O ruddier than the cherry, 552
 O soft embalmer of the still midnight, 845
 O that 'twere possible, 1089
 O Trivia, Goddess, leave these low abodes, 548
 "O well's me o my gay goss-hawk," 135
O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast, 674
 "O where have you been, my long, long love,"
 138
 O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's
 being, 814
 O, Young Lochinvar is come out of the west, 766
 Obscurest night involved the sky, 651
Ode (Keats), 841
Ode XI (from the *Ballad of Agincourt*), 273
Ode XII (from the *Ballad of Agincourt*), 274
Ode for Him, An, 337
Ode for Music, An (The Passions), 577
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, 569
Ode on a Grecian Urn, 841
Ode on Intimations of Immortality, 710-12
Ode on Melancholy, 843
Ode on the Death of a Favorite Cat, 570
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, 1084-
 87
Ode on the Spring, 569
Ode to a Nightingale, 842
Ode to Duty, 707
Ode to Evening, 577
Ode to the Comic Spirit, 1325-29
Ode to the West Wind, 814
Ode Written in the Beginning of the Year 1746,
 579
Enone, 1057-60
Of A' the Airts, 669
 Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, 669
Of Adversity, 300
Of Boldness, 304
Of Custom and Education, 312
Of Death, 300
Of Discourse, 311
Of Expense, 310
Of Friendship, 307-10

- Of Great Place*, 303
Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing, 1271
Of Individuality, as One of the Elements of Well-Being, 990-96
Of Love, 302
Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit, 376
Of Marriage and Single Life, 302
Of Myself, 363
Of Negotiation, 313
Of Parents and Children, 301
Of Studies, 314
Of Superstition, 305
Of the Liberty of Thought and Discussion, 983-90
Of the Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual, 996-98
Of the Mean and Sure Estate, 158
Of the Nature and State of Man, 535-38
Of the Slavery and Pains Eternal, 359-62
Of the Use of Riches, 538-41
Of Travel, 306
Of Truth, 299
Of Walking the Streets by Day, 547
Of Walking the Streets by Night, 548
Of Wisdom for a Man's Self, 307
Of Youth and Age, 312
Of I had heard of Lucy Gray, 690
Often rebuked, yet always back returning, 1247
Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet, 1337
Oh Galuppi, Baldassare, this is very sad to find! 1105
Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story, 810
Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed, 648
Oh, to be in England, 1101
Oh, When I was in Love with You, 1341
Ohthere's First Voyage, 31
Old Age, 318
Old Mortality (motto from), 770
Old Stoic, The, 1247
Old Wives' Tale, The (excerpt from), 268
On a Girdle, 318
On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose, 1323
On a summer season, when soft was the sun, 41
On Duelling, 500
On either side the river lie, 1055
On First Looking into Chapman's Homer, 832
On Going a Journey, 909-14
On Growing Old, 1345
On Himself, 340
On His Being Arrived to the Age of Twenty-Three, 374
On His Blindness, 375
On His Deceased Wife, 375
On His Seventy-Fifth Birthday, 856
On Liberty, 981-1001
On the Advisableness of Improving Natural Knowledge, 1220-27
On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke, 316
On the Death of Mr. Richard West, 570
On the Death of Sir H. Morison, 292
On the Death of Sir T[homas] W[yatt], 161
On the Deaths of Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot, 1284
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic, 702
On the Late Massacre in Piemont, 374
On the Loss of the Royal George, 648
On the Physical Basis of Life, 1230-39
On the Proposals of Certain Ministers at the Committee for Propagation of the Gospel, 374
On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture out of Norfolk, 648-50
On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey, 280
On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year, 810
On Waste of Time, 517-19
Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee, 702
One Hope, The, 1263
One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee, 1166
One more Unfortunate, 869
One road leads to London, 1344
One Way of Love, 1106
One word is too often profaned, 830
Others abide our question. Thou art free, 1166
Out upon it, I have loved, 319
Over the Hills and Far Away, 552
Ozymandias, 813
Palace of Art, The, 1060-64
Paradise Lost, 375-99
Pardon my trespass, Silvia; I confess, 333
Pardoner's Tale, The, 68-73
Parliament of Fowls, The, 91-99
Parting at Morning, 1101
Passionate Pilgrim, The (excerpt from), 270
Passionate Shepherd to His Love, The, 276
Passions are likened best to floods and streams, 254
Passions, The, 577-79
Past and Present, 965-80
PATER, WALTER, 1285-98
PEELE, GEORGE, 267
PEPYS, SAMUEL, 423-28
Persuasions to Joy: A Song, 316
Philomela's Ode, 269
Phyllis, why should we delay, 318
Pibroch of Donald Dhu, 770
Piers Ploughman (Gascoigne), 266
Piers the Plowman, 43-49
Pilgrimage, His, 254
Pindaric Ode, A, 292
Pindaric Ode, A (The Bard), 574-76
Pindaric Ode, A (The Progress of Poesy), 573
Piping down the valleys wild, 676
Pippa Passes (song from), 1097
Pippa's Song, 1097
Poet, The, 1054
Poor Relations, 894-97
Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth, 288
POPE, ALEXANDER, 519-46
POPULAR BALLADS, 129-45
Preface to Essays in Criticism, 1183-85
Preface to Lyrical Ballads, 718-29
Prelude, The (extracts from), 696-99
Primrose, The, 334
Princess, The (songs from), 1076
Prioress's Tale, The, 73-76
Prisoned in Windsor, he Recounteth His Pleasures There Passed, 160
Prisoner of Chillon, The, 793-97

- Private Life of an Author*, 582-84
Proem (to *The Parliament of Fowls*), 91
Progress of Poesy, The, 573
Prologue (of *The Prioresses Tale*), 73
Prologue to The Earthly Paradise, 1271
Prologue (of *The Pardoner's Tale*), 67
Prologue (to *Piers the Plowman*), 43
Prologue (to *The Canterbury Tales*), 50-60
Prologue (to *The Franklin's Tale*), 81
Prologue (to *The Friar's Tale*), 76
Prologue to the Satires, 541-46
Prometheus Unbound (selections from), 815
Prospice, 1125
Prothalamion, 250-53
Proud Maisie, 771
Proud Maisie is in the wood, 771
Pulley, The, 341
Pulvis et Umbra, 1309-12
Put forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane, 1242

Qua Cursum Ventus, 1240
Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair, 291
Queen of Corinth, The (song from), 280
Quentin Durward (song from), 771
Qui Laborat, Orat, 1241
Quiet Work, 1166
Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir, 1343
Quip, The, 341

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER, 253-58
Rambler, The (papers from), 580-88
Rape of the Lock, The, 520-30
Recessional, 1341
Red, Red Rose, A, 672
Reflections on the Revolution in France, 629-35
Religio Medici (excerpt from), 347-55
Renouncing of Love, A, 157
Requiescat, 1176
Residence in France, 697
Resolution and Independence, 700-02
Respectability, 1106
Retreat, The, 325
Revenge, The, 1092-94
Revolution in France, Reflections on the, 629-35
Revulsion, 1333
Reward, 966-69
Riches I hold in light esteem, 1247
Rime of the Ancient Mariner, The, 731-39
Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be spread, 260
"Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says, 130
Rizpah, 1094-96
Roadways, 1344
Robin Hood, 833
Robin Hood Rescuing the Widow's Three Sons, 142-44
Robin Hood's Death and Burial, 144
Rokeby (excerpt from), 769
Rome, 1334
Roots of Honor, The, 1152-59
Rose Aylmer, 855
ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL, 1254-63
Rough wind, that moanest loud, 831

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea, 1101
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám of Naishápúr, 1248-54
Rugby Chapel, 1181-83
Ruin seize thee, ruthless King! 574
Rule, Britannia, 557
RUSKIN, JOHN, 1126-65

SACKVILLE, THOMAS, LORD BUCKHURST, 265
Salt Water Ballads (poem from), 1343
Sandro Botticelli, 1287-91
Sartor Resartus (extracts from), 948-65
Satire upon the True-blue Protestant Poet T. S., 428-31
Satires, Prologue to the, 541-46
Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth, 1239
Scholar-Gipsy, The, 1176-80
Scots, Wha Hae, 673
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, 673
SCOTT, SIR WALTER, 766-73
Sea-Fever, 1345
Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness, 843
Seasons, The (selections from), 553-57
See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year, 553
Self-Dependence, 1172
Send but a song oversea for us, 1282
Sephestia's Song to Her Child, 269
Shakespeare, 1166
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, 282-90
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? 283
Shall I, Wasting in Despair, 315
She Walks in Beauty, 774
She walks in beauty, like the night, 774
She was a Phantom of Delight, 705
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, 811-31
Shepherd's Wife's Song, The, 210
"Shut, shut the door, good John!" fatigued, I said, 542
SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP, 258-65
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more! 289
Signior Nicolini and the Lions, 509-11
Silent Lover, The, 254
Silent Noon, 1261
Silver Tassie, The, 669
Simplex Munditiis, 291
Simplon Pass, The, 690
Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea, 285
Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part, 273
Sing, Ballad-singer, raise a hearty tune, 1335
Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, 105-29
Sir Patrick Spence, 137
Sister Helen, 1256-59
Sitting by a river's side, 269
Sleep! sleep! beauty bright, 678
Small, busy-flames play through the fresh laid coals, 832
So all day long the noise of battle rolled, 1067
So cruel prison how could betide, alas, 160
So long as fortune would permit the same, 265
So We'll Go No More a Roving, 797
Soldier, Rest! Thy Warfare O'er, 768
Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister, 1099
Solitary Reaper, The, 705

- Solitude (or, Lucy Gray)*, 690
 Some say Love, 269
Song (Blake), 675
Song (Blake), 676
Song (Carew), 316
Song (Davenant), 317
Song (Donne), 327
Song (Marvell), 328
Song (from *The Arraignment of Paris*), 268
Song (from *The Farewell to Folly*), 268
Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, 713
Song for St. Cecilia's Day, November 22, 1687, 431
Song in Honor of St. Cecilia's Day, 1697, 432-34
Song of the Happy Shepherd, The, 1346
Song of the Shirt, The, 870
Song to Bacchus, 279
Song to Celia, 291
Songs from Shakespeare's Plays, 288-90
Songs from The Princess, 1076
Songs of Experience, From, 678
Songs of Innocence, Introduction to, 676
Sonnet—Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art—(Keats), 854
Sonnet (On the Death of Mr. Richard West), 570
Sonnet on Chillon, 793
Sonnet on First Looking into Chapman's Homer, 832
Sonnet, The (Rossetti), 1261
Sonnet to a Young Lady Who Sent Me a Laurel Crown (Keats), 845
Sonnets (from *Delia*), 272
Sonnets (from *Idea*), 273
Sonnets (Shakespeare), 283-88
Sonnets from the Portuguese, 1243-44
Souls of Poets dead and gone, 834
 Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife! 770
 South of the Line, inland from far Durban, 1335
 SPAETH, J. DUNCAN, 2, 30, 35
Spectator, The (papers from), 508-19
Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, to the Parliament of England, 400-23
 SPENSER, EDMUND, 165-253
Spring, 276
 Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king, 276
Spring's Welcome, 267
 St. Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was! 835
Stanzas (Bronte), 1247
Stanzas (Keats), 833
Stanzas for Music, 775
Stanzas from Milton, 679
Stanzas on Woman, 618
Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples, 813
Stanzas Written on the Road between Florence and Pisa, 810
Statue and the Bust, The, 1110-14
Stave of Roving Tim, A, 1323
Steel Glass, The (excerpt from), 266
 STEELE, RICHARD, *see* Addison and Steele, 499-519
 Stella, since thou so right a princess art, 260
 Stern Daughter of the Voice of God! 707
 STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS, 1298-1316
 Still to be neat, still to be drest, 291
Stones of Venice, The (excerpt from), 1127-52
Story of a Round-House, The (poems from), 1343-45
 Strange fits of passion have I known, 688-90
 Strew on her roses, roses, 1176
Studies in the History of the Renaissance (excerpts from), 1286-91
 SUCKLING, SIR JOHN, 319
 "Sumer is icumen in," 42
Sunday at Hampstead (excerpt from), 1317
 Sunset and evening star, 1096
Superscription, A, 1262
Supplication, A, 366
 SURREY, EARL OF, 160-62
Suspiria de Profundis (essay from), 927-30
Sweet Afton, 671
 Sweet and low, sweet and low, 1076
 Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content, 268
 Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain, 613
 Sweet country life, to such unknown, 335
 Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, 340
 Sweet dreams, form a shade, 677
Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan, 549
 Sweetest love, I do not go, 328
Sweetness and Light, 1198-1206
 SWIFT, JONATHAN, 461-99
 Swiftly walk o'er the western wane, 819
 SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES, 1273-85
Switzerland (poem from), 1180
Sword of Common Sense! 1325

Tables Turned, The, 686
 Take, O, take those lips away, 290
Tale of Florent, The, 100-04
Tam Glen, 670
Tam O'Shanter, 661-63
Task, The (selection from), 639-48
Tatler, The (papers from), 500-08
 Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense, 718
 TAYLOR, JEREMY, 359-62
 Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind, 321
 Tell me now in what hidden way is, 1259
 Tell me, where is fancy bred, 288
Tempest, The (songs from), 290
 TENNYSON, ALFRED, 33, 1053-96
Thanksgiving to God for His House, A, 338
 That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect, 285
 That time of year thou mayst in me behold, 286
 That which her slender waist confined, 318
 That's my last Duchess painted on the wall, 1098
 The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold, 774
 The awful shadow of some unseen Power, 812
 The blessed damozel leaned out, 1255
 The burden of fair women. Vain delight, 1277
 The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, 571
 The day is dark and the night, 1263
 The firste stoke, fader of gentillesse, 99
 The flower that smiles today, 819
 The forward youth that would appear, 322
 The Frost performs its secret ministry, 739

- The gray sea and the long black land, 1100
 The hag is astride, 338
 The king sits in Dumferling toune, 137
 The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest, 317
 The lost days of my life until today, 1262
 The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne, 91
 The merry World did on a day, 341
 The noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,
 195
 The outspread world to span, 1168
 The poet in a golden clime was born, 1054
 The sea is calm tonight, 1181
 The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er, 318
 The singers are gone from the Cornmarket-
 place, 1337
 The skies have sunk, and hid the upper snow,
 1241
 The soote season that bud and bloom forth
 brings, 160
 The sun descending in the west, 678
 The sun is warm, the sky is clear, 813
 The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills
 and the plains, 1092
 The sun which doth the greatest comfort bring,
 280
 The thirsty earth soaks up the rain, 364
 The time you won your town the race, 1341
 The twentieth year is well-nigh past, 650
 The two were silent in a sunless church, 1333
 The wild winds weep, 675
 The wind blows out of the gates of the day, 1346
 The wind is East, the wind is West, 1323
 The woods of Arcady are dead, 1346
 The world is too much with us; late and soon,
 712
 The year's at the spring, 1097
 Their sense is with their senses all mixed in, 1322
 Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now, 286
 Ther was in Asie, in a greet citee, 74
 Ther was whilom be daies olde, 100
 There are twelve months in all the year, 142
 There is a garden in her face, 278
 There is sweet music here that softer falls, 1064
 There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier, 1057
 There lived a wife at Usher's Well, 137
 There was a roaring in the wind all night, 700
 There was a time when meadow, grove, and
 stream, 710
 There were three ladies lived in a bower, 132
 There were three ravens sat on a tree, 136
 There's a palace in Florence, the world knows
 well, 1111
 There's not a joy the world can give like that it
 takes away, 775
 There's not a nook within this solemn Pass, 718
 These market-dames, mid-aged, with lips thin-
 drawn, 1336
 They are all gone into the world of light! 326
 They whisted all, with fixed face attent, 162
Thief, The, 365
Think No More, Lad; Laugh, Be Jolly, 1342
 Think of dress in every light, 552
 This forseid African me hente anoon, 92
 This is the Heath of Hampstead, 1317
 This little vault, this narrow room, 317
 This only grant me, that my means may lie, 363
 This world is very odd we see, 1239
 This worthy limitour, this noble Frere, 76
 Thise olde gentil Britons in hir dayes, 81
 THOMPSON, FRANCIS, 1319-21
 THOMSON, JAMES, 553-68, 1316-18
 Thou, Earth, calm empire of a happy soul, 815
 Thou hast thy calling to some palace floor,
 1243
 Thou robbest my days of business and delights,
 365
 Thou shalt have one God only; who, 1240
 Thou still unravished bride of quietness, 841
 Though I waste watches framing words to
 fetter, 1333
 Three poets, in three distant ages born, 434
Three Ravens, The, 136
 Thus far the Muse has traced in useful lays, 547
 Thus piteously Love closed what he begat: 1322
 Thus, usually, when he was asked to sing, 806
Tiger, The, 678
 Tiger! Tiger! burning bright, 678
Time, 819
 TINKER, CHAUNCEY B., 31
 Tired with all these, for restful death I cry, 285
 'Tis strange the Miser should his cares employ,
 539
 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock, 740
 'Tis time this heart should be unmoved, 810
 To — (Shelley), 830
To a Mistress Dying, 317
To a Mountain Daisy, 658
To a Mouse, 658
To a Skylark (Wordsworth), 708
To a Skylark (Shelley), 817
To a Young Lady Who Sent Me a Laurel Crown,
 845
To Althea, from Prison, 321
To an Athlete Dying Young, 1341
To Anthea, Who May Command Him Anything,
 332
To Autumn, 843
To Blossoms, 337
To Daffodils, 335
 To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
 291
To Electra, 333
 To fair Fidele's grassy tomb, 579
To George Sand, 1244
To His Book, 340
To His Coy Mistress, 323
To Life, 1335
To Live Merrily, and to Trust to Good Verses, 333
To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars, 321
To Marguerite, 1180
To Mary, 650
 To me, fair friend, you never can be old, 286
To Music, to Becalm His Fever, 333
To My Brothers, 832
To Night, 819
To Phyllis, 318
To Richard Boyle, 538-41
To Silvia, 333
To Sleep, 845
To the Cuckoo, 700

- To the Daisy*, 703
To the Honored Mr. Endymion Porter, Groom of the Bedchamber to His Majesty, 335
To the Immortal Memory and Friendship of that Noble Pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morison, 292
To the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, 271
To the Lord General Cromwell, 374
To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke, 771
To the Memory of My Beloved Master, William Shakespeare, 291
To the Muses, 676
To the Reader of these Sonnets, 273
To the Right Honorable Mildmay, Earl of Westmorland, 336
To the Virginian Voyage, 273
To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time, 332
To Thomas Moore, 797
To Toussaint L'Ouverture, 703
To Walt Whitman in America, 1282-84
To wear out heart, and nerves, and brain, 1242
To you, my purse, and to non other wight, 100
Toccata of Galuppi's, A, 1105
Toll for the brave, 648
Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men! 703
Toxophilus (Introduction), 162-65
Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London, 547-49
Trosachs, The, 718
Troy Town, 1260
True genius, but true woman! dost deny, 1244
Trumpet Club, The, 501-03
Truth, 99
Twa Corbies, The, 136
Twa Dogs, The, 652
'Twas after dread Pultowa's day, 797
'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won, 432
'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle, 652
'Twas on a lofty vase's side, 570
Twelfth Night (songs from), 289
Two Gentlemen of Verona, The (song from), 288
Two Sonnets on Fame, 844
Two souls diverse out of our human sight, 1284
Tyrannic Love (song from), 434

Ulysses, 1071
Under the greenwood tree, 289
Under yonder beech-tree single on the green-sward, 1329
Underneath this myrtle shade, 365
Underneath this sable hearse, 316
Unfading Beauty, The, 317
Unfathomable Sea! whose waves are years, 819
Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart! 1243
Unstable dream, according to the place, 157
Unto This Last (essays from), 1152-59
Up at a Villa — Down in the City, 1104
Up! up! my friend, and quit your books, 686
Up with me! up with me into the clouds! 708
Upon a Child, 336
Upon a poet's page I wrote, 1333
Upon a time, before the faery broods, 845
Upon Ben Jonson, 337

Upon Julia's Clothes, 332
Upon Mistress Susanna Southwell Her Feet, 333
Upon the Loss of His Mistresses, 330
Uses of the Spectator, The, 508

Vain Men, Whose Follies Make a God of Love, 278
Vain Virtues, 1262
Valediction Forbidding Mourning, A, 327
Valentinian (excerpts from), 279, 280
Vanitas Vanitatum, 281
Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity! 1101
 VAUGHAN, HENRY, 324-26
 VENERABLE BEDE, THE, 28
Verse, a breeze amid blossoms straying, 749
Verses Found in His Bible in the Gate-House at Westminster, 254
Vicar of Wakefield, The (Stanzas on Woman), 618
Victorious Wrong, with vulture scream, 828
 VILLON, FRANÇOIS (translation from), 1259
Virgil's Æneid, 162
Virtue, 340
Vision in a Dream, A (Or, *Kubla Khan*), 730
Vision of Mirzah, The, 512-14
Vision of Sudden Death, The, 931-39
Vision of William Concerning Piers the Plowman, The, 43-49
Vision upon this Conceit of the Faerie Queene, A, 253
Voice, The, 1346
Voyage to Lilliput, A, 462-89
Voyages of Ohthere and Wulfstan, The, 31-33

Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea, 1094
Wake! For the Sun who scattered into flight, 1248
Walking with God, 639
 WALLER, EDMUND, 318
 WALTON, IZAAK, 342-46
Wanderer, The, 30
Warren Hastings, The Impeachment of, 635-38
We are na fou, we're nae that fou, 671
We cannot kindle when we will, 1173
We watched her breathing thro' the night, 871
We were apart; yet, day by day, 1180
Weary of myself, and sick of asking, 1172
 WEBSTER, JOHN, 281-82
Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r, 658
Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie, 658
Weep No More, 280
Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan, 280
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee, 269
Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made, 747
Well then! I now do plainly see, 365
Were I laid on Greenland's coast, 552
Westminster Abbey, 511
We've fought with many men acrost the seas, 1339
Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote, 50
What are you doing now, 797
What bird so sings, yet so does wail? 267
What dire offence from amorous causes springs, 520

- What if a day, or a month, or a year, 278
 What is the sorriest thing that enters Hell? 1262
 What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might, 228
 What man so wise, what earthly witt so ware, 208
 What potions have I drunk of Siren tears, 288
 What will it please you, my darling, hereafter to be? 1285
 Whate'er you dream with doubt possessed, 1242
 Wheer 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän? 1090
 When Britain first, at Heaven's command, 557
 When chapman billies leave the street, 661
 When do I see thee most, beloved one? 1261
 When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried, 1341
 When God at first made man, 341
 When He Would Have His Verses Read, 330
 When I a verse shall make, 336
 When I Came Last to Ludlow, 1342
 When I consider every thing that grows, 283
 When I consider how my light is spent, 375
 When I Have Borne in Memory, 704
 When I have borne in memory what has tamed, 704
 When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced, 285
 When icicles hang by the wall, 288
 When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, 284
 When in the chronicle of wasted time, 287
 When Love with unconfined wings, 321
 When lovely Woman stoops to folly, 618
 When lyart leaves bestrow the yird, 663
 When Music, heavenly maid, was young, 577
 When our two souls stand up erect and strong, 1243
 When Robin Hood and Little John, 144
 When the Assault was Intended to the City, 374
 When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces, 1274
 When the lamp is shattered, 830
 When to Her Lute Corinna Sings, 277
 When to the sessions of sweet silent thought, 284
 When vain desire at last and vain regret, 1263
 When We Two Parted, 774
 When You Are Old, 1346
 When you are old and gray and full of sleep, 1346
 Whenas in silks my Julia goes, 332
 Where the bee sucks, there suck I, 290
 Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles, 1103
 Whether Men Do Laugh or Weep, 277
 Whether on Ida's shady brow, 676
 While briers an' woodbines budding green, 659
 While the milder fates consent, 332
 Whilom ther was dwelling in my contree, 77
 Whilst thus my pen strives to eternize thee, 273
 White in the Moon the Long Road Lies, 1342
 Who is Silvia? what is she, 288
 Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he, 709
 Who, then, was Cestius, 1334
 Whoe'er she be, 319
 Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm, 328
 "Why did you melt your waxen man," 1256
 "Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid," 131
 Why I tie about thy wrist, 334
 Why So Pale and Wan? 319
 Why so pale and wan, fond lover? 319
 "Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?" 770
 "Why, William, on that old gray stone," 686
 Wife of Usher's Well, The, 137
 Wife Waits, A, 1336
 Will ye Go to the Indies, My Mary, 669
 Will's at the dance in the Club-room below, 1336
 Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut, 671
 Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun, 329
 Winter (selection from), 553-57
 Winter Evening, The, 639-48
 Wish, The, 365
 Wishes to His Supposed Mistress, 319-21
 With fingers weary and worn, 870
 With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies! 259
 With little here to do or see, 703
 "With sacrifice before the rising morn," 714
 WITHER, GEORGE, 315
 Woman's Chiefest Duty, 552
 Woodstock (song from), 772
 Word's gane to the kitchen, 145
 Wordsworth, Essay on, 1206-15
 WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, 684-729
 Work without Hope, 749
 World, The, 325
 World, The, 342
 World is Too Much with Us, The, 712
 Would'st thou hear what man can say, 294
 Written in London, 1802, 703
 Wulfstan's Voyage, 32
 W[yatt] resteth here that quick could never rest, 161
 WYATT, SIR THOMAS, 156-59
 YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER, 1345-46
 Ye banks and braes and streams around, 673
 Ye distant spires, ye antique towers, 569
 Ye Flowery Banks, 672
 Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon, 672
 Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more, 371
 You brave heroic minds, 273
 You may talk o' gin an' beer, 1340
 Young knight whatever, that dost armes professe, 188
 Your beauty, ripe and calm and fresh, 317
 Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, 1261
 Youth and Age, 749
 Youth's the Season, 552
 Youth's the season made for joys, 552

Date Due

APR 18 '55	JA 21 '67		
MAY 28 '55	AP 18 '58		
NOV 30 '55	AP 28 '69		
JAN 27 '56	MY 12 '69		
FEB 28 '56	JE 9 '69		
OCT 20 '58	AP 15 '91		
NOV 3 - '58			
MAY 5 - '59			
MAY 22 '59			
OCT 20 '59			
FEB 21 '60			
FEB 24 '60			
MAR 26 '60			
APR 8 '60			
OCT 5 - '61			
DEC 5 '60			
MAR 3 - '61			
OC 19 '64			
Ⓢ			



3 1927 00041138 6

2

820.8
L62

Lieder, P. R.
British poetry and
prose; ed. by P. Lieder,
R. M. Lovett and R. K.
Root

DATE

ISSUED TO

NO

Mary Wides 7.4.50

820.8
L62

